

# ***REPTILIANS***



## Introduction

When I joined Illuminati, Samuel O'Neill said that then I would be partly a lizard. It did not bother me. Let's be a reptilian then. Even if only in part. In the same way I had to stretch my limits as a person when Samuel told me that I was possibly, if not the Antichrist, then something similar, anyway. I did not want to be the Antichrist but what can you do? It seemed as if there was no choice. Samuel said I fill the prophecies in many respects, although not on ever detail. For example, I have been circumcised so in Samuel's opinion I was ready to convert to Judaism. When I made a remark about Antichrist supposedly coming from the east, Samuel said that looking from the USA, Finland is in the east.

Perhaps the alleged Antichrist will be the very same messiah awaited by the Jews. I would not consider that as any wonder. However, I do not know more about the matter and actually I am not interested either. Who ever he will be, I suppose it is not known that he is the Antichrist. That's why he gets people on his side. Everyone loves him. Although it would also be plausible that at the end times the majority of the people are satanists who can identify the Antichrist. They just can't talk about it. And they are dumbed down by poisoning, and their minds are programmed with trans-humanism, so basically they are more robots than humans. There are only a few laymen (people not involved in Satanism) then. In the end, the laymen that are left will face rapture and ascend to Heaven and become multi-dimensional "ET:s". The majority of all people end up in the perdition. It seems unfair. Is perdition better than nonexistence? I do not know.

It could be that the Antichrist won't appear until in some four thousand years. It is known he would come from the East, which could mean, for example, India. It is supposed that India will be a super power after a couple of thousand years. And that people in general do not really think any more but the machines do all the thinking for us. A big part of the human history has then been totally wiped out. For example, nobody remembers the Bible ever existed. That's why the Antichrist becomes so popular. Because the old prophecies have been totally forgotten. And he is pleasant, indeed. A real sweetheart. Everyone likes him. He unites the nations. Then there will be the battle of Armageddon. There will be aliens. And the self-important Jews take part in the war, too. Perhaps they are milking the Asians in the future. I must add that Jews in this case do not mean the original Jews from the biblical times but the Jews of latter times. You could call them Askhenazi Zionists.

Lady Lynn Forester de Rothschild said to me that she didn't actually want to belong to Illuminati. However, she did not have a choice after she had joined. She had become a lizard-hybrid and there was no way out of it. When it comes to Satanism, even the topmost level, Illuminati, is a bad deal for a human. In order to really benefit from Satanism one should be an alien; an extra terrestrial being. And neither is their life pleasant. These negative entities do not so much enjoy life but only carry out their essence like an ant or something. Free will is present in their life but it does not have much significance, because they have as a species chosen the negative side

and thus given their free will away. Human race is not entirely satanic. A human is free to choose. It is an incredible possibility but also a challenge. Especially since we have been dumbed down and led astray. Still, even though we are stupid compared to reptilians, in principle we have endless opportunities compared to theirs.

I have not read the Bible but I suspect that the paradise would be located on the inner cover of the hollow globe. So that the very core of the Earth is actually another Sun warming the inner Earth. The hell, however, is between the Earth layers, inside the lithosphere, underground. Adam and Eve were banished from the paradise when they ate the apple offered by a reptilian. It was the fruit of knowledge. Where is that knowledge now? Wasn't it part of the deal to know things if you get thrown out of the paradise for it?

The outer covering of the globe populated by us is something between paradise and hell. As we all know, it can be quite comfortable here but it surely is not a paradise. Some libertines say that Thailand gets quite near a paradise but I don't think so. It is just really hot there. Of course a real paradise should not only be a place but also a state of mind.

At the moment we as people are going through rewarding times in the sense that we can now attain all kinds of information and deal with it in the way we want. There is, for example, a lot of data about reptilians on the Internet, if you only care to look for it. The problem is, of course, to filter the disinformation from the real facts. The purpose of this writing is to offer a certain readiness and some basic information about reptilians. I don't know everything about them. But I tell what I know. Why hold it back? My agenda is to bring to light all the information that the so-called Satanic Club is trying to prevent people from knowing. Furthermore, reptilians are very interesting.

The age of miracles has ceased. Modern day people are poisoned to the bone and thus unable to perceive anything supernatural. The world is said to be beautiful but most of us humans can see only a pale reflection of it. Most of the people can still choose, up to a certain degree, to live without poisoning themselves. A good start is to not eat anything ready-made or processed. To cook all the food at home from scratch.

By the aid of meditation pure people can raise their vibration and reach a higher level of consciousness. In general people are not equal but anything is possible. In the future, machines think for us and block forbidden elements from us. Then it will be even more difficult to succeed without Satanism. While it is still possible, I intend to work actively in order to spread awareness of the Club and Satanism. To uncover this conspiracy as much as possible.

## Generally

It is difficult to say why reptilians exist? Equally, it could be asked why people exist? Somebody had an idea and then put it into practice. It was hardly an accident or result of evolutionary success.

Among the Illuminati level people, reptilians are not much talked about. One must not talk about them. The more influential the satanist is, the quieter he remains of these bipedal lizard-beasts. In general, the people with a serious image do not discuss supernatural. Some aged entertainer might recount experiences of angels but you never hear UFO-stories from a politician's mouth. The same applies to businessmen and -women. According to the "official truth" what Reuters and such deliver, reptilians do not exist. Then again, neither does the Club on whole. And even bigger secret than reptilians are parasitic ghosts: orcs. More about orcs in other writings of mine.

Reptilians control the humanity in many ways. The so-called Illuminati is under their command. Reptilians are keen to influence the big picture. Of details they are not so much interested, as they don't give much value for the human culture. For them we are livestock. They see themselves as gods to us. The current situation suits reptilians but things could also be better for them. The Illuminati-ran NWO (New World Order) agenda is an attempt to make things work better for reptilians. US Armed Forces are by far the most powerful war machine in the human world, but otherwise reptilians are somewhat disappointed in the Zionist-led western hegemony. It doesn't warm them that Jews - like them - are crazy for gold. And although the one world crypto currency is on its way, and brainwashing and deception by the Media are accepted as a norm, the thing on whole is still not effective enough. People are too free. That's why reptilians are looking forward to seeing totalitarian China rising to be the biggest world power. Total control of its own citizens is a thing where USA has failed, even their foreign policy has been really brutal and cunning enough to please their saurian masters.

Nevertheless, a totalitarian system does not work with humans. When people feel powerless they lose hope and when they have lost their hope they give up trying. They only follow orders. So China's hegemony, too, will only be temporary. In a war based on people you cannot win if your people can't think. Then again, if almost everyone on this planet are hijacked by orcs, this doesn't matter. Then people are just vessels and it makes no difference what they think. They can only witness what is happening before their eyes.

Even though reptilians don't want to be talked about, there are references to them everywhere on Earth. Why does that not bother them? I guess they are just conceited. Barong in Bali, Nian in China, Yaksha in India, Nagas in Hindu mythology, and all such monsters in Asian culture derive from reptilians. Of Native American indigenous people, Aztecs had the serpent god Quetzalcoatl. Mayans had Kukulcan. Dragons are known everywhere and snake worship has been a tradition in many cultures around the world. Besides times of the past, reptilians have been present in the modern day

culture as well. Serpent symbolism can be found in logos and symbols. Different bipedal reptiles are common in comic books, movies and tv-shows. There is even a whole tv-franchise on the reptilian conspiracy - V. All kinds of snake figures are also represented in children toy figures such as Masters of the Universe – series.

It doesn't seem like all this has disturbed reptilians. They are fine with worshipping but wish to remain secretive. Historical people saw them as gods. Modern people see them as aliens. There certainly is a difference. But even nowadays humans oppose no threat to reptilians. Reptilians closest minions are people who know more about them and could thus harm them but these people are all programmed to obey them.

Back in 2010, I got a lot of information from Illuminati-insiders Samuel and Chris O'Neill. I suggested to Chris that Illuminati should rebel against reptilians. It's futile, he said. Their technology is so advanced compared to ours. And they can find anyone from anywhere on Earth. They can move between dimensions, shapeshift into a human form, read people's minds and so on.

“You should see their spaceships,” Chris added.

But still. They can't be invincible. Nobody or nothing is. They have weaknesses, not least the overflowing arrogance. The ecstatic state they fall into after sniffing human fear is another reptilian weakness. So is their dependence on their technology. They don't like garlic but they can abide it. One thing related to reptilians is the smell of sulphur. Sometimes they leave that odor behind as moving from a dimension to another. But I don't think they can handle daylight too well. What do they think about orcs? That is a good question. One reptilian told me that all kinds of parasites appear everywhere. Some live in you, some take over the whole body, some control you from above.

If the people in general knew more about reptilians, perhaps something could be done. As individuals people are not much, but a group of people could be more. The problem is the Club. Anyone who belongs to the Club cannot do anything. And laymen are most often weak. However, maybe there is a ”fifth column” somewhere. People who are not satanists and who haven't been poisoned to stupidity with fluoride and aluminium. People who are not obedient dullards nor members of the Club.

I was really interested in reptilians. I wanted to meet them. Chris said he had only seen one through a heavy glass. He wanted to keep a certain distance with reptilians.

“In their underground bases human life is worth nothing,” Chris said.

## Characteristics

All kinds of saurian figures, like Ninja Turtles and Hevisaurus, are introduced to children at very young age so that they would become used to the reptilians. Not everyone can be poisoned and such children need to accept the reptilian reality. The poisoners do try, though. Nowadays there is fluoride toothpaste also for milk teeth to secure the poisoning. Vaccinations are mandatory. School food is poisoned. All candies and sodas are poisoned. Anything processed is poisoned. Almost all the food and drinks available are poisoned.

One of the side-reasons reptilians want to remain a secret is the perfect shock humans go through when encountering them. That kind of a human feeling gives reptilians a nice extra kick added to the sensation of the usual fear a human would feel having to confront a reptilian in a real life situation. When being frightened, human secretes a certain matter which works as a recreational drug for reptilians. All kinds of negative feelings are what keeps them going. Therefore they cause as much misery and suffering as possible to the world.

People are not only a stimulant but also nourishment for reptilians. Human meat is a staple food for them. After the human victim is tortured to death, he is skinned and his adrenaline-filled blood is collected. The corpse is being chopped into smaller pieces. Reptilians enjoy their flesh raw. For the taste it is preferred that muscles of the corpse are filled with remains of adrenaline caused by the fatal torturing. That is a seasoning to their liking. But reptilians don't need to munch something all the time like humans do. For them it is enough to eat once or twice a week. They don't do snacks. This raises the question: Are they poikilothermic?

Reptilian life is simple in the sense that they don't need to orientate. They don't hang around or search for themselves. They just work hard for their goals. When they are in the middle of something they sleep only a few hours every now and then. Then later they sleep for longer. They have free time too. Torturing humans is what they consider a fun activity. But they don't need to analyse their emotions. They don't philosophize. Then again, they are all individuals, just like humans or animals.

Reptilians see their life as a line segment where they place all the things they want to work for. The work is achieving as such. The line segment covers the whole life, including the end of it. They don't want to know their cause of death. Only when they are approximately going to die, so they can prepare for it. Reptilian is a warrior who should accept his becoming death as it is. A single life is not considered significant as long as things move forward in the big picture. On whole, reptilians are a warring species. Due to their extreme negativity, they don't appreciate much anything. They are not noble. Soon-to-die reptilians are kept under a specific control in case of rebellion. Some individuals would probably have a willing to do a lot of damage to get to live longer. But there are ways to punish individuals who think too much for themselves.

Reptilians have a hive mind communication system. In their strictly hierarchical system this means a high surveillance of thinking. For the reptilians of lower castes it is difficult to think independently. This way becoming coups or other revolutionary ideas can be detected. Reptilians of higher ranks make sure they can maintain their beneficial positions.

### **Cognitive Abilities**

Reptilians can telepathically transfer vast amounts of data between each other's minds. They don't need to process all the data by themselves. They have technology that does the work for them. However, it is not artificial intelligence, which they don't trust. Just computers. They are as dependent on technology as humans. Perhaps even more with their space ships and such. They rely on technology embedded in their bodies. Yet, I would assume they have a back-up plan for a technological disaster.

Compared to humans, reptilians are a highly evolved species. They are able to predict the future and move between dimensions. Still, the reptilians influencing in our solar system are probably not among the most evolved saurians. Perhaps they are the scum, or of lower rank among all space lizards.

A human can understand how reptilian thinks but not what he thinks. Reptilian's thoughts reflect its world of ideas and abilities, which are otherworldly to a human. On the other hand, a reptilian thinks more directly than a human. It does not daydream. It is always looking for solutions to its problems. Surprisingly enough, a human thinking positively has bigger potential than a reptilian that gets its power out of negativity. Although in the modern world this does not have much significance. The human race is on whole too poisoned to be able to utilize their potential. A human should be able to grow into his abilities from the young age. One can purify himself as an adult but it is not the same. It's not natural. And especially urban life is stressing for someone pure minded. There is too much pollution and all kinds of radiation, which causes mental and physical unwellness.

Human dominance would require a totally different world. A place not controlled by the Devil. Reptilians are attempting to put a stop to the biological evolution of human. By transhumanism we are made to be robots. A slave race dependent on Satanism. It is no secret that the fundamental purpose of transhumanism is to stupefy humans. To make us totally dependent on artificial intelligence and other technology. And to make our minds programmable by the means of technology, not only satanic manipulation, hypnotic mind tricks, or spells cast.

Reptilians, just like other species with higher intelligence, control inferior species and monitor them. They create long causal chains to make things happen in a longer period of time. They follow different chains into the future to see how cumulative effects are achieved by setting off certain events. What would most likely happen? Then they adjust their action and take a new look. Things move forward by their own weight, but that weight must be measured. Preferred outcome requires pushing and pulling.

Reptilians are working their way on the timeline cunningly but very often the best results are achieved by simple means: baits. Or by force: Instilling ideas into people's minds.

Illuminati would like to see the masses in a similar way. To make people demand for order and stability they create chaos and offer more control as a remedy. An illuminati Samuel O'Neill tried to manipulate me to act in a certain way. He complained why my behaviour was so difficult to predict. Even irrational. He tried to push me deeper into Satanism by creating situations in which I needed his help. He tried to make me vengeful to people who had done me wrong. He provided opportunities that I was not supposed to refuse. It didn't work out. He could only force me to join "the Club", but it was also fast and easy to resign since the joining was not my own decision. I had to pay a certain price for this "French visit", though. But that's another story.

Because reptilians don't consider people as a threat, they don't worry about us either. We are like sheeple to them. However, a pure and capable human is able to defend himself against reptilians. When many of this kind of people create a psychic connection, the amount of positive energy vibration is too much for a reptilian to handle. They vibrate on negative frequencies. Positivity and love are something reptilian must avoid. It gets its power from negativity. From hatred and sorrow. Suspicion and malevolence. On the other hand, reptilian does not load its mind with cognitive dissonance. It doesn't question the so-called law of the jungle.

Human is too simple to understand the reptilian technology. Human is too simple to understand even his own technology. Inventions of the present are not from the people but from bodysnatcher-orcs and also from extra terrestrials of higher intelligence, who slipped the necessary data into the people's minds. Human will learn when he is taught but it is difficult to really invent something complicated. Many of the human inventions are happy accidents or makeshift solutions that stem from lack of resources.

I asked Chris O'Neill if he has ever met a reptilian? He said he doesn't want to be in a same space with an extra terrestrial. He had seen a reptilian through a heavy glass window. And he had shaken a hand of "a gray". Chris did not regard an acquaintanceship with aliens anything desirable.

"You shake hands with a gray and he knows everything about you," Chris said.

Otherwise he described grays as surprisingly small and told that they dread large human masses. A gray is able to mentally control a small group of people but it is not omnipotent. Furthermore, Chris said E.T.s in general are very political. They plot, lie, and manipulate. Both Samuel and Chris considered human incompetent compared to the extra terrestrials.

"Humans are nothing," Samuel said.

According to Samuel, Reptilians are from the Draco constellation. How long does it take to travel there and how things are there? Difficult to say. It

is alleged that the reptilians living around the Earth are somehow inferior to their kind in Draco. Perhaps the reptilians here are a colony.

The external voices of reptilians are growling and grunting. I don't know in how many ways they can communicate with each other, but with humans the conversation occurs telepathically in human languages such as English or Chinese. I'm sure they can quickly learn any human language, but would fail with the words with many meanings or the words expressing things they are not familiar with. Not all parts of human culture is universally relevant. All aspects of human life can be understood by a reptilian but they wouldn't find it important enough to internalize.

In general it is interesting to think, if words are needed for a detailed discussion. How to express concepts without them? Certainly the ideas exist without the words describing them. Supposedly more advanced species are able to communicate with mere ideas. I don't mean pointing, gesturing, or with a pantomime presentation, or drawing pictures.

Reptilians have at least two kinds of spaceships. The smaller kind is round and plain from outside, with a diameter of 10 metres. However, the ship is a lot, lot bigger on the inside. There are huge, rather low rooms. No furniture. The ship is not 10 metres wide but only that part of it is visible. These ships are located outside the invisible shield that surrounds the Earth. The other kind of reptilian vessel, that I have heard about, is a huge mothership.

Besides their aircraft, reptilians live also underground, where they have vast caves lined with their own building materials. Reptilians are capable of digging wide tunnels effectively. Some of these caves don't have much of use. They are located all around the world.



## Appearance and physical abilities

Different kind of reptilians are illustrated fairly well in movies and television, although that probably hasn't happened knowingly. There are pictorial examples ain this writing. I personally have not encountered all the different types of reptilians. But those lizards I have met were very different to one another.

The officer type resembles Commander Dolim of Xindi in Star Trek and is slim and my size, around 6 feet tall. It seems to be more civilized than other reptilians. The more aggressive kind of officer looks also like Xindi but is silver and gold of colour. This type is almost like a robot with mechanic legs and an all-around armour.



Then there is that female lizard which looks pretty much like an evil version of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle with a wide mouth and round head. It is bulkier and slightly shorter than six feet. It has three or four long claws, also in its legs. It is carrying some gadgets and items on its belt.

The third type is a male reptilian, looking like a crossbreed of a wolf and a velociraptor. Basically like a bipedal crocodile with longer legs and shorter snout with a face resembling “a Krite“ from the movie Critters (1986). Its head and snout are more pointy than with the female. It has a wide opening mouth with rows of sharp teeth. It is around six feet tall.

The fourth type is bigger: Seven or eight feet tall and bulky. These are operating in pairs. They are an inferior type, like guards or soldiers. They wear a vest that looks like He-Man's chest armour. Hanging from the vest they have different kind of guns and gadgets. With the aid of the vest, they can fly. I guess this apparatus reverses gravity or it has a magnetic field or whatever.

The flying is maneuvered by hands and legs. Reptilians can also teleport from one place to another. They can create a window that is hovering in the air: A window to another dimension. Reptilians can move between dimensions, and they can move and see through walls. They can shapeshift their bodies into a human or animal form, and they can also shapeshift only

their hand or face. In general, reptilians are physically strong. Mentally even more capable. They can scan human mind and work on the memories. They can paralyze human without touching him. They can manipulate human mind and instill ideas in there.

Many reptilians wear the above-explained belt or a vest with special gear hanging from it. Reptilians are known for these gadgets. They have all kinds of small portable machines. Some of this gear is invisible and becomes tangible only when necessary. Their computer can also be worn on the wrist and is operated by touching the screen with the tip of a claw, exactly the same way as in the movie Predator (1987). A lot of their technology reptilians are able to operate telepathically.

I'm sure there are a lot more different kinds of reptilians. I have heard and read about a huge winged white saurian figure that is god-like in many ways. Is it just a multi-dimensional super demon? Or is it something else? Perhaps Satan herself? If the Devil is a reptilian, it could still be anything of appearance. Doesn't the Devil like a disguise? I'm sure that higher the being is, less material it needs to manifest itself.

Internet is full of information about different kind of reptilians. There are pictures and explanation of winged giants and white glowing reptilians, which actually don't look like lizards so much. Many reptilian types are referred to and illustrated in movies and television shows. Yet one cannot talk about them.

According to Samuel O'Neill, reptilians are remotely interested in human movies. They have dictated certain rules on how they can be depicted, but they don't really care about reptilian themes. They assume people wouldn't understand anything anyway. However, some movies they were not fond of. They didn't like Gremlins (1984), perhaps because they resemble the titular creatures and have a laugh similar to theirs. And Conan the Barbarian (1982) went too far. There is a video on Youtube where this old Conan-movie has been thoroughly analyzed. It is difficult to say whether the director John Milius intended all the deep symbolism or was it someone else's idea. On the commentary track of Conan DVD Milius does not mention any of the stuff discussed on the Youtube-video. Well, you never know. For example, director Fritz Lang said of Metropolis (1927) that it was not meant to be an allegory for anything; it was only entertainment. Maybe some extra terrestrials used Lang, his wife, and John Milius as channels or maybe they are all lying. The fact remains that there is a lot of embedded symbolism in these movies.

Some reptilians wear a carapace. Males keep their genitalia under it. Females don't have a vagina but only a cloaca. Does reptilian lay eggs or give birth to a live one? I don't know. It doesn't seem to be a mammal, although there are mammals that lay eggs, too.

Just like a Komodo dragon, Reptilian can reproduce without a male, by parthenogenesis. The offspring of this asexual form of reproduction are all males, and supposedly genetically sensitive. Perhaps the reptilians on Earth are a result of parthenogenesis; things that should not be. This would support

the theory that Tellus reptilians are the dregs of their species. That they were dumped here on purpose. The elite reptilians did not want them to come home to the Draco constellation. Maybe the reptilians around here are all homosexual and were abhorred because of this. It could be that our planet is like Siberia or Australia of the whole galaxy where all the wrongdoers and ill-fitted are sent as a punishment. Perhaps all undesirable reptilian material are here by deportation. Over the course of time some few individuals multiplied and became the present population. How many reptilians there are around here; the Earth, Moon and near space? My wild guess is 20 000.

Or maybe the Devil herself has been left here, while others of her kind travelled away. Then she reproduced by parthenogenesis and made this place her own. Now she has been terrorizing planet Earth already for some twenty thousand years. These theories don't really work out since there are so many different kinds of reptilians. Are they all just one species? It doesn't look like that. Yet, they are also adept in genetic manipulation, so maybe they have created themselves and all the variations out of nothing.

## **Hell**

Hell is an underground cavernous space, where reptilians gather people to be part of their Satanic rite. It is possible that these people have been held in captivity for a long time before the rite takes place, or they could have been invited and fooled "to join a party" on the same day.

In fact, there are many hells around the globe. Hell is found at least under many major cities like London, New York, and Los Angeles. The entrance is always unnoticeable located at premises of different kinds. It can be a shop, office, or warehouse. Or an apartment. But it must be at ground level or preferably in the basement. For hell is underground. At least 100 metres below Earth's surface. You get there by an elevator or stairs.

A group of people are led to a room, where they are ordered to undress themselves. They tremble in a dark cold room when door opens behind them. There is a seven-foot bipedal lizard, a reptilian, pushing them forward.

The people can't believe their eyes. They look at this unreal sight opening before their eyes. Something that should not be true. Like a vision from nightmare. Some people vomit out of fear. Some urinate themselves. Seeing this kind of a beast is already a powerful and frightening experience to a human. Most of the people believe in reptilians but they would never expect to encounter one. So when they do, the shock effect is perfect. The secreted smell of this kind of human emotion is a drug-like stimulant for reptilians.

This tall beast growls and opens its broad mouth uncovering long lines of sharp teeth which curve to both halves of its oblong head. Its nasty snake eyes have an evil glow. Its dark green skin is gnarly and nodular. It is firm built. Strong and muscular from its upper body like a heavyweight boxer. It has long arms and four long sharp claws. The physical and mental power of this intimidating monster compels the crowd to push forward out of the door which opens at the other end of room.

Light is shining through the open door and warm air flows into the room. People, now stiffened by panic, roll towards the light and heat. They enter a new space and are now walking down a five-metre wide pathway sloping gently downwards. From both sides, at a higher level in the dark, they hear a rising growl.

One of the people is shivering with fear. He is too scared to look around and casts his eyes down. A fear rises up from his stomach pressing his chest like huge weight over it. His breathing is heavy and forced. Suddenly, the beasts' grunting hides under the people screaming. He is pushed so that he falls on his face. As he is stumbling to his feet, the curiosity takes over. He takes a look on the side. Time and the place disappear. He is not able to turn his gaze away. The sight met by his eyes is something which should not exist. Like an echo from the depths of his subconscious. As if the gates of hell were opened. *But, monsters do not exist.* Yet, there they are. Hundreds of green lizard beasts behind the railings on both sides of the corridor. They grope the crowd with their long hands and claws, tearing the people into pieces and eating them alive.

Only by staying in the middle of the corridor, the lizards' sharp nails can be avoided, but there isn't room for everyone. People are gasping, crying and vomiting in a shock, as they attempt to get through the tunnel sided by blood-thirsty reptilians trying to reach them to eat them alive. They can't stay put because behind them is still one reptilian pushing people forward. This particularly huge individual wakes the fainted ones with a wave of hand and then pushes them on down the corridor with other people.

The crowd gets decimated along the way. The people's strong sensation of fear and despair accelerate reptilians into ecstatic violence. They grope the group from the both sides while the people push each other from the back and sides. The weaker stay too far from the middle of the corridor. The blood gushing from them splashes over others, painting all these naked bodies red.

Down below there is a big circular hall. There slaughtering reaches new scales. Remaining people are not torn apart and eaten at once. They become part of a disgusting torture feast. They are disgraced with sodomy. They have to creep on the floor eating their own excrements and body parts cut loose before their eyes. In order to prolong the pleasure, reptilians eat these people from here and there around the body. They can prevent human from fainting, bleeding, or falling into a shock. Longer the human lives, more he suffers. Added to that, adrenaline secretion makes the blood and flesh tastier. For this same reason cats play with their catch before killing it.

As human is lying on his back on the boulder, he sees the bustling lizard beasts around him. They watch him greedily and let their long claws run along his body. He is terrified from this horror scene. One of the lizards closes its eyes and draws a long breath, sniffing the fear into its nostrils. Suddenly this lizard opens its eyes and sinks its claws into the human's stomach.

The pain is enormous. It radiates towards the brain from the stomach

region. It combines with the discouraging despair. *My life ends here. Soon I will die. Dear God, let me die.* But nobody hears his prayers. The second lizard pants on his face and opens its huge throat agape. The growl turns into smacking when the jaws snap shut. It bites off his nose and simultaneously half of the face.

He hopes that he would pass out. Or that he would awake from a sleep. But this is all too real. And it seems there is no end to it. When lifting his head he sees one lizard munching his toes with its sharp teeth. He expects a pain wave to hit. It will take a second before it reaches his brain. A horrible pain. He glances around and sees his "comrades in fate" lying on similar boulders. Of whom more, of whom less remaining.

A human one in a zillion comes out alive of these feasts. Samuel O'Neill did. According to his own words his whole status in the Satanic hierarchy is based on this "lucky" chance.

Samuel told that as he had found himself in hell, he started to imitate the reptilians. He pushed the other people to death to save himself. He ate other people alive. His teeth were not sharp enough for this but as the reptilians noticed his intentions, he got help from them. One of the lizards scratched a woman's face open with its sharp nails and Samuel began to gnaw her face by himself as much as he could.

Samuel showed that he was equal to reptilians. He told me his story, trying to make me also go down to hell and experience this rite. Now that I knew what to do, I would have a good chance of achieving the same position he had. I told Chris about this idea but he dismissed it right away.

"That doesn't make any sense," Chris said. "Nobody would voluntarily go there. The sheer presence of a reptilian means an immediate mortal danger to a human."

I never got clarity on whether Samuel was trying to drive me to death or actually help me. I suppose he wanted me dead. But he could be many things. Also a fool and naive dunce. Let's not forget that as an *illuminati* I was going to reborn as someone else. Someone better.

Already once in my past I had been close to end down in hell.

London, winter 2002. At a nightclub a woman suggested that I could join a party. There were others, too. I did not know any of them. We chatted about light topics.

Soon we were out in the street. It was around the City of London. The woman made phone calls and led our seven-person group through the nocturnal streets of London.

We turned to a back alley. There was a door we entered and then stairs down. At the bottom of the stairs was an elevator. After some floors down we entered a fully furnished club room with drinks available. We were waiting as a group. Someone kept the mood up by talking about his night.

The woman went to visit somewhere. She said she was coming back soon and indeed she did.

She told us we were not allowed to enter the party as one group but one by one. There was another elevator where people went in. I remained as last in the club room sipping my drink when suddenly a nasty feeling filled my mind. Something was wrong. I wanted out.

A door led to a stairwell. I rushed in and after having climbed maybe eight floors, I found an open door. I entered a room where a man and woman were staring at me as I tried to explain them how I had ended up in the building. They tried to hold me back but I was able to slip out of the room into hall. There was an exit and I got out to the street. I drew cool air into my lungs and scuttled my way to a cab rank.

Hell has been depicted in art all around the world. The murals in Aluvihara Temple in Sri Lanka and Rila Monastery in Bulgaria are good examples of that. There are many other examples too, like Japanese "Hell Scrolls" and Giotto's "The Last Judgment".



## **Encounter of the First Kind**

Winter 2011. One night I woke to a strange growl. I slightly opened my eyes and saw a female reptilian jacking me off with a human hand. I recognised it as the same kind of reptilian I had killed some six months earlier. Back then I was told that it was a female.

It looked pretty much like a Ninja Turtle. It was around my size but bulkier. Otherwise this creature was a lizard but it had shape-shifted its right hand to a human hand, which was now milking my cock. Soon I ejaculated.

On the lizard's waist there was a belt. As it put its hand on it, out of nowhere appeared a box, a little bit bigger than a cigarette pack. Out of this box the reptilian took a small test-tube, like a container, and stored my sperm in it. Then it put the container back into the box which disappeared again.

It got up. On its wrist it had some kind of a computer with a touch screen, very similar to the one in Predator (1987). It was controlling the computer by its claws. Suddenly, the lizard turned its head to me. I closed my eyes quickly. I heard a growl. I had to look. The reptilian stood there in the middle of the room, two metres away, back to me. Then it just disappeared leaving a blue flash behind.

Two times has a reptilian raped me. Once a female which rode on me. Another time a male pushed me against the fridge door. That only took a few seconds.

My very first encounter with a reptilian ended in death - reptilian's death.

Summer 2010. I awoke in the middle of the night in my bed. It seemed as if some kind of an animal was sniffing my face and studying me closely. I rose up. It was dark but as I saw this intruder standing on two feet I understood it was not an animal.

Damn it, I thought. This is a prank by Samuel O'Neill. I got up and took a stand. I thought I was wrestling with some clown in a rubber suit. Whoever he was, he didn't really respond as I kept him in a headlock with my right arm. I stretched my left hand to his waist, trying to find the costume seam. But there was no seam on waist and neither at neck. The thing's skin felt matte. There were some lumps or protuberances on its back.

It began, however, to get angry. Keeping a strange growl it tore its head off the lock. After a short wrestling it was evident that this thing was way stronger than me. It was roaring. It pushed me on my back onto the dining table. I noticed that there was no kidding with it as it started to strangle me. I tried to stop it with my hands to no avail. It was too strong. Then, I finally had to realize it was not a human. I noticed its hands very tight and muscular. It had four long claws on both hands. The mouth of this alien figure opened wide from both sides, uncovering lines of sharp teeth. It looked a like a Ninja Turtle but it also resembled Pac-Man. It most certainly

was a beast. Its breath smelled like rotten garbage.

Damn it, I thought. It's a reptilian. Finally. I had been waiting for this moment a long time: An alien encounter. And of what kind. Too bad that it looked like my life was about to end. Well, at least I saw and met a real alien live and in person. But I was frightened. It was just impossible to match this reptilian. It was too strong and it was going to finish me. It kept me down with its left hand and pulled its right arm up above its head. It looked somewhat noble. Perhaps this was a ceremonial kill.

"Aarghhaah!" I shouted out my last anxious breath.

Suddenly the beast let go of me. Its eyes went squint and it backed off wearing a senseless euphoria on its face. As it lost its posture and started hunching before me, I understood my moment had come. It was now or never. I hit the lizard in the face. No effect. It was still swaying in its satisfaction, both feet firmly on cloud nine. I hit again. And again. Soon I was pounding its face with my both fists. The lizard withdrew a few steps. I forged its head until I got it on its knees. It probably had woken from its high by now but perhaps it was too late. Maybe it had a concussion. It made some low sound but it couldn't raise its arms or legs.

I kept on hitting it to its face and forehead. Its skin tissue was starting to get loose. As I got it on its back, I kept on pounding, now with my right arm elbow. There was not much left of its face anymore. My eyes had adjusted to the dim light and I could see its blood wasn't red but green. And it was all over the place. That's it, I thought. Still, I didn't want to risk it so I fetched my biggest cooking knife from the kitchen and stabbed it on the chest some 20 times. It didn't make any sound or move. The knife was covered in sticky and thick green matter. I tried to wash the knife in the kitchen but that was futile. Some of the green matter washed off the blade but there was still a thick layer that remained.

I went to check the reptilian's body. It was lifeless. I tried to move it, but it was too heavy. It weighed maybe around 150 kilos. Hard to say as I was really tired. The adrenaline rush was coming down. But I had a corpse in my apartment and that was a problem.

Then my doorbell rang. Fuck me, I thought. What is this coming to? They're gonna lock me up for this. But hell, it's not even a human. It's an animal. Well... I thought I maybe have to open the door. I went to the door and looked into the peephole. There were some old women.

"Is everything alright there," was heard from the stairwell.

"Yes. All good," I reply.

"Open the door or we call the police," the women insists.

I put the chain on and opened the door. There were three women. Two of them I recognized as my new neighbors. At the time I just moved in a month or so prior so I didn't know all the neighbors yet.

"What are you doing in the middle of the night?" one of them demands to

know.

“Horrible sounds,” other one continues. “Are you killing some animals there?”

“No,” I answer. “I’m just fooling around by myself.”

I told them I was alone and was going to sleep. And that I didn't want to let them in. In hindsight, I wonder why did they so much want to come in? Again they said they are calling the police. I thought about it. There was an alien corpse on my living room floor. Did I want these grandmamas to come in and check it out? For a short moment I actually thought it would be a good idea. To share it with them. I even asked them if they have a camera?

“No. No camera. Why?”

I didn't want to say. And well, less people know, the better.

“There is nothing here,” I said, “call the police if you have to, but you are not coming in. I'm going to bed now. Goodnight.”

I closed the door and left them standing in the stairwell. Suddenly I felt really tired. I would deal with the corpse tomorrow. I went to my bed and quickly fell asleep.

Then I woke up. I had slept maybe two hours. There was some sort of a monster again looking me in the eye. A bigger one. I noticed it is telepathically communicating with me. I suppose the first one tried that too, but I didn't understand it then. Now it was obvious. The thing wanted to know what had happened? It was all somewhat weird but seemed like the communication happened in English.

“Why are you speaking English?” I asked.

It replied that it is a language people around here tend to know.

I told the lizard what had happened in my apartment. It didn't ask any more questions. It probably read my mind and drew its conclusions from there.

The bathroom door was slightly ajar. In the dim glow of the bathroom light I could now see that this lizard was bigger and more muscular than the previous one. I also noticed this new lizard uglier than the one before. After going through the body of the dead lizard, it went bustling around my small kitchen. I rose up. For some reason I was not afraid any more.

The lizard demanded to know if I had taken photographs?

“I didn't take any pictures because my camera doesn't have any power.”

“Where is the camera?”

“It's there in my bedroom in that brown cardboard box. I can show you...”

“No. You stay there. Just tell me where it is.”

I pointed the banana box in the corner of my bedroom. The lizard walked there and hunched over the box. There were all kinds of cables, wires, and

other miscellaneous stuff in the box. The lizard looked fascinating. Even its back. It was like a man-size Godzilla. It had a tail too, but it wasn't wagging.

“How do I turn on this camera?” the lizard asked after he had found the small Sony digital camera.

“You can't. There is no power.”

I explained that the camera wasn't broken, but that the battery charger I had purchased from Ebay to replace the lost one had a wrong kind of plug and therefore I could not charge the camera battery.

The lizard looked at me as if it wasn't sure whether I was lying or it just couldn't understand what I meant. I continued to explain how I had found a second-hand charger in the USA for a cheap price. I just hadn't thought about the different types of plugs there are.

The lizard didn't seem to listen and refused to give the camera to me. It was clearly very important to get rid of any photos of a reptilian. It seemed to read my mind again in order to find the truth of the matter.

“You are not going to get out of this alive,” it said as it came back to the kitchen and its lighting. Light didn't seem to bother it.

“Aren't you afraid of me?” it asked.

“No, not at all,” I said and right it was. There was no fear whatsoever. I didn't question this then but later I thought that someone must have wiped it away.

The lizard went through my apartment, checking out the stuff I had there. It noticed the old paper knife on the bookshelf. The handle of the wooden paper knife was decorated with a head of a small caiman.

“What's this?” it asked. It seemed to be equally amused and annoyed.

“I got it from my dad,” I said. “It's a souvenir.”

It growled and looked at me. Then it pointed the paper knife at my throat.

“I should kill you,” it said. “But I'm not going to kill you right away. I torture you to death.”

There was not much I could say to that. Soon the lizard took the knife away from my throat.

“Do you want something to drink?” I asked the lizard. “There is beer in the fridge.”

The lizard growled and opened the refrigerator door. It took a beer bottle in its hand. It didn't know how to open it.

“I can open it for you,” I said.

First the lizard did not want to give the bottle to me. I guess it suspected

that I would try to kill it. But it could literally read my mind.

“All right,” it said and gave me the bottle.

Airily I stretched for a knife on the table to open the bottle with the handle end of the knife. It was the very same chef knife that I had used to stab the other reptilian. The knife blade was still covered in green slime, which apparently was their blood or something. However, the lizard made very sure that was not going to happen. It took the knife and pointed it at my Adam's apple.

“Peace,” I said. “I'm just gonna open the beer bottle.”

It was staring at me.

“Take the knife away,” I said. “Look, I don't need it. I can open the bottle with my teeth.”

Again I needed to assure the lizard I was not going to do anything.

“I only killed your friend as self-defense,” I said. “He intruded my home.”  
“She's not my friend. And it wasn't suppose to be like this,” it said.

Finally it pulled the knife away. I opened the beer bottle with my teeth. I didn't, however, succeed at the first attempt, which made the lizard smirk at me. It had sense of humor, even if only schadenfreude. I gave the opened bottle to lizard. It took it, smelled it and growled.

“This is what keeps you stupid and docile,” it said with a smirk. “We, or they, keep you stupid, so you wouldn't understand who's in charge.”  
“Who are they?”

Reptilian thought about it for a while.

“It doesn't matter,” it said.

“Don't you want it?” I asked.

It didn't want it but it didn't want to give the bottle to me either. It put it on the countertop and turned its back to me so that I could not see what it was doing. Then it turned towards me and gave me the bottle. It looked guilty. I didn't want to drink it anymore but did so anyway. To prove this thing that I wasn't trying to poison it. Too bad it seemed as if actually it was poisoning me. Maybe it manipulated me to take a long sip.

“Aah, Juicy Fruit,” I said.

It looked at me trying to figure me out.

“Doesn't it bother you that I poisoned you,” it asked.

“A little bit,” I answered. “But you said I'm gonna die anyway.”

“Yes. Aren't you afraid of me?” it asked again.

It saw the small tattoo on my arm. It grabbed my forearm and opened its wide mouth revealing all the spiky tooth. It placed my forearm between its jaws, as if ready to take a bite. The mouth was huge when agape. Disproportionate to the size of its head. The corners of it twisted obliquely upward on the side, creating an unnatural and evil sardonic smile. The lizard resembled "a Krite" from the movie Critters (1986). Its eyes were evil.

I was wondering whether I could keep my hand or not? The lizard held its mouth open over my forearm but did not bite. It let go of my arm. What a relief. Then it suddenly pushed me against the fridge door and held me there by my neck. I wasn't able to move.

It was quick. I tried to turn my head but I was stuck. Soon I felt something hard and spiky in my asshole. It felt like a cone would have been stuffed in there. That son of a bitch was raping me.

The act was over in half a minute. The lizard released me. I looked behind and saw it crouching while it was slipping its penis under its carapace, which came down slightly over its crotch. Its penis was not very big - less than four inches - and it didn't look like a human dick. It looked like a pine cone; like a bud of *Pinus Mugo*. I don't know if the reptilian came into my asshole or what kind of sperm it ejaculates, but the next day I noticed blood as I wiped my ass after having a shit.

Did it came or not, the beast certainly seemed to be in an ecstatic state. A bit like its pal a few hours earlier. I noticed that the chef knife had stayed on the countertop. Here is my opportunity, I thought. It's now or never, again. However, I did nothing. Limbs frozen I looked at the lizard which was swaying in front of me at a distance of less than a metre. Afterwards this annoyed the living shit out of me. Why did I petrify at such an important moment? I could never forgive myself. It would have been possible to kill another lizard. This time even a bigger whopper and with the same bloody knife.

Note to reader: It is possible to kill a reptilian. After an orgasm or having just sniffed the drug of fear it is in a vulnerable state. Then it is at its weakest. It must be hit in the head, preferably with a sharp object like a knife. Then twist the blade in the wound to ensure the beast would meet its demise.

I believe reptilian also faints from one hard hit with a makeshift blunt instrument . After that you can keep on pounding its head with it. So, reptilian can be finished with a knife or something else capable of ripping its skin open. Reptilian's face and forehead might be the point where the texture is softest, mushier. Or perhaps the weakest section is found from under the carapace. Otherwise, why would reptilian wear such a thing?

Anyway, soon this rapist-lizard collected itself together. By swinging its hand, it got the floor, counter top, and kitchen cabinet doors clean. They had been really stained by the green slime but now there were no traces left whatsoever. Then the lizard walked to the corpse lying in the corner of the living room. Just like the time before, I again found myself extremely tired

and went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

## **Lizard Video Appeal**

On the following day I had forgotten about the whole matter. I was only wondering why my hands were scratchy and my neck so stiff? Defecating was painful. The nightly events returned to my mind when Samuel O'Neill repeated them to me. He had a direct CCTV - view of my apartment.

Even though the lizard was really strict about not being photographed, it did not know that my apartment was full of these small cameras installed by Samuel O'Neill and also other people, like movie producer Joel Silver and that Helsinki-based advertising man (an orc), who had been stalking my ass since 1999.

At that time, 2010, these cameras were with a diameter of one millimetre. They were made of really sticky material and were difficult to detect. They really looked nothing like cameras. In the 1990s the cameras were bigger and resembled a glass transistor. Nowadays (2025) cameras are so small they are virtually impossible to detect and find. Perhaps they are almost like nanomaterial or something like that.

Rich satanists use these cameras in their worldwide video club called "Tapes". As a member of Tapes you can watch almost anyone anywhere. Excluding royalties (for whatever reason) and people like Samuel, who happened to be one of the four owners of Tapes, who are all Jewish. This is why I have called the whole thing "Kikewatch".

Tapes workers are professionals, who can break into any apartment in no-time. Installing the cameras is quick and easy. All you need to do is to place the camera in a good spot. Cameras are put everywhere: Restaurants, hotel suites, offices, brothels, famous people's homes... You name it, they got it. And if they don't, they will.

But. How can it be that the reptilian did not detect these Kikewatch cameras? Well, it was only reading my mind to find out if I had taken photos. And yes, I had wanted to take photos. The thought had crossed my mind. But reptilians in general should know about Kikewatch. And those cameras were really small but they weren't microscopic. I guess this reptilian individual wasn't aware of Samuel O'Neill and Tapes. What kind of technology those sticky cameras are based on? I don't know. But it is not of human. Illuminatis have connections not only to reptilians but all kinds of malevolent alien entities. Perhaps the cameras are from the grays or mantis'.

After having seeing the video, Samuel told me that no human had killed reptilian since the 1960s. Overall there have been only three cases known where human has put away one of these lizards. I guess I was the third. I can't say I wasn't proud but it was more of a happy accident than a real fight. And let's not forget that some Ufo ET:s (from the world we cannot see) programmed me fearless during the visit of the second reptilian. The whole thing was, after all, an answer to my long-lasting desires to see a reptilian.

This phenomenon had intrigued me from the late 1990s. Samuel didn't know about it. He had made the request for reptilians to visit me. For him, the killing was just another sign: A piece of evidence for his ridiculous belief that I was the awaited Jewish Antichrist Messiah.

Samuel told me that the first lizard was a young female. Perhaps that is why it was so careless. Chris said that there are numerous different kind of reptilians, so I don't know if these two were even the same kind. The female looked like a different breed to the second reptilian, who was an adult male. The female was not only stockier and shorter, but its head was more round. It looked like a Ninja Turtle. The male had a pointier snout. The male also had a "Godzilla-like" hunched posture, whereas the female was more upright.

I don't know how many people have seen the video. At that time I was already accustomed to famous people calling me on the phone. Still, I was really surprised when George Lucas called and said how excited he was about the video. Samuel said that Lucas knows a lot about ET:s on whole. The author J.K. Rowling said that a human should not kill a reptilian, because the reptilians consider themselves as gods compared to people. Rowling talked about reptilians as "we". I suppose she is one, then. She told me she could help me if I wanted to write something. She didn't give much value to movies or pop music. She said there was still something she wanted for helping me. I asked what it was.

"Your soul," she said. Then she laughed: "Well, not really."

I had said that I wanted to have sex with Rowling. She said it would be ok. Later she changed her mind and said it would be too much for me. Too violent.

"You are not going to stay as a human, either," she said to me. "But then, why would you want to?"

Samuel treated Rowling with great respect. It was really rare in his case. He said that she is the Devil. Or the Devil uses Rowling as a shell.

## **The Knife**

Some Finnish guy had heard about the chef knife I had used to finish the reptilian. Or then he saw it on Kikewatch. He wanted the knife for himself. Samuel O'Neill was smart enough not to want it. Even though in general he wanted everything I had.

The guy called me and asked would it bother me if he would exchange the knife? I said I don't really care. The next day he was there at my door. He had found a knife exactly like the one I had. It was a Fiskars knife.

"Was it like this?" he asked me.

I fetched my knife from the kitchen. We exchanged them at the door. Then

he left looking happy and conceited.

After a few days Samuel told me that reptilians wanted the knife. Although he knew it had been changed.

One night I woke up to a voice asking me where the knife was. I told the knife was in the kitchen. Then I opened my eyes. In a dim light a huge green lizard comes at me with the knife.

“Was it this?” it asked me.

“No. Someone took the original knife.”

“Why?”

“I don't know... Maybe it's a souvenir. Like an artefact.”

The creature was angry. It clearly knew what souvenir was. But it wasn't really his idea to pay a visit. He was a soldier on a mission.

“Who has it?” it asked.

“I don't know his name. Ask Samuel O'Neill.”

“Who is he?”

“He is known among your kind.”

It didn't know Samuel. By grabbing my throat, it asked again where the knife was and who had it? But I clearly didn't know. Being able to read my mind it believed me and left.

The next day I called the knife changer. I still had his phone number even I didn't remember his name. He was intimidated. He had already heard.

“How much did you get for it?” I asked him.

“What do you mean? You said it's ok.” he said.

“It's not ok anymore. The you-know-who wants the knife.”

He explained to me that he didn't have it anymore. That he was merely a dealer. I was pissed off that he made money out of it since I had none. I told him the reptilians can find anyone anywhere. That's what Samuel told me. He hung up on me. The following day, he called back.

“Don't tell them about me,” he insisted. “You said it was ok.”

“What else can I do? I'm not much against them.”

“What is going to happen to me now,” he asked frightened.

“They probably just kill you. Of course they torture you first. And take the knife.”

He started to cry. I didn't like it. I think he took a risk and benefited from it. I wasn't going to protect him. Was it even possible?”

“Don't tell them anything,” he continued. “Throw away the knife I gave you.”

“How am I supposed to cook then, without a knife?”

“Buy a new one.”

“No money,” I said.

“If you don't have 20 euro to buy a new knife, what are you?”

“Poor.”

“Can't you see that I'm in danger?”

He clearly didn't want to see me again or come to my place. He should have realized in the first place that the cameras didn't only cover my apartment but also the stairwell. He suggested that we met at the super market nearby, where he would give me the money. I told him I can't bother to walk there. He should just come to my place. He didn't like it.

“Just throw the knife away. And wait for a few weeks. I bring you the money later, ok?”

“Right.” I said.

“OK?”

“Yeah, whatever.”

He was pissed off that I would not promise him anything.

“This is not good for you either,” he said.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.. Look, I don't care if they kill you. But of course I'm not gonna tell them anything they don't ask about.”

It was typical knee jerking from me. I didn't exactly mean what I had said. I could hardly understand what I had said. It didn't pacify him, but what could he do? He did threaten me some more, but it wasn't very convincing. Finally he hung up.

Then he called again. He was telling me what was going to happen to me, if I would let him down. He had somewhat bettered his act but it was still pathetic. I wasn't going to throw away the knife he gave me, anyway.

Then I forgot about the whole thing. This sudden forgetfulness happened to me a lot that summer. Samuel O'Neill was erasing my memory all the time. Every day.

One night I woke up again. It was the same reptilian that had visited me earlier. It had already gone through my kitchen.

“Where is the knife?” it asked me.

“You should know it's not here,” I said.

“It should be here,” it said.

“They changed it,” I said.

“Who?”

“I don't know his name. You can see him on the video...”

Suddenly the reptilian realized there were hidden cameras in my apartment. It was reading my mind simultaneously with the telepathic conversation. It roared like a T-Rex. It left a blue flash as it disappeared into another dimension.

Next day Samuel told me that the knife had been changed back. That the original knife was at my home again. I told him that one of the lizards was

looking for it. He just laughed.

I don't know what happened to the guy who changed the knife. I would guess he is still alive but who knows. Or what the reptilians thought about Kikewatch all around my apartment. After all, it was Samuel who had asked the reptilians to visit me but who had also installed the spy cameras there.

I think the reptilians should have got rid of Samuel O'Neill first. And only after that, all the other people involved. I would not be surprised if the same advertising guy from Helsinki, who had persecuted me for over a decade, was behind the knife-changing. He had his own cameras installed in my apartment. He was obsessed with me. It would have been believable that he wanted the knife for himself. And then when things got difficult, he wanted to get rid of it. Bring it back to me, so it would be my problem again.

I don't have it anymore. Years later it ended up at some Salvation Army - style recycling center. It was just a kitchen knife. After all, I killed the reptilian with my bare hands. I didn't need the knife. The stabbing was only a precaution.

### **More encounters**

The saurian visits to my home didn't stop there. As I told earlier, a female lizard has also raped me. I have not written down dates but one night I woke in my bed in the middle of the night to a nice sexual feeling.

I open my eyes. I'm on my back. A lizard is jacking me off again. It's a female lizard, Ninja Turtle - type. However, this time it does not collect my sperm. After getting me hard it jumps on the saddle. It rides me wildly. Even though it is a monster, I am excited. Soon I come. The lizard is still swaying over me. Then it snuggles down on my chest. Suddenly, I feel a creeping horror rising in my gut. It's a monster. I just had sex with a monster. And further, what is wrong with me? Well, it wasn't my idea.

The lizard raises its head and draws air into its nostrils. It smells something: My fear. I understand that I must not be afraid. I have to overcome my fear. I force myself to calm down. Fuck it, I think. Whatever. I close my eyes. The lizard is still sniffing but soon puts its head back onto my chest. I am not afraid anymore. I fall asleep. When I wake later in the night, it is not there anymore.

In the morning, I wonder what had happened in the night. Although I do not remember the events exactly, I have a recollection of some kind. My genitalia feels dirty and sticky, and I feel a need to wash myself. Then I remember the lizard rode on me by sticking my sceptre into its cloaca. I had thought it has a vagina, but now I remember someone explaining to me about the reptilian biology. I am surprised how I have been able to get turned on by a such creature? It's clear that I have been manipulated.

## Visits on their vessels

I have been on a reptilian spacecraft twice.

I was talking about reptilians with Samuel O'Neill. I wanted to know more about them. I asked if it is possible to cooperate with them? Samuel said that nobody wants to be in the same space with them. They don't give any value to human life and might kill people without any particular reason. Reptilians are unpredictable beasts, who are even slaying each other on a whim and have recreational fights that go to the end. Reptilian can live 250-year-old but only few of these blood-thirsty beasts reach the old age. It's more likely to be killed by another reptilian. They are extremely warring species and have enemies all around "the galaxy".

Nevertheless, I got Samuel convinced that I could operate among reptilians. I wanted to know their secrets. What kind of vessels they have, what is their technology like, and what are they doing in general? Samuel did not believe in me, but put the wheels in motion anyway. Perhaps it was a funny prank for him, when he told the lizards that I was a promising pilot who wanted to learn from them. Perhaps he saw the whole thing as an interesting way to get rid of me. Should I come back alive, it would be another sign of my special nature. I would be even more useful for him.

I was woken up one night in the middle of my sleep. There were two huge, seven-foot-tall reptilians next to my bed. These lizards resembled "Barong", a character in the Balinese mythology. A bit like Shrek but uglier. They didn't really look like lizards. Just monsters. They had different kinds of gadgets hanging on their chest armour. They seemed to treat me with respect.

"You should come to the balcony. We can't move you through a wall," the first one said. The other one was behind him.

"Let me put some clothes on first," I said.

I think the other one wanted to prevent it, but the one closer to me said it's ok. After I got boxer shorts and t-shirt on it said: "That's enough."

I walked out to the balcony of my apartment. It was on the ground floor, so I jumped over the rail onto the lawn. Suddenly I was lifted to the sky from both sides. When I reached some 200 metres, the two reptilians on my sides appeared visible. It was a July night. Sky was dark blue and the air warm. Except that high in the sky the air is never warm. But we were traveling inside some kind of a bubble, as I didn't feel cold at all. Not even when we reached the upper layers of the stratosphere. I could communicate with my escorts telepathically along the way. I asked about the gadgets. There were weapons. One was like a radio. The chest armour thing on whole was a flying device but they also had controllers in their hands. I asked to show how the gun works. Reptilian said I would see it in space.

The whole trip took a few minutes. I guess it was a bit of a sightseeing. They could have just teleported me on their spacecraft, as Samuel told later

that reptilians can teleport pretty much anywhere they want. Or perhaps you can't teleport a human, who knows?

Then we stopped. We were floating there in space (or whatever sphere it was). It was a cool experience to hover there. When you get high enough, the vertigo disappears. The Earth's curvature was clearly visible. It could have been 500 or 3000 kilometres high, I could not tell.

“Why did we stop?” I asked.

“The shield,” I was told. “We need a permission to get through.”

The other reptilian seemed to contact someone. Suddenly I could see something happening above us. We started to move again. We had passed the shield that is surrounding the Earth.

“Hey! Look there,” I yelled. I got excited as I saw lights flashing in the distance.

“A spaceship,” I was told.

“What a shame about the shield,” I said. “Would be cool if people could see what really happens in space.”

“Better this way for you,” reptilian said.

“Yeah,” said the other one. “A lot better. And not only for you...”

Outside the “dome“ space didn't look that much different. There were some kind of satellites orbiting around the globe, but reptilians said they are not important. It wasn't difficult for them to dodge these satellites. They could actually affect on their movement with a wave of hand. They had technology for that too.

“Can you now show how the gun works?” I asked.

Reptilian fired the gun at the shield. It was powerful for a pistol. As the blast hit the shield, it sent energy waves in all directions.

“I suppose nothing gets through that shield?” I asked.

Reptilian did not reply. Instead it asked if I wanted to try the gun? I shot a couple of times into the shield. The novelty wore off quickly and we moved on.

Soon we were at the destination, the spaceship. Outside it looked small, with a diameter of ten meters. We didn't have to wait for long until a door appeared visible and then opened. Reptilians threw me in. However, they didn't use this door themselves. It was too small for them. They just went through the wall.

We got in to a small dimly lit room. It was like a storeroom with walls of stainless steel. But it wasn't steel, it was something else. There were silver colour boxes and some other stuff stacked and placed all around.

I was told to undress.

“Captain's orders,” reptilian said.

I took my clothes off and walked into another bigger and brighter room, where they waited for me. It wasn't too cold to be naked, some 20 celsius degrees. I could now see that this vessel was far bigger than 10x10m. Only that much was visible outside. I guess the reptilians trusted me as they weren't holding on to me. But soon they moved to my sides. Then a door opened and in walked another reptilian. Another kind of a reptilian. This one was a dead ringer to Commander Dolim, a Xindi in Star Trek. It was green and my size, around six feet, slender, and tight-looking in every way.

“Follow me,” it said.

It didn't talk much. It was acting like someone who is reluctantly showing a newcomer around. It wasn't polite yet not rude either. It was just doing its job. We walked across a huge oval shaped room. It was around 40 metres long and 30 wide. The ceiling height was three metres at the sides and six in the center. It was bluish-silver in color and slightly dim. There were no furniture whatsoever. At the other end of this huge space was a door sliding open to both sides, leading to a narrow corridor. There I got to touch the wall. It didn't feel metallic but matte. I knocked on it. No sound or echo.

It was difficult to keep up with this lizard. Its pace was effortlessly fast. Half of the time I was scuttling not to fall behind. After the corridor there was a similar door leading to a huge oval room just like the one before. We stopped at the middle of the room. At the other end of the room, next to a door, leaning to the wall, was a pile of human carcass: Limbs and other body parts. It was 20 metres away but you could tell. Then two huge reptilians came through the wall and started to eat. They were the kind that came to my home after the female one I had killed. Cross-breed of velociraptor and wolf. Like a bipedal crocodile with a shorter snout. The other one grabbed a leg and started to chew it just like a human would eat a chicken leg. They were both fast eaters. Their passionate devouring reminded me of Obelix the Gaul. As I kept on looking, my guide explained to me how these two individuals were busy on a project. That is why they were eating so fast. And it took only a minute or so before they were done. They growled. Other one left through the wall but the other one used the door.

Later I heard from Samuel that reptilians don't need to eat more often than once a week. You would then think that eating a meal takes longer than a minute. But it doesn't as reptilians are very determined creatures. They don't linger around searching for inspiration or divine providence.

We walked to the carcass pile. It was a cruel sight. Hands, legs, heads, and torsos. Fairly big skinned pieces. Since there was no blood at all, it reminded me of dry-cured ham - serrano or prosciutto. The lizard guide said I should have some. That, in fact, I must eat some. I told the guide I'm not that interested. It looked at me murderously and said I have no choice. It didn't look like it was enjoying this procedure. It didn't seem to be enjoying much anything at all. Half of the things it explained I didn't understand. Perhaps it was frustrated. I grabbed a short piece of a leg and bit carefully.

“Take more,” the guide said.

I took a more determined bite and got a small chunk of flesh into my mouth. It wasn't unbearable. Still, raw meat, which I had never had before. It was very tough and chewing even a small piece seemed to take forever. The guide got impatient.

“That's enough,” it said.

It seemed as if it had some compassion for me. Or perhaps not. Anyway, it wasn't hostile, just frustrated.

We left the carcass pile. I followed the guide into another room, which was a command deck - a bridge - of some sort, as the guide stated. There was a rectangular window of size 2x4 metres. You could see black space outside. Then there was the Moon, which didn't look the same as from the Earth. It was yellowish and uneven, as in not perfectly round. It was like an asteroid or a geoid. Here and there lights shone on its surface. There were also some black spots. I asked what they were?

“Buildings,” the guide said.

“Who lives there?” I asked.

The guide just looked at me as if I was stupid.

“How am I supposed to know?” I said.

“Who do you think lives there?” it said.

Whatever, I thought. I drew a conclusion that it is the reptilians who “live there”. The guide was already explaining to me how they pilot a spacecraft like this.

“What's this?” I asked pointing a one metre high projection rising from the floor.

“One can lean on it,” it said.

“Why is it so low?”

“For tail. Putting a tail from above it.”

Tail... I had to look away as I couldn't help to snicker.

“But you don't have a tail,” I said.

“I have but it's small.”

Again I had to look away.

“I know you are laughing. You better stop it,” it said.

As I calmed down, it began to explain. Even it was (telepathically) speaking English, it was difficult for me to understand as I don't know anything about flying and the aviation lexicon was all Greek to me. You kind of lose the interest when something is just way beyond your reach.

In front of the big window there was a square transparent board hanging from the roof. The board looked plastic and it had some horizontal lines on it. Out of nowhere the guide drew some kind of a green-yellow fluorescent hologram in front of the board. There were numbers and some kind of signs resembling Hebrew or whatever. They were not emojis, that is for sure. The guide waved its hand and another hologram appeared. It was like a 3D graph and the guide could turn and move it around.

“What's the plastic board?” I asked.

“It's not important,” it said.

I understood from its explaining that the reptilian vessels do not necessarily need to be steered. They are piloted by computers. Reptilians don't want to use artificial intelligence. They find AI to be horrible. It becomes too controlling. Later I heard from Samuel that Reptilians test AI in a closed system with a robot, who they rape and abuse. Even when the robot gets hurt, it's never the same rejoice as hurting human or other natural being.

The guide told me more about piloting the vessel. When they want to define the route accurately, they feed equations into the computer. Otherwise it is a self-controlling system.

“It's all mathematics,” it said.

“I know.”

It took a long look at me but kept on going. It went on and on about programming, equations, trajectories, energy, foreshadowing, and all kinds of things.

“About computers, in general, I don't know much,” it said, looking pensive.

It continued to explain. I was somewhat bored but naturally the whole thing was interesting in many ways. Still, I could not help to feel I was wasting its time. Also, it didn't seem like a guy who would take that lightly. Well, better act late than too late.

“Hey,” I interrupted it. “By the way, I don't understand.”

“Can you repeat that?” it said leaning back and looking at me.

“I'm not following you anymore. You are wasting your time.”

It got angry.

“Why didn't you tell me right away?”

“I told you now.”

“You was supposed to be a pilot... Well, this is it then,” it said

It burst into a short frustrated tantrum. At the same time, seemed as if someone or something was restraining it. The truth is that I was supposed to be a pilot. It had asked me about it as we walked through the oval rooms, but I had not answered anything.

Nevertheless, now it touched me the first time. It grabbed my arm and pushed me out of the room, into a small circular room, with a diameter of about 5 metres. It left me there. There was an upper level at the middle of the room, like a bed made out of an even boulder. I sat there, felt really tired. I laid down and fell asleep immediately.

My second visit to a reptilian vessel was a shorter one.

Two “Barongs“ woke me up as I was sleeping in my bed, in the middle of the night. I had been drinking. Now I was coming down from it. It seemed to be impossible to get up. As the reptilians forced me up, I could only crawl to the balcony. They lifted me up from there. As we were rising up in the sky I started to get awake. The hangover was immense.

“Can we go for a drink first?“ I asked the reptilians.

At first they didn't quite understand what I meant. Or they didn't care. A bar visit seemed to be out of question.

“Come on,“ I plead.

At least they gave it a thought. But it wasn't going to happen. Instead of that the other one waved its hand and I fell asleep.

When I woke up we were already inside the spacecraft. Two “Barongs“ were on my both sides holding my arms. They pretty much carried me into a wide silver color room. I stood there naked with the reptilian beasts on my sides.

“What is this?“ I asked.

But they only growled.

“Come on, you can tell me what this is about,“ I continued.

“Shut up and wait,“ the other one said.

“We are going to eat you,“ said the other and smirked.

“Eat me then, you ugly little piece of shit,“ I replied.

I could not come with anything better, but that seemed to at least annoy the beast. It growled some more. I imitated it. Soon the other one asked what I thought I was doing?

“Why are you like that? Why can't you just shut up?“ it said to me.

I don't know what it was.

Soon a Xindi-looking reptilian of higher rank arrived in the room. It was lighter in its colour. The other reptilians were dark green but this one was silver-color with some golden add-ons here and there. It looked like a half-robot. Its limbs joints looked mechanic. It had a computer embedded on its chest and on the right wrist. It was hard to tell where the lizard ended and the machine started. It didn't seem to wear an armour or a suit. The suit was

part of it.

I suppose it was an officer of some kind. It had piercing eyes and an arrogant presence. It stared into my eyes. As I was trying to peek its interesting looking legs, it grabbed my chin. I was supposed to look it in the eye. It was quite intimidating but I could keep my countenance. Apparently this robo-lizard was reading my mind. It sniffed. I tried to say something telepathically but it wasn't listening. Instead it seemed to give instructions to the pair of bigger ones.

It took a hold of my testicles and started to squeeze. I could feel its sharp nails. I turned my head downwards to see what it was doing but it grabbed my jaw again and forced me to look into its eyes. I probably resembled a ten-year-old kid trying to look tough with my chin up and lower jaw raised and pushed forward.

“Are you afraid?” it asked me.

“No,” I replied.

It kept on staring at me.

“You are lying,” it said.

“You would be a little bit scared too, if you were me,” I replied.

“If I were you, I would not come here,” it said and smirked.

I started to reply but it only told me to shut up. It snorted contemptuously.

“You are useless,” it said. Then it left.

My two escorts shrugged.

“Who was that?” I asked.

They told me it was some kind of an officer.

“You're a lucky man,” the other one said while they escorted me to a small storeroom, which served as an entry room to the vessel. I found my shorts there and wore them on. Then a door opened and the reptilians urged me to jump out. I walked to the door and they pulled me out of the vessel.

We were inside a bubble again, now traveling towards the Earth. It was an amazing view over the globe. Probably the best I have ever seen. We reached the shield in a minute. Through the shield and on. Then the visibility weakened. I don't know what it was. It seemed to take a lot longer to travel down than it had taken to go up. Reptilians looked concentrated as we moved inside some kind of a cloud. Maybe it was the space between dimensions. Suddenly the reality flashed around us. Now I could see my hometown Turku beneath. We were at some 200 metres. A warm and dark summer night it was. We moved downwards and the reptilians dropped me on the lawn of the house I lived in. I crawled over the rail to the balcony and into my apartment.