

UFOLOSOPHY 4

Voices

The voices in my head began when some mega-ufos came to observe me in early 2011. I suppose it happened in a dream, as ufos are usually encountered. One of them looked at me, perhaps feeling sorry for me or maybe for someone else.

“There’s nothing going on in your head. We’ll have to come up with something,” she said.

Soon after a cosmic male figure came up to me. He resembled Silver Surfer from Marvel comics. He made small talk. The female mega-ufo had apparently arranged it so that I would ask him about the voices some people hear in their heads. I talked with the man for a while, and just as he was about to leave, I suddenly felt compelled to ask about the inner voices.

“What must that be like?” I asked him.

He looked at me sternly and paused for a moment.

“Well, you’re about to find out,” he said.

Of course, I didn’t remember this encounter until much later, and even then only as a dreamlike memory. I usually don’t remember ufo encounters in vivid detail. Maybe they’re supposed to be a bit vague, because humans still have to live human lives and not dwell too much on ufo stuff. In the physical world, ufos rarely make direct contact with people, unless it’s through another human. But most often not as humanoids. The worlds must not, or at least should not, mix.

Anyway, I started hearing voices in the winter of 2011. At first, I didn’t react to them. I thought they were just products of my imagination. But in the dark hours of the night, they kept knocking and knocking. Repeating my name. One night, when I couldn’t sleep, I finally responded. They introduced themselves as guides or something like that - I don’t remember exactly. That’s how it started. They seemed benevolent and humorous at first.

It wasn’t until years later that I understood the voices were some kind of

demons. Ufos can present themselves as voices too, but they have other things to do. I estimate that 95% of the time, the voices are demons, whose purpose is to disrupt. Still, they can be amusing - they do know how to be funny. But you're not supposed to engage them in conversation. Sometimes you realise that the demon is actually a bot of some kind, since it can't finish sentences or find the right words. It's expecting you to fill in.

The cosmic man visited me again later to tell me that he hadn't intended for the voices to stay permanently, only for a few months. But Wobbler had another idea. He thought the whole thing was just great. Now Ville is even more troubled. He can't focus on anything. His ability to think is deteriorating further.

Or maybe it was that same female ufo behind it all, just orchestrating everything according to her own plan? Is she Wobbler's ally? Maybe the same woman who once told me, "We'll wrap this thing up together in the end," implying I didn't really have to do anything - just suffer on behalf of others and eventually realize I should end my life before old age. In the topsy-turvy world of ufos there is no one to trust. Once I asked some ufo being if he could take the voices out of my head. He said that I had to do it myself, and that it might take years to get rid of them completely. He seemed like he really did not want to talk about it at all.

I don't know what the voices are like in other people's heads, but in my case, it's a light version - I can usually sleep at night, as long as I don't engage with them. But the moment I wake up, the voices are there, often ruining my morning before I've even gotten out of bed. The more I let them in, the more they talk. It feels like they have no one else to bother. I wonder if I'm also "especially important" to them. Do the voices watch over me while I sleep, just so they can attack me the moment I wake up? And is their purpose also to act as thought police.

Sometimes the voices let me sleep only five hours a night. I wake up the moment the deepest phase of sleep ends. It makes me irritable, of course, which no doubt gives Wobbler some exquisite satanic satisfaction. There are times when the voices keep me awake late into the night, and then one of them pretends to be my friend and soothes me to sleep. Or maybe it's someone else. I can't make sense of the logic behind them; they manage to ruin so much, and yet there always seems to be some invisible line they won't cross. Couldn't that line be drawn at not having the voices at all? I guess they don't want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. My misery is a source of Wobbler's pleasure and power. It seems like it's absolutely necessary to ruin every single one of my days somehow. The voices play a big role in that scheme. Chronic fatigue makes one irritable, which in turn makes small annoyances more beneficial.

Someone is always online. If no one else, then some bots. They keep the irritation going. And if I react, then some real demon might jump in. Naturally, I don't know how any of this really works. I can only file my complaint and ask: Did I deserve this? I never summoned anyone or took part in a séance or whatever they are.

2010 Incident

The very first time I got involved with voices took place in the summer 2010. That was the summer when I got into the club and then out of the club. A really messy summer, indeed.

A man called me and said he was a priest. He said he had heard I had some troubles so he could come to my home and sanctify me. Then one morning he was at the door and I let him in. As I sat on my underwear in the kitchen, he places a cross on my forehead and started to mumble something. Suddenly I realised something was wrong. I opened my eyes and saw that he was holding the cross upside down. I got really upset and threw him out. Then I got it real bad. There were really unpleasant screaming voices inside my head. "Kill yourself, kill yourself," they said. I left the house. I across the edge of the town to nearest Cathedral still in my underwear. I threw myself on the church floor and yelled for help. There were some tourists who tried to help me. Then a priest of some kind came. He said you can't really come here like that. I begged for help. I don't know what went on, but someone gave me some clothes to wear. Gradually I got better. I walked home and got really drunk and that was it.

Meltdown

The voices had already been in my head for years when I quit drinking in 2015. My sober period began on January 2, 2015, and lasted for three and a half years. I had only been sober for a few weeks when information started entering my mind. I don't believe it was anything physiological, like brain fog vanishing. It was just a typical ufo thing. Some ufo must have thought, "Now's the time to enlighten Ville." The information didn't come through the voices. They were more like sudden insights - moments of clarity. I began writing these things down in notebooks I carried with me, and later I published them on my website.

The voices were involved in all of this, of course. They misled me and mocked me constantly. The longer I stayed sober, the more control they gained over me. Eventually, I couldn't sleep anymore. The insomnia lasted over a month. I was constantly exhausted, but every time I started to drift off, something would jolt me awake. I slept only in tiny bursts - just seconds at a time. Occasionally, I'd manage a bit more sleep. I lost my appetite. I was pale and painfully thin.

The voices took over completely. They gave me advice, tormented me mentally, and even physically. I felt sick all the time. And yet, despite myself, I received insights that I wrote down. The spontaneous realizations alone wouldn't have been enough. The voices forced the information through. Drinking might have helped, but since I wasn't certain, I remained a teetotaler.

Gradually, the days grew longer and the voices' grip weakened. I started sleeping again - first a few hours, then eventually through the night. In early

spring, I launched my website. My writing was clumsy at first. I wrote about orcs as "owls" and described satanists' mental tricks as spells. I also began compiling lists of people who were against me, and of things I mustn't forget. I stopped letting anyone into my apartment. I cut off contact with my old friends. I trusted no one.

I'm pretty sure Wobbler would have wanted that period to last longer. It must have been a real treat for him. But then some other entity decided that enough is enough.

Psychiatric Evaluation

This chapter of my life came to an end during Midsummer week, on June 18, 2015, when the police knocked on my door. Along with them came two paramedics. Someone had made an anonymous report to the emergency department at Tyks Hospital about me and the writings on my website. After investigating the matter through official channels, I learned that the tipster had introduced themselves as my aunt. But none of my actual aunts admitted to doing it.

Based on that report, I was taken in for a psychiatric evaluation, where the doctor concluded that I was mentally healthy. And I was, though earlier that winter, I might not have been. The main issue back then had been insomnia, not the voices themselves. I was never a danger to anyone, not even to myself. There was no suicidal behavior involved. Ufos had probably covered their bases by blocking that kind of voices.

The police came knocking again a week later, but I wasn't home at the time. After hearing about it from a neighbor, I fled and traveled to Central Europe, where I spent the month of July wandering around. When I returned to Finland, I was left alone. I lived in that apartment for a little over a year after that.

Sobriety was the key that made the website possible. At first, I nearly lost my mind, but eventually even the voices started to bear fruit. At some point, I remembered that some other female mega-ufo had been observing my life. She was the one who enabled the website - by helping to get it started through the voices, ensuring it wouldn't be taken down from the internet, and making sure that any criminal reports filed against it would be ignored. Of course, it still required a lot of effort on my part. The website hasn't been easy to create, and it's certainly has caused me trouble. But for the satanists, it's a thorn in their side. The website undermines the claims made by pedophile-faggots that I'm completely under their control.

I call my website "home page". The term refers to the 1990s, when the Internet came around. Today, home page means the main landing page of a website. For me, it's just a term with a cool boomer vibe.

Homepage Enabler

I'm sure my home page is a nuisance to the ufos as well. It prevents all sorts of fun they might have planned through me. I can't hold any public position, get successful, or even land a decent job. No sensible employer would hire someone like me with a website like that. Then again, I don't really know how to do anything, and I don't learn easily either. But most people are just as clueless and only succeed by relying on satanist tactics. These days, no real human is even hired for anything truly demanding. Or if you get a good job, you'll soon be hijacked by an orc - especially if you live in a city.

This female "home page enabler" mega-ufo had stood by and watched as the other ufos allowed the satanists to sabotage my music project again and again. That included my guitar playing and everything else. It didn't matter how much I practiced - I never improved. Apparently, it's quite easy to sabotage something related to muscle memory. My equipment was tampered with too. There was some weird latency between the guitar and the amp. My music hobby became a joyless struggle, benefitting only my enemies.

In a way, the train had already left the station long ago. Anyone who wants to be a musician has to start seriously in their teens - learning sheet music and how the gear works. I never took playing seriously. For me, it was just something to do if I happened to feel like it.

This mega-ufo didn't accept that I couldn't express myself - that I had no hobby. She decided that if things were going this way, we would do something different. The songs I had written - they weren't masterpieces - were "spreading the truth." I was trying to avenge the satanists in my lyrics, to take a stand and speak about things that must not be spoken of.

The mega-ufo told me that music isn't a good channel for protest and enlightenment. Writings are better for that. People don't want entertainment to be righteous moralizing. And she was right. Song lyrics can contain only so much info, and educational songs kinda suck. In writing text, you can include much more, and you don't have to invent awkward rhymes. A songwriter is closer to a lyricist, a modern poet. Nobody reads poems anymore. It has to be a song.

Then one day in the summer of 2014, I got fed up with playing. It was just going nowhere. I tossed my tuner onto the floor and stomped it to bits. I sold off the rest of my gear and decided that was it. But it took me six months to start writing text - first in a notebook, then gradually on the Internet. That's something ufos and their satanic proxies failed to stop. As I couldn't take a stand in rock and roll, I became an outspoken "blogger" instead. And while I don't even know how to write, this makes so much more sense than trying to be a musician. I wouldn't have made any money from it - just like I won't make any money out of this - but at least this is meaningful.

I appreciate that mega-ufo, the website enabler. She has turned out to be one of the few good ones. She clearly doesn't like me, but she dislikes Wobbler even more. From her astral vantage point, she sees things and

occasionally decides enough is enough. The proof is this very website - her defiance toward all the entities that seek to control me.

It was the voices in my head that made it possible. They planted the seeds of this page. Admittedly I nearly lost my mind at first, but life has since stabilized. Enabler ufo programmed the voices to reveal things to me, based on which I began to grasp the plot. That's how the homepage slowly but uncertainly started to take shape. Enabler knew that Wobbler and co. would never stop the terror of the voices - they benefitted too much from it.

The voices caused both mental and physical suffering, but in the end, all suffering is the same - the brain is part of the body. You could call it psychosomatic symptoms, but in this case it was satanism under ufo control. For them, the voices are effective: a human can't shake them off. With voices, you can destroy things and blame the person for listening to them. As if he could escape them.

My home page shows that some people really *can* write whatever they want - if they dare try. Or maybe any lay with a website can write and say what they like. Maybe the Internet is already full of writings about secret cults, orcs, lays, and hypnotic mind tricks. Those have just been cleaned away from my eyes.

I don't know what enabler's broader plan was for the page's form. Maybe it was meant to be a neat blog with short posts every few days. Now it's more of a hybrid. I've removed the worst digressions and I'm always fixing things when I can. But some weird curse still haunts the home page. Awkward sentence constructions and the repeated use of the same words in successive sentences are issues that seem persistently difficult to eliminate. Or have I just become dyslexic?

What matters is that the enabler of this site doesn't care that truths come out. She may not even *like* it, but she's above that. I believe she doesn't truly care about anything. And that's a good thing. A rational being is indifferent - but does their best anyway. That's true charity and moral righteousness. As some ufo once instructed me: "Always do your best, but don't care about the outcome - just move forward."

I've tried, to some extent, to aim toward that perfect indifference, but it's not so simple. He gave me other pieces of advice too, but I don't remember them. Honestly, I couldn't follow much guidance, even I do appreciate advice. But when a *human* gives me advice, it usually turns out to be just mockery. Satanic people like to fuck with me and if they are whores they even get paid to do that.

Debit and Credit

Help from demons or similar entities with writing or other tasks doesn't necessarily have to rely on hearing voices. In fact, voices tend to cause a lot of harm. A person can be helped with writing or even singing simply by enhancing their performance - or by instilling ideas into their mind in such a way that they believe the ideas are their own. Or by feeding them thoughts gradually as they write.

This can go so far that while writing, the person doesn't even think - it's just their fingers typing out the text as the brain generates it. I've had some experience with this kind of automatic writing, but I refuse to work like that. I'm not a writing machine. Still, I understand that automatically written material would be exactly what jealous people would love to read.

In the same sense pedophile-homos feel like they're getting information from the gods through me. For them it's important not to give me any credit. It's unacceptable that I would come up with something myself. They always try to trace the origin of everything I do. They also know I will eventually get to take revenge on them - but they can't stand the idea of me doing it in this human form. I should look different - or maybe be invisible.

The same goes for whores. They've been ruining my life for years. It would be a disaster for them if the roles reversed. Then again, it's good to remember that the pedophile-homos and the top-level whores are all orcs. Most of them are fundamentally indifferent to the struggles of human life. They're just acting. Immersing themselves in human roles and posing as people.

The satanic assistance that creative individuals receive - after sacrificing others - is often seasonal. It doesn't come by a schedule. A satanist who writes songs has to make an effort to stay in a working mode, so that when "inspiration" hits, they're ready to capture what they receive. This isn't surprising to satanists, but lay people don't know it.

Voices can also be useful. They really do activate your thinking and bring to mind all sorts of things: past experiences or imagined scenarios. The babbling of the voices could be especially helpful for writing dialogue, for a book or television. Voices can imitate anyone and create conversations out of thin air. They want to maintain a connection with the person they're tormenting. They do that by pleasing their target by appearing, for example, as a dead mother or something similar. Not everything they say or do is unpleasant, but the goal is always the same: to cause disruption. The voices want as much control over their target's life as possible. They would prefer to decide everything.

Sometimes their advice is actually good. It has to be, so the target keeps listening. Most of the time, though, it's just deception. In my case, I'd say the benefit-to-harm ratio is about 10 to 90. I haven't been able to concentrate on books or movies because the voices keep interrupting. I can read short texts, but reading a novel feels more like a sport than pleasure. At

times I can't sleep. I'm in a constant state of disruption where I can't think clearly.

Some of what the voices say is sheer nonsense. Some are lies, some distorted truths. Throughout, it's all misleading. I don't always know which thoughts are my own. It's difficult for me to think about anything without the voices being involved. They start thoughts, carry them on, converse, and appear as various familiar characters. They aim for dialogue and create little mini-dramas.

The voices can also be threatening. I'm not allowed to insult them. My guiding principle is to try to stay calm and, at the very least, avoid engaging in conversation with them. Of course, that is difficult, because they are constantly around me. This has been going on for over fourteen years. I no longer remember what life is like without them. I would like to return to a peaceful state of mind. I suppose that would have to be achieved on my own, but it's far from easy.

One thing the voices seem to seek is a strong emotional reaction. They try to provoke their victim. An aggressive outburst of anger seems to be ideal. I don't mean physical aggression, but rather the kind that happens inside your head. They can trigger it by bringing up past injustices I have experienced or by appearing as a difficult person I may even know. In practice, they are trying to drive me crazy. Sexual arousal also seems to amuse them. They are adept at it, and if you give in, your thoughts quickly become consumed by it. It's not necessary to think about it, but the theme lingers in the background, and at intervals someone tries to get you to dwell on it. On a lighter note, making me laugh also counts. That, too, is an emotional reaction, and it suits them. Through that, they gain leverage, which can then be redirected in another direction.

Maybe it's the same with the voices as with many other things in my life: if I were a different kind of person, I might be able to use them more effectively. If I could concentrate and meditate, maybe I could shut them out whenever I wanted. But since I'm just this kind of slightly miserable person, they mostly cause harm. My mind has wandered ever since I was a kid.

Crash Course in Brain Surgery

You can dampen the voices by pulling your brain hemispheres together. The problem with many lay people is that their left and right brain hemispheres are "too far apart," too loosely connected. A certain hypnosis trick severs the connection between the hemispheres, and if it's done to you daily from a young age, the neural pathways between the hemispheres weaken.

I think the part of brain that is crucial in this is called "corpus callosum". Every lay should do "brain gymnastics," trying to spin or draw inside their brain in different directions. In my case, the right hemisphere is badly stuck. During the hypnosis trick, my right hemisphere tends to drop a little lower, so I try to keep it level with the left one.

Apparently, being able to protect yourself from the hypnosis trick is pretty much the same as knowing how to perform it. In other words, once you know how the trick works, not just anyone can use it on you. But an old layman like me might still need an electric jolt to the right spot of my head to snap the loose and deteriorated brain back into shape. Satanists have an electrically powered device that can safely yet effectively firm up the human brain. In practice, the device delivers an electric shock. It is portable and about the size of a fist. I don't know much else about it but I have seen one. Imagine having that device and using it on all lays. Such a beautiful idea.

Difficult Riddance

Often it feels like, in principle, if I were someone else, many things would be possible. But in practice, nothing ever works out. It's hard not to think that this is intentional: to mess with me as much as possible, and then throw in some guilt on top of it.

The voices can be kept at bay if I don't listen to them. Especially if I don't engage with them. But that's incredibly difficult, because they're always there. They're highly intelligent, know everything about me, can imitate anyone and any situation, and can even stimulate me sexually. Whatever I think about, they insert themselves into it. And it's difficult *not* to think - human brains generate thoughts on their own.

So, the best thing for me would be not to think at all. Just spend my waking hours listening to podcasts, audiobooks, maybe the radio. Wobbler, the guardian of the voices, wants to stop me from thinking, and through the voices, he succeeds. To milk me for his own purposes, he has blocked my personal growth and my ability to reflect. He has gone further: blocking sex, hobbies, relationships, money, even swimming. An inflamed prostate can't handle it.

Over the years, the voices have wrapped themselves tightly around me. They *can* be limited, and someone does limit them, as long as I try to avoid them. So maybe this is some sort of mind control training - a practice in mental discipline. That the voices were placed in my head precisely so I'd have to learn how to get rid of them.

And once, I actually did. I made it my mission not to hear them, or at least not to listen. I didn't react. After about a week, I realized the voices were gone. I was very pleased. I felt calm, even serene. Then a few days later, I had a dream where a ufo being - one that looked quite human - walked up to a panel on the wall of a narrow corridor. The panel had various buttons and levers. In a manic frenzy, he began pressing buttons and flipping switches. The next morning, the voices were back. My guess is that Wobbler was behind it.

It's important to remember that in my case, there are several different ufos who, for whatever reason, want to control my life, and to be part of this "great story." But when many ufos pull all in different directions, the result

is chaos. Each of them does something that cancels out what another one has done. If three pull left and three pull right, you end up at zero. Once ufos have played their tricks, they wipe their hands clean, and step offstage. And I'm left standing in the middle, wondering why nothing ever works out.

So, why doesn't the home page enabler ufo simply remove the voices, make me rich and happy, and perhaps, get me out of here? The answer is, I don't know. Maybe she can't interfere too much or otherwise everyone else might quit and then the whole project would be her private headache. Or maybe it's her job to get something out of me. That there has to be at least something I leave behind after I'm gone. Home page is a perhaps a start for that something. The material is rather solid but it lacks professionalism. In any case, I'm bound to think that home page enabler is not in cahoots with Wobbler. I hope so, anyway.

After the Bender

The voices won't let me sleep if I drink for more than two nights in a row. After such a stretch, I might go a week with hardly any sleep. Combined with the constant terror of the voices and chemical imbalances in my brain, insomnia makes me paranoid. There's a clear rule here: no more binges.

So why do I drink for more than two days? Because I'm annoyed. Someone instigates that annoyance, and I admit that drowning it in alcohol is a weird obsession. You would think I had learned by now that it doesn't help. Yet, I do it again.

Most likely someone is pushing me to binge, to give them an excuse to send the voices after me and ruin my sleep. It's useful to have a (manufactured) reason to lean on - much like how the U.S. justifies its foreign policies: they manipulate their enemies into attacking or stage an attack, then use that as a pretext for striking back.

Then there's the fact that the longer I stay sober, the more self-destructive I become. Drinking removes the sorrow; the hangover shatters my self-esteem. Then I feel so worthless that I don't even want to die - I just want to stop feeling bad. Knowing I will feel almost normal in a few days doesn't help during the massive hangover.

Still, the voices urging me to drink haven't stopped a single binge. They haven't solved anything. Instead, they drive more drinking. Which makes it reasonable to suspect that someone wants me to drink more - so they can hit me even harder. Since I can't sleep, I drink more, and it looks like I'm to blame. I downed the drinks, not them.

But it's not that simple. I don't make any decisions - including what I wear; Ufos decide even that by letting pedophiles swap my clothes. Yet they don't swap *all* my clothes for oversized ones. And why don't they evict me or destroy my car? Wouldn't that cause even more havoc? Perhaps sabotage needs to stay within certain limits, so I don't totally wreck my life.

Those hangover-laced nights of reptilian visions are an interesting concept. When I close my eyes, I'm bombarded with visuals unlike anything I've seen on TV. No film montage could match it. I would love to watch that lucidly when I'm sober, although then it would not be nearly so disturbing. A couple of times, in that lucid haze, I've met "demons", that's how it seemed. They were surprised when I suddenly appeared in the same room.

"What are *you* doing here?" a woman asked. The rest of the group on the sofa stopped their cheerful arguing and looked up.

The disturbing thing is that these demons looked almost human. The rooms resembled those in human houses; the cityscape outside could have been somewhere in Europe.

"We are demons," said a man, smirking.

It felt like these "people from another world" are observers of Earth's events, using the suffering of humans for recreation. Perhaps the demon phenomenon really means some people from another world who are just playing a game. Various animal-like humanoids are their avatars. And we here on Earth are nothing but pawns in their game. Humanity and the planet itself are like a cosmic version of Africa, or some impoverished Asian country, where the lives of the poor, by European standards, are miserable. The sweatshops and cobalt mines make it possible for the western person to get their sneakers and smartphones at a bargain price. Or maybe it is just another case of same whoring we have here on Earth.

These creatures were almost like human but their features seemed more rounded and smoother, like with cartoon characters. Communication with them felt psychic; they didn't speak any language I recognized. They were confident and arrogant. I was scared of them, but I don't know why. Maybe only because of the hangover.

Always There For You

The voices are with me almost constantly. Can it be true that they have nothing better to do? Are they real - or some kind of AI bots? They know everything about my life, and much I don't even know myself. They can connect different dots and sound convincing. Sometimes what they say is utter nonsense. Often it sounds good at first, but breaks apart under scrutiny. Maybe they're a mix: sometimes bots, sometimes ufos, sometimes demons. Maybe the bots probe, and if I respond, a demon takes over. Perhaps there's some benefit in the voices, but I'll never see it because to stay mentally stable I must get rid of them - and I manage to at the point when they could actually be useful. As before: I get what I want - just after I no longer want it or need it.

Ufos can be mischievous in a seemingly innocent way. They toy with me - and probably others - but they don't torture me by cutting off my toes or poking me with sharp stick. They can always hide behind the excuse that I'm just not diligent or determined enough to deserve anything. That's the

paradox: I'm not that bad either.

Voice Recorder

At the tinfoil hatters Christmas party, November 2021, people took turns hypnotizing me and asking their stupid, humiliating questions. Or perhaps many of them were infiltrating whores - or just tinfoil hatters who moonlight as whores. At least one Ville Venetjoki played the whore in full conspiracy-enthusiast costume.

The day before, I had wandered around home electronics stores trying to buy a voice recorder. I figured that if I had one in my pocket, the whores would be forced to stop people from tricking me. I could listen to the recordings and maybe learn something, for I'm not supposed to learn anything about satanic ways. Especially since I would then publish the info here on the home page. Actually sometimes, I do remember bits of what was said under the hypnosis trick, but it's hazy memory fluff, and possibly just figments of imagination.

By sheer coincidence (or perhaps satanist decree), the stores were all out of recorders. Maybe they'd been told not to sell me one. Later I managed to get one anyway, and since then, I've carried it with me almost everywhere. The recorder gives me a small layer of protection. It deters excessive trickery and humiliation. Now the satanists have to work through their whores to prevent others from bothering me. The whores have to tell everyone I have a recorder. And that recorder can't be taken away from me. It can, however, be reseted. People like my neighbour have been instructed how to reset my recorder, if necessary.

I don't always listen to the recordings. I don't listen to them daily, but sometimes I do so very carefully. A few times, I've noticed that the recording doesn't match what I remember happening. The whores carry identical recorders and can, when needed, swap mine out for theirs. What sense does this all make? I really don't know, but it fits well into other inconsistencies of my life.

So yes - the whores can switch my recorder, but they're not no one is allowed to steal it. Some ufo - probably the home page enabler one - has apparently set this rule. If someone tricks me and the recorder was on, then the whores have to swap it. They can't just erase it. Other people can erase it, because they can't swap it. The whores must keep their parallel-recorders up to date with whatever's on mine. Fortunately for them, a digital recorder plugs neatly into any computer. So the recorder keeps them busy. I suppose one extra whore now has a job title: Recorder Handler.

Of course, the natural way to stop being tricked would be to purify body and mind. But that's difficult - no eating, no drinking. Practically impossible in my case. Besides, my food products are under a heavy poisoning. A better way to fix this problem would be to get the corpus callorum fixed. Then I could reach a state where tricks simply wouldn't work on me. Or maybe my brains are so mashed that it doesn't matter what would happen.

My persecution is largely based on the hypnosis trick. And everything in my life must hinge on decisions made by ufos. It's easier for them to outsource the control to pedophile-faggots and whores. Maybe it's Wobbler's idea.

As said before, the only way to get ahead in life would be to smash my head into the pavement or get an electric shock. And thus, that is my goal in life.

Ufos Don't Care

Ufos are arrogant. They believe themselves superior to humankind in every possible way. Yet they fail to see the comedy in their own posture. They don't understand the absurdity that grows from their sterile, clinical arrogance. They act as if they were infinitely wise and all-powerful.

Many of them achieved nothing in their human lives. Now they want to write a book or make an album through me. They claim to have entire works ready - songs, manuscripts - that I only need to "realize." But then they make the process unbearable. The story must, of course, be "interesting." Why should I bother, when I take no pleasure in it, earn nothing from it, and no one believes the result would be mine? My only real motive would be to reveal hidden truths. And that is exactly what ufos do not want. Then again, does it even matter what they want, if everything unfolds as it must? They keep telling me: "This won't go the way you want it to."

Ufos look straight through a human being and sees only ugliness: a beast, crude and foul. The hyena is beautiful because it obeys its instincts. But a human knows his choices. Ufos never grasp that people are prisoners of their conditions. We act according to the culture that formed us. There's no point trying to play the merciful Samaritan. Adults make choices, yes—but those choices grow from what they have become.

Ufos don't care about people. We are only instruments in their cosmic experiments and games. The suffering can always be explained away by some lofty universal purpose, one that means nothing to them. Perhaps they are only puppets of higher demons.

I should have a team. Or belong to one. But that is not permitted. Ufos like to ask what I want from life. They do it when I'm drunk, knowing they'll get foolish answers. Answers they can twist and use against me. Their questions are always vague enough to mean anything.

I've been told many times that nothing will come of any of this. That it doesn't matter anyway—as long as I don't kill anyone.

When I began studying media production at the Arts Academy in Turku, two female ufos came to visit.

"Communication, communication," one of them chuckled. "Couldn't you pick something else? Are you sure about this?"

"What then?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing really," she said. "You won't learn anything anyway because you're rather stupid."

"It's still worth studying the small details if you go into this," the other

added. "Even if it's all pseudo-science."

Before leaving, she said, "It doesn't really matter what you do here anyway."

I never truly wanted to study communication. It was just the school that accepted me. In hindsight, I should have learned something practical. I could have been a plumber or an electrician. Now it's too late.

Later, ufos came to the academy in human form, three of them, pretending to be a committee evaluating students' writing. They criticized me for using non-finite clauses and other trivial things. Of course I can't write. Writing takes a brain, which I don't have. It isn't about grammar.

What use was that committee? Maybe I'm too difficult to help. Too kind at times, too spiteful at others. Later ufos tricked me into a delivery driver's course, and years later, into a car repair program. At the end of both, they tried to force a job on me, some errand boy position. I refused. I'm too old for being an errand boy.

In working life I've always been a laborer. Ufos would like me to clean floors or dig ditches. I no longer agree to do work I despise. Years ago, when I was unemployed, the employment office forced me into cleaning work, meaning ufos did. Maybe Wobbler. I didn't do anything there. I mocked everyone and pissed on the floors. I was fired on the spot. The forced labor ended. The tape was rewound and I was unemployed again.

Never Again

Years ago, a grim-faced ufo showed up in human form, clearly in a bad mood. He told me that a life like mine will never happen again. At the time, I thought, "What a cold-hearted bastard." But later, I reconsidered. He meant that this kind of fucking around won't be tolerated twice. And it's not about what I do, because I'm not calling the shots here. But I'm the last of my kind.

Will all my problems end when I finally kick off this mortal coil? In the afterlife, I might have to face the wrath of the reptilians. After all, I've spilled their secrets. So maybe I shouldn't have talked about the reptilians. They're a massive, dangerous, and relentlessly vengeful crowd, with enough malice to fill a black hole.

Then there's the curious case of all the songs written about me. Who wrote them and still does? Is it my imaginary girl friend who's a gas cloud in the sky, or perhaps the Devil himself? Technically, the song issue breaks the laws of reality. There could be one or two, but there are thousands of them and they keep on coming. I think these songs indicate that the whole thing does not really makes much difference.

Maybe a friend wrote them in order to piss off Wobbler and his associates. Or the Devil who is trying to convince me to "get away from there" and "come to the other side". In other words, to kill myself. And that sure sounds good. But I would rather that I was taken away. I'm not fond of the idea of suicide. It's not very nice.

Most of the songs are not to my liking. When I drive a car they blast through every radio channel. Sometimes this pop music terror is fun. Usually not, since I can smell that lot of these songs are written tongue-in-cheek. I don't like humour in music.

If, before landing on Earth, I signed a contract giving away all the rights to run my own life, then terms and conditions need to be re-evaluated. Or perhaps some characters should accidentally fall out of a window, like happens in Russia.

It all boils down also to whether I'm just an insignificant human, or some kind of ufo? And if I am a ufo, am I a mega-ufo, or just some ordinary loser. If I'm something great then it would be stupid to terrorize me. Unless my life is just a game to play. There has to be some kind of logic.

Surely, there are powerful and nasty ultra-demons somewhere who are pulling the strings behind of all this. Wobbler and other mega-ufos are nothing to them. Wobbler can't see them and doesn't even know that they exist. And even if he would, he wouldn't understand what they are. This actually makes sense. Many leaders spend their whole lives thinking they're somebody important, only to realize after death they were just marionettes. There's always someone bigger. And anyone who plays a big role might end up as their toys.

Ufos have been tormenting me since I was a child. I don't intend to watch this through to the end. If I did, the task would be complete, and they could say that everything went exactly as it was meant to. If it took seventy years, they would call it a short time in my life. I have to make sure this project never reaches its conclusion.

This is also an important precedent. Ufos must not be allowed to torment anyone else after me using the same pattern. First a lifetime of suffering, then the forced completion of some final "mission." It's important that I leave my mark on this life, and that mark will be that nothing happens. Ufos may keep tormenting humanity as they please, but they will not bring about change at the same time.

Life on Earth should change. But if something really gets done, it will be done from the outside, and it will be a final solution, one in which ufos are not consulted. They have already shown what they are made of.

I said earlier that I don't take responsibility for anything, because none of it is my fault. Am I hiding behind things I could perhaps overcome? Using them as excuses? Maybe. But I have no motivation to overcome them. I never had much of it to begin with, and now there's even less. You can't fake motivation, and it doesn't return through pretense. You either have it, or you don't, and I don't. That's the core of the problem.

Life as a whole is nothing but guessing and wondering. Blind wandering. Without substance. Without real goals or motivation. Without comradeship or love. Without warmth. Without anything worth fighting for. Just a shifting fog that changes color from day to day.

Most ufos suffer from the Dunning-Kruger effect. They don't realize their own massive shortcomings, whether cultural or intellectual. They genuinely believe that all the wisdom in the world is packed inside their alien heads - and that any other opinion is worthless noise. Because they see themselves as intellectually superior, they imagine they hold the sovereign solutions to human problems. Reality begs to differ: their "cures" for various illnesses don't work. Everything has to be fixed afterward by tweaking what they tried to patch up. Ufos don't respect humans, nor do they take their own work with humans seriously.

The Truth

My goal in these writings is to tell the truth about everything - even when it's unfavorable to myself. Someone said I shouldn't criticize myself, because others are already doing it for me. But I can do that. In my case, it doesn't make any difference.

I have come to realize that the truth is the worst thing of all. From people to ufos, everyone is afraid of it. No one can bear the truth, because the world is built on lies. Not just a single lie, but countless lies that support and complete each other. We are entangled in these lies, and they are used to tuck us in. They keep us comforted, blind to reality.

Ufos say that humans couldn't handle the truth. But then why is the truth rubbed in my face over and over again? If it truly helps one grow, why wouldn't I offer that same medicine to others too? They too can grow - as humans, orcs, or ufos. Who am I to deny them this opportunity?

Ufos don't care about humans. They toy with pedophile-faggots and control how much they're allowed to harass me. But they don't stop these faggots raping kids - it doesn't interest them. To them, humans have no value. They only see the machinery behind it all. What matters to them is the show. And they know that without a touch of darkness, there wouldn't be much of a show at all. Many higher-level entities are failures. They may not be evil, but they are completely indifferent to the suffering of lower beings. This doesn't stop them from moralizing. In their own view, they can treat lower species however they want, but those species, in turn, are not allowed to treat those below them the same way.

If anyone needs to change, it's ufos. I don't believe they're capable of it. And this isn't about whether they care about me or not. It's about the fact that they humiliate me. I'm a worker in a project, working for ufos. But employees shouldn't be treated like this. Why should I help ufos with their projects, which ultimately have no meaning whatsoever? On the contrary, I intend to work toward change.

A scenario has been scripted for my life: one that can't actually be played to the end. I'm expected to be both a warrior and a saint. The mind behind this game is either cunning or simply idiotic. With my life stuck in a perpetual limbo, someone else gets to harvest the profits of my frustration. Maybe the deal was signed ages ago. I live five years at a time, then the tape is

rewound and we start over.

When I'm old, the real show begins. Its flavor lies in the long wait, sixty-five years, or perhaps two hundred. The climax will justify the delay. And once the ending comes, no one will care how we got there. The only thing that matters is that we arrived. The tragicomic twist is that the whole project will probably collapse ahead of schedule, ruined by the ufos' greed. The greedy are often stupid, or at least look stupid, which is almost the same thing.

And how am I supposed to suddenly master all the tricks and techniques at sixty-five? Those take years of practice. I'm forty-seven now. You would think I would have learned something by this point, or at least have 20/20 vision. But no. I see nothing, I know nothing, and I remain a helpless fool. From here, it's a long road to becoming any sort of agent of change or rainmaker.

The creator of this world clearly didn't aim for perfection. He must have thought that there has to be room for randomness. Sometimes evil goes unpunished. Sometimes good deeds are left unrewarded. Perfection is a relative concept, and it can only arise through imperfection. Even the smallest fantasy is at its best when it's always a little different. It has to be allowed to live. And when it lives, it sometimes goes wrong. But unpredictability completes the whole. Without it, there's no victory, only a fixed game.