

## Whores and pedophile-faggots

### Whores

The army of whores is huge. There are tens of thousands of whores on a freelance basis, and an estimated 1000 full-time whores in Finland. Many of them focus on stalking lays like me. In my case they have an unlimited budget, so it's no problem to have 50 whores after me every day. There are no known moral problems either:

"I'm just doing my job," one whore told me and continued:

"If I didn't do this, someone else would."

Freelance whores operate on a commission basis. They seek and find stalking gigs through a website focused on stalking lay-people. There are both shorter- and longer-term gigs. The payments are made through a front company or in cash.

There are also Internet catalogues of lays just for the satanic torment purposes, as each satanist has to have a lay they torture, in order to enjoy life. I don't know how well these two things are connected, but every satanist is a potential whore. Most of them just have a real job or something better to do.

"You have a significant impact on employment," one Turku whore once told me.

I should not remember that since he had hypnotized me and erased my memory after the chat, but sometimes I have these recollections or memory flashes, although they are vague and possibly tainted by imagination.

He also said that I'm not the only one targeted by this kind of massive persecution. Many others are also being tortured without mercy using energy and V2K (voice-to-skull) weapons, as well as other methods. With such a weapon, the victim can be targeted through a wall from another apartment. It's difficult for the victim to report the crime, because evidence is impossible to obtain, and therefore the police does not even investigate it. The victim is labeled insane, and in this way, their physical injuries are seen

as self-inflicted.

Intercepting a victim's communications is also a fairly common way to cause problems. In my case, it started back in 1999, when a Helsinki DJ Sampo Axelsson and his accomplice Leo Karhunen began sending emails under my name. Their method was to create an email address that closely resembled mine. Nowadays, the operation is handled much more professionally: in addition to my email address, my mailing address and phone number have also been hijacked. This way, not only can fake messages be sent in my name, but I can also be cut off from real communication.

Gangstalking is, of course, connected to satanism. The victims may have refused to join "the club," or, if they are members, they may have refused to carry out things like ritual offerings. Or perhaps it has been predicted that they will cause problems in the future. Maybe they are simply seen as a good "resource" to exploit. After all, someone has to suffer so that the persecutor can succeed in his life, or at least be happy. Some people want to feel happy on a daily basis, while others want to make their holiday euphoric. That's why targeted individuals (mainly lays) tend to suffer especially during holiday seasons.

The persecution directed at me began already when I was a baby, when I was switched with another infant in the maternity ward of the Rauma hospital. Even back then, it was known that I would cause trouble. Or perhaps it was part of a larger plan. The so-called positive-side multi-dimensional entities - "ufos" - use negative-side entities to create entertainment for themselves and provide learning experiences for the victims. Maybe these two sides even collaborate. I'm not talking about good and evil per se, because those are not absolute concepts - each being is simply expressing its own nature. Yet, the world is built on conflict. At the very least, one must wage war against oneself.

In 2010, the persecution against me exploded. According to certain predictions, I was supposed to become something significant. And someone like that is always expected to belong to the club. So satanists tried to drag me into it by force. Or maybe ufos just wanted to spice up my otherwise boring existence.

To make me join the club, I got to see and hear all kinds of secrets. I was shown what my life could be like. I guess the world class satanists like the Rothschild family and others never got over the fact that I'm not part of their club. Same goes for Finnish top-class satanists. Then there is the orc phenomenon, which is supposed to remain as a secret, but which I'm bringing into light as much as possible.

Now, even as a lay, I'm aware of the influence satanism has on human life. And yet, I'm still more or less the same person I was before. I've been left in this limbo, where I know too much, but not enough. And I remain completely defenseless within myself.

Also, nothing much ever came of me. I'm just a delivery guy. So it's almost absurd how the whores follow me everywhere with their cameras, carefully instruct the hostel workers, and so on. One whore once laughed at the whole thing and said, "It's like shooting a mosquito with a cannon."

On the other hand, I'm being protected from random satanists' attacks. I can be humiliated, but physical violence is not allowed. Some "ufos" are in charge of regulating this, and it has become quite clear that they don't particularly like me either. They are the ones who ultimately decide how much I can be tormented. Otherwise I would have died as a child, because the satanic club already knew back then that I would become a huge problem.

Because I'm so incapable of helping myself, maybe the purpose of my life is to learn, on an experiential level, what it's like to be a loser. But not the kind of loser who is allowed to accept their insignificance. Instead, the kind that gets beaten with a stick in order to change. So it's a kind of dog training, really.

### **Pedophile-faggots**

The worst of my persecutors among humans are a loosely connected group of about seven men. I call them pedophile-faggots, because that is what they are. Also because I don't know their real names. All of them are body snatching orcs too. Most of these faggots are elderly, although there is at least one middle-aged homo among them.

One of them is a very old man who speaks in that world-weary, seen-it-all tone. He told me that things started going downhill after I gave up playing guitar. Apparently, targeting that part of my life had been easy and profitable. After that, this homepage project began. And it is still far from finished. But even as a kind of therapeutic pastime, it causes my persecutors great distress. Why? Because it breaks the illusion they're trying to create: that I'm completely under their control. And, of course, it also informs other lays about the power satanists hold and how they affect their lives.

The elderly man also told me that they all already have enough money, but once you have jumped into this kind of project, you can't just stop. He also said that my father, Rauno Hanhisuo, got the best of it (me). Now there is just the leftovers. Rauno was not a smart guy, but he worked as the captain of a cargo ship. And he was a layman. A demanding job even for a satanist, who can get stuff done if needed with the help of "club business".

The man said Rauno could have become the captain of an ocean liner and a millionaire by me, had he joined the club. Still, he did fairly well without joining. He had to pimp me out and carry out other satanic tasks, but somehow he managed not to join. Probably some "ufo-magic" along the way secured his laymanhood.

People often wondered how someone like him, not the brightest, could operate as a ship's captain. Well, Rauno had a special satanic boyfriend he always called in difficult situations. That's where he got the much-needed satanic help. This man had also taught Rauno the satanic hypnosis trick. The one that pushes the victim into a state of subconscious suggestibility. But he had warned Rauno never to use it unless it was a real emergency.

Rauno once used the trick on me to try and find out whether I intended to destroy him or something along those lines. I don't remember exactly. He was surprised by how powerful the trick was on the human mind and realised he didn't stand a chance against the club members. Still, he never joined. Maybe that was the way it was meant to be. I'm not allowed to join either. Apparently, Rauno had to stop "tricking" altogether, because someone took that ability away from him. Or something like that. Maybe he got a terrible headache from it. Probably the knowledge of the whole thing was erased from his mind.

One of the pedophile-faggots told me, laughing mockingly, that he had heard I would never take revenge on them. Apparently, that would be best for me. Maybe forgiveness enables some kind of ascent to higher realms or something like that. He said, though, that he would end up in some kind of darkness for a couple hundred years. It was important for him to stress that it did not bother him. He said it was better to be alive, even in prison, than to die. He reminded me of two snot-nosed kids from the childhood schoolyard at elementary school, arguing during recess:

"I doesn't bother me."

"Well, it bothers me even less."

Both had forced fake smiles on their faces.

Satanists get a powerful, euphoric rush from raw flesh, which often pushes them over the edge. Laughing straight in someone's face might get you under their skin, but it doesn't always work that way. Hollow laughter and bravado are pathetic.

The pedophile-faggots manage my persecution, but they don't run the operations directly or operate in the field. There are different levels of whores who do all the operative work, also people whose sole job is to plan various ways to make me feel bad or look stupid.

Sometimes, however, pedophile-faggots want to get more involved. They send whores wearing earpieces and carrying hidden cameras, so they can mock me through them. They can talk to me in the street through the whore. They could just call me, but many of their schemes are meant for an audience. They want to humiliate me in front of others, say, in a hostel or a bar. There has to be at least some people around who are not in on the act. That creates the sense of realism. If the entire audience consisted only of whores, it would not really work. Still, the one behind the earpiece is usually a manager-level whore, someone who knows absolutely everything about me. His job is to study me and my life, come up with things to mock, or find

ways to sabotage something.

Also, sometimes it happens that a pedophile-faggot abandons the human form he normally carries and makes a deal with another orc. He wants to encounter me eye to eye, but he doesn't want to show his "own face."

One of the faggots is a slightly unhinged creep with a maniacal laugh. The others don't like him, because he makes them all look stupid. Another one acts the part of a stern, tough, no-nonsense type, but even he enjoys cackling. If I remember correctly, he has called me several times to have "civil conversation." He asks questions and gives instructions. I have always wondered why these satanists perform their hypnosis trick on me, then ask or suggest something, and later assume I remember the whole thing. Maybe it's just mockery.

People can't really call me, because pedophile-faggots have hijacked my phone number. How they managed to do that is something you could ask the operator company DNA. Pedophile-faggots like to push people into calling me, though. They tell them when it can be done. Someone opens the line, puts me under hypnosis, and the faggots stay on the line, listening. The person calling believes I would remember the conversation, but I don't. Maybe a fleeting image or a flash, and even that could just be my imagination.

Pedophile-faggots are dominative. Power and control play a major role in their motives. They are vain in many ways, but the urge to toy with people constantly rises to the surface. The faggots want to take part in my life and drag other people into it too. They know everything about me and want to create a certain image of me: a bad image. For that they need other people to act in plays and as an audience that spreads the word. A large part of the faggots' lives revolve around me. I'm their source of joy and riches, a resource they want to squeeze for all it's worth.

Perhaps one of them is even in love with me. He once told me that I don't know what I'm missing by refusing to accept my homosexuality. He thinks that even I'm not gay, I could become one, if only I wanted to. Satanic homos cannot turn every man into a faggot, no matter how much they want to. I'm grateful to have been spared that fate. Homosexuality is a perversion and mental disorder.

Time and again pedophile-faggots want things that contradict each other. They want me to work, but not to have money. They want me to drink, but not to enjoy it. They want me to have hobbies, but not to improve at them. In general, they want me to do things just so they can ruin them. These days, I hardly do anything at all, and that's a problem for them. Maybe they should let me start something and really get into it, so I would be more motivated. Then they could get more out of sabotaging it. But they are afraid that it might actually lead somewhere.

Whatever I do, the faggots want to be involved. They are certainly not content with just watching. They are more than willing to pay my employer my salary just so they can control what I do. They give the people I interact with detailed instructions on what to say and how to act. They try to manipulate me into doing what they want, or avoiding things they disapprove of. Like this website, for example. Virtually unlimited financial resources are backed by the hatred of the world's leading satanists toward me. Behind them is Wobbler, presumably manipulated by Satan. My own goal is to inform lays and do some damage to the system.

Control, or at least the illusion of it, is important to the faggots. They want people to believe that their various actions toward me follow a consistent, coherent plan. That they have got everything under control. That, in their own twisted way, they are serving the community and the nation by keeping me under their heel. According to their agenda, everyone must take part in harassing me. They lay out the steps for other people to follow and supervise the process to make sure everything goes smoothly. In reality, they are the ones benefiting most (in the human world), while trying to drag everyone else down into the same mud.

Foolishly, the faggots also think they can gain information through me. When I buy or borrow a book from the library, they read it too. And they want to know, why this particular book? If I draw inspiration from someone's writing or speeches, they tattle to the author and sometimes to everyone else as well. Pedophile-faggots are Ville Hanhisuo - experts. They could easily lecture on my life or even write a book about it, and perhaps one day they will.

If I scribble a Facebook post about some trivial topic, they make it their mission to learn everything about it. Then they try to lecture me about it. It's the same kind of nerdy condescension Sampo Axelsson used to show. He would look into whatever subject you were dealing with and soon knew more about it than you, or at least what someone had written about it. He also started going through my trash. These days, whores get paid to dig through it. One man's trash is another man's treasure.

This kind of shallowness amuses me. It's funny that creatures tens of thousands of years old - like Axelsson, for example - have remained so childish. Although, in a way, I also like to show off and try to make an impression. But the point there is to spread knowledge, not to say that I know something you don't.

One of the faggots said that he doesn't mind, even though homosexuality has been given a negative label because of my persecution. After all, they are the ones who sic homos on me. "I don't like homosexuality," he said, adding that everyone in their group is gay. Of course they are. They are orcs, most of whom are at least potentially gay. Some orcs can decide what they want to be. After all, even a child molester isn't necessarily a pedophile, but may carry out his horrors only to gain satanic benefit.

One of the faggots is relatively young. Maybe around my age, I'm 47. I've come across him a few times in Turku and I think he's a local. He seems

particularly interested in my clothes. He looks at what I'm wearing and then buys the same items himself. It doesn't make any sense, It's some kind of fixation. He's also into music and tries to discover good stuff to listen to through me. Maybe he didn't listen to bands when he was young and tries to take that back through me. I know what he looks like, but I don't know his name. He resembles ice hockey coach Jesse Welling, who has nothing to do with any of this.

One member of the group is an old grey-haired man whose specialty is changing my clothes to the wrong size or stretching them out of shape. He might also be from Turku. Some ufo apparently punished him for this clothing project by turning his own sense of style ridiculously tasteless. He doesn't seem to realize it himself, and in his own mind he still looks great.

Once, in Turku, he came to my apartment with two bodyguards to deliver a replacement item. He had found a piece of clothing I had bought second-hand, but in a smaller size. Now he handed it to me triumphantly. He buys every piece of clothing I buy, though with second-hand items it's not always easy. He likes to swap my winter jackets for ones that are too big, and my underwear for ones that are too small, except boxers, which he prefers too big. Once, I bought a five-pack of boxers in Cyprus. When I opened the package a couple of days later, they had already been carefully switched. I'm being followed everywhere, and if they want to, they can switch things anywhere.

The whore-squad that follows me consists of a fixed core group and local freelancers. There are drivers, infantry, fixers, actors... Then there's a van with a monitoring center, where the orders are issued to the others. Naturally, a seamstress is needed too. Someone who changes the size labels correctly. Or maybe a pro-level whore knows how to sew himself.

At this point, it's fair to ask: why doesn't this grey-haired man replace all of my clothes? Why only some of them? And why clothes are so important to these faggots? Not all homos are obsessed with what they and other people look like. And why am I not being shot with energy weapons or physically assaulted? Why isn't my car stolen? Maybe the same applies to others who are targeted. Some ufo sets the limits from 'upstairs'. There has to be a logic behind all this nonsense. So maybe this is some kind of sick game show. Like in that Schwarzenegger movie *The Running Man*, this is a reality show where ufos are Damon Killian, and pedophile faggots with their whores are "stalkers".

We can drop the maybe. The truth is, my greatest enemy is ultimately among ufos. There's someone - or several of them - who want me to suffer. People and orcs are merely tools for these Archons and other repulsive alien life forms.