

UFOLOSOPHY 2

The Limited Freedom of the Truman Show

To what extent can a person be blamed for their actions, and inactions? After all, a human simply follows his nature and is a product of his environment. On top of that, chance also plays a role in life. At what point does responsibility begin, and who is ultimately responsible for themselves? Is it the case that the wiser and more capable someone is, the more responsibility they bear?

People have the freedom to choose. But what if only bad options are available? Some people are presented with only good options. Choosing from them is easy. What if someone else makes all the important decisions for you? If all you get to choose is the color of your tie or what you eat for lunch, are you still responsible for your actions?

Humans are social creatures. They prefer to move with the herd, even when the choices made aren't in line with their personal desires. The thought of being alone is difficult. Even problems don't seem as bad when others share the same ones. You start to think: "I'm doing something wrong, but so is everyone else, so maybe it doesn't matter."

Does personal responsibility diminish when you give up your decision-making power to someone else? Let's hope so.

This also leads to another point: if someone has inaccurate or incomplete information, how can we expect them to make good decisions? I think that's a strong reason to tell people the truth about everything.

I can't expect anyone to believe me and my knowledge is limited. Most people know more than I do. They just have to stay silent, because they're Satanists. As a layman, I can say and write whatever I want.

Limited freedom is like a gigantic midget. It is the paradox of choice within boundaries. Options exist, but only within a controlled frame. It is a world shaped by contradictions, taking the form of a gigantic midget, who is not just both big and small, but also both comical and frightening.

An oxymoron is not merely a linguistic play, but reveals a deeper truth about reality: one where opposites do not cancel each other out, but can simultaneously be true. Philosophically, it challenges us to accept that human experience is rarely logically pure.

In limited freedom we are free to act, but only within the rules set by nature, society, or unseen forces. Every decision is shaped by circumstances we didn't choose - culture, upbringing, even chance. True autonomy may exist only in how we respond to our constraints. In that sense, freedom isn't the absence of limits, but the awareness of them.

Alternative Rules

The world belongs to opportunists. But if satanists knew - if people in general knew - how things really are, the world would be different. The worst wrongdoers would perform good deeds, just so they could benefit from them after death. That's why some somewhat 'enlightened' illuminatis secretly do a lot of charity work. I'm not talking about private foundations here. According to the laws of the universe, they gain from charity, even if they are evil to the core. People talk about tax planning, but donating 100 to earn 20 is not a lucrative deal. American businessman and illuminati Chris O'Neill told me this. Still, illuminatis don't want this knowledge to spread among regular people. Satanism works best when people know less. And when they hurt each other more.

As strange as it sounds, this ignorance is also pleasing to ufos. Humans are not supposed to know how the world really works. It's more entertaining when people think they are something special. But in truth, humans are just toys, and most of what happens on Earth is just filling for the simulation.

That's why the true nature of the world is kept hidden. It's a test, where you are supposed to act without selfish goals. I don't know if it makes any sense. It would be better if the rules were made clear. And in a way, they already are: treat others the way you want to be treated. Doesn't apply to masochists and other perverts, though.

But if the world is like a hockey tournament, then it's not just about the game itself. There are events before and after the game. There's politics behind closed doors. There's media pressure and tournament brackets. There's René Fasel, Gary Bettman, and the stone-faced Russian coach. There are rule changes and differences between NHL and European leagues.

The biggest problem in the human world is the orcs - ghost-like body snatchers. One day, someone will invent glasses that let people see their true form, and then we will finally have a bit of fairness. What would a hockey match look like if the players turned out to be ugly monsters or cartoon animals? Many orcs couldn't handle being exposed like that and would flee from our world.

Animal Rights

Some ufos are strong advocates for animal rights. Not in the sense that they hunt down meat-eaters or try to prevent humans from consuming animals - but they believe that since humans treat animals poorly, they themselves don't deserve good treatment from more advanced species.

And it is true that production animals are enslaved and given no value. A farm animal has no control over its life - humans do. A chicken deserves decent treatment, even it's just a chicken. The same goes for cows and pigs. After all, we don't keep cats or dogs in pens.

But what about insects? Do they have value? They barely have brains. Still, they might suffer. Just like humans suffer every day. Personally, I will squash a bug against the wall and not feel deep sorrow about it. It's a bit jarring, that's all. Ever since I became familiar with karma-based thinking, I have become a hypocrite. So I think - I have to think - that it's either them or me. I can't allow my home to be overrun by insects.

So, I don't value insects - at least I don't want them as part of my life. Not as companions, nor as food. Neither do I want to eat worms or larvae. Nutrition experts constantly stress the importance of protein. But I don't understand why we need so much of it. I believe in oatmeal. Still, I'm a hopeless case and do eat animal products. The problem is not eating animals, it's the factory farming. But am I hunter? No. My diet is somewhat special, since I constantly have to dodge the satanists' ongoing campaign to poison me. That's why I eat a variety of foods. If I ate the same thing every day, they could easily target it. Poisoning me would be a surgical strike.

Satanists heard from their oracles that I would become a big problem for them. Therefore they want to prevent me from achieving enlightenment and so revealing more satanists' secrets to other lays. In doing this, the human satanists are really sawing off the branch they're sitting on - because the parasitic orcs are a major threat to them, too.

Human Farm

Eating meat is not just wrong because of animal suffering. It is also wrong because a person who eats animals and their secretions can't be physically pure. And someone whose body is impure can't attain clarity of mind. In other words, meat consumption dulls the mind. This problem can be undone with black magic. Which is probably the whole point.

The vegetarian boom of the 2010s could have significantly raised people's vibrational frequency - if it hadn't been hijacked by satanic food corporations run by orcs. These corporations flooded the market with vegan ready meals, all fluoridated. And just as satanists mix human flesh into meat products, they may also sneak animal ingredients into vegan foods. No one is allowed to be pure. The hippies and alternative folk trying to escape industrial food production are also targets of poisoning. Among their ranks

are parasites who ensure this.

Food plays a central role in human life. Hunger can be postponed, but it always returns. Most people eat every day. Eating is also pleasure and culture. People like to try new foods or return to old favorites. When life revolves around food and drink, it's easy to poison people through them. Nearly all food and drink is tainted - from raw ingredients to tap water. Every step of the food production and distribution chain is controlled by orcs: farms, factories, restaurants, logistics. Not to mention waterworks.

Humans can't function without energy. A higher-tech flying saucer moves via some unknown method - we don't know how it works. Depending on ufo, in most cases they consume energy, not food. I wonder where they get that energy from. It can't come out of nothing. Yet, ufos can easily say, "Don't eat that" or "Don't drink this." But they're too different to understand the human experience of food. Humans are partly animals, not astral beings floating between dimensions.

Ufos don't want animals to be mistreated - eaten or kept as livestock. But then, would it be better if these animals didn't exist at all? Should cows and pigs be allowed to go extinct? And if it's better that production animals don't exist than suffer, then why do humans exist? After all, humans are mistreated too. Wouldn't it be better if humans didn't exist either? Less suffering that way. Let only the species that can survive independently continue. After all, humans have been reduced to Satan's livestock. We are cattle, milked by demons and various alien beings like reptilians and greys. Our sorrow, rage, and despair are delicacies to these devils. Millions of aliens live on the Moon. There's a whole variety of negative entities there that feed on the spiritual and physical suffering of humanity.

When it comes to animal rights, humans are outlaws. If you eat ham, ufos think you're fair game too. If you don't respect a pig, why should anyone respect you? But then again, people don't humiliate pigs. A pig has a clear role: it's food. That makes some kind of sense. But a human's role? That's much more confusing. We're raised into wrongdoing and then blamed for being who we are. We're like pigs with potential - but we're not allowed to grow. Only few get that chance, and even those few have to suffer for every bit of it. That's the human stall. The fence is too high to jump over. You're almost an animal, but without animal rights. Human rights are only granted to satanists, or to those few who happen to have some ufo backing them. Many satanists are already so sinful and filthy as people, that it doesn't matter whether they eat meat or not. If your whole career and well-being are built on the suffering of lays, then being vegan can't be a moral choice.

People need new ways to produce food. There are so many of us that meat production based on hunting wild animals just doesn't work. When it comes to vegetarianism, chemical fertilizers are also a problem. To sum it up: the more people there are, the worse the food gets. So either we reduce the number of people, or we settle for bad food.

The Arbitrariness of Ufos

I see human life as meaningless tinkering. Some say humans constantly shape the world through their actions. But what does it matter when a higher power can come in and change everything at any time? Humans don't truly have the power to influence anything.

The game is too unrealistic to relate to. There is no compelling immersion. *Deus ex machina* (ufos) shows up far too often, disrupting everything. Without it, nothing would work at all. The game is too hard to survive on your own. Alongside ufos, satanism is an all-pervasive and omnipotent force, especially because people have been thoroughly poisoned.

I wonder what ufos would think if some mega-ufo came along and poisoned them blind and stupid? Told them that they don't deserve more. That they've abused their power. That they don't take humans and other lesser beings seriously. Ufos demand that I take the game seriously, but they don't. I do understand that laws are enacted for others, but shouldn't you follow them yourself as well?

Bubble

Did the ufos send me to carry out this mission? Am I their answer to some global problem? That can't be true. It would be a disaster. After all, I'm just a simple country boy. Maybe the world I live in is actually an isolated bubble. Everything necessary has been copied here from other Earth timelines, and almost nothing is real. This bubble theory is supported by the sheer number of songs that are written about me. That kind of thing should not be possible. Then again, this bubble isn't made for me. This isn't my show, it's theirs. I'm just a pawn, a utility. I was meant to possess finer qualities, but they were poisoned out of me from an early age.

I guess ufos' plan for me has always been that they do everything themselves. Everything has to be under their control. They set the limits, they allow what happens. And basically, they stop me from living my own life. They seem to have a goal in mind, but I don't know what it is.

If I'm supposed to be a trier, then why have I been carefully brought up to be someone who can't get anything done? Is that part of the challenge? It would fit a world where outdoing yourself is what really matters. Not working with your strengths, which I don't have and was never supposed to have. Therefore, if I am the way I'm supposed to be, then everything I want must be wrong. For I must change. But on the other hand, if my failures and shortcomings are exactly what was planned, then aren't all my actions also exactly as they should be? I am who I'm meant to be. I cannot do wrong, because everything has its own essential purpose. The whole thing is already refined to perfection in advance.

It can't be quite that simple. Ufos clearly want a specific outcome. How we get there isn't important. That's where the prophecies come in - the ones I

hate, the ones that have ruined my life. (As has happened to many others.) So that's how it's supposed to go, then: I get bullied for sixty-five years, and in the end, I'm superior for a few years. That's the goal, that's the grand design. I will become one of those spirited old men: some sort of iron grandpa who can do whatever he wants. I can smoke a cigarette on train and park my car on the sidewalk. I can tell the president to move out of Mäntyniemi (presidential official residence) because I want to live there. I can take whatever I want from the store without paying. I see straight through everyone, and no one will be able to touch me. Wherever I go, people and orcs alike will scatter in panic. The Swedish People's Party will bow to my demand to abolish compulsory Swedish, and I replace the national anthem with Debussy's Golliwogg's Cakewalk. Wouldn't that be great, maybe even worth all the trouble.

I had expected more coherence from ufos. Some kind of order. When I press A, I'd like to know that B will react in a certain way. Then I could study the world around me. But nothing ever goes as one would think. It was the same with my father. He would say one thing and do another, whatever suited him at the moment, and laugh about it afterward. Not that I mind, but through his satanist homo friend he managed to program both me and my brother to worship him and his stupidity. My father wanted my older brother to succeed. I was just a commodity, something he pimped and bartered.

Then came the car crash. My brother suffered brain damage; my mother and I were injured less seriously. My father, of course, walked away without a scratch. After the accident, my brother became passive and simple-minded. To please my father, I then had to act like him.

Once, a ufo came to see me - in that dreamlike way they do - and said:

“You can't keep hiding behind that father thing forever. You have to change.”

In my case, “changing” as a human being would probably mean altering my behavior, making different choices. Then, as a reward for that effort, I would be transformed. So first, I am supposed to pretend to be diligent, and only then I would become diligent. And after that, my newfound diligence will be rewarded with little flashes of insight. Gradually, good results will start to appear, as hard work and so-called intelligence finally go hand in hand.

The problem is, these things never go smoothly. Just when the process is underway, some other ufo barges into the cockpit, eager to join the project. It all starts out promisingly, but then he wants to try a new idea, something to make it “even better.” In theory, that might work, but in practice, it ruins everything. Which, of course, is probably the point. I suppose I am most useful to the ufos when my boat is plowing through the waters of frustration and failure. I am useful on a cosmic level.

And maybe - in both the world of ufos and the world of humans - systems and models are just dull formulas: they work, but they bring nothing new to life. If someone wants to create something truly new, they have to break the

mold. That leads to conflict. You can't have it all. If you want harmony, you must restrain yourself. If you want to change the world, you have to grab the bull by the horns and push it out of your way.

I believe that the ignorant cannot be expected to make wise decisions. That's why I want to tell everyone everything about everything. Or at least everything *I* know, even if it's not much. That's also my revenge on ufos, who don't want people to know anything about the true nature of the world - about what kind of terrarium and reality TV show this place really is.

In the revelations I share on my website, I also write things down for myself. It's a notebook and self-therapy at the same time. So the website serves many purposes. And since it hasn't been printed between covers, I can always remove the things that turned out to be unnecessary. They've still been processed, even if I chuck 'em in the trash.

French Farmers

Ufos can see the consequences of my decisions years ahead. They know when something isn't worth it. And in the human world, most things *are not* worthy. It would be better to do nothing at all. So I wonder: why am I being kept here against my will? It's blatantly obvious that I will never rise to the level the project requires - unless I hit my head and suddenly turn into a savant. So why could not that just happen already? Otherwise, I intend to tender my resignation and part ways with this charade for good.

I think much the same about our planet. It deserves to be tossed into the universal garbage mill. Human culture rests on nothing but exploitation. Let the animals go with it; better that they, too, should cease to exist, for sooner or later, some alien species would arrive to take humanity's place anyway.

I want to die for good and never be reborn. That would be my protest. Just like French farmers destroy their crops during protests because they don't make enough profit, I could destroy myself permanently. Non-existence is underrated. When you don't exist, you don't have problems. In the human world, 80% is bad. 15% is moderately okay. 5% is good. When you don't exist, there is nothing. And that is better than 80% bad.

Why don't I just do what French farmers do and raise hell? Because it doesn't work that way. There are half a million farms in France. If a single farmer sprays manure at the town hall and parks his tractor on the highway, he will be thrown in jail, or maybe into a mental hospital. But when 10,000 farmers do it, it becomes a protest.

I, on the other hand, have no allies. No one to give me instructions. That's part of my story. I'm supposed to be alone. Ufos think that's funny, and maybe it would make for good drama, but no one believes in this story anymore. Maybe there are just too many cooks in the kitchen? At the very least, too many songs written about me, and too many coincidences.

Write a Book

Ufos want me to write a book. But it has to be something absolutely brilliant. And it has to be a fictional story. Ufos know I can't think or write, but that suits them just fine. They want to express themselves *through* me. And to make the story real, I'm first supposed to write several bad novels, and then finally something people want to read. That way, something of me would be left behind in this world. Otherwise the whole thing looks really stupid.

It's important to make me a relatable character with all sorts of problems. The story is more important than the mission. The whole thing is just a show. There must be drama, just like in real life. But why would I do something if I don't enjoy it, or earn nothing from it, plus no one would believe it was actually my own work?

Ufos want me to be a zero. So that when I finally "get on my feet" in old age - when I gain 20/20 vision and access to my magnificent abilities - the contrast would be massive. That reward is supposed to be so great that I must fail at everything before it.

Maybe I could write a book about it: How to Fail at Every Aspect of Life. It's a mixture of bad qualities, passivity, ufo terrorism, failed parenting, bad friends, powerful enemies, bad luck, alcohol, and, of course, the endless repetition of the same mistakes. Not to mention new mistakes and daily bad decisions.

All my problems have made me indifferent. Life is easier to endure when you don't care about anything. Alcohol, fluoride, and other poisons - along with all kinds of mental torment - have made me incapable of intellectual effort. The voices in my head complete the destruction. I'm not a complete idiot, but after realizing at some point that nothing sticks in my mind, I gave up on trying to educate or develop myself.

And still, I have managed to write a few pieces that shed light on satanism. But what's the use, if most people are members of the club anyway? The rest are poisoned into a near-catatonic state, so it barely matters what they know or want. The world is ruined. Humanity is a failed experiment that should be ended. You shouldn't create worlds where players can't survive on their own.

Just like cows, pigs, and other production animals should be driven to extinction, so should human existence be brought to a close. It's better if this suffering did not exist at all. Killing is, in general, an underrated way to solve problems. If someone doesn't fit in, eliminate them. Prison just breeds bitterness and makes people even nastier. Let the wrongdoer be reborn, for example, as a hamster or some other rodent. That kind of existence suits a repeat offender. That, they can handle. It sounds like a punishment, but is it really? As a member of the animal kingdom, you no longer remember your previous life as a human. You go on as a real-life hamster.

But what goes on in the mind of a hamster? Not much. Still, even hamsters are miserable. Every living thing on this planet suffers from chronic frustration. From the tiniest mouse to the biggest elephant, animals are depressed - for the same reasons humans are. Their sorrow too is spiritual fuel for the satanic space aliens who live on the Moon.

Erase and rewind

I have been shot many times. Even fatally. But the tape just rewinds and my death gets erased. I am not allowed to die. I have to succeed, but that can happen later. There is no rush because as a miserable loser I benefit ufos more.

The satanists want me gone. Or should I say, they would like to. Orcs and human satanists can rape, torture, and poison me, but they can't kill me. That is against the rules. But isn't poisoning and torturing just slow ways of killing someone? Or is it that since torture makes a person stronger, it is allowed?

Generally it is not accepted. And it's not accepted for me, because it's wrong. But for those who do it to me, it's ok. I guess the real idea is to keep me dumb and indifferent. That's the goal for ufos - to keep things as unchanged as possible for as long as possible.

Power is always relative to the power of others. When you weaken others, you don't have to be as strong yourself. Orcs poison others to get ahead. It's a matter of survival for them. Satanic cult activities are largely based on poisoning, too. Only a satanist can thrive. Otherworldly control by ufos blesses the entire system.

Poisoning humans is like oil on troubled waters. It compresses the extremes of human life and cuts out dynamic variation. It's also possible that the ultimate purpose of the orc phenomenon is to wipe away the karma of human wrongdoers. By suffering under an orc control, the satanist purifies themselves almost automatically.

Ufos aren't omnipotent, but they can rewind time to correct events that have gone wrong. It doesn't really make much sense. It's like playing Monopoly, and after rolling a five that would, in effect, decide the game, you keep rolling until you get a six - the one that carries you safely past the roughest spots. It's nothing short of cheating.

The frame rate for motion-picture film is 24 frames per second. The human eye cannot perceive a cut provided that the visual continuity is maintained. All you need for a cut is scissors, and ufos certainly have scissors. They also know how to blur the most glaring splice seams in a very peculiar way, tied to their unique perception of time. It's the ufos' version of copy and paste. Maybe it amuses them the same way people laugh at students who work on their school essays with this method.

There are many signs that timelines are being tampered with. For example, the braces on the girl in Moonraker, the position of the human heart on the left side of the chest, and more personal examples. Things suddenly aren't the way they used to be. This phenomenon has been given a name: the Mandela Effect.

I distinctly remember that Washington Capitals won the Stanley Cup in 2009. That, according to a newspaper article, Alexander Ovechkin sailed through downtown Washington after the deciding game, still wearing part of his gear because he had never made it to the shower in all the celebration. But later on, it turns out that's not how it happened at all. What kind of 'irreversible' thing happened - or would have happened - that spring or summer?

The Game of Life

Ufos complicate human life - because a life without struggle is simply too dull. A life without problems wouldn't be blissful; in the long run, it would become banal. People need contrasts to make sense of their lives, their stance and actions. The more effort you put in, the greater the reward, whatever that may be. Endless carefree idleness corrodes both body and mind. It is also kind of embarrassing.

Still, I would argue that a life without problems and with steady calm is better than a rollercoaster ride. A steady life is constantly harmonious. The highs of a variable life are always overshadowed by the price you have to pay for them. But harmony can't go on forever. There is no future in that. It's like a permanent vacation. That all the people would live like Buddhist monks is virtually impossible.

A person also has to ask themselves: do they want to complain or learn? Because your mental state depends so much on your attitude. Difficulties can be seen as opportunities to learn. On the other hand, the line between complaining and criticizing is blurry. The Germans say: "We don't complain, we criticize." I have learned from them in this.

Life is a game in which your free will is put to the test. Do you exercise it in the easiest way possible? That is, do you simply do as others do, without thinking for yourself what is right or wrong in your own case?

Faith

When it comes to faith, placing oneself in its hands is, according to some ufos, an act of courage. For some people, it comes more easily than for others. Certain ufos monitor those who adhere absolutely to God's word. It is part of the game, part of the exchange. A sense of inner peace must surely be balanced out somehow. It does not come for free. And while the Bible is full of valuable teachings, it should not be used to strike anyone over the head. A truly righteous believer changes the world through their own behavior, by setting an example, not by threatening or commanding others.

Free Will

Life is a game measuring how you exercise your free will. Do you choose the path of least resistance? Meaning, do you just do what everyone else does without thinking about what's right or wrong for you?

Free will is also related to how those who lead the world - like the Illuminati and similar groups - tell people in advance what's going to happen. By doing this, they hope people will accept the coming events. They want people's consent. Apparently, it is not supposed to be possible to enslave anyone without their own consent, or something like that. It's a tricky concept to explain, especially since I don't understand at all how it works myself.

Bad Coaching

If you've done wrong, you can make amends by helping others. Or if wrongs are done to you, you can learn from them. Either way, you have to suffer before you can become enlightened. Somebody has to do wrong. And this leads ufos to expect people to make mistakes so they can punish them.

"That's what you get, you stupid human," ufos think, "serves you right. This is exactly what you need."

Although, human doesn't beat up the dog simply for trotting across the living room rug with dirty paws. But ufos set unrealistic goals for people and push them to act selfishly so they can punish them.

Correcting people seems to be a favorite pastime of ufos. Making people pay for their actions, teaching them. So both the victim and the wrongdoer suffer. When everyone's pissed off, ufos are happy. That seems to be the starting point of everything in the human world, whether it's a positive or negative entity. Life must have hardships. People have to be annoyed all the time. Misery is the energy that's easiest to exploit. People talk a lot about love, but what is it really? Misery is at least a genuine feeling.

I think ufos have forgotten that coaching is also about encouragement and support. Rewarding, too. The right balance of carrot and stick, as they say. Ufos' version of the carrot is simply not getting the stick. Their three coaching methods: Deceive, blackmail and punish.

Coaching is more than authoritarian punishment for mistakes. You have to create a dialogue. Together with the coachee, you set a goal and start working towards it. Milestones with small rewards make the journey more bearable, psychologically less demanding. You have to learn to enjoy everyday tasks. Enjoy the journey. Not suffer for 60 years and then be happy for a couple of years at the end, mostly just because you no longer have to suffer.

I don't believe in teasing and bullying. I do joke at others' expense sometimes, but those are just light jabs, not constant poking. I also give feedback when needed. An honest opinion is like a gift you give another person. Constructive feedback can be delivered as blunt sarcasm or as a partial truth wrapped in velvet gloves. It depends on the situation.

I haven't learned much in life, but I have learned not to lock in any answers. Nothing is eternal. Sometimes you have to honestly reflect on your own actions and really look in the mirror. Am I the kind of person I can't stand in others? Are my views coming from anywhere meaningful? Am I living a lie? Do I want to punish others for my own trials, or can I rise above my own insignificance? Can I truly forgive even when I can't afford to, or can I only forget?

Full Disclosure

I don't like the idea of being fair game. Distorted information about me spreads, and these lies are circulated everywhere. That is why I decided to tell the truth myself, and as revenge, I also reveal all the secrets I have heard. Some of them are the kind that a high-degree Freemason might only learn at the age of 70. Others are such that even fewer people would normally ever get to know.

Selective disclosure is not my cup of tea and I intend to continue like this in the future. I tell everyone everything about everything. I will spread every secret I hear as widely as possible, until I become a realistic operator, who can't be hypnotized and has 20/20 vision.

I reveal secrets because if I can be hypnotized, someone can fish out my information anyway. And those 'someones' tend to be my worst enemies. I don't want my enemies to know any more than anyone else.

Satanic and ufo worlds are both built on people's ignorance. People are not told much. In my opinion, they should be told everything, even in advance, because what difference does it make if these things will happen anyway?

The Nature of the World

I don't understand reincarnation. If I mess up in this life, I have to pay the price later. But you only live once, if your mind resets before the next life. You cannot blame the future life for what the current one does. They are two completely separate existences. Ufos might see it differently, but human life is lived here on Earth, in the human body. That is the perspective and the reality.

A human has only one life, and it goes wrong because he doesn't know how he should live it. Unfortunately that's exactly how ufos want it. Wouldn't it be better if all knowledge and skills were available? Then people could be expected to make good decisions. And if they don't make the so-called right choices, they can be punished or corrected - but that must happen during the

same life. Of course, the best solution would be simply to eliminate the most hardened wrongdoers, so they wouldn't accumulate more bad karma or continue to pollute their surroundings.

What's wrong with a world where people more or less behave as they should? That would be a refreshing change. From the lofty ufo perspective, though, it would be boring to watch. Ufos watching us from that other dimension don't care about humans. Ufos don't see themselves flawed at all but humans are full of mistakes. Which are not to be fixed.

Every creature is an individual, and thus a person in their own right, from a mosquito to ufo. Some might assume that all ufos are the same, but that's not the case. Each one has its own dreams, joys, and sorrows. This is the root of ufo disorder. Diversity creates friction and different opinions. It leads to conflict. The only alternative would be for everyone to be clones of one another.

Ufos haven't been able to bring order to the human world, because many of them don't want order, but entertainment. That's why there have to be dogfights, where humans are the dogs. Harmony is impossible, because it would lead to stagnation. Ufos project their own shortcomings onto humans and punish us for them.

Is there some grand purpose? And then some random variables thrown in? Maybe there is, maybe there isn't. Usually, some things do, and some don't - and even that only to a certain extent, depending on the weather. It's difficult to make any statement that is ultimately conclusive.

I remember asking my mother when I was five, "What does Knight Rider do during the commercial break?" In a way, I'm still wrestling with the same question today. The questions I ask now are just as naive, revealing my lack of understanding of the deeper structures and workings of the world. As a human, is it even worth the effort to try, or am I just wasting my time?

Perhaps no one really wants this world to change. The masters of this world like it just the way it is. And if things change, they must do so very slowly. I like to entertain the idea that I'm originally otherworldly and I'm here just visiting. So, who am I to change other peoples' worlds? If the world is exactly as they want it, then all is good. If they want the world to change, why don't they change it themselves?

Ufos can come to our world and appear as humans. All kinds of ufo envoys in human form walk the Earth. Many such people have the task of helping others. But even they cannot interfere too much, only guide or protect. I assume they would need help from above to really get something done. And some have difficulties in getting back to the Ufoland. In that sense it's not very smart to come here. What if you end up stuck on Earth?

It's not that some of these human-ufos are really humans. Because human is human and ufo is ufo. A ufo can appear as a human, but it's still a ufo because it thinks like a ufo. And knows it is just passing through here. It's generally foolish to say "If I were you, I'd do this." That doesn't exist.

Everyone is who they are and therefore does what they do. You can't suddenly be someone else while still being yourself. Of course, a person can have an opinion about what someone else should do. And I'm not dragging the bodysnatchers into this now.

Humans are like small children who are lied to and then blamed for not knowing the truth. We are led astray and blamed for ending up there. Why is the truth withheld? Why can't the truth be a free commodity for everyone to use? Why is truth a precious amusement and tool of the elites, used to oppress the masses? Something only a few aliens can afford. Expensive is something you can't afford but the truth is not even for sale. It's simply not available. I suppose the point is that truth is rationed to make room for lies to govern the world.

Ufos don't want people to make the right decisions. Nor do they want to prevent people from making wrong decisions. Rather, they want wrong decisions to be made so they can punish people for them and create drama.

In chaos there is more to control. Without chaos, ufos might feel unnecessary. They have arranged their own lives so that they don't make any mistakes. But that's boring, so someone else must make mistakes for them to see what it's like. Like in the comic book Asterix and the Normans where Vikings hear about Gaul and travel to Gaul to find out what it is.

As said before, ufos often want to teach human a lesson and therefore end up punishing them for their wrong choices. Through this, human learns how to act. When human makes mistake, he suffers. That way, he learns what not to do. When human does right, nothing happens. That's ideal for human, but not for ufo. Soon human will do wrong again and is punished. This is what ufos want. Everything is based on this.

Maybe ufos are frustrated. They know how the world should be led and how life should be lived. But most of them are "secretaries" and guides who only have to watch over humans. They cannot make the biggest decisions; those are made by the mega-ufos. Lower-level ufos still can't help themselves. They have to interfere. After all, they know everything better than humans. The problem with direct suggestions is that if ufo makes the decisions, human soon loses the ability and desire to do anything by themselves. Ufo can plant the wanted thoughts in a human's mind, and that happens all the time, but I guess it is not preferred.

Ufos should only enable. They shouldn't care if human actions and decisions aren't ideal. Yet many ufos think they have more insight - knowledge and skills - to handle things better than the one they are supposed to help, and start making decisions on their behalf. But ufo lacks the long-term commitment needed to truly move things forward. Ufo just tinkers short-term. Messes around behind a human's back for a while and then moves on.

Maybe such a tinkerer thinks they're doing right by improving one part. But the big picture is missing, and there's no desire to put in the effort to form it. There is no vision or passion to carry the project through even

difficult times. It's also easier to advise others than to start your own project from scratch and see it through over time. It's easy to hijack someone else's promising project and start molding it to your liking.

The Key

When my creator made me, she said, "Here is a silver key. It may not look much, but it's the only key that can open a certain lock. This key cannot be copied. It can be used for many purposes, but its main function is to open a lock that is impossible to pick."

Ufos were assigned to protect the key and act as the operation masterminds. But they hijacked the entire project to use the key for their own purposes. In that sense, the original plan went wrong.

It was never meant for the silver key to be polished with chamois and stored in a safe, placed on a velvet pillow. But it wasn't intended to be used for stirring soup, or thrown against walls either.

Ufos wouldn't otherwise make much use of the key, but its creator had charged it with a very special kind of energy. The extraction - the outright exploitation - of that energy is the flip side of the key's usefulness. The key was loaded to the brim with useful energy so that this benefit would offset the key's own bad deeds. So that the amount of negative karma would stay low enough for the key to continue its journey after completing its task, without having to remain on Earth to atone for its actions.

The key itself is not particularly durable. That's why it had to be insured. If anything happened to the key, its destroyer would suffer significant damage. But now, backed by this insurance, ufos treat the key carelessly. They know it can't be destroyed, so it doesn't matter what happens to it or how it is used. They also know that whatever the key should do, it will do, for so is foretold.

Ufos are annoyed that the cornerstone of the operation is just a small key, not themselves. Frustrated, they handle the key roughly, claiming this toughens it and thereby increases its strength. They squeeze every last bit out of the key because once it fulfills its ultimate purpose, it will vanish forever. But there is also a chance the key will reappear in new forms, to haunt its tormentors and confuse others.

Nihilist

In my life, almost nothing depends on me. Everything is controlled from above - both the problems and their solutions. I'm a circus animal who has to perform a somersault for a treat to entertain the audience. It's all set up so that I'm under the complete control of higher powers. Everything must depend on them. I cannot be self-sufficient, nor am I allowed to defend myself. I've been made a nihilist who doesn't care about anything. Although, not about doing wrong either.

The satanists put the final touch on this, but ufos control them and set the limits on how I can be tormented. So it's ufos - or the particular ufo managing this - who bear responsibility. Whoever holds power also bears responsibility. Or to clarify: Whoever wields power must also carry the responsibility. Many ufos don't interfere in humans affairs at all. They just watch from the sidelines and therefore aren't responsible.

What motivates me is revealing and spreading what is not to be talked about, secrets. And that is what ufos don't want. In fact, they can't stand it. But does it really matter what they want, if everything that happens is exactly what has to happen? I mean, I get told that things won't turn out the way *you* want. Do I even have a say? Maybe these writings prove that I do.

Evil Show

My show is shaped by cutting out unwanted elements. No one can call me, send me messages, or any kind of mail. People are only allowed to talk to me if I'm blind drunk. Ufos want me to live as "normally" as possible. Nothing is allowed to change.

Yet, I'm supposed to be active and push my own cause. At least pretend to. If someone doesn't do what ufos want - namely attack their enemies - they themselves get punished. But if they do attack their enemies, ufos reward them by punishing the enemies. Everyone must be at war with each other. It's all a play, where the human is a tiny pawn on the board.

I ought to take revenge on those who bullied me. Revenge is the reward. But on the other hand, I'm not allowed to do much. I can annoy them, but physical violence is forbidden. My karma must stay clean. Cleaning karma is supposedly difficult and especially time-consuming. You'd have to wander around looking for chances to help others, but those targets might not even want help. They don't want to change either, at least not under pressure. Maybe I'm a victim of such karma-cleaners, too. And they're kind of victims as well, if they waste their time on someone like me.

In this show all fun is forbidden. Everything forbidden is made tempting so that those who fall for it can be punished. Fun things get ruined at the very least. You should do only things you don't like. Overcoming yourself means forgetting what you want and focusing on what you don't care about. You have to be something other than who you are. To exaggerate a bit: if I were a meditating eunuch monk, they'd want me to become a drug addict and sex maniac.

Anyway, ufos try to steer my life through prohibitions and failures: You must not have this or that. Failures are sought out deliberately. They must exist because through them, people learn. There's no such thing as "keeping your eyes on the prize," that is, a concrete goal. Everything must be vague, because vague is easier to change later.

Maybe I'm meant to fail at everything, so I would know how it feels to be a

loser. Then, when I'm old, I can stand above others. Then everyone will have to do as I want. But the thing is, I don't have the patience to wait for that. I will leave the stage, and someone else will get to play me. It's been predicted that I won't be quite the same person anymore. Many have thought an orc would kidnap me, but surely it can't go like that. Can it?

My leaving might prevent the same ridiculous bullet-biting farce from happening to future newcomers here. Life should be a realistic whole. In my case, I'm kept as a commodity for 60 years. That way, they can squeeze every last drop out of me.

I don't want it to go like that. If anyone should protest, it should be me. I'm certainly not alone in that claim. A freak like me is meant to burn bright, finish the task, and die with boots on before the shadow of middle age ever falls.

Metamorphosis

According to the predictions, at some point I will be untouchable, unbeatable. I will be unmatched. Everyone will fear me. I can do whatever I want.

This will likely happen when I hit my head or get an electric shock. As a result, I will become a savant. My IQ will rise to a genius level. I will discover completely unprecedented abilities within myself. Poisoning will no longer work. I'll be able to deceive people and even seemingly join the club. I'll be in it, but actually not. Satanists will only think I am. That way, all those opportunities I have been missing out on until now will open up to me. Yet I will still be free to do as I please, like a layman is in principle. Maybe, before becoming human, I was an arrogant ufo teasing humans. If so, then now I am a changed man. I wouldn't mess around at others' expense anymore. I have learned that the hard way.

In my opinion, savantism is lazy storytelling. But probably it's the only way to get the story to the finish line. Ufos simply have the wrong guy. Too lazy and indifferent. The core of the problem is that I'm not the right man for this job. If you want to hire an electrician, don't call a plumber. Or does savantism also change my personality?

Why am I not motivated? Why has no one ever told me what I am supposed to do? Everything is just a fleeting impression. Nothing concrete. I cannot escape the thought that perhaps the UFOs do not want me to do anything at all. Maybe, in their view, the world is fine just as it is.

Frustration

On Earth, everyone must be constantly annoyed. Virtues are either boring or bothersome.

This is a miserable world. And you can't justify its misery by saying there are even worse worlds. I'm not saying every muffin in this world should have the same amount of blueberries, like in the Martin Scorsese movie *Casino*. Of course, there should be different kind of muffins and randomness. After all, real life is unpredictable.

There are problems everywhere. What bothers you depends on the situation. Some people get upset over things that don't bother me at all, but to them, those are real problems. It's the same with ufos. I once talked to one, and his problems honestly sounded ridiculous to me. But his mind works differently. He's ten thousand times smarter than I am, and yet he gets stuck on issues I wouldn't even think about.

The more you fuss over something to make it "realistic," the more unrealistic it actually becomes, because everyone can see it stretching in too many directions. No one believes in it anymore, but that doesn't bother ufos. After all, everything is ultimately just a show. Problems are manufactured even they would exist naturally. It's like the Finnish motorways, deliberately forced into curves that aren't really necessary. The obsession to leave one's mark on everything inevitably leads to poor results.

The ufos' problems are philosophical in nature. They can be set aside at will. Humans, on the other hand, cannot escape or discard their problems. Since ufos don't have real problems themselves, they seek drama elsewhere. They fall in love with the difficulties of others, and they don't want those problems solved. In fact, they often create more problems, because struggle itself produces development, rather than seeking growth through knowledge or education.

Ufos move people around: "This one here, that one there. When you move this person here, he encounters that person, and then they might go here, or there, where they might meet someone else... but over there, they can't go."

It's a kind of mix between a doll game and a domino effect. It's unnecessary play from ufos who never truly grow up, because they don't have to. They live in an eternal childhood, where each day is filled with tin soldier battles, doll play, and other amusements. At the end of the day, they laugh heartily. In fact, they laugh all day long.

Once a month, they tackle "problems." This means diving into some meaningless philosophical conundrum. The ufo engages with it fully, even to the point of shedding a tear. In that moment, they resemble a drunk staggering through a hangover depression: fully aware that a few days from now they'll feel fine, yet in that instant, the knowledge is useless. For the ufo, of course, this state is artificial, but they must go through it to create contrast with their usual euphoria. Monthly they submerge themselves in unpleasant depression, feel they have suffered enough, and emerge renewed. Then the doll play can begin again.

From the ufos' perspective, human qualities don't matter. After all, ufos do all the meaningful work behind the scenes. Humans just have to pretend they're doing something. In my case, the problems created for me are impossible to solve. How could I possibly compete against the whore-machine running on an unlimited budget? Pedophile-faggots and other satanists know everything about me, plus a whole lot I'm unaware myself. They watch me 24/7 through their Kikewatch cameras. They control my communications, mail, phone calls, bank accounts, relationships, work, free time... Whatever I do, satanists interfere and annihilate it. And ufos control them.

If pedophile-faggots could, of course they would kill me. But ufos do not permit that, or any physical violence. Contact lenses, glasses, clothing, food, and drink can all be swapped, but a punch is forbidden. What sense does that make? Should I be grateful that I won't get beaten if I go out drinking in the city? Rape has been possible, but as far as I understand, even that is diminishing—especially now that I have hemorrhoids.

How could I possibly fend for myself against satanists? The answer is: I couldn't. Until, one day, some ufo decides that it's Ville's turn to shine, albeit as an old man. In principle, it could happen even now, but it would be extremely difficult. Almost impossible. Perhaps it is enough for the ufos that the possibility exists. They know it won't actually come to pass, and they can plan accordingly. They must maintain complete control, not over trivial details, but over the broad strokes of events.

It Wasn't My Idea

Sometimes I manage to generate a relaxed attitude. I stop worrying about things. It can happen spontaneously or through reflection. I think nothing really matters that much. I see possibilities instead of limits. But for some reason, I'm not allowed to keep that attitude, and soon I fall off those wheels. I'm also not allowed to help others selflessly. That won't do, because life has to be full of problems. The more, the better. Only through problems people learn. When I once tried to be someone who constantly helps others, some ufo interfered:

“You've figured out how someone like you can manage here. But that won't do. You're making things too easy for yourself,” she said.

So I have to be childish and stupid. It's all set up that way. It's not my choice.

In my opinion, my life would be fun to watch if I were who I should be. If I was smart and could do all kinds of things, and learn new skills. And if I were wealthy, I'd be more self-sufficient, and wouldn't need so much protection. If I knew the secrets of computers, it would be difficult to sabotage my communications. But I know nothing of them. I could try to learn, but I'm too dumb to understand and I forget everything I read. I'm not allowed to know anything, because the less I know, the more dependent I

am on ufo help.

If I was self-sufficient this life show would at least make some sense. Now everyone also know that I'm nothing. If I manage, someone else must have done it. That's neither credible nor real life. I also do my best to ruin the illusion they're trying to build of me. I'm only supposed to pretend to do things, but on the other hand, I've been made into a truth-seeker and an honest person. And if I pretend to be something I'm not, the rug is pulled from under me immediately. There's plenty of contradiction here.

And in much the same way, people around me must constantly pretend. Everything has to be somehow fake. That's messing with me, but the real architects of the show are ufos, who want this whole thing to be one big illusion show, filled with pretense. Ufos direct and produce the show. Someone must be watching it, maybe somewhere in another dimension.

Protection is good, too. To not being beaten up. No one can slip a cyanide capsule into my coffee either. Letter bombs I wouldn't get, anyway, as satanists go through all my mail, and I only get bills. I guess physical violence is forbidden because it would leave marks I would remember, forcing me to change my behavior. I wouldn't go to bars anymore or wander around drunk. I wouldn't go out at night, I would have to be careful.

All the fun in my life involves alcohol. Is that a good show? Sometimes I've listened to recordings of what I talk to people when I'm drunk, and it's just typical nonsense. In nightlife the whores mess with me. Pedophile-faggots pay whores (people who work for them) to wind me up. I don't remember any of it because I've been too drunk and because I've been subjected to a satanic hypnosis trick.

Since I've had my dictaphone, the tricking has clearly lessened. There's some kind of protective field around me, but maybe the whore-show is staged so the shield seems more earthly, not just supernatural. On the other hand, it's supernatural that no layman or woman ever talks to me. Nor does anyone ever give me any instructions. Even I like drinking, most of the time I'm sober.