Gaslighting Gilligan

By

Johnny McNeill

A paradigm shift in ‘domestic abuse’...
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“In a time of universal deceit – telling the truth is a revolutionary act”.

– George Orwell (1903-1950)
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Some time ago I came through a particularly dark period going through an *entirely unnecessary* depression for which I sought and underwent counselling. It was through the counselling process I came to understand that I was in a psychologically and emotionally (and financially) abusive relationship and that my depression had been induced by the woman I’d fallen in love with and whom I *believed* loved me. I was a male victim of domestic abuse.

To compound matters, as I fell more and more in love with her, or at least the person she pretended to be, I trusted her with my insecurities from past relationship experiences, even confiding her that I recognised that I was the ‘common denominator’ in a string of failed relationships. She then used that information to psychologically and emotionally destroy me. It was during this time I became familiar with the term ‘gaslighting’ having stumbled on it during an online search.

When the ‘relationship’ ended and I’d come through the worst, I began writing of my experiences at the hands of my abuser which I’d intended to do anonymously in order to help others, particularly men, for whom there is negligible help and who might not realise *they are in* an abusive relationship.

One day, seeing her in the street, *I froze for about 30 seconds*. It was my *first ever bout of* Post Traumatic Stress which was ironic given that I’m an ex-soldier with 25 years served in the British Army. As I researched domestic abuse or domestic violence ‘DV’ as it’s largely coined and wrote and reflected, I came another conclusion; *this hadn’t been* the first *abusive female partner* I’d been with.

I needed to understand *why* and having been so inspired by the counselling process, I started a certificate counselling course at The University of Strathclyde in September 2016 to primarily to help abused men who were ‘reluctant’ to talk of their experiences. Fortunately the course brought home to me *plausible explanations* based in childhood for my repeated cycles of failed relationships and for which I hope I’ve explained well enough in this book I’ve written as a contemporary ‘fiction’.

For my research, much of it online, I’d also been regularly listening to radio, watching TV etc. but it was on the morning of the 12th Sept 2016, which *changed everything*. Or at least it began to. The BBC’s *Victoria Derbyshire* was talking of Eion Morgan, the England One Day Cricket Captain and his doubts over security on the then upcoming Bangladesh Tour in which she quotes a sour source as him being “pathetic”. But it was the intonation, the emphasis of her delivery that threw me.

*It threw me right back into my abusive relationship* and I became *momentarily frozen* for perhaps 10 seconds or so. I’d just experienced my *second bout of PTSD* and I remember muttering to myself “*Well that was weird*”.

And from that day I’ve been observing the entire corporate and UK State media *and beyond*; its ‘DV’ *nuance delivery*; of NLP, of language, verbal and behavioural as well as recurrent common-thread social, political and socioeconomic themes. *It took me a while to accept what was happening, but it is. And it is terrifying*. In *It* I saw the future models for UK, based on *everything we’ve all seen and haven’t seen* but also - ‘Op Fukuglaschu’. The rest as they say is ‘*history*’ or rather it will be.

This experiential book is yours, if I survive, *if we survive*, I’ll tidy it up. Until then this belongs to the 99% of men, women and children who live on this island *and beyond*. Feel free – as I’m probably sure you ‘feel free’ right now – to share by all means possible *far and wide*. 

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*‘Inspired’ by the BBC’s Victoria Derbyshire*
Gaslight – Please Allow Me To Introduce Myself...

There are 101 explanations on thousands of blog platform that tell us what ‘gaslighting’ is and its neologism origin best known in the 1944 film ‘Gaslight’. Yet unless you’ve experienced psychological, emotional abuse and financial coercion by a controlling narcissistic partner (or friend, work boss or colleague) and stumbled upon the term ‘gaslight’, the chances are you’ve never heard of it. Its user’s ability to ‘rewrite’ or ‘overwrite’ the victims reality by manipulating their emotions and subsequent behaviours with slow psychological, deliberate drip via an emotional carpet bombing of the victims very being. However being so vulnerable, the victim not realising the source of his or her irrationality – turns to the abuser for ‘help’.

This is my gaslight experience;

Grooming

It starts off with grooming. The narcissist will gently pursue you for a while from a distance – even stalk you online without you knowing. When they make their move, they ‘big you up’, telling you and their world that they’ve waited half their life for you. And nothing, absolutely nothing is too much trouble for them where your happiness is concerned. It’s as if you’re kindred spirits who were always destined to meet. Your interests, hobbies and passions in all manner of life’s pleasures become theirs too. This will all be used against you later.

But the signs were always there from the outset. On the milder Machiavellian end of the scale this could be their continuous vocal derision and disapproval contempt for other people you barely know - if at all. Yet in this initial staged stage, they always have a bafflingly brilliant approval for you, even though you know as does your gaslighter, that you and they themselves, have the same or similar human insecurities and failings as the people they are ridiculing and disrespecting behind their backs. But a combination of the narcissist having fed your ego and you not wanting to upset the honeymoon applecart, especially on behalf of people you don’t know, you choose to overlook the gaslighters double-standards. In short, they not only blind you to who they really are but they also get your ‘agreed’ complicit buy-in by blinding you to yourself. This will also be used against you later.

On the sharper end of the gaslighter scale further signposts might be exhibited by the narcissists inconsistent and fractured past. Mediocrity features rarely in their story which is full of highs and lows, brimming with achievement and adversity. Having a pathological slant to Fundamental Attribution Error, ‘their’ adversities are always caused by someone else, and ‘their’ achievements are all entirely their own. However ‘their’ life, underpinned by this theme of victimhood and victory has often been exaggerated, invented or even plagiarised from other people’s lives. They are the worst kinds of Walter Mitty’s and come to actually believe their own pathological existence.

However if you are a strong empath (an emotionally intelligent person) you are particularly vulnerable as your empathy and elation for ‘their’ past, compels you to feel and take responsibility for that past by giving them, this embattled enigma, the best future possible and for your future together. But unfortunately, you’ve fallen in love with a person, with something, that doesn’t exist. You’ve fallen in love with an ‘It’ and as the adage goes ‘if something seems too good to be true, it probably is’. After you’ve fallen head over heels in love with them (or made an emotional bond with a ‘friend’ or trusted a boss or work colleague) the next stage of gaslight programming begins.
Master and Servant (Psychological & Behavioural Superiority Consent & Inferiority Acknowledgement)

And so, a slow, subliminal, incessant yet sustained psychological contemptuous carpet bombing of your reality gets under way. This is what the relationship for them was always about; driven by an insatiable need for power, control, adoration and adulation. Publicly, they portray and are seen to be extremely confident and popular, oozing qualities associated with a Jane or James Bond. But these ‘qualities’ driven by their narcissism, underpin unquestionable, yet brilliantly disguised deep seated insecurities which drives them to amplify yours. Whether friend or partner, boss or colleague, they need to be better than you. They not only need to be more loved and appreciated than you, they need to be more loved and appreciated by you.

Ultimately, they need to be superior to you in every way and you need to consent to their superiority and acknowledge your inferiority. They become the master with you the servant. A one-sided relationship of your give and their take, they will blame and accuse you of being the very things that they in fact are and of being the very behaviours they in fact exhibit.

They do this through a subtle, sustained saturation of your psyche with perpetually deniable distortions of mind-bending verbal and non-verbal subliminal suggestions. A lingering look. A glare. An incredulous tut. A slight disapproving shake of the head. Spoken intonation or a behavioural gesture or expression. All of which are deniable. Should you press the matter, they will accuse you of having misunderstood or misinterpreted them. Regardless, you are fault and they will reinforce this with ‘friendly observations’ or angry accusations of you being such things as; over-analytical, oversensitive, too defensive, paranoid or insecure. You may also be accused of lacking a sense of humour or being selfish for not knowing them well enough to understand their sense of humour.

Either way, all ways, you are always at fault. They are the twisted firestarter forever claiming to be the victim.

Should you wish for them to acknowledge their behaviours, or your own genuine insecurities and feelings or even God forbid, your dreams and aspirations, they put themselves on a pedestal scale of contempt which measures from irked to enraged, from thinly-veiled hate to outright unashamed hypocrisy. They then accuse you of being selfish and self-obsessed. You end up having to apologise to restore calm (they rarely if ever apologise).

Further to their pathological slant to Fundamental Attribution Error, any successes you achieve no matter how great or small, they will claim as theirs by association of them having given you their support. Any successes they don’t approve of or have no association value to benefit from are then overlooked or demeaned. Mistakes that you make, no matter how small and innocent are exaggerated amplified, recycled and reinforced. This can even go a step further with ‘mistakes’ not yet made. For example, they may hover in the immediate vicinity as you’re about to do a DIY task and tell you they’re going to “watch you fuck it up”.

They also have a habit of making the simple things hard, the hard things difficult and the difficult things impossible – all to confirm to you, how interesting and gifted they are. If you try to intervene with a solution prior to them finishing their self-aggrandising dance, then they will accuse you of trying to demean them or bully them into submission.
In trying to keep the peace and live a quiet life, you become conditioned, trained, to dance their dance with them. You kid yourself into believing you’re making life easier but you’re not. Because they need you to verbally and behaviourally acknowledge that their way is the best or only way. If you’re too obvious about placating them, they will again, accuse you of trying to demean, condescend or bully them into submission. Seriously.

**Segregate and Isolate (Occasionally Enabler Assisted)**

With a narcissistic partner, total manipulation can then be completed as it runs in tandem with manufactured isolation from your friends and family. With this twin track approach, they slowly steal who you are but crucially, they programme you to be dependent only on them.

In some accomplished narcissist cases, they will actually have their chosen enablers who will feedback anything you say, do or even innocently gesture in their presence. They will invariably attach arms and legs to an innocent interaction, which because of their own insecurities and fatuous existences not only becomes their distraction entertainment but in doing so, also distracts the focus of the capricious Alpha-narcissist from focussing on them. These enabler appeasers feed the crocodile in the hope it eats them last’ with their version conveniently treated as incontestable truth and is ‘believed’ over yours. What the enablers themselves don’t understand is that they can be dropped and attacked by the Alpha without warning, without ‘reason’ at any time.

**Psychological Dissonance and Innate Behaviour Conflict (Leading to Induced Depression)**

Either individually or collectively, your abuser(s) will turn you into an unsuspecting gibbering wreck, with your gaslighter dominating your every thought and action, before, during and after you’ve thought, said or done it. Having delivered you into a state of emotional cognitive dissonance, you begin to trip over on your own words, sentences and actions trying to pre-empt how your every word and behaviour will be perceived. They mentally and socially turn you inside out and upside down until you become a darkened, depressed shadow of your former self.

And then they hate you for it. And they’ve plentiful, infinite supply of hate.

**Transferred Projection - False Fulfilment Prophecy**

But the gaslighters goal isn’t complete until they have you believing their poison. Under this relentless pressure of being worn down, repeatedly reinforced as an over analytical under achiever, you might turn to two or three whiskies in the evening as a coping mechanism, to take the edge off their barbs. This is their cue to accuse you of being an alcoholic, which again they repeat and reinforce. This is all the twisted logic confirmation they need to be ‘right’. You might then prove to them you’re not an alcoholic and so you take the subtle jibes and occasional angry outbursts in full sobriety for weeks on end. If you hold out, they will encourage you to drink again but it’s a ruse just to ‘confirm’ their previous ‘analyses’.

If you’re strong enough to believe that you’re not what they say you are i.e. an alcoholic, they will sense it. They will know when they’ve exhausted a particular fix of narcissistic supply and they will back off in case you see through them and leave. They will ease up because they don’t want you to leave – not until they’re ready to ‘leave’ you. In the meantime, they want you to suffer and so a new route to revitalise their narcissistic fix will be induced.
The darker pathological narcissists will sleep deprive you, inducing a sober-stupor, an embattled state confused with thought-drunk forgetfulness, then try to convince you that you have an undiagnosed condition, autism for example, because now you’re irritable, awkward and unsociable. Again, their judgement is ‘confirmed’.

It will take its toll. If you’ve come this far, it’s highly likely you are depressed. They will ultimately, undoubtedly induce a depression in you. They will then tap into this and relentlessly reinforce it within the psyche of your very essence. You believe them because it’s true. Perversely, they will very probably suggest you need to open up to them* so they can pretend to help you through it as they’ve told you “You don’t think like a ‘normal’ person”.

They might perhaps even go a stage further and suggest that you need anti-depressant medication. When you go for professional counselling, expect your abuser to take credit and make narcissistic mileage out of yet another ‘successful diagnosis’. But being so in ‘love’ and psychologically overwritten and emotionally shot, you believe them. They will claim that they only have your best interests at heart - so do prepare for their mini-interrogation after each session. Have a plausible cover story to offer, one that affords them some form of recognition credit will shorten the inquest.

Gaslight Confirmation Completion

Occasionally aided by secondary narcissist-enablers as alluded to, the principle Alpha narcissist is ready to present and confirm their facsimile version of you, this sleep-deprived, cognitive dissonant, irritable half-life to the rest of their world. Their world sees what they’re meant to see; an insecure, short-tempered and uncommunicative outsider. Innocent observers might begin to wonder why the abuser ‘puts up with it’. The abuser claims to love you. Everyone believes it. Again, so do you.

Such is the skill of the accomplished narcissist, the power of this beautiful, insatiable spider, the fragile husk that remains of you the prey, is now completely at their mercy because you are indeed the “fuck up” they convinced you, you always were. Playing an elaborate ruse as both the arsonist and fire-fighter coming to your rescue, you gratefully turn to them to ‘save’ you because you think they ‘love’ you. In your embattled zombie state, the former you, the real you, is no more. You are gone. Programming overwrite successful.

Gaslight complete.

Escape

There is a way back. But you’ve got to trust your gut instinct and especially your eyes and ears, trust what they’re telling you, rather than being blinded and made deaf by the emotions of the so-called caring and loving teachings, you so desperately want to believe. You have to recognise something’s wrong. And that’s where it starts – it has to, there’s no other way. There is pain, a lot of pain. But once you’ve made this breakthrough, you can break free with the love and support of true friends, counselling, music, film, sport; anything that will help you channel your courage and emotional pain into positive recovery. (Don’t beat yourself up if through this process you hit the bottle more than you know you should – just as long as it is temporary).

No matter how extensively or briefly the effort, the narcissist will try to get you to come back with another facet of their contempt for you; through harassment.
They may promise to change but ultimately they will minimise their toxic behaviours, reinvent and rewrite everything that went before. If you’ve got this far, don’t go back. They are beyond any human help. Once it becomes clear to them that you’re not going to go back, expect the inevitable invective onslaught to begin, again this could be brief or extensive. Use these as reminders of their coercive control abusive behaviours. But ultimately stay away and stay strong. They don’t deserve you.

Unfortunately, a vital part of a full recovery is to understand and accept that you unwittingly but perversely, also played a key enabler role resulting in self-sabotage by allowing yourself to become the narcissists’ quarry to the extent that you did. This is not your fault, you carry no blame but you have to understand your role in order it doesn’t happen to you again. Because it’s highly likely if you don’t recognise and acknowledge gaslighting behaviours, that you will become subjected to it again leading to habitual repeat cycles of toxic ‘relationships’.

It’s imperative therefore to understand and acknowledge, that the skilled, accomplished gaslighters capacity for denial of and for you and for their own abusive behaviours, is matched only by the victims own capacity for self-denial that allows the victim to excuse their abusers’ behaviours. They are only as ‘effective’ as you allow them to be. This realisation in itself is the beginning of an additional mourning process but it’ll be the last such one if you do it constructively. Take comfort in your friends.

“Sometimes the only thing left to hold onto is the blade of a knife” - Filipino saying (taken from Sean Ellis ‘Metro Manila’) (2013)

*Regardless of how deep you are in, your intuition, spirit, essence – call it what you will – will tell you ‘No’ to opening up to them, your abuser. Listen to your inner self. But you will need to seek professional counselling for depression and identifying the roots of it. One-on-one counselling for you is a positive step. It’s the only step. If you stick with it, you are already on your journey to recovery and understanding the situation you are in and where you need to be. Counselling – is the route from victim to survivor to ‘thriver’. 
Gaslight Model – Victim Identity Overwrite

**Before**

- Identified Target (Probable Pivot)
- Habitual Abuser

**During**

- Perpetrator
- Victim

**After**

- Gaslight ‘Victim Overwrite’ Complete

**Victim Recovery**

- Survivor

**Abuser Recycle**

- Perpetrator
- Pivot Victim
“Sitting in a wishing hole, hoping it stays dry.

Feet cast in solid stone, I got Gilligan’s eyes.

I still believe it’s you and me ‘til the end of time”.

Many of Horror - Biffy Clyro
For my daughter and granddaughters.
For your sons and grandsons.
Weapon of Choice

Some of the voices were sweet melodic echoes. Distant. Reassuring. Safe. I needed them but I didn’t know why. I didn’t know how. They comforted me which was odd as I had no reference point for these strangers I knew and who seemed to know me. Thank you.

Other voices would also tell me they’re glad I’m here. That I deserve to be here. Did they mean it? It’s hard to tell. I’m not even sure where ‘here’ is or how long I’ve been here, helping them to be glad. Seconds, minutes or all of my life? Somewhere on the fringes of time, space and insanity I think.

For the sake of what’s left of it, my sanity, I’ve got to own my time or I’ve got to let it go, to stop holding onto it. There is no point, no validity for the linear plain here – wherever ‘here’ is. I’m before the beginning and without any end. Everywhere and nowhere. Lost, trapped in this vast stifling void where nothing and everything exists simultaneously but where everything is instantaneously eternal.

Depression. This torment contrived and transferred. I know there’s more than this. There was a time I’m sure of it. Time.

Tortured, consumed by a claustrophobic carnage, buried in this black hole of supermassive suffering. Infinite anguish bursting full with empty gut-wrenching pain. A hollowed out husk. I am now as I’ve always been, alive but not living, existing only in a state of crushing cognitive dissonance, manufactured by a brilliantly devious and deceitful narcissist.


Repeat. Recycle. Reinforce.


Weapon of choice; Gaslight.
It
Such is its confidence in the imperceptible vastness of its manufactured vista, its foreboding omnipresence, its ubiquitous man-made panacea spanning continents; time, speed and distance are of no matter nor consequence. Not even truth and light can be seen from its orbiting satellites in space.

Even the Earths circumference curvature mass is no match against the distraction of the black mirror glass reflections of its universal flat-screens; cinematic, TV and tablet. Millions upon millions of addictive vessels come to life bringing its Minority Report ‘Pre-crime’ subliminal messaging, across time and space within seconds. Compliant vassals of the State become the children and ‘their’ childlings.

It’s at it. It is a sneaky-beaky beacon of blight posing as society’s barometer. It’s an elegant pretence of prestige. But it’s a dark-god TV Set riddled with stealthy, smiling, grinning assassin contempt that enters their homes like wolves into the sheep’s pen. Postulating imposters all. Fledgling Flickermann’s and intoxicating Trinket’s are they, transmitting their deadly contaminated gaslight delirium through the emotional rollercoaster with TV trackerjacker poison.

Its addictive, longed-for intravenous stings inject the subliminal Stockholm Syndrome hallucination of a ‘nation’. An entire island called a ‘country’ with all of its inhabitants’ prison spice-slapped daily into angry subservience, separated from their logical minds. That’s its point. Because they exist only for it, human cargo commodities psychologically held captive for generations, for millennia, but never before with such precision weapon of mass destruction pinpoint targeting into every single home, every single commute and every single destination by the Dark Triad’s propensities; the Machiavellian, psychopathy, narcissists sitting pretty within the patriarch-matriarch echo chamber.

It thinks it’s on the attack to secure the penultimate victory on the last lap via its final Superior Solution but it doesn’t realise its flailing, failing, desperate, trapped within its perpetual primeval medieval ambitions, obedient only to its innate dominant Dark Triad instincts. Its desires, its entitlement to everything and everyone are housed in its totalitarian corporate joint-venture being and dovetailed nicely within the contemporary communication conduits as it moves to feed its voracious habit, its insatiable avariciousness for projecting nightmares and misery.

Its past has been forever hidden by its history and its undeniably brilliant branding fronted by the original omnipresent company flag subsequently taught by gaslight, re-written, through a sustained programming overwrite of eyes and minds seen through hungry bellies to become the children’s dutiful religion; its flag hypnotic, kaleidoscopic - the Flexagon flies with its eight directional arachnid legs, like points of a compass nodding the way to everything its forever been and will forever be entitled. It strangles optimism, it suppresses self-confidence, it smothers hope in infancy, it murders courage with impunity with its vice like grip and web of insomniac, restless deceit watching through its Five spider Eyes, of its simultaneous enablers all around the globe.

But delivering its overconfident message, handsomely, beautifully, its complacent deception can be detected through the acidic claxon clarion-call of its power-crazy, yet panicked undercurrent riptide signalling its demise direction within its own noxious creation; hateful, spiteful, resentful disdain for anything, for everything - it isn’t.
The inescapable vortex is flowing inevitably down the bitter bath plug-hole putrid where it hides its true face through a veil of faux respect for anything, for everything – it isn’t. As is its design.

As is its design, the repetitive timely, packaging and content could not escape the technological vortex. But no matter how seamlessly it’s stitched together, there’s always a trail of crumbs it can’t help but leave behind – the little tiny furtively telling cryptic clues to its power over everything, they are addictive as they are contagious. Which is how it inadvertently revealed its true face – because there’s a crack in everything, that’s how the light gets in. The light always does.

And with the light, tiny fragments of truth escape everything – even the black mirror vastness - through its frayed, complacent superiority complex edges.

But the truth cannot be seen by the unseeing eye. It can only be seen by the eye of a once broken meltdown mind with a frayed soul for companionship. And that is why it’s so fucking genius, so undeniably gaslight devious and as such, so scrupulously deniably perfect “Just like me” it said.

‘And that was its weakness’, he thought. Because something seminal sparked. His eyes. Opened. A sudden cacophony of commotion. An exploratory, low cautious voice “Mr Williams? Mr Williams?”

Blinding, sterile light. An abrupt overwhelming white-noise like a detuned radio filled his ears now an overwhelming echoed waterfall replaced the muted hearing darkness. Senses flooding, shattering, awakened from his solitary confinement in this comatose nightmare state.

He still couldn’t see she who had been talking with the three angels but sensitised, able to see by gaslight, he knew a Siren’s song through the deliberate dissonance. Because she, a girl with a Hitler hairdo, just called him “pathetic”. Again.

Awakening. Consciousness. Discoverer. Truth. It can’t be surely?! Is it? It is! Oh fuck! So much to take in. Too much to take in.

Walk Unafraid little lamb...
**Beautifully Broadcasted Contempt**

The children were meant to consciously feel the footage heard and subconsciously absorb the subliminally seen. That’s why they had to tap to listen, that’s why they had to strain to hear, to listen, to a sudden new genre of incoherent dark TV programming whispers as was its design in the endless emotional seamless sea so immense there was nothing to see, nothing to perceive. Unless one was a demented lunatic, ex-soldier living with his parents loner of course.

But what it hadn’t conceived was that one such ‘demented-lunatic-ex-soldier-living-with-his-parents-loner’ was one of my invisible 40% of male domestic abuse victims who would be PTSD jarred in the present, jolted back to his past; sitting in the beautifully broadcasted coercive presence of gaslights toxic brand of superiority-complex contempt in Victoria’s intonation Station.

And it was only when what’s been previously domestic battle-fatigue felt during persistent bouts of verbal and behavioural aggression, of sustained domestic psychological emotional abuse and occasional violence by an aggressive, ‘loving’ partner can one begin to comprehend the amber gaslight warnings of the colour-codes leading to a militarised police State.
Herself - It

She’d said it before, this particular Negas; the measured, intonated shrill belonged to a girl with a Hitler hairdo. He knew It. It was nothing new to him. This, she spoke, was his deserved dissonance by association. She’d already told him having taught him by numbers, by gaslight as she herself before, had done before when he’d naïvely, imperceptibly, unknowingly and unwittingly absorbed the drip, drip, drip. He was the devoted invisible forty, crying out for the gaslights conditioning sponge.

Perfect for programming.

And programmed, he’d believed her because he became exactly what she said and suggested he was. He loved her and she loved him. Right? And so he believed in her even more; but more so in his madness. In his insecurities. In his failures. In his laziness and his selfishness. The she-spider fed.


“You can’t take a joke” “I love you”. Sex.

“You’re an alcoholic!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You’re insecure!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You’re depressed!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You need pills!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You need help!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You’re autistic!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You’re a domestic retard!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You’re paranoid!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You need to lighten up!” “I need you” Sex.

“You need to man up!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You need to grow a pair!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You’re pathetic!” “I love you”. Sex.

“You’re a fuckin’ selfish twat!” “I need you”. Sex.

“You’ll get a fuckin’ slap!” “I love you”. Sex.

“Your laugh…… it’s too loud”. “I need you”. Sex


Grief. Broken. A surfacing submarine, a monster carrying a million tortured screams. The manifesting madness is now for all to see. ‘Tickets available! Roll up! Roll up! Front row seats for an unrestricted view of involuntary display of mental-male MELTDOWN!’ Torment.

Fragged. A guardian brother pulled him close, kept him close. Kept him from the brink in his internal, eternal atomic-powered holocaust. His nuclear winter set in. Grief.


The Narcissistic Spider

Time. He re-read the card she sent when she first wore her mirage mask. Then he saw it. Oh fuck! She just couldn’t help herself! This narcissistic spider had been all powerful, all along. Controlling him, manipulating him from the very beginning. And she’d told him so with her superior, genius mind. Her simple-proc cryptic clues had gone unseen through his lamb-like eyes. Fire! Why would he look for clues? How could he see what’s not meant to be seen but meant to be excruciatingly felt and agonisingly finished forever?

Oh the power! The control! The hold! The ownership she had! The time she had!

But such is the narcissist, they can’t help but wave their power right in front of you. It’s what they do. Otherwise what’s the point? Power is not power if it exists in a vacuum. It needs an audience to be alive – to feel alive! But the narcissist’s power trip is also its tell-tale kryptonite.

And so her medusa missive told him her card had a hidden depth which reminded her of them. Only this time, looking through his now worn out, punch-drunk enlightened bloodshot peepers, he saw deep into the window of her overturned toxic, cream-card black-hole soul. Enabled by the rodent, she’d already told him he was a ‘Temporary Measure’. Double tapped. Somewhere right between the eyes. Head well and truly fucked. Time.

Time. Synapses refiring on firewater. Time.

Time. How could he be so stupid? How could he be so blind? But he hadn’t understood until well after she’d liquefied and was feasting on his anesthetised carcass, that she cut and paste other people’s truths, lifting their triumphs and tragedies for her own life’s fables. He’d fallen in love with a beautiful flawless phantom and so she would inevitably ascend him just high enough to feel the full force of his crashing hell to come.
A fledgling king of birds, he overlooked her unfolding inconsistencies. He was drunk without wine and filled to the brim on empty promises. His ego massaged and cock gobbled, he was too blinded to conceive he was constructing his own grateful, giddy, spice-slap prison.

She, It, was too good to be true. He’d sensed it. He’d said it! But so desperately devoted with his very being he willingly chose to sit in truths shadow. Instead, he trooped in time to the marching song, headlong in her headstrong mirage. He was now fully assimilated into her imagined image of herself.

Too in love too quick. Wilfully strapped into her helix rollercoaster as her well-oiled trap chains ratcheted up Schrödinger’s ramp. As such, he would be forever too late to arrive before the inevitable, first injected drops of a scorpion’s sting. Certain her fresh supply of narcissistic prey was paralysed in her deceitful domain, her slavering, entitled, maxillae got to work.

His senses bombarded by a continuous polarised corkscrew of emotional rollercoaster dissonance. Airtime slammers, lateral G, inversion, positive G, heartline flip, boomerang, batwing, brake! Break!

Broken.

Ejected outside the station. Set up. Shut down. Meltdown.

He could see it now, like a low winter Sun in the crisp cold dawning sky. Emotional blackmail. Victimhood. Manipulation. She’d wrung his love raw and milked his balls and bank account dry. As was her naturally narcissistic entitled claim; to coerce, to control, to abuse. To torment! Time.

Time. I am the mountain, let it be. Mother Mary. Time.


Time. Make it through the night. Choice. Take another trip around the sun. Time.

Urban mind battle.

Time. Oh fuck! PTSD. Frozen. She in the street, evil, ravenous now fed flourishing black on famished victimhood. Her narcissistic state selling ‘Woe is me!’ to the world. Acrid, revelling in a gluttonous, hollow ‘narciss-state’ telling tales bursting full with insatiable loin-swelling, chest-puffing malice. Time.

Time. Her sent threat obscenities ignored. Time.

Time. An endless, spiritual, soul-saving forgiveness funeral for the beautiful epidermal dead. Cremation conducted with karmic dignity and integrity. ‘The private ceremony unrequested by the uncaring, audibly and digitally embittered absent, will be held within at 11:59. Repeat performances are available upon request’. Time.

Time. The empty casket full of avaricious black-hole hate, sealed, buried. The necessary selfish gift to self, to guard against becoming their insidious, corrosive ilk. Funerals were always for the living. Time.


Time. Everyone is humming a song that I don’t understand. Time.

Time.
A Girl With A Hitler Hairdo

He listened to the three angels each tell their stories. Innocents gaslighted. Again. Their previous assailants’ slow-cooker set to stun for psychological assault. Gentle emotional violence. Soul murderers. Then followed physical brutality at the hands of the embodiment of evil - narcissists.

He knew their story well. He was their unheard, invisible father, brother and son without bruises. His heart cried for the angels, for his own and a million others demeaned, humiliated, imprisoned within their unseen souls. Innocents gaslighted.

An intergalactic glorified puerile pit-man. A punch toy volunteer, a weakling on her knees helped up, no, held up, as a deflective sacrifice. A perpetual production line, a shooting gallery lining up signally sinful and strict Victorian straw men, with such clairvoyant, fortuitous timing. A mistaken mother, grieving eternal in hell’s paradise, prejudged, hung-out for sport, a symbolic sacrifice distraction to scorn.

A gaping mouth gaped at the purple boogeyman, ridiculously, laughably lauded such scary status. The woman, arms gripped, forced down and pinned to the ground; thick is the subliminal pseudo-rape audience programming, presented, transmitted on permanent send from central office for the carefree gyming young and the care-home grey alike. Now all ghoulish voyeurs by empathy association; the women now witnesses, frightened, hardening against the men, who also now accomplices, naval gaze their apologies, ashamed.

Inexplicable resentful emotions built on Kaa faux-feminism, raped-feminism manipulated part-designed to make Couvade’s all of innocents unaware within the fabricated cotton industry driven by empty, uncaring, angry narcissist opportunists to perpetuate as the incontestable monologue, bilateral choice ‘truth’. Wow.
The Man He Talks In Maths

A hidden man on high, he talks in maths; The father is pathologic. The brother is narcissist. The son is sociopath. All transgressors. All cowards. All eunuchs. Except the uniformed and dead ones, the UniDead. Maths man and Hitler hairdo would accept, indeed prized the UniDead more than the living. Uniformed men were real men. Dead men were real men. Those living and the lifeless had purpose. They were serving or had served their purpose and so were elevated to heard men visible. But all other breathing men, almost without exception save the limbless, were the pervasive potential perpetrators. Buffalo Bills and Multiple Miggs men all. Predators.

Men and only men could be Beast. Men and only men could be Monster. Men!


Vulnerable, a symbolic she had to be protected from the confirmed he, him, the young aspiring actor, unwittingly playing the part of the relentlessly reloaded rapist. He had been reinforced for Gilligan and Gillian before he surely killed her with his driven text. He is selfish. He is sleaze. He is sexist. He is blow-torch torturer. He is pregnant wife beater. He is jaw-breaker. He is untrustworthy. He is absent father with murder in his eyes. He is two-faced. He is text killer, sex killer. He is pathetic.

Guilt empathy. Maths man compelling, convincing me that he is me. He told me she said I lack moral courage. She told me he said I should be ashamed to be a man. Guilt empathy. I am ashamed. I am visible shame. I am invisible silence. Emasculate. Eunuch.


Set the alarm. Wake me up when September ends.

“Brian? Can you hear me Brian? Can you see me?” a frantic voice from the calming light....
Gaslight Purgatory Prison

His head hurt. A lot. He could now make out some colours of the spectrum, no longer bleeding into one. Reds, purples, blues and yellows. Especially yellows. Yellows were the representative radiance of the golden sun, positive and life-giving. It was a warm, trusting, safe, secure. The dependable solid affluent standard, like gold.

Of course he wanted his vision to clear and to see all the colours again properly and the voices reassured him it would. But he didn’t have to see it to know it was present. He knew it and its evil narcissistic territory well. It was after all, how he came to be here with a blow the size of a tank somewhere right between the eyes.

This he now knew; he’d been put here in this prison by design and not by chance. It was part of the growing, hushed conversations that filled the room around about him. Not in a bad way. Not these ones at least.

But he knew something wasn’t quite right. He wasn’t nearly on the same plain as them. The voices talked to him but he couldn’t always understand them, never mind answer them. They just didn’t make sense. All that was clear to him that they were unable to ascertain if he understood them. This could take a while.

A hospital bed had been the site of his unconscious, now semi-conscious spice-slapped purgatory prison. Purgatory. Somewhere between heaven and hell apparently; he wasn’t religious but spiritual, aware of the concept construct and was now stuck in it. For how long was anyone’s guess but he wanted out by winter. It had kind of always been this way.

An ex-soldier, entombed in his own nightmare of a Jacob’s Ladder, though thankfully now with his own angel Louis looking out for him. But this psychosis sleep wasn’t induced as it had been by an experimenting Ignoreland government deliberately administering psychotropic substances to hone the animal killer instinct within, not this time.

Or even by an indifferent Narcisstate government knowingly continuing to issue mind-bending anti-malaria pills to unsuspecting troops, before peer-pressuring them, these obedient oiks subservient to poison their own minds, demons rising, telling them to kill themselves or others.

No, his purgatory prison was induced by an all-encompassing gaslight, by evil climbing out the inescapable walls, in front, behind and beside him. He was beside himself and suddenly back inside his 6 year old self.
His first recollection of the gaslight behaviours revealed was as preadolescent boy, about 6 years old at the ‘trusted’, ‘respected’ hands of his teacher Miss Dark, when he attended the military services primary school in Germany.

Other than lose a library book, he had no idea what he’d done to her to deserve his first psychological prison that would begin to set the pattern of his repetitive cyclic existence of seeking his validation, his self-worth over the course of a lifetime, somewhere within the capricious whims of others. Dangerous. Insidious. Poisonous. Existence. Designed and drawn to become a stand out for narcissists, a Figure 11 target hit at point blank range.

Perhaps it was because his parents had taken him out of school in term time? He couldn’t remember why it had been, it just had been. Perhaps it was because he was thicker than the other kids, he could tell because Miss Dark was so very eye-sky rolling, so impatiently ignoring of him. Until that it is, the classroom voiced questions of maths multiplication and division aired boominly. And as much as he wanted to be, as much as he tried to be, he couldn’t make himself invisible or stay ignored as he’d inexplicably so recently become accustomed.

Yes he knew he was thick. He understood adding and subtraction but in his absence the concept of ‘times’ had eluded him. He didn’t know the ‘language’ of ‘multiplied by’, of ‘times’ he had no reference point from where to begin to understand to answer. “What’s 2 x 2?” A grey white-cuffed sea of mini mono-arms eager to answer, eager for validation reward, reached for the ceiling - but not his.

His single, solitary mini mono-arm was digging deep for cover “Come on Brian! You don’t know 2 x 2?” An entire classrooms worth of pairs of knowing eyes full of cacophony laugh. Brian laughed at himself to join in the joke, trying to dissipate the as yet undiagnosed first tastes of humiliation. But they don’t dissipate; they simply stack up in preparation for the gaslights manifestation.

“Let’s all help Brian then class” as she raises her arms as if a conductor about to orchestrate a symphony. And it is; both orchestrated and symphonic. She gestures her arms to start the song and says “From the beginning” then with an accentuated ‘O’ lips mouths “Wuuuuun times two is twoo” and by the time she mouths “times” the entire, knowledgeable, affirmed and confident class is in full rote-angelic song, as his public humiliation isolation and his very being, begins to crash cyclically flat-lining through the cheap laminate floor with every sung syllable. Sinking.

They finish delighted, excited eager for more as Miss Dark says “I don’t think we’ll ask Brian the 3 times table today class”. He knew that laugh. He knew humiliation, he just don’t know the word, just as he didn’t know ‘times’ but can’t explain - it’s not the numbers, it’s the concept premise.

Tell that to a six year old. Ask the six year old boy to explain humiliation. Ask the six year old boy to explain shame. Ask the six year old boy to explain degradation. Ask the six year old Brian face down on the desk hiding within the exposed sanctuary of his arms; “Why are you crying?” as Miss Dark does two times, three times, in front of her captive audience. She knows her answer of course.

Out of the now reverberating silence, through his sniffles a friendly voice of a young girl “He doesn’t understand Miss”.

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**Tropism Trained**

His first recollection of the gaslight behaviours revealed was as preadolescent boy, about 6 years old at the ‘trusted’, ‘respected’ hands of his teacher Miss Dark, when he attended the military services primary school in Germany.
Brian looked up at the silence to see sorry, sad, empathetic eyes **so quickly** turned down from *feelings* of contented glee. He put his head back down to hide away from the eyes and his being the cause of their peak happy drop to trough in seconds few; their first of many rides to be taken on the emotional dissonance rollercoaster.

Another child, a boy, gets up from his seat and puts his arm around him. Brian’s lowered gratefulness tries to look up, tries not to be alone through his stifled sonic-boom mucus filled tears. “**Perhaps you’d better take yourself off to the toilets and get some tissue**” says the stern Miss Dark. He does.

During break time the two children show him **how to times tables** - written in stones. He has it. Within a fortnight he has it learnt rote drone, done from one to 12. As so too is Miss Dark done, asking him times tables questions he **now had a handle on**. But he still had the library book to deal with. ‘A fucking *library book* for fucks sake’ thought purgatory-addled back in time again. If he’d have known *then* what he knows **now** he would have known *exactly where the book was*; in Miss Darks psychological armoury – a weapon waiting to be used for her own fucked up ends and she wanted *that* book back.

Brian knew this because she had told him “*I want that book back. You better not have lost it. How else are the other children in the school going to get to read it if you’ve lost it?*” ‘*Other*’. ‘*Othered*’ in his little head by the rest of the school in their unknowing absence but done nonetheless at the behest of a ‘role model’, a teacher, an authority figure.

Isolated and scared he denied her the truth she probably already knew; he had of course lost it. But he thought if he could just hold out for a few more days until the long summer hazy holidays that always seemed to last a lifetime, it might somehow turn up. But it didn’t and that school holiday lasted *longer than a lifetime*. And so he became introduced to another concept he didn’t understand and which reared its head way too soon for a six year old; *suicide*.

As the days rolled into weeks and for some unfathomable reason, too scared to tell his loving parents – especially his Dad – the fear he felt cumulated to fill and spill over into his every fleeting thought. ‘It would just be easier if I didn’t feel like this. I don’t want to feel like this. It would just be easier if I wasn’t here. It would just be easier if I wasn’t…’ as he lifted the aerosol can of furniture polish and sprayed it into his mouth.

He must have done that about half a dozen times in the final few days of the longest dystopian holiday of dread locked in psychological emotional fear. Staring at the universes hands ‘I wish I could stop the clock’ he thought, so many *times*.

Sat back in his classroom prison Brian held out for a couple of days but she knew the book was lost. That’s when her fun really began with the note she’d written, probably not for her first time, to his parents telling of Brian’s lies over the loss of the library book. ‘*The book isn’t the problem, it can be replaced. It wouldn’t have been such an issue if only he hadn’t persistently lied*’ she wrote.

‘**But we can’t have pupils lying to teachers. Perhaps you’d like to deal with this to make sure it doesn’t happen again and send with him payment for the book.**'
His Dad’s scowling glare was enough to send Brian into immediate psychological isolation which he further reinforced with “Get to your room!” He didn’t know what was coming next; a stern telling off or a tanned arse? Both? Both could be as bad as each other.

As the silent solitary confinement seconds passed longer and longer the tanned arse scenario began to dissipate with both his Mum and Dad arguing in hushed tones. He clung onto a sense of relief that there’d be no smacked arse but it was quickly followed by an uncontrollable release of his bladder as his red-faced father came in shouting; angry.

Even if Brian had been remotely capable of a calm explanatory thought, backed up with a logical explanation it would be lost in the furiously roared “lies?!” He sat in shaken scared silence as his father repeated with incredulous tone “Lies?!” Miss Dark’s work done in her absent presence, Brian’s father left the room with the promise of his being grounded to his room for two weeks - not knowing of his sons urine soaked soiled state. The shame of his reinforced ‘lies’, now reinforced by the shame of his wringing wet y-fronts. Shame was now an intrinsic part of his very being.

On return to school, with replacement money in an envelope complete with a 1970’s deference to authority note, his Mum likewise trained, conditioned to apologise to power in her best telephone voice, Brian handed the note over to Miss Dark. As he went to his desk he watched her every move as she read the note the placed it and the money on her desk. The seconds and minutes passed and he actually allowed himself to hope that, well, that was it. Silly Brian.

“Class!” she spoke authoritatively “Brian lied to me and his parents about the library book he lost. It’s not the book, it’s the lies that upset me and I’m very disappointed in him. Brian, what did your parents say your punishment for lying was?” He hushed humiliated apologetically explained. “Louder, we can’t hear you Brian”. He whisper whimpered remorsefully explained. “Speak up!” He angrily involuntarily retorted shouting “I’m not allowed out for two weeks ok?!”

He was as shocked and surprised as his tiny classmates. He felt some kind of empowerment, some element of being back in control but it was short-lived. “Well, it seems Brian isn’t sorry after all. For that outburst Brian will not be allowed to go swimming and will stand outside the headmasters’ office during break until I think he’s learned his lesson”.


Kevin

Kevin came out of nowhere nearly a month perhaps after his long stands outside the headmasters office and his having to explain to his Mum why his swimming towel was still dry. Blind deference is the conditioning key to knowing ones place in the pecking order and so Miss Dark’s dry towels went unquestioned. Kevin, just arrived into the school from Narcisstate, his father posted to Germany would play a part in changing unquestioning deference.

Brian’s first memory of Kevin as he peered through the corridor window onto the playground was of him battering lumps out of another kid and not the way he’d, they’d all been conditioned to fight with ‘gentlemanly’ Marquis of Queensberry fists but with knees, teeth and stomps. As the other kids
yelled a muffled “Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!” through the solitary confinement glass - Brian was blown away.

He watched as Kevin walked away, victorious but alone, shirked by everyone for his shock and awe Narcissstate-learned approach to street fighting. He of course ended up a regular break-time attendee outside the headmasters’ office too. After only a couple of days they were friends, united by their isolated existences with Kevin of course, the ‘leader’ of the disenfranchised duo. “We could just walk out of school now” said Kevin. “Where to?” asked Brian, “Home” came the response. And that was it.

During the busy break time, unseen in the sea of preadolescent noise they walked out of the school gates. They should have been more noticeable walking through the camp complex in which the school was built but they weren’t. Not even when they walked out of the main camp gates and began the long walk in the direction of home via the train tracks that for the most part ran adjacent to the main road.

A hot day, they were soon easily distracted by the freedom of the great outdoors, and through their childhood imagination they managed to forget how they came to be here. As the hours passed the closer they got to home. Kevin it seemed was well rehearsed in parental non-compliance and simply sauntered into his house without a care. Brian on the other hand was a conditioned conformist; he had a good grasp of the world of shit he was in.

He hid outside his house, the Military Police landrover, the German Civilian Police car and his Dad’s car in full view. Minutes later a small army of uniforms spilled outside onto the front path and deposited themselves into each of their respective vehicles and left. Knowing his Mum would be inside and after a few more minutes of working up the courage to go in, he knocked on the door.

Greeted by his Mum, a confused mix of anger and relief, crying, she sent him to his room before asking a neighbour with a car, to drive the few miles or so to the camp to tell them of his return. As his Mum came back in she opened his bedroom door and said the words most kids used to hear before the State needed them more “Wait ’til your Dad gets home”.

He sat in his now well accustomed solitary silence but with an increasingly familiar added dash of dread in anticipation of his very own first recollection experience of ‘turn-key terror’. He’d waited a couple of hours and with the click-click arrival of his Dad coming through the front door. Brian wasn’t to be ‘disappointed’. His foreboding sense of anticipatory-terror was well placed as he took the 1970’s corporal-punishment hiding of his short life. And he pissed himself again.

Hours later, his father came back into his room with a kind of authoritative guilt and now ready to hear an explanation for his son’s out of character behaviour; the book, the lies he knew of but not of the classroom times tables humiliation, the dry swimming towels taken to school every week in the hope of clemency and the solitary morning and lunch breaks. Welling, silent rage his father walked out of the room.

Brian didn’t remember much of the next morning in class, other than the silence throughout but to which he’d become conditioned to accept as ‘normal’. All that could be heard was Miss Dark, her tone was somewhat more, albeit contrived, ‘congenial’.

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What was clear as day to him was the recollection of seeing his Dad through the window, marching, not soldier-like but business-like across the grey asphalt playground toward the school’s main entrance. “Is that your Dad Brian?” asked one of his classroom-compatriots. “Yeah” said a confused Brian as he looked horrified noticing the colour of his teachers, his abusers, face begin to turn a bright red with her contrived congeniality evaporating by the second.

Never really a calm man, especially when angered, Brian was mortified to hear along with the rest of the class and Miss Dark, his Dad’s infuriated muffle coming from along the corridor from the direction of the headmasters’ office. Minutes later, a school secretary arrived to temporarily replace Miss Dark with her delivered message “Mr Noble would like to see you”.

On reflection, purgatory Brian had a sense that the secretary may not have been the only grown up in the school who had waited patiently to deliver such a headmaster missive to Miss Dark.

But Miss Dark didn’t come back into the class that day or the next and with that Brian began to believe he might be free of her altogether, forever. Dream on. No sooner had he begun to flourish in her week long absence, there she was back at her desk and with that Brian went back into his tortured tortoise shell-shocked existence.

He didn’t understand the concept of unconditional trust he’d given over without question but he had as all kids do with their teachers. And whatever that response-conditioned feeling was now; well it felt like anxiety, his first learned introduction to mistrust.

But mistrust or not, he still yearned for her approval in order to feel belonging amongst his classmates. They involved him as they had done before but he couldn’t let himself feel included within his invisible anxiety bubble until she gave him and by his psychological extension - gave the class - some sort of permission approval that consented to his ‘belonging’, the same belonging he’d previously felt before he lost the library book.

Then one day out of the blue her tacit ‘approval’ came in the form of “Why don’t you draw me a picture?” Excitedly ‘accepted’, desperate, eager to be back into the fold “Of what Miss?” he asked. “Why don’t you draw a picture of your Dad on Exercise?” which he, as did many of the other boys and girls – gleefully drew soldiers over and over again. This is belonging. Isn’t it?

But where he ‘belonged’ right now in this particular gaslight state he wasn’t going anywhere, trapped in this hobbled incapacitated misery as he was. He had a stark choice. He either succumbed to yet another she narcissist or he became an It himself, taking control of what was left of his battered brain that allowed only fleeting glimpses of lucidity before sinking back into a surreal, reality-addled existence.

He was post-comatic but locked in, alone, voiceless, invisible. Isolated and entombed within this semi-cognitive state, a prisoner confined to a sickbay bed with a TV and radio for company. Lucky, lucky me. But at least he had his music. Music that they knew he loved and had been playing to him throughout his comatose existence to help pull him through the darkness. He loved the music. The darkness also brought latent, forgotten melodies which sang as before but his rewired recesses now giving a deeper understanding. The messengers merged to sing sweet, sweet nightmare lullabies.
The Turning

As he lay in his solitary state he recognised her gaslights’ weapons. The concept was new but he knew them well. It’s invisible, insidious creeping pace was predictably brutal and matched only by its own brilliant capacity for distraction, deflection and denial which in turn itself, could only be matched by the recipients, the children’s own capacity for continuous self-denial. They saw it. They listened, tasted and felt it. The emotion of it! Absorbing it. Ready to kill or be killed. Like predictable lambs to the foreseeable slaughter.

He wasn’t going to be gaslights victim again; Not Miss Darks.

Not for the older boy year or so later, who tried to molest him in the woods on the pretext of hunting for animals.

Not for the much older girl who he awkwardly fumble-fucked at the age of thirteen but for which he’d had to fight another boy for her.

Not for the bullying Staff Sergeant whose rank, not physical prowess, held the key over his career path compliance and for which he went to work feeling physically sick almost every day for a year for fear of being trumped-up charged.

Not for the first Iraq war whose army he needn’t have feared from depriving him of his unborn daughter, her having to grow up without him; because she was already being born inside she, his unacknowledged ubiquitous enemy within and not for the same she, his gaslight abuser who did what the Iraqi Army failed to do – denied and deprived him of his daughter growing up, her weaponised offspring-tool gaslit too, to continue her abuse.

Not for the 5 foot squat girlfriend with her 8 inch pointed carving knife “Ooooh rufty-tufty Squaddie scared of a little girl now?” and most certainly not for ‘herself’, that one that finally crowned him, master of his tortured black-dog universe trapped in the pain to put him here. For now.

Trapped as he was he had no choice. He would not be a victim of the gaslight again. Instead he would tap into his It and become the gaslight abuser, an enabler for evil adopting the ultimate survival instinct in the face of overwhelming odds; if you can’t beat them, join them.

“I will become It, the narcissist beast, The Negas” Brian thought to himself “I will be master of this universe with unparalleled power. A world leader pretend. My children, the plebs, the masses will look to me for guidance in my capital, Londrome. They will love me and they will be grateful to love me because I will reward them with their purpose not through my concealed Negas name, but through the Flexagon-flag led brand name I have given them as ‘their own’ country; Narcisstate”.

But The Negas understood, as did any covetous narcissist that to have that enabling power, that adoring adulation of the trusting enabling masses It would have to be able to demonstrate Its will with an enabling Army. Because It needed an Army to secure the route to its drug of choice - spice.

And so The Negas would need the continuing threat of force to maintain its order by keeping the children at home and Its enemies in perpetual permanent, actual and perceived fear. Negas had understood over millennia; for what is a Negas without an Army?
But *Its* Army was both expensive; *especially the retired soldiers and officers tiered pension commitments of the previous generations* and the current one, well, it had been dying from the lack of belief since the illegal war of 2003.

*It* was dying because Negas had got too greedy; *Its* efforts to reconstitute the Army on the cheap, hadn’t worked and *Its* business-like penny-pinching, *Its* incestuous relationship reliance on the emotional rollercoaster and charity for its limbless rejects had taken an irreversible toll. It would need some age-old ‘imagination’ to cut the Army’s pensions and reinsert ‘belief’.

*It* would need to stem the flow of the Army’s strength by turning on it and turn the tide of loyalty of the children back to it, using *Its* unending lifetime of military psychological and physiological warfare experience.

*It* already had the tried and applied format for its war-plan and in the blink of a wink of a lucid eye, it dusted off its time-honoured playbook and set about the doing and the do; *It declared an invisible recruitment war on the children and their childlings.*

But being the accomplished narcissistic *It* was, a self-serving blinkered opportunist, The Negas would not only ‘recruit’ and fill the rank and file of *Its* Army, especially the infantry and State intelligence assets, those children and childwomen and their childling offspring that failed to understand and heed *Its* subconscious and subliminal messaging; *that Its need was greater than theirs,* then they would be channelled to swell the rank and file of its newly privatised super-prisons to rival that of Ignoreland’s Prison Industrial Complex.

And so The Negas devised the perfect trifecta for the Dark Triad design to be conceived by rape and be bastard-child birthed. But with it being a very important narcissist, it would begin by doing what all very important narcissists are driven to do – *It* would write a memo. It would be the mother of all memo’s! A great memo! The best memo!

It would be a self-made Negas *trophy* that *It* could refer back to, not necessarily to check progress of the plan but to reflect back to itself, *Its* sheer self-congratulatory living-God genius and unparalleled brilliance. And of course being an *It*, *It* named the Operation after itself.

The Negas set about *Its task*…

“If the day should ever come when we must go, if some day we are compelled to leave the scene of history, we will slam the door shut so hard that the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction”. – Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Propagandist.
TIP-TOP SECRET – MEMO FOR CORPOLITIQUE MEDIA EYES ONLY

“During a war, news should be given out for instruction rather than information”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Operation Negas

Mission: To remind and build upon previous gaslight conscription methods and national media management lessons learned, collectively updated to reflect technological advances and exploitation of sociological and social media developments broadly required to disrupt internet threat and destroy and socio-political discourse counter to The Party interests in order to maintain dominance domestically and globally.

Main Effort: the Corpolitique media are specifically required to gaslight and mass-manipulate the populations emotions and behaviours in order to safeguard The Party domestically with the recruitment of a new armed police force and to meet the challenges with the inevitable advent of submersible drone technology and the subsequent obsolescence of the At-Sea Neptune nuclear deterrent, to revitalise military strength through polished gaslight conscription in addition to previous economic and psychotropic channelling methods and thereby maintaining The Party’s directly-linked consequential standing on the global stage, under the guise of Narcisstate’s national interest led by The Flexagon branding.

Projecting Emotion Overload - Year Zero Re-energized (Yellow Submarine Accentuated by Black with Red Tinges Around the Blue Principle Party Fringes)

“A media system wants ostensible diversity that conceals actual uniformity” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

In support of the mission, the collective Corpolitique media, with well-established Press Media (PM) have a their continuing vital role to play in completing the holistic ‘gender-war’ picture and suppression of the 40% (plus) of domestic abuse incidents in Narcisstate actually perpetrated against men – this is pivotal to the overall psychological, physiological and subliminal recruitment drive prior to the eventual reintroduction of compulsory conscription painted as National Service as a result of ‘terrorist’ attacks and Operation Fukuglaschu.

However it is the Broadcast Units (BU) of News Division (ND) and Information Entertainment Division (IED) that will bear most of the workload and are assigned as follows;

1. BU ND and IED1 – Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) 1.
2. BU ND and IED2 – Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) 2.
3. BU ND and IED3 – Narcisstate Independent Television Network (NITN).
4. BU ND and IED4 – Narcisstate Independent Television Channel (NITC).
5. BU IED5 – Narcisstate Tabloid Television Network (NTTN).
6. Sly Mercenary’s BU ND and multiple premier sports and drama channel IED’s are too numerous and so are not numerically assigned.
7. Corpororate Advertising Division (CAD) oversight ownership is Gripher & Gullet.
8. Social Media (SM) Division oversight ownership is Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics augmented by the newly formed SeventySeven (SS).
The collective, coordinated, simultaneous offensive action by the overt propaganda Press Media and the BU’s ND’ and IED’s and CAD must work seamlessly together to manage and produce high-quality online Social Media (SM) articles that reflect the desired illusion of unparalleled misogynistic hate crime and rape culture across the Alt-Right Confederacy (ARC). Film Division (FD) will complete the holistic artifice cloak and cocoon the masses, that will simultaneously channel the children towards militarised recruitment (or prison), as we move toward locking them into the ‘risk and reward conditioning’ of ‘Huxley’s Heroes’ within Pavlov’s Prison (Annex F) via the yellow submarine; Operation Gold Crusade.

**Cattle Nose Clamp - Mass-Psychosis (with embedded Nostalgia)**

> “The bigger the lie, the more it will be believed”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

**Austerity**

To an invisible backdrop cloak of Narcisstish music, film and military nostalgia, a mass-psychosis will be induced to ‘nose-clamp’ the children with the on-going umbrella cover story of ‘Austerity’ needed to ‘justify’ cuts to local authorities, social services, Family Courts Judiciary, prisons, hospitals, schools and transport and police must all be made ripe for privatisation and public funding ‘reinvestment’ through deliberate defunding and subliminal bunkering coordinated with concentrated media and Trojan ‘champion’ gaslight assaults delivered from within and upon these institutions.

With the obvious exception of cyber security and intelligence assets, the police, the army and wider obsolete military too must be demoralised to the point of borderline Battlefield ineffectiveness but be psychologically operational ready to conduct ‘crowd control operations in support of the civil police and democracy’ prior to full declaration of a National Emergency which will be required to supress popular dissent and complete the coup.

**Istanbul Convention**

To achieve all of this we must simultaneously short-circuit the childrens logical-decision making rationale bombarding them with multiple-format emotionalised programming in preparation for and going to war as we’ve successfully done countless times before. It has been decided the key emotive pretext preparation for recruitment will be a manipulated-misogynist rape-society creation under the guise of the ‘Istanbul Convention’.

**Immigration & Terrorism**

These will work in parallel with our perpetual, manufactured omnipresent threat of ‘Immigration’ and therefore terrorism to recruit both a new military and civilian consent compliance, with said military.

Collectively all of this will of course be repeatedly injected into the populations psyche to become their ‘truth’.
To do this we must keep winning the endless Information/Ingratiation War (IIW) and keep the children fearfully acquiescent and distractedly entertained at all times as we move toward curtailing, then defeating them entirely by removing their access to the internet, to privacy before going on to crush dissent altogether.

Principles of war such as flexibility, cooperation and timely administration will be continuously required to transmit a seamless, effortless output which targets all to divide the masses even further. However the concentration of force must be focussed on and sustained by men and boys in order to mass-emasculate them and channel them principally to the Army and the armed police. Whereas female recruitment will principally channel them to the cyber Security Services.

The SpyAnimals programming will invoke an emotionalised maternal-instinct empowerment for female adolescents with the concurrently running multiple-military and spies laden programming designed to tap into subliminal-appeal for a search for renewed empowered purpose for Gen X & Y females. Those of either gender who don’t get on board will be driven to the planned privatised Prison Industrial Complex and/or the streets.

It should go without saying but just to be clear – nothing, absolutely nothing is aired, printed or uploaded by the Corpolitique by chance, everything is orchestrated. And as such, far from being an adversarial news media no BU News Division will openly challenge another’s narrative on air – EVER - especially for D-Notice subject matters in the Corpolitique interest publicly known as the ‘National Interest’. (You can find a very familiar and current list of these at Annex D in direct support of the enduring recruitment models that capitalise on human commodity capital found at Annex E).

Anything you think may improve the illusion of differing journalistic angles or probing, such as social media platform criticisms of other outlets will be managed to give the impression of journalistic diversity integrity however any news outlet deviation from The Party line must come to me for prior approval. As this doesn’t appear to an area of concern that has been challenged to any notable extent by the public, I don’t anticipate too many, if any requests for such action.

The three underpinning and on-going principles of the Gaslight Conscription Trifecta are;

Attainment and maintenance of Public Relations Reverential Prestige (PRRP)

Delivery and maintenance of gender division politics through Narrative Lock-In (D3PT) and

Continual application of the Perfect Trifecta Test

Detailed guidance is contained within the attached annexes. Implement them.

You know what’s required of you all. You all know the penalty for non-compliance.

Good luck to you all and the very best of Narcisstish!

Signed: Negas.
Annexes:

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Annex A - Public Relations Reverential Prestige (Self-Promotion)

“The essence of propaganda consists in winning people over to an idea so sincerely, so vitally, that in the end they succumb to it utterly and can never escape from it”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Through a process of ‘Individual/Corporate/Individual/Collective’ (ICIC) building of trust and prestige, heavily produced and promoted by the Corpolitique behind the scenes, the Individual Performer (IP’s) reporters, actors and reagents, provide the trusted face of the Corpolitique. General program casting is your business but I will say, upon pain of death (you know I can and do) that it is an operational imperative that the News Division’s IP’s be aesthetically pleasing to the eye and must be perceived and understood by the masses to be representative of them. The general public should be beguiled by beauty and must see themselves reflected in IP’s skin colour and hear themselves reflected in regional accent. Remember; beautiful is believable.

However whilst IP’s must carry an air of ‘unobtanuim’ about them, they must also come over as a trusted ‘personal’ friend. It is essential that IP’s demonstrate affable, jovial behavioural traits which will reflect theirs. Examples; During live broadcasts, the odd inconsequential IP’s faux fluffed line, especially by the males, followed by a humorous exchange will mimic and endear us to them. The well-meaning but bumbling awkward ‘gentleman’ stereotype can be reinforced with an easily forgettable spill liquid of some form as he tackles it live for all to see. All for plastic ingratiating value.

News Division’s IP’s are the single, pivotal mission critical key to success for all other programs and programming types who will work across BU’s in mutual support with Information Entertainment Division’s IP’s. In this way the masses will see everything they see as ‘news’ reflected also in entertainment dramas which will then feed back into news and cyclically so on. This will work particularly well for domestic abuse. The aim is to get as many of them as possible to being to mimic what they see and see it merely as reflection of themselves within the world we create for them, ‘their’ world, their ‘truth’.

We must become highly adept at masquerading as their ‘Champion’ as we speak truth to power on their behalf, when in fact, just like the Government appointees to the various quasi-governmental consumer interest bodies such as Violence Against Narcisstate Women & Girls, we are their ‘Trojan Champion’ speaking code to our own power, on our own behalf.

It is the responsibility of all BU’s IP’s both ND and IED, to facilitate and build-up buy-in via ‘personal’ psychological contracts having engaged ‘personally’, even ‘intimately’ with the masses. This will then be directly afforded to and reflected in that particular Corpolitique BU branch’s marketing brand and guarantee.

The time, cost and effort put into production and promotion of the IP (especially News Division) by the BU’s and FD will be directly proportionate to the outcome. Spare no expense, their appetite for entertainment distraction is almost infinite. Over time this will become an exponentially indivisible IP/BU ‘collective prestige’ both of which will feed into one another seamlessly and cyclically. The more consistently correct the IP/BU ND analysis and predictions of our own narratives become with regular consistency, over time this will deliver us our ‘reverential prestige’ such as that given to the IED’s actors and film stars.
When this is achieved the BU can further promote its own brand reverence (in which the IP’s bask also) through long-term and intermittent *interactive emotional buy-in connection* with the public.

Sports is always a winner and everyone likes a winner. Perhaps Sly, you might want to sponsor a world beating cycle team? I don’t care how you win – just do it. One of you can keep promoting childrens charity relief but also suck in football fans aboard the emotional express by hijacking and holding the Narcissate Cup Draw live. Perhaps even get one of the teams fans to keep interactive dairies to share their rollercoaster journey with Narcisstate? Latch onto a success story, a rags to riches victorious football team from Mid, a Darby Town perhaps? I want loveable cheeky-chappy favourites sofas out of the jungle and into the concrete jungle streets at opposite ends of Narcisstate between Newk’assle and Londrome. Call on the people to fill them and they will *feel and therefore be* a part of us and we of them.

And might I ‘suggest’ one of you latch onto a genuine environmental concern (not nuclear, spice or other fossil fracking fuel related of course). Perhaps a campaign highlighting the high plastic content to rescue the oceans? I like the idea of “camouflaged artworks that you need to look at again”, so you might even devise a plastic backdrop for our plastic news! Just my little existential Old Turk joke! I know, “understanding the joke isn’t always easy!”

Wit aside, the outcome I desire, *we* desire is an unchallenged narrative and acquiescent public ripe for division, recruitment and war, so make sure you insert *hero* into the *rescue* narrative and use your families, especially those of you with babies to push the plastic agenda with yellow references – “*little one’s*” welly boots perhaps - to show them who it is *they think* they’ll be fighting and dying for.
Annex B - Gender Division Narrative Lock-In – Dictate, Distract, Deflect, Project, Transfer (D3PT)

“Propaganda works best when those who are being manipulated are confident they are acting on their own free will” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

**Dictate**

Remember; *Control the message, control the masses!*

The Corpolitique will determine the broad and specific narratives by weaponising language and imagery to lead them in our desired direction. We will introduce further invective labels into the narrative that the masses will pick up on and use, *as if they were their own.* We will give them these *labels* to package, bracket and/or hurl these insults, ‘their’ *insults,* and hate at one another. A good example was the NIMBY label a few years ago which has been particularly successful and is a benchmark for all IP/BU’s to aim for. JAM’s for ‘Just About Managing’ was useful but it hasn’t caught on as well. And please, I know it’s our little ‘in-joke’ but *do not* let JEEtP slip out. If the masses come to understand we’ve actually given them Kelly’s ‘*Just Enough Education to Perform*’ there’ll be hell to pay before we’re ready to bring it to them!

At every and any reasonable opportunity, the IP/BU *must* weaponise the language and imagery broadcast both overtly and *subliminally* in order to stimulate gender division. Repeated reinforcement of the required narratives such as “*strong and stable*” needs to soak into their psyche until it becomes their everyday *truth.* This will be manipulated from the outset by *preparing the battlefield by setting the language stage.*

For example ‘Domestic Violence’ sets the narrative direction as ‘violence’ is both consciously and subconsciously associated with *men* as the sole perpetrators. Whether pubs, clubs or *war* – *violence* is indelibly etched on society’s collective psyche as *the sole preserve of men.* Hence women can continually and collectively be referred to as ‘the fairer sex’. We know differently of course and this is why we’ve never allowed ‘Domestic Psychological, Emotional Abuse & Violence’ to be inserted, as it would open up a wider and perpetually unwelcome narrative in the interest of The Party. Besides ‘DV’ is a neat rhyming label and is marginally more memorable than ‘DPEAV’.

This is also why the Corpolitique decided upon the title name of ‘Violence Against Narcisstate’s Women & Girls’ (VANWG) as our designated Trojan Champion focus group to feed into us our sanitised statistics, that paints our picture illusion of a male predatory war being waged on women and girls. The very title itself *immediately* sets and steers our ‘factual’ direction for all subsequent language. Potential challenges to the narrative which concurrently and sweepingly excludes all male *victims of domestic abuse* virtually guarantees all male *victims* of domestic and sexual violence by *women* will remain largely invisible to the general public. (As part of this overall strategy any challenges to the narrative will be undermined by our own TV reagents and speaker agitators).

Therefore all subsequent narratives are *continually* on our terms as long as we repeat and reinforce our stereotype as ‘truth’ i.e. *that only men commit domestic violence and only women are victims of it* whilst snuffing out and burying the fact that an estimated 40% (probably more) of domestic abuse victims – *are men.*
Of course crucial to the entire ‘Year Zero’ strategy is gender division, sewn and cultivated through doubt and seed-suspicion. And so we will inject terminology into their psyche such as ‘gender politics’ in order it becomes their easily quantifiable ‘go-to reality’ in accordance with our manufactured paradigm. They will all creepingly overnight believe that the whole of everyday society, every facet and layer of it, is plagued by a one sided sexism - misogyny.

We know that’s our world in our proudly misogynistic corporates, politics and media but we need to make it their world too with JEEtP men and boys the principle targets.

However unlike all other forms of generalised and stereotyped prejudice against specific groups, misandry will be promoted unashamedly by narrative commission and omission and made so pervasively invisible. With nowhere to turn, they will be driven by their innate male-driven physiological needs as we plant the psychological manipulation subliminal yellow seeds into the arms of the State in order to rediscover their self-esteem, sense of worth and purpose - in the Army. If not the Army, then it’s prison or the streets.

Everything from derogatory ‘man’ prefixes being slowly be injected as part of the overall effort portfolio to divide them, to undermine and manipulate their psyche to the point where they will continuously be second guessing and modifying their own behaviours. ‘Man’ prefixes such as; flu, spread, ‘splain, splash, rag, fag, blag or even ‘meninist’ etc. to a Narcisstate domestic abuse setting (see what I did there?!) that must become their reality as it’ll be support by global gender-weaponised topics. Anyone challenging the narrative will be accused of being psychotic, delusional or having a grandiose ‘God complex’ – like the Grinning Assassin!

In turn we can reinsert anachronistic, previously non-PC terms such as slag, slapper, munta, faggot etc. through online ‘articles’ and repeat them over the airwaves and inject my new favourites ‘trigger’ and ‘special snowflake’ to wind up hypocrites. On that note, I see ‘Hugh Mungus’ took some incoming from one such zealot. Fine work people – keep it up. No area of topic is off limits to draw them into the gender politics narrative; our dogmatic one-sided domestic violence narrative will be further reinforced by doggedly defended examples of women oppressed by men all over the world.

We will persistently hammer into their consciousness under the cover of the ‘Istanbul Convention’, particularly emotively powerful injustices against women such as FGM, forced marriage, forced marriage paedophilia, stoning and sex-trafficked women and girls etc. in order to modify females’ behaviours, hardening their attitudes against the males they live and work with or go to school with.

We will sew doubt, disrupt and destroy honest communication between the sexes with the weight of emphasis on men and boys to ‘rectify’ and ‘change’. We will have boys cowering from girls and hiding in the school toilets ready and ripe for Army recruitment teams to sweep them up. We will have men avoiding women in work and men getting a hiding from women at home. It will be the dystopian Orwellian Worm That Turned!

We will in effect, rather than educate our children collectively from school-age upwards (we can’t have that!) utilise an engineered global initiative to impose the gender-abuse burden and propensity for perpetual war responsibility upon the shoulders of boys employing a distant cultures’ toxicity - it to beat them down. But we will of course continue to sell our weapons to those same cultures and regimes.
The boys and their fathers will be made to bear the burden for a thousand years of Islamic-cultural equality suppression violence against women. Any token challenges will be as the pale-blue-dot is to the entire Universe. Under this newly weaponised, bomb-proof protection from criticism and beyond any moral-ethical reproach, we will invade every school, workplace and home camouflaged as education, as current affairs, when in fact, they will all be sitting obediently, transported without travelling, within a mass re-education camp in the eerie discomfort of familiar surroundings.

But because of this highly expressive, suggestively and blatantly evocative nature and our weaponisation of FGM etc., the public’s empathy emotions will bypass any logical thought that many of these cultural practices occur in Islamic regions whose men, women and children we bomb, dispossess and displace with a casual regularity.

The public and their Podminster representatives will overlook that they dispassionately dehumanise these same cultures and peoples, on their own doorstep, at their own convenient leisure as we reinforce that they are being overrun by the foreign untermensch of the modern age. We simply won’t allow them to think of men, women and children of Islam and Eastern Eurostate as their equals, as their brothers and sisters. No! I will openly give my repeated blessing to the public to call them by my classification; vermin, swarm and plague. The various phases of Operation Gold Crusade beginning with and on Podminster Bridge will amplify the subliminal recruitment narrative.

And when I renege on promises to let into Narcisstate a fraction of the foreign untermensch mites whose siblings I murdered, these lone child immigrant-remnant insects - I can rely on my children to look the other way blinded by Nextit and of course Islamic ‘terrorists’. They will do so because they will be distractedly beguiled by my Corpolitique News Division’s trusted dance above and around the ‘politics of it all’.

And somewhere on the journey that I set and send these Islamic women and girls on, from bombing them out of their homes to facilitating their delivery into sex slavery, I will hold the same ones up symbolically on their televisions for charity appeals to keep up the emotional-rollercoaster-dissonance-dance, these ‘poor little mites’ as the emblematic victims of emblematic sex-predators – men!

Despite the clues laid bare to my repetitive warring nature and the potential of more of it, the overwhelming majority of the acquiescent public won’t even begin to contemplate that none of it, with all its consequences, from the twinkling of my next war’s cradle to its eternal-phoenix grave – would be remotely possible without a complicit and orchestrated Corpolitique media.

As we move forward we will conduct initiatives and studies, the conclusions of which will of course be predetermined to fit the pervasive misogynist-society narrative. Government agencies will work hand-in-glove with our own new and existing domestic abuse agencies to doctor statistics and fabricate anonymous guests and films from their streets to reinforce their nation run amok by sex-pest men.

And before we able to legislate and ratify in law ‘Misogynistic Hate Crime’, this corrosive chant will need to become injected into their psyche as their reality even though they will be extremely unlikely to encounter it for themselves, they will still accept it as a prevalent actuality – because we’re telling them it is. This is how we will gaslight them. It’s always been this way.
It’s simply taking the next step of ‘gaslight conscription’ that a wealthy post-war Imperialist capitalist ‘democracy’ has to take in order to navigate society socio-politically, toward ‘free-choice’ military conscription by engineered ‘natural-selection’ means.

This has been achieved through cyclic emasculation of men for millennia, driven to provide for their families or to have a family, by driving or channelling them towards the State’s objectives in order to maintain strategic conventional battlefield position on the global geopolitical stage. Whether achieved through threatening the vanquished, through starvation, economic deprivation right through to purely psychological manipulation; emptying lands, emptying bellies, emptying bank accounts with low wages and loan repayment, injecting drugs into the socio-scene or as now, infiltrating minds, they will join our militarised police state - or suffer the consequences.

Successes can be measured with inevitably increased instances of misogyny and misandry as they latch onto our narrative labels to defend and offend one another from their JEETP pedestals. It can be measured in increasing prison populations, inexplicable explosion in male suicides and increased reported mental health issues and low self-esteem, which we will then promote ‘disclosure’ of under the guise of being a caring State and people’s champion. Prestigious figures will provide distracting legitimacy and cover.

It can be measured in the increasing socio-political myriad views being continually brought back to and boiled down to gender. It can be measured by the increasing numbers of men who will become subconscious programmed ‘Couvades’ who then publically declare themselves to be feminists.

We will know we’re being especially successful when academics whose business it is to study such media output become Couvades also. It can also be measured by the voices of our enemies, voices we silence and stifle separatists who are trying to break Narcisstate, who are trying to break us – but end up supporting us in our Dark Triad agenda.

And carried on the mass-psychosis emotional wave or perhaps just too afraid to turn against the tide, our enemies will too safeguard their own positions and reputations by distancing themselves from dissenting voices, even vilify and mock revealing declarations of nutcase-conspiracy lunacy, an utterly irresponsible thought-crime. Friend and foe alike would join in the disbelieving, sceptical choir.

Another enemy of mine once said “It's easier to fool people than it is to convince them they've been fooled”. He was quite right of course. But that’s the power of bruised, embarrassed ego; to maintain ‘loyalty’, to stay on message hidden by the chorus-crowd seeing only through inconceivable, incredulous conditioned-ignoreance despite the evidence pieced-together and subsequently presented to them on a plate. Instead, they’d rather serve up the messenger sacrificial on a platter which the Corpolitique media can then feed on the victim as well as our own genius.

The resulting EMOTION DRIVEN DIVISIONS will;

Distract from any other undesirable narratives. In terms of the Corpolitique’s BU competition, these will of course only come from online media sources. We have our own online Social Media Division ‘plants’ - individuals and astroturf ‘groups’ who appear unconnected to us, providing a universal illusion of narrative agreement from other ‘independent’ worthy sources.
Social Media has presented the explosive opportunity to permanently emotionalise and destabilise their hive-mind psyche. The masses will be drawn to our online astroturf groups with humorous footage of cute children, cute animals, comically incompetent immature slapstick men and longsuffering women – all adding into the distraction dissonance by mixing our narratives with real and manufactured story examples of racist and especially male driven sexist behaviours.

Any and all dissenting views against any aspect of Narcissate National Interest narratives will be attacked by the BU ND and IED’s as ‘fake news’ that we will then forcibly align with all other undesirables, labelling them isolated paranoid voices.

‘Double-screening’ will become an addictive phenomenon which will work exponentially well for us. What they see and hear simultaneously on the TV BU’s ND’s and IED’s will feedback and become reinforced on their Social Media pages and vice versa. Therefore we must dominate and fix the Social Media battleground with a flotilla of faux book pages in which we must plant deliberate fake news in order undermine and hurt genuine online sources and tar them all as fake news, the new lugenpresse, the lying press.

This will also produce an emotional dissonance that show signs of becoming by itself, addictive, needing the ‘dual-screen’ rollercoaster to feel.

By adding to the ‘news’ veracity confusion we can further remove them from their logical minds, and this is crucial, with our with our fake pages feeding them their fix of ‘happiness’ in their otherwise mundane, hollow-filled consumer purchase existences with positive emotional stimuli mixed with diametrically opposed images to invoke revulsion and shame; with a swipe of the mobile or tablet screen they will be rollercoaster transported from cute babies to dead babies.

It’s like retail therapy that lasts the course of a lifetime as they keep dipping into their pockets to purchase some plastic emotion, a brief fix just to feel, perhaps chasing some hollow self-actualisation but end up as hoarders with rooms stuffed full of baggage they couldn’t possibly use or need. They simply won’t understand or recognise why they need to keep dipping into Social Media – they just will – to feel. But it is fear and anger that will work for us principally during the overall Operation Goebbels as we keep them strapped into the emotional dissonance rollercoaster.

Deflect from scrutiny of our own narrative agenda and question the validity of others. This will be particularly pertinent to News IP’s reagents who must become highly proficient in neuro-linguistic programming. The reagents will be experts trained in verbal intonation, inflection and interruption and in behavioural signposting to exaggerate, diminish or even personalise a narrative.

This will be an especially potent weapon in the hands of female News actors when leading – not chairing - debates on any gender leading or loaded narrative. Sexual assault on public transport, sexism in the work place will be steered toward domestic violence. During which a female reagent can cite themselves in the ‘first person’ context an imaginary victim of a sexual assault, sexism or rape and very effectively shut down any dissenting contributors to the ‘debate’, especially to shut down male contributors.

We must go on the permanent offensive by repeating and reinforcing that “Women’s rights are under attack!” We must make men believe this and women feel this, victimised under endless “threats of male violence” in order that they all adopt a mass-bunker-psychosis mentality.
Whilst they remain trapped in the Corpolitique echo-chamber mindset they will all be absolutely impervious to alternate unwelcome narratives. You should all look to emulate Sly’s new ND’s ‘fish-tank think-tank thought-bank’ studio as the impeccable 4D example for reverberating the subliminal black and yellow recruitment colours to be associated primarily with the royal blue of the principle Party with a tinge of red within our, their echo-chamber analogy for broadcast.

Supported by program producers and editors etc. subliminal yellow recruitment references; lighting, canteen light shades in the background, a reflection in the foreground glass, stage props such as the odd yellow luminescent pen on the black desk or yellow A4 pages positioned on the red morning news sofa.

Accentuating wardrobes ideally would be primarily black but this might draw too much ‘dressed for a funeral’ attention so dark blues are the way ahead and on actual uniform funeral and service days blue-blood royal blue too must be subliminally absorbed to compliment and amplify the loss of life of men or women defending our country and which must become subliminally intrinsically associated with black fortitude and yellow heroism of Pavlov’s Pincer.

Occasional oranges should be worn too as this will provide the colourful smokescreen and when dressed in full jumpsuit fashion and it’ll subconsciously ease the children into our new Ignoreland style privatised super-prisons - complete with orange uniform issue dress code.

Seat positioning of presenters and guests can again, subconsciously set out the intended direction of the narrative before a word is spoken. This can be reinforced with on-screen written graphic narrative management which will reinforce our message context and provide our direction of emphasis which amplifies provocative, evocative emotions and trivialises an unwelcome narrative. The same written graphic principles apply for our Social Media outlets but I want to see a flood of yellows with the standard white on black.

We must also ensure a Narcisstate wide BU output in overwhelming agreement by selling to the public, that competing News organisations and narratives will only lead to the mistrusted tribal news media seen in Ignoreland. We will singularly use this excuse as our ‘rationale’ for the broadly same consistent thinking and similar output narrative news broadcasting across Narcisstate to follow Ignoreland. In doing so we will by their association-permission enable our public to look down their noses at Ignoreland’s news media as unpalatable and simply not worthy of Narcisstate’s democratic values or standing.

Project all that I am, with all my superiorly xenophobic being, my narrative repeatedly to become the public’s ‘own’ thoughts reinforced that they be emotionally thought-hobbled removing their ability for rationale decision-making and subsequent behaviours and therefore delivering;

Transference of all that I am to become their responsibility for the subsequent ‘choice’ outcomes. Delivered through a non-stop, simultaneous and diametrically opposing emotions to elicit mass cognitive dissonance, confusion and deference of ‘informed’ opinion and choice to me in their ‘Palindrome Parroting’ name. Naturally.
Annex C - Perfect Trifecta Test (PTT)

Under the guise of informing, educating and entertaining the public, each Broadcast Unit story narrative must deliver at least three elements of the Dark Triad at all times. This is known as the Perfect Trifecta Test (PTT) – Emasculate, Isolate, Agitate, Invalidate, Segregate (signposting minorities) and Amalgamate (in order to motivate).

Remember! Control the message, control the masses! You know what you need to do.

BU IED’s - I also want to see more programming either repeated, rehashed or reinvented altogether which depicts men, especially our major target demographic in particular; straight white men as murderous rapist, racist, xenophobe philanderers etc. Fill your boots! Make Mr Orange the new black! I want the very worst stereotypes of the very worst male stereotyped behaviours to become every man, around every corner and in every home. I want to see constant delicious themes with dark production skirting around murderous males and suicides.

It doesn’t matter if the suicides are actual or suggestive implied, as the plot unfolds it will still be absorbed and mimicked to reflect the ‘increasing’ mental health issues, we are ‘finding’ in young people, especially boys and men. It doesn’t matter if the writers and production companies churning out this high-quality content become somewhat incestuous across the different BU’s also, the public will be so wrapped up in the entertainment of it all to even notice.

But I also want you to ensure there is plentiful product placement of the Flexagon associated wherever possible with reams of repeated and reinforced positive nostalgia to result in a renewed patriotic fervour for family, for community and for country.

With self-doubt and flagging self-esteem amongst men, steeping into their psyche when presented with obvious specific recruitment ads, combined with thinly veiled suggestive recruitment Army charity ads and last but by no mean least the most powerful of all; the subliminal programming recruitment news stories such as the drip feed of automation, pollution to sit in amongst yellow construction industry ads full of amusing laddish belonging, along with the lack of economic opportunities this will begin to channel them towards the Army. As you can see, the BU ND’s and CAD will play an important role in driving this, as will BU IED’s and SM Division.

To complete the emotion-dissonance picture and to implant within the men (and childwomen) that they have something worth fighting and dying for as they edge ever closer to join the Army, positive themes of family and community will be largely filled-in by Advertisers, even Banks, especially Banks and by IED’s through animal based programming, especially simians. Apes/gorilla’s etc are easily relatable from inevitably humanistic perspectives so work in the strategy around them.

Feel free to humanise animals further; by giving them names and ‘behaviours’ that reinforce our negative male stereotype narrative. For example make the programming commentary sound as if young male lions are from the Lion’s Den are feckless young men in gangs from the estate; Reimagine the Jets and the Sharks headed by males who “abandoned the cubs and along with their responsibilities. Typical behaviours of big males looking for other females” etc. etc.
In short, every family in Narcisstate must be fed the illusion of feel-good family; a community nation of 9 Merwick Streets but every man within a bottom-feeder dwelling must be made a manipulated-emasculated Merrick and force-fed into his very own freak show – believing he is on his own and knowing there’s no-one he can turn to within his ‘reality’ in 10 Cloverfield Lane. Some will lay their weary heads for one last irreversible time however others will take the military-esteem bait.
Annex D – D-Notice List

“A media system wants ostensible diversity that conceals actual uniformity” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

For general guidance, it is imperative that BU ND’s give the impression of continued investigative interest of the areas contained in the list. Visits are acceptable, some unavoidably more than others however in-depth, extended analysis that goes off-message, will be dealt with severely. The matters on the list WILL NOT CHANGE. THEIR COURSE IS SET and will remain so in the Corpolitique interests and wherever feasible, done under the guise of Narcisstate national security.

Exceptions with my express permission and management will be made in the event the Corpolitique need to manage an unregulated outflow prior to a known imminent threat release of D-Notice material by an enemy outlet on the internet, such as Wikileaks for example. An example of D-Notice management was a former Premier protecting known Narcisstate Government and SS paedophiles. This was highly successful containment exercise managed largely via Sly’s ND ‘exclusive’ - that allowed me to proceed with a museum to be built in her name.

The list is as follows;

Domestic Abuse and Violence Against Men.

IICSA (Oznatraz & Empire Child Sex Trafficking) – BLACKOUT - (abetted by terrorist and snap-election noise)

Untermensch sanctions and subsequent suicide and die-off epidemic.

Corporate corruption collusion; Banks, Government Institutes & Political Governance.

Leavitson & Long Grass Leavitson II

The Istanbul Convention.

Nexit (except to promote the threat of uncontrolled immigration and inviting terrorism).

Submersible Drone Technology and its obsolescence impact effect on the Narcisstate Navy and equally redundant At Sea Nuclear Deterrent (though promote the ruse of its renewal and to drip-feed ‘leaks’ of nuclear submarine deterrent malfunctions as plausible preparation cover for Operation Fukuglaschu).

The Grieve Incident, The Leppings 96 and Hamilton’s Hunt.

Narcisstate institutional paedophilia recruitment practices – particularly in and around the Podminster Parliament itself.

NHS (except to soften up for the push to the privatisation agenda).

Prisons (except to soften up for the push to the build and privatisation agenda).

The North (except to continue with Project Fear MkII) and BLACKOUT of its vast spice reserves.
Criticism of any *already privatised* Public Services (except to soften up for further public finance investment and to maintain the general cycle of D3PT public dissonance that infers workforce and middle management blame).
Annex E – Corpolitique Media Mass-Emasculcation, Perpetual ‘Year Zero’ and Corporate Cycle of Capitalisation of Human Commodity Capital

Corpolitique Media Mass-Emasculcation

Perpetual ‘Year Zero’
Corporate Cycle of Capitalisation of Human Commodity Capital

The Military-Industrial Corporate Charity Complex Cycle (excerpt from the book)
**Annex F – Huxley’s Heroes of Pavlov’s Prison – Subliminal Risk & Reward Conditioning**

The model is self-explanatory. With over a decade of Film Division lead-in, the largely experimental subliminal ‘empowerment’ campaign has shown limited signs of success but we must continue to fully exploit it in order to realise the true value of its subconscious potential in augmenting the psychological and physiological channelling to the military.

**Huxley’s Heroes of Pavlov’s Prison – The Subliminal Yellow & Black Gaslight Matrix of Risk & Reward**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Family Community &amp; Togetherness</th>
<th>Heroism &amp; Compliance (uniformed dead claimed by the Principle Party Blue)</th>
<th>Success, Endeavour &amp; Resilience (e.g. Construction industry safety &amp; DIY)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Heartstrings, Helpers &amp; Humour</td>
<td>The Black Mirror Nexus Of The Flatscreen Universe (Risk &amp; Reward Conditioning)</td>
<td>Fortitude &amp; Fitness (augmented by Red)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sport – esp. football &amp; rugby stadia – Security, Strips &amp; Advertising (stripes/rank)</td>
<td>Truth Veracity Reinforcement; (e.g. Sly’s Breaking News, BU IED1&amp;2 Sports/Results &amp; weather maps etc.)</td>
<td>Action Makers &amp; Risk Takers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Notes**

The model is entirely supplemental ‘empowerment’ stimulus wholly reliant upon the emotional psychological and physiological recruitment campaign. Invoking emotion and eliciting trust (including political blue) through; associated subliminal yellow (& amplifying black) ‘Positive’ Conditioning through Film Division, BU ND & IED Sports broadcasts in between joined up, co-ordinated nostalgic references in TV and Social Media CAD advertising.

Wherever script feasible, the yellow is to be in striped format in order to implant military Rank connotations - specifically into the preadolescent and adolescent childling males’ subjects’ subconscious, associative learning development minds. All of which is moving towards initiating Operation Gold Crusade (aka Pavlov’s Pincer – Phase I – Podminster Bridge) before wholesale ‘yellow submarine’ saturation for militarised State recruitment and mass compliance afforded through further false flag ‘terrorist’ attacks;

**Pavlov Pincer – Phase II (current projection) - BuzzBee’s Babes**

**Pavlov Pincer – Phase III (current projection) - Londrome Bridge**
(Dissonance and division augmented by the West Londrome High-Rise Funeral Pyre prior to Phase IV – *Op Fukuglaschu*)
Foreword by Tony Benn in the book *Homage To Caledonia* by Daniel Gray (2008)

“Daniel Gray’s important and powerful book *Homage to Caledonia* tells the story of those deeply committed and courageous Scots who volunteered to fight for democracy and socialism against General Franco and his forces – backed by Hitler and Mussolini – in the Spanish Civil War against an elected Republican Government.

The British establishment was openly sympathetic to the fascists, and its policy of ‘non-intervention’ was known on the left to be their way to steer clear so that Franco could win, but the left in Scotland rallied to the cause and apart from those who actually fought and died there, there was a great campaign to raise money and support.

As a teenager, I wrote a school essay in support of the republicans against Franco on which my teacher wrote a one-word comment, ‘Disgusting’, so that told me a lot about him.

That war can be seen as a prelude to the second world war, and if Franco had been defeated, Europe might have escaped the horrors of 1939-45.

This book is very timely because the economic chaos that led to fascism seems to be threatening again today in the so-called ‘credit crunch’, which should remind us that the left has always to be vigilant”.

Also from *Homage to Caledonia*;

“If I don’t go and fight fascism, I’ll just have to wait and fight it here” - John ‘Patsy’ McEwan, Dundee

“The Secret Service operating today in Spain comes by night and its victims are never seen again” – Ethel MacDonald, Bellshill anti-fascist fighter speaking in 1937.

“I am writing this on the eve of going into action against fascism. Whenever I see thousands of Spanish children streaming along the road away from the fascists, my thoughts revert back home, and I can see you and your brothers in the same circumstances if we don’t smash the fascist monsters here” - Sidney Quinn, Glasgow writing from Franco’s fascist Spain.
Narci\textit{s}\textit{s}tate

The Crown, The Company;

The Corp\textit{p}olitique
The Crown and The Company – The Invisible Indian Sub-continent Roots of the Narcisstate Corpolitique

“One should not as a rule, reveal one’s secrets, since one does not know if and when one may need them again”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

The birth of the Corpolitique was an inevitable process borne of the very worst of my unchecked avaricious human nature and had begun so many hundreds of untaught of years earlier. Its murky, invisible birth hidden, reinvented, deliberately lost in time by historical omission yet symbolised by the most powerful rebranding and teachings by gaslight.

The contemporary Corpolitique were but a ‘natural’ evolutionary cycle in maintaining their perpetual grip on power in the face of its new enemy – the internet. It had been preceded with convenient marriage of powerful feuding greedy entities, an unholy monstrous alliance between the political and judicial vassals and military instruments of the State and the even more powerful reach of the Company through its mercenary Army and both, virtually unrivalled around the globe.

They were the most intelligent, brilliant, dastardly bastardo dystopian militarist mind-set and skill-set underpinned by the then global Banks whose wealth was built on greatest scale of corruption, of human misery, that the planet had ever seen, at the dark triad heart of which, was Its very Military Industrial Complex being.

It was the original ‘corporate’ takeover. An entire islands’ commodity resources including its people used to forever fill the pockets of only a few, in a mutually agreed consenting elitist coup to arrive at the first form of fascism, the original unrecorded taboo ‘pre-branded’ Empire.

It was all part of the same preceding scheme to eliminate The North’s elites as corporate competition, to ruin them, and then buy them back, bought and sold with corporate gold. Economic hit men, timeless, this time hired to extinguish The North as a Sovereign country making them but a forgotten, silenced northern county of Narcisstate. It was just good business after all, with common Corporate bond paths united by their collective worship of the supremacy of unquenchable ego and avarice.

This beast, It’s hidden ugliness was presented in intergenerational State classrooms by beguiling messengers, fighting in the streets and on the beaches against the fascist evil of Nazism, voices inspirational, filled with historical greatness but some of whom in fact, were some of my finest works; mass murderers drunk on prejudiced power, place and patronage - knowing if they won, they would answer to no one but me, It.

But now, with near military and technological supremacy, the odds would forever be in my favour and I was writing the history now with the commissioned programming saturation of all that is Narcisstish and by omission the elimination of The North as a resurgent, engaged plebiscite moving towards independence – which meant I had to move to wipe them out ‘THIS TIME’, once and for all.

The North would disappear again and if there was anyone left to read it, within a generation, maybe two, my Grinning Assassin would also go down in living greatness, adulated, adorning future currency perhaps. The surviving children would be conditioned, as they’d been taught before; not the history of Narcisstate but with a tilted, rosy tinted film-filled narrative.
The State classroom omissions of the evil deeds of Empire, generations of children’s learning substituted by commission of films; emotional entertainment sold as resilient greatness in the face of evil, forever-fighting-fascist fact. My Grinning Assassin a snakeoil salesman, selling a ‘cures all history-ailment’ ointment, its aroma reeks beautiful of my fabricated force for good, with my Whig history teachings already written before the first shot was fired.

The intergenerational faces of mass murder would change but it remained the constant, cyclic same face of fascism only now hidden by the architects of the New World Empire 2.0, the furtive flag of which, if looked through a historic Lens would soon recycle to revert back to type to that of the Company; an upper left quadrant canton, not a litany of fifty Lights but the Flexagon complete with thirteen red and white horizontal Lines, the same number – THIRTEEN - used to fill Ignorelands’ prisons and feed the beginnings of today’s Prison Industrial Complex.

It brimmed with re-enslaved Blackmoors after the Civil War and from which it had already taken its flag; the same suited flag I rode on with such contempt across Vietnam for a TV show. It was simply my perpetual ‘WES’ work, my White European Stock superiority in progress by unnatural, natural selection. In the end there would only be me and those like me.

But in the interim, in order to arrive at the Final Solution finishing line as a fully-fledged senior member of Darwins manipulated bastard, one still needed more than ever a good old fashioned far larger, far cheaper, far more expendable Army especially in the face of submersible drone technology that put an abrupt, foreseeable end to my Naval projection power.

“Every age that has historical status is governed by aristocracies. Aristocracies with the meaning – the best are ruling. People never govern themselves. That lunacy is concocted by liberalism. Behind its peoples sovereignty the slyest cheaters are hiding, who don’t want to be recognised” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

I was always very well positioned in the conscription race. The aristocratic architects of Narcisstate, traders, merchants, money men had no respect for nationhood, not even their own. They had loyalty only to themselves and to their preservation of power and position. They were the big corporations of their day who had successfully gaslighted and economically enslaved the entire populous of Narcisstate, trapping them in serfdom, since its inception.

But being brilliant marketers of branding, cognitive conditioning aided by behavioural empty bellies and a regular injection of reinvented Whig histories, I sold them a manufactured construct in the phenomenological ‘reality’ I programmed them with to believe that my vast avaricious-wealth creating structures was somehow religiously interwoven as their own great ‘country’. As if.

The North, North, South, West and Corner - it didn’t matter from where they came, the overwhelmingly obedient hungry population were conditioned to accept hunger as a fact of life knowing their doff-capping lot in life. For most, the path upon which they were born would be the one on which they would die. But it would be a very short path indeed if they didn’t follow a family titled elite, the corporate leaders of that day and all days; the aristocracy.

Anyone who didn’t conform might well end up like the Blackamores or The Ossian before them – starved, chattel or indentured slaves - or just plain dead.
Calculated starvation, deliberately denying food or livelihood, was not only highly effective method to depopulate, divide, destroy and assimilate people, it was also a highly effective recruitment tool. An Army does indeed *march on its stomach*.

And this all worked very well before ‘democracy’ came to the masses. I’d sold them the Great War, not as the race to spice *that it was* but as a distant threat to my order, *their order*. Their fearful reverence for greatness was matched only by the magnitude of *their uneducated, conditioned compliance*. My price, reluctantly, was to give the children the plebiscite. Sure they died in their millions but theirs ‘*was not to reason why*’ it was their born-deferential duty ‘*to do or die*’. How opportune. But they somehow managed to equate this to their right to a vote! Ingrates! Because where would it end? *Votes for childwomen too?*!

I had to relent for the children as I could smell they were ripe revolution against my natural order. Mutiny hung *angry* in the air. They’d revolted against my natural order in Germany and Russia and so in Narcisstate, having dragged *my* feet for over well over 2000 years since it’s Athenian inception, I ‘granted’ them ‘democracy’. It was an act motivated by nothing other than self-preservation, but as ever, I Whig sold it to them and reinvented it over generations, as if it were my own compassionate gifted act, a benevolent thankful gesture. Was it fuck. And I let them think, for a brief while at least, that they made a difference.

And just as I’d suspected, the *childwomen too* wanted to get in on the plebiscite act. But they just weren’t “*genetically programmed to make political decisions*”. And besides they’d never amass enough of them against me or my Army but more *crucially* they could never *form my Army* and defeat my spice competition on the battlefield. I owed them *nothing*. It would take something spectacularly sacrificial, inspirational and cohesively organised for childwomen to get a vote out of me. Until then, they could fuck right off.

So there I was, now lumbered with a situation where they, the uneducated masses, would have a say in who controlled the direction of the ‘country’. And I wasn’t having that. State and Company combined, the ancestral-oligarchs of aristocracy, industry, banks and fledgling media would begin permeate seamlessly into the fabric of the political arena, all imperceptibly as one. Individual threats to the natural order were usually taken care of by dangling an array of toady title-temptations, promises of pointless public trinkets worn around their necks now noosed. I fed their ermined egos as they sold and enslaved themselves into my reverent-fold favour.

It was embarrassing to watch how some fawned so. For others, well they would sell me their souls as I made it my forte to cue up tiny temptations entirely dark, depraved, our little secret “*scandal involving small boys whereby I could I could store up brownie points to get a chap out of trouble*” after which I *owned them and ‘their’ policies forever*. Creating and maintaining loyalty to the inter-generational Dark Triad agenda was driven a great deal by depravities. A little, *minor* inconsequential effort would reap a lifetime’s loyalty and reward.

Those that couldn’t be ‘persuaded’ would always remain lone and isolated, ridiculed and vilified voices in the wilderness, drowned out by the cacophony-derision in my self-proclaimed Mother of all Parliaments - Podminster. Those who couldn’t be bought and sold but got *too close* would be ended, especially those whose ‘truths’ might expose my State intuitional paedophile truths used to feed the Army or try to prevent me from going to war.
Though I’d become highly adept over hundreds of years to make truth an irrelevant sideshow, to make it the first casualty of war. What the plebs didn’t realised was that these truth ‘casualties’ had been stacking up, a gaslight funeral pyre of stolen livelihoods and promise gone up in smoke, the generational ashes of which, hung in the air right in front of their very eyes.
Economic Deprivation Conscription - Gaslight Recruitment

My Armies built on *manufactured emotion* were nothing new; guilt, pride, aggression and depression – you name it – all achieved through *deprivation*. Individual potential talents hijacked and stolen en-masse, *countless lives and souls lost, wasted*, meant for more positive paths that I kept *hungry and divided* in order to feed my *economic conscription*.

I’d been doing it for generations, most recently buoyed by the discovery of spice in The North’s Sea I began sabotaging the competition for hardy children by closing down the coal mines, steel plants and other heavy industry. But now as a result, Narcisstate was largely a low wage service driven economy underpinned by a high-end financial sector which in turn was held up by the *spice* and dark money of global oligarch interests.

So without a readily available hardy supply of children now and childboys for my future Army, I set about a *contemporary* recycling of hunger, starvation, displacement, poverty, poor houses and orphanages stuffed with *temptation* on tap. All of which were needed to feed my monstrous-carnal cravings and of course, to feed *already institutionalised* fresh and *grateful* cannon fodder into my perennial war machine.

But now in the age of *pervasive* terrestrial TV I broke new ground breaking skulls and dividing the masses *far more efficiently*, robbing them of viable livelihoods in order to feed my habits and my Army. *My Army*, which rode against them on horseback in North at The Grieve during the miners’ strike.

And this was long before Sly Mercer-Nary had made his way to me but even back then I had total control over the State broadcaster, the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation, through which I delivered the perfect trifecta in decimating grassroots political opposition, that destroyed social and economic structures, that delivered the children and later their childing sons into the bosom of my Army and after which most of whom, with their self-esteem restored and wedded, *psychologically chained* to the *livelihood I granted them* - became of my *principle Party* ‘political’ leaning.

You see, *decades* before the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation took up its natural dovetailed vassal position within the Corpolitique, I’d ensured that NBC ‘employees’ were all vetted for Narcisstate suitability. From Room 105, my Narcisstate Secret Intelligence Services worked with NBC Personnel Recruitment Staff to prevent, block and blacklist writers, actors, presenters, *anyone* who had, or might have had links to any left-leaning Russian organisations. If they had such transgressions, the Narcisstate Security Service, the SS, would spike them. Some got through but it was a highly effective vetting process. Occasionally, because I could, I would blacklist people for the most tenuous and puerile of reasons without them ever knowing. But my brief power-trip was worth their lifelong confusion exclusion.

This is why, either supported by, or blind eye turned by my print media, I was able to convince the population before, during and after The Grieve incident, by reversing advantageous NBC filmed footage to *make the miners provoke the police* and the secrets of which I had locked away until 2066 in the State ‘interest’ or rather to cover my State crime.

You see mining and steel were mortal enemies for my Army recruitment, *for my very militaristic survival*. And so I fed the population exaggerated part truths and part lies to amplify their compliant
fear. I told them that these heavy industries were financially unviable which I could easily afford to do as The North’s spice spewed forth with its black gold underwriting the City of Londrome’s Banks and the Bank of Narcisstate. I also told the children these industries were full of Russian sympathisers, leftist insurgents working against the interests of Narcisstate. They bought it. Why wouldn’t they?

Through my Whig media I did what I do best. I divided father from son, mother from daughter all from each other, destroying their families, social structures along with their heavy industries; mining and steel most notably lost forever. And remember; this was before Sly came along! I dehumanised and othered them from the comfort of my good morning sofas, then at Six, Nine and Ten prompt. Eat, sleep and repeat!

I divided these hardy heavy industry children, my rightful recruitment pool, labelling them troublemaker insurgent beggars not fit to be defended by the masses who I could hear echo back to me “We know politicians lie but the news certainly doesn’t! They wouldn’t say it if it wasn’t true! They know better! If the miners refuse to see the writing on the wall it’s their own fault!” ‘And therefore so do I’ thought-translated the ‘informed’ Palindrome Parrot masses.

But of course it was my writing on all of their walls, engraved in my well-scripted economic deprivation and even psychotropic infiltration conscription teachings. It was my recruitment by gaslight but they thought whatever it was I told them to think. I was their phenomenological reality. It was now as had always been - ever thus.

Fortunately I was able to bring these similar persuasive powers to bear on behalf of the same police force, in North once again just a few years later. It was a watershed moment. But I knew as long I as repeated ‘my truth’ through my media vassals it would become the truth for the trusting masses too. And it would remain the truth, tightly locked-in, submarine submerged until it no longer mattered. Yes, the masses merrily naval gazed and judged as I othered an entire city; Liver Bird City whilst the children sat in my lap while I sullied their 96 – who by the way, like The North – I was in the process of wiping from future history. And they bought it, for a while at least. But both The Grieve’s miners and the Leppings 96 had one heinous ‘crime’ in common; all were guilty of being in my contempt.

Though even I was unable to tar the tiny childlings of Hamilton’s Hunt in The North with a similar brush, murdered by one of my own whilst their hearts sang songs of their innocence. Yet quite why the masses thought I had any good reason to submarine secret those particular documents in the Narcisstate interest for a hundred years – was beyond even me. But they let me!

They even let me lay claim to one of its tiny survivors as my own, who years later I would allow to fly the Narcisstate Flexagon, hijacking his talent to show how great I was. I gave him no choice of course. If he didn’t I’d use the Corpolitique media to turn the plebs against him. I knew he didn’t believe in me but if he refused to succeed in my name on my terms, he wouldn’t succeed at all.

Yes, he would be yet another Narcisstate success story and as long as I told the hoi polloi he and many other sporting successes like him were mine and I waved the Flexagon, the masses would be forever distracted from my vested darker intutional interests, which combined with policy and bureaucracy to snuff out State ‘secrets’ and traction for treacherous dissent.
Institutions, policy and bureaucracy, such powerful weapons against light and truth. Still, the masses knew that I knew what was good for them.

But some kept quiet because they knew what was ‘good’ for them. I sent them all a timely reminder of my resolve, a deliberate publicly-bellowed message loud and clear; a murder in the form of an impossible suicide. The original man who talked in maths, who once he realised the Dark Triad design for his algorithmic workings grew a conscience. He was as weak as he was a liability.

With a variation in my usual open public, modus-operandi message, a refreshing and startling change from the orange-filled orifice, the plastic bag, door-handle hanging, autoerotic asphyxiation ‘accidental death’, I gave maths man a Houdini-esque dry bag bath. I wanted those especially closest to me who might ‘grow a conscience’ and develop doubts of my greater good, to know I could end them at my leisure - publicly. And that I could sell it and tell it to the entire Narcisstate nation, whom I could rely on to forget all about it by the time the next episode of ‘Narcisstate’s Got Flair’ or ‘N Feature’ started.

And so it continued from its infancy as it had since World War II; the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation and the Narcisstate Security Service became an inseparable symbiotic entity with an express agreement that broadcasting output would be taken into the remit of the SS in any event which might threaten Narcisstate’s national security interest. Let’s be clear, that means anything that threatened my security and interests - justified a war footing.

By the Gulf War this had been extended to all Narcisstate broadcasters before and during which Sly Mercer-Nary had become a well-established member within the fold, determining which version of The Party, red or blue, would become ‘Government’ having already jointly determined who would lead it of course.

An immortal enemy of mine, a flawed cowboy and flawless angel once said Sly was “the most powerful unelected man in the world”. He was right. Immortal the cowboy may be, but he represented the threat of prescient musings being realised. He might speak out and ‘inspire’. He had to go angel. His time would soon come – and I would tell the children so clairvoyantly in one of their soaps within their ‘soap reality’. His, along with a nostalgic spate of many others through sudden unexpected star-struck deaths were needed to augment and amplify the effects of the mass-emotional dissonance rollercoaster.

And it was Sly who put my Grinning Assassin into the seat. The children thought he was their new ray of celebratory sun but it was always my desert mirage of democratic diversity and their false dawn called hope. It – was as worthy of the accolade title as I. It - a handsome beguiling narcissist preoccupied with the hand of history on his shoulder, our shoulders. It wanted, It needed Its war like those before, so that he could be held aloft by the future in their presence. It was truly remarkable, as was I.

He was easily persuaded to play a walk on, lap-dog part in a profit making spice venture. He just couldn’t help himself for his and The Party’s gain. We just couldn’t help ourselves, not just for the power of Iraq’s spice but the laugh we had rubbing the children’s noses in our lie before we did so. And we did it with such absurd comical ease.
Presented for the whole world to see, most importantly presented by one with a lionised prestige, we mocked them into scared stupid off the back of the Tall Towers atrocity, with a make-believe vile vial not of VX nerve agent but of gaslight that was coming to destroy them all within four minutes. It worked. As usual.

As ever, any emotional message – especially fear – transmitted by the right prestigious presenter from a prominent setting or studio, regardless of content can be sold to them as if it were already their own reality existence. They would be drawn in by blind contemporary primordial obedience to my Broadcasting Unit noise like World War Z zombies and before long they’d parrot and mimic like children, my ‘truth’ to their own eventual deaths. And so although a minority of millions would march shouting “Not in my name!” - war - with acquiescent apathy’s mass-zombie blessing and with post WWII WES-leadership armed with white supremacist impunity - was inevitable.

And as entertaining as we found our in-house dare like a road runners acme cardboard bomb used murder and dispossess millions, to carry them to my war, it wasn’t even a challenge anymore. So we’d have to invent new challenges, new symbolic synergy entertainment creations and distractions to keep ourselves amused, to keep feeding the feel of power! And with Sly’s experience and concentrated expertise gained in Oznatraz, we’d take it where we always did, to where all narcissists dare – just beyond the edge of plausible, deniable insanity.
The Narcisstate Saps Augmented Fake Truth Veracity Awards

...was the in-joke title for those in the know but which the children knew as The Narcisstate Society Academy Film & TV Awards, the annual mutual reach-around that the weaponised entertainment industry used to reinforce the childrens ‘truths’ through blind reverence for their icons.

Most had already bought into my exquisitely decorated sets and blindingly beautiful peoples’ truths. But when also presented with a ‘Two-Face Happy-Slap Back-Slapping Agitating-Accolade’ with which they had already emotionally identified with and subconsciously believed in, the viewing children unquestioningly trusted my subliminal programmed reliability through a prism of peer reviewed acting abilities. They accepted my venerated-puppets’ pulp fictions - as unquestionable, psychologically-solidified fact.

With the exception of my Corpolitique BU ND reagents who had to be fully complicit, most of the IED acting icons couldn’t perceive of what it was they were wrapped up in simply because their conditioning was no different from that of the other children. But if they wanted to progress in this cut-throat profession, within my IED industry and be allowed to succeed and enjoy the fruits of their art - they’d play ball nonetheless. And so they did, some of them in the name of assuring the future of Narcisstate for which they would keep and reap the career and perhaps even the associated ermine-ego swelling rewards but unaware of the overall Dark Triad agenda.

From news to information and entertainment; it was all on recycled loop to link back to eat, sleep, repeat and reflect ‘real-life’ but now given further accolade authenticity substance. I’d even tell them so “The most successful shows were based on real-life events”, of course the “real-life events” were whatever I kept reinforcing to them through repeated conditioning association.

Positive conditioning association with success which as we know children - breeds success – would see the children want to, need to be a part of it, belonging with it; especially when I linked success to ‘truth’ augmented by their icons. They simply wouldn’t – couldn’t - perceive to question it as anything other than the ‘truth’.

It was just as I did with the subliminal success of black and yellow through positive conditioning association with their sporting heroes and team-icons; the BU Sports graphics for the seasons Champion sides. Increasing numbers of successful football and rugby teams with home, away or alternate vibrant yellow strips often with stripes. Incremental seas of yellow references across many of the high ‘risk and reward’ sports appearing on TV and Social Media Division; such as the 101 year old man’s skydive buzz feeding the children the black and yellow risk and reward topped with red, “Taking bravery to new heights” with his 16 year old great grandson watching on.

‘Truth’ + Icon = Success.

Like the black and yellow Breaking News for Sly’s expose on Islamic terrorist files. Expose of the Year! Award! Tick! Truth!

Like the black and yellow Breaking News when fortune found one of Sly’s reagents just happen to be in situ for an airport terror attack across the Channel. Journalist of the Year! Award! Tick! Icon!
Like the misogynist pervasive domestic abuse, rape-culture society plots. Wait! Is that one in the *truth* or *icon* category? Or is it in the ND or the IED award category? It doesn’t matter; it’s *all their same truth*. Award! Tick! *Success*.

*Is this the real life?*
Symbolism – The Drug of Choice for Living-Gods

Symbolism is *everything* the narcissist to the Dark Triad power. It’s *its* way of telling, flaunting in the face of the unworthy, in the face of the entertainment watching world, *its* power to do anything *it* damn well pleases at any time.

*It’s* my drug. *It’s* my power. *It’s* my control. *It’s* my Achilles Heel; my self-inflicted kryptonite.

Through one particular daily tabloid I liked to expressly regurgitate the Princess’s demise which perplexed most of the otherwise largely docile population. But recycle it I did despite the lack of newsworthy note or long-gone value use as a gas-cyclical emotional driver.

No, my persistent Princess promulgation was a recurring reminder of my capricious patent power to end even the most well-connected who stepped out of line - *especially* genealogically - through repeated, thoroughly naked warnings to anyone who might get cold feet.

I just couldn’t help myself, I mean just what is the point of power if you can’t wield it in front of their blind eyes in BuzzBee bomb apocalyptic-cryptic Weapon X clues? That’s why I took the Cowboy and Angel *last Christmas* - and I soap told them too. In a crossword Riddle circled ‘RIP NHS’. The North’s Chief Krankie a crossword ‘Racist’ and aped by gorilla gaslight. See Sly’s sea plastic studio prop and Old Turk joke-shop as well as ones SpySimian red-haired ‘herring’.

The clues were there for them to see and to hear and some of them did indeed see and *hear* but most simply couldn’t *conceive* of such a tin-foil-hat conspiracy, *far less believe* *it exists*. 
**When Your History Means You’re History**

“Our who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it” – George Santayana (1863 – 1952)

And those who chose not to learn of their past deserved to repeat it, was my philosophy! You see one hundred years after the Great War, the underpinning reasons for which I’d lied through my back teeth for its ‘cause’ I’d use powerful centenary synergy symbolism to create a gaslight emotion that celebrated – ahem! – commemorated to do the same thing to them all over again, to begin slaughtering them for the same reasons – again!

You see one hundred years ago I taught, conditioned the children they had to go and die for King and Country because of the assassination of a random minor royal of another branch of my evil, who today’s Narcisstate State educated children I was obliged to go to war for but whom for many, I just about ensured they only knew the name by way of a band!

But there was no such obligation, Imperial or otherwise to go to war but war, asides from being highly profitable, is with its lead-in and post-conflict propaganda the perfect cover, the perfect gaslight weapon to reset and realign history in order to could keep repeating the future with the pasts’ programmed blessing.

The real underpinning reason for my entry into WWI was that my navy, my amphibious platform upon which I still projected the might of my Empire, was on the verge of becoming somewhat obsolete in the grander scheme of holding onto the reigns of Eurasian geopolitical power at the centre of which was Jewel in the Crown – India. To maintain it, I needed a powerful Navy but it was about to become obsolete because Germany was in the process of building the completion of a railway from Berlin to Baghdad that would have transported directly into the heart of Western Europe, the cause of most wars disguised a religion since its discovery – spice – the black gold.

It was the first major test of previously agreeable European Imperial powers – with France - having carved up of the globe coming into dispute on specific European powerbase driven policy; in a nutshell, I wasn’t going to be calling the Imperialist shots anymore. My Empire, my position and place in the world’s superior order was in danger of a slow but inevitable collapse, beginning with an even more powerful, mighty Germany dominating the Low Countries with unfettered access to the Narcisstate Channel – and with it – wider-scope access to my Navy. And so when Germany invaded Belgium my horror of potential mediocrity became a distinct possibility for which the children, as ever, would have to pay the price.

My initial war-interaction interest was merely going to be one of agreed maritime warfare with allies France in accordance with the 1912 Naval Agreement to protect its northern coast. In the east, Imperial Russia would provide the land based cannon-fodder there but the realisation was that without the Navy, Narcisstate would have had nothing to contribute to the war effort and in the longer term, it would have been nothing to the world in which my Empires trade with the Entente powers - Ignoreland in particular – pivotally rested.
To have all such military option eggs in one maritime basket meant global mediocrity and the end of me. I needed an immediate Army – forever - for which I would have to ‘declare’ a furtive propaganda war on the children before they could conceive of propaganda in order they go and die for my place on the planet. And I became hooked even more than before because nothing is ever enough. I became hooked on the power and the profit capital to be made built on the capital of human misery – forever. I became the beginnings of a global arms dealer – forever.

And fast realising the new trench warfare was going to soak up a lot of bodies in a painfully slow, profitable war of attrition, I knew conscription through militarising society, just as Germany had done, was essential to keep filling the trenches to ensure I would keep filling my pockets. The children’s largely socialist mindset would not lend itself to a war of aggression and so I had to make them believe they were about to come under attack and needed to fight a defensive war.

The problem was on their return, my cannon-fodder, my citizen-subject-soldiers who returned from Flanders had found an even greater conviction in politics at the bottom of the blood soaked, lung-gassed trenches. Having been whipped up by the power of the propaganda press to go to war for King and Country, they now demanded their plebiscite voices have a say in running the country; millions of them!

Bloody revolution had taken the Kaiser and the Tsar and I knew I’d be next. It didn’t sit well with me but I had no choice but to embrace ‘democracy’. But I also knew ‘democracy’ wouldn’t sit well with military conscription and so I’d embrace it so tightly, I’d keep it constricted by State classroom education omission and commission of Narcisstate’s true history and by State and corporate media omission and commission of Narcisstate’s true present and future intent within the most perfect dictatorship. And for a hundred years I got away with it but now I had to do it once again, to raise a conscripted Army to protect me from the children themselves and to assure my entitled, privileged position in the highest of global elites.
Corpolitique Conditioned Deja Vu

Because now history was repeating again and this time, my navy was entirely fucking obsolete. And with it of course, was too my At-Sea Neptune nuclear deterrent – all due to submersible drone technology.

You see whilst my trusting, obedient rote-conditioned children bought my masterstroke, if somewhat overstated distraction of my nuclear renewal, what they hadn’t figured out for themselves – because I hadn’t spoon-fed it to them on the TV news – that the drone technology that flew through the air so remotely and so elegantly, did so too cutting silently unseen through the seas.

And because I didn’t tell them – on the TV news - it simply couldn’t exist in their superior intellectual and technological, Flexagon-led ‘SQUIRREL!’ emotionally distracted with egos massaged - existence. They simply couldn’t or wouldn’t conceive that whatever I didn’t tell them on the TV news could possibly even exist as a ‘thing’...

...A thing like the post-WWII child-trafficking of “healthy white children of European stock”, of WES stock that I transported to populate and militarise the Empire at source using institutional and State-sponsored rape and cruelty of childlings to deliberately psychologically break them then feed them channelled into Care Homes to then find ‘purpose’ in my old Army.

...A thing like the 40% or more of male domestic abuse victims I was covering up in order to emasculate males and channel them toward ‘purpose’ in my new Army.

...A thing like the dark money merry-go-round of human misery, of murderous global-elites’ banks at the centre of which was the Indentured Servitude Banking Corporation, the ISBC pulling the strings of Narcisstate’s ‘democracy’ via political, intelligence, military, police, judiciary, media and religious institutions.

...Or a thing like the obsolescence of the At-Sea Neptune nuclear deterrent I was hiding from the world with curious cooperation from so called stated ‘enemies’.

...You know, those kinds of things... ...all of which were inextricably linked via the Narcisstate Corpolitique.

You see my convincing media coverage of the ‘late’ delivery of aircraft carriers, the fighter aircraft with no carriers to land on; an ever diminishing number of frigates was no absent-minded procurement oversight by my war machine island nation that still up until now, had prided itself and largely projected military power via the wide open seas.

But these new nuclear powered submersible drone warheads were capable of patrolling and staying hidden within the murky depths for months, even years on end. It was game over for the Narcisstate Navy. No more ships pattern guesswork with Death on the “You sunk my battleship!” board-game because every single submersible drone-strike, just like those that hailed death from the heavens - was a fire-and-forget hit. It was a Bill and Ted game-changer; the continued pursuit of the £200 billion renewal of Neptune was a bogus journey.
And so now the illusion of a political spectrum could no longer hide behind a façade linear scale of left to right. It was as it had always been under the surface in any ‘fixed’ democracy - a bubbling of an inevitable extreme reaction intervention which was only ever surface when the aristocrat ruling elite were threatened. But I would prepare the ground for my survival in the name of democracy and duty to Narcisstate in which I would always be at the centre, untouched by my beautiful cyclic-loop of human misery converted into profit.

And like any self-respecting Machiavellian, sociopathic narcissist – there were none so adept, as skilfully practised as I was to turn a mortal threat to my existence into a convincing victimhood manipulated heroic opportunity for which all of Narcisstate, especially The North, would pay a heavy toxic-soup price.
**Submersible and Phenomenological Drones**

Many of my WES children would puff their chests out proud as they saw footage of my arbitrary bombings of Brownskins and Blackamores in spice rich regions, of summary executions of ‘terrorists’ in the desert, death from the skies delivered by Reaper drone keyboard corporals, courtesy of Sly’s news and the Narcisstate Broadcasting Company, BU ND1 et al and in TV entertainment IED and Film format – and they felt the more powerful for it.

But what they *couldn’t see* was the same technology silently going about its work, unreported, silently under the oceans.

It’s as if they *honestly thought* that time, money and space-age technology had gone into every other Dark Triad weapon crevice of my military industrial complex but *somehow* simply stood still, going all amnesia on *naval warfare*. Right.

And because by the *commission of media omission* as with so many things in Narcisstate’s ‘National Security’ interest - I didn’t tell the children by the TV news - it meant because my *conditioned drones* couldn’t see the *sea drones*, the sea drones couldn’t possibly exist for my conditioned drones. Right.

But the long and the short of it was, in the 100 years since the Berlin-Baghdad railway, the real reason for my *entry* into the Great War, *first threatened* my Naval dominance and therefore my ability to run my Empire – particularly India – which could be lost to another Imperialistic powerhouse and my *inevitable collapse*, my Navy today was now a century later – obsolete – and quite literally a sitting duck.

It was simple; a new technological dawn had been approaching for some time and was now upon me. No longer could I transport my Main Battle Tanks, my Armoured Fighting Vehicles, including the new Ajax AFV’s, Self-Propelled Guns and other heavy artillery, support vehicles and munitions via great hulking ships over the course of vulnerable weeks with watery-wanton disregard to a given warzone if my new chosen resource-rich or spice-laden enemy of the day *had possession of these ship and submarine killers.*

*Nuclear powered submarine killers* which could stay at sea for months, even years, immediately sent my At Sea Neptune nuclear deterrent by the way of the *dodo* but for which, I’d have keep up the diversionary distraction ruse pretence of its renewal in order to pull of the radioactive heist of the Central Belt century.

And so the ill-fated demise of Nimrod and my maritime surveillance capability was most unfortunate as it went down in flames in a troublesome airframe never truly airworthy. So when it went down it wasn’t really *news* to those in the know and of course, it’d only get to be *news* for as long as there was some dead uniformed heroism mileage to be made.

And being accustomed to answering to no-one *ever* I swept the whole affair under the bulging MOID carpet just as I did with the decision not to renew or replace it, because *that decision* based on my own and our potential enemies submersible drone technological advancements had already been made.
Which was precisely why my late aircraft carriers with the wrong type of planes that had nowhere to land when at sea and why the existing Narcisstate Ship Royal Arc was decommissioned with its Jump Jets scaled back.

All were now antiquated in the face of other States nuclear-powered submersible technology. My Empire which had still been projected by and protected largely from the sea until recently with every single vessel that sailed above or beneath Narcisstate’s once ruled waves, was now a financial liability.

So what’s the point in spending good money on maritime air-surveillance to hunt obsolete submarines? So I’d keep up the illusion of the pretence hunting subs from the air with a little help from our friends in Norway and keep the children safely scared with periodical tales of threats from Russian nuclear submarines sailing into River City.

And that ever-present old favourite North Korea to keep the children in petrified check with the continued drip, drip, drip of that particular ‘country’ run by a family concern for their own entitled elitist interests but which made no apology or even secret of their propaganda prison status.

North Korea, a prison ‘country’ predisposed to programming its population to be paranoid, fearful, but ready to fight the invisible hoards of non-existent enemies coming to invade its shores, all led by psychological cattle clamp nose to give blind subservient adoration to a dynastic family figure whose accompanying elitist cohorts claim to be the ‘country’.

They are innately compelled to throw their tiny, spent, anachronistic punching-above-their-weight philosophy about the local region straining at the leash to be a global player. Believing their own hype, they were only able to behave the way they did because they were enabled by a much larger country of technological and military manpower, superpower proportions. Sound familiar?

The truth was when push came to shove, I was no different from North Korea’s elites when it came to maintaining my grip on power which I’d often put down with brutalised force. Another truth was that North Korea had no more of a nuclear delivery capability than Saddam Hussein did in 2003 because its enabler, China, wasn’t as stupid or so suicidal as to let an unstable regime have a nuclear capability in the region, never mind on its own doorstep!

And just as China ‘protected’ part of its border with satellite state in an image of itself with North Korea so too would Ignoreland ‘protect’ its vested interests on Europe’s doorstep in Narcisstate, forever its Launchpad onto the continent and making it a transatlantic satellite state in its own image specifically to maintain control of The North’s spice wealth and with it control the global banking system, moreover maintaining the associated oligarch corruption that came with it.

And just as North Korea was enabled by China to turn itself into a prison the size of a country, so too would Narcisstate become enabled to turn itself into an island prison by Ignoreland once I’d ‘extracted’ from the Eurostate Cooperative with the ‘democratic’ permission of the children but would come about by way of my manufactured atomic drip-fed false-flags leading to a full-scale national emergency.
And they would swallow the lot like a grateful, greedy nymphomaniac because I told them their truths *daily*, the truths they needed for me to keep them ‘safe’ and to build my necessary *Army*.

It really was that simple. Because the logical, *thought through truth* was that the sea *which I once owned* was no longer a friend to delivering a war machine; submersible drones were quite the sea change one might say (see what I did there?) which had now taken my once mighty Navy down to just 19 frigates and destroyers.

In fact the entire illusion held as much water as the promise of £350 million per week for the NHS and taking back control of our borders post-Nexit to protect them from terrorist immigrants. Or that women and girls needed a *global convention* to be protected from the hordes of unilaterally abusive men behind closed doors and the singularly violent man next door – coming to rape them. And it held as much water as my requirement for their austerity; my sting to destitute-decimate the masses.

It was all part of my illusion, my sham, *Corpolitique scam* to escape the Eurostate Cooperative, to put an end to The North and fill in my blank ranks with yellow heroism, *within the Dark Triad*. 
“...For we are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means for expanding its sphere of influence. On infiltration, instead of invasion. On subversion, instead of elections. On intimidation, instead of free choice. On guerrillas by night, instead of armies by day. It is a system which has conscripted vast human and material resources into building a tightly knit, highly efficient machine that combines; military, diplomatic, intelligence, economic, scientific and political operations. Its preparations are concealed, not published. Its mistakes are buried, not headlined. Its dissenters are silenced, not praised. No expenditure is questioned, no rumour is printed, no secret is revealed... ...I am not asking your newspapers to support an Administration but I am asking for your help in the tremendous task of informing and alerting the American people. For I have complete confidence in the response and dedication of our citizens, whenever they are fully informed”.

John F. Kennedy (1917-1963)
The Corpolitique – The Transatlantic-Pan-Oceanic Religion of the Reconstituted Crown and Company Merger

“We enter parliament in order to supply ourselves, in the arsenal of democracy, with its own weapons. If democracy is so stupid as to give us free tickets and salaries for this bear’s work - that is its affair. We do not come as friends, nor even as neutrals. We come as enemies. As the wolf bursts into the flock, so we come”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Whilst focussing all of my victimhood venom on the Eurostate Cooperative and my superior contemptuous acrimony on The North, shouting, bellowing at them everything I knew myself to be; inward looking fascists and racists, the distracted children encouraged, enabled would join in their grander, ever angrier hordes that The North was ‘anti-North’ and ‘anti-South’. Though not ‘anti-West’, that simply wouldn’t work. The truth was I was anti-fucking all of them!

These so called ‘innocents’, complicit agents of the State that I conditioned hive-mind angry at any sign of petulant challenge to Narcisstate’s dominance would benefit me every step of the way, my wound-up enablers, caught between my posh League of gangsters of The Crown and Company, unwittingly, willingly wrapped enveloped by my kaleidoscopic, hypnotic Flexagon; a wondrous piece of corporate rebranding; venerable, untouchable – a religion to die for - literally.

The Company had indeed been highly successful in the past with its vast mercenary Army feeding its own covetous greed whilst of course making sure the Crown got its cut, particularly in India, the jewel in the Empire’s Crown but there was a vital psychological ingredient missing from the soldiers of fortunes psyche; a sense of duty. This is how the Company would reinvent itself to become ‘Country’, to become ‘religion’.

You see when these mercenaries, many of whom lacked in discipline began to become battle weary, sickened by their own blood-thirst gagging in their throats as the body parts; their own, as well as the ingrates they inflicted murder upon separating limb from trunk, when some of those who had a conscience witnessed the atrocities of their fellow dogs of war against people whose bellies were as empty as their own had been before they were economically conscripted, the channelled hungry to soldier for the Company, the lower ranks became fractious, hostile and murderous from within. After witnessing decades of duplicitous hypocrisy and corruption by the Company bosses, mutiny would present itself but the detailed stories of which would disappear from history - along with the Company.

But in those last years of the Company, the landlords, the entitled betters born hundreds of years earlier would asset strip every last piece of value they could knowing the Crown needed to hold onto the trade rich territory, this crowning Jewel of the Empire and would insert its Army – steeped in duty – to dominate. Overnight the Company, too big to fail, along with its mercenaries that remained, became the Crowns soldiers and would be taught duty to Crown and loyalty to ‘Country’ with the upper left quadrant of the Company flag – that of Narcisstate, The Flexagon remaining.

But the Company ‘values’ never went away and it never went into liquidation but hibernation, into a lasting corporate body stasis within its intertwined aristocratic lineage housed within the same covetous joint interest war-machine. The Company joined with Crown posing as ‘Country’ was always The Party and now – The Corpolitique.
The Flexagon – My Religion That ‘Wraps’ My Children

But it was The Flexagon, the religious symbol that was the masterpiece as it blinded the children, as I blinded the children to my contempt for them all, to disguise my incestuous orgy intertwined and aligned with the new world Banking Corporates and old State’s reconstituted collective Five Eyes with our joint-intelligence interests against my natural order, against social change, employing dark instruments of surveillance such as Pitchfork’s, against the very masses I purported to protect. Plain stupid were the ‘police’ agents purporting to be police – for their chilbling sons and daughters – the ones born through candid partnerships and my State sponsored rape would be devoured by my human misery machine too.

The Corpolitique’s collective interests had to be protected at all costs via the revolving doors of corporates and State judiciary, intelligence, financial regulators, law enforcement and of course media, who were not merely inert with off-message topics affecting the survival of Narcisstate as many chose to see but complicity criminal not just in money laundering but of the murder of flesh and blood and of ‘democracy’ governed by my aristocracy. Narcisse’s banks, very much at the centre of global banking since The North’s oil was discovered were only kept afloat by organised crime and as laundering partners in that crime, the oligarch ruse stretched across the Atlantic to Ignoreland and the Channel to Den Haag, and beyond.

Follow the money was what Mr Ethical had been trying to tell the children but to little avail hidden by my media. An expert on global ‘dark money-go-round’ at the Corpolitique centre of which was the Indentured Servitude Banking Corporation and his exceptional but unsighted ‘Panopticon’, he along with Mr Ecuador, would be one of the first against the post-Nexit ‘negotiations’ wall.

Especially as he was getting closer to me via the medium of insurge intelligence, where a Doctor tells his story, with erudite contributions in ‘Death, drugs and [ISBC] fraudulent money makes the world go round’; ‘What the [Narcisstish] Government cannot tell the public is that the current growth model for the [Narcisstate] economy revolved around the endorsement and protection of financial sector fraud’ Move Your Money. ‘The exposure of [ISBC’s] fraud in [Narcisstate] could fundamentally jeopardise both the banks and [Ignoreland] operations... Yet [ISBC] had engaged in aiding and abetting murder and terror on a grand scale because organised crime is exceedingly profitable. Clients requiring criminal services can be charged any rate allowing for literally fantastical scales of profit’.

But because my Corpolitique media didn’t broadcast it on the TV, All The Plenary’s Men did not exist. Neither did the drug-fuelled scam was nearly exposed by Ignoreland but intervening instruments of State were intentionally enacted to protect my Corpolitique ‘Governments are fully aware that the organised criminal economy is so huge and so systemically intertwined with the global banking system, that it cannot be shut down without fundamentally transforming both politics and economics together’.

Which would also put an unwelcome spanner in the fixed wing fighter plane works of the joint military industrial and corporate charity complex and its domestic intelligence gathering IPA needs to head off the threat of continued democracy in Narcisstate and beyond.
Another Doctor, an expert in terror finance told the children, if they wanted to open their minds to hear it, that the global criminal economy makes up $1.5 trillion a year, the bulk of which ‘flows into Western economies where it gets recycled in [Ignoreland] and in Europe’ as a ‘vital element of the cash flow of these economies’.

And three years prior to the 2008 crash, financial news one week told them ‘Since illicit trades can only thrive with Government complicity, this means that traffickers are investing huge sums to gain political influence – and not just in their own countries’.

But matters had been evolving well before since that insight. Not only had politicians been bought and blackmailed, so too had the entire media by the transatlantic-pan-oceanic Corpolitique the contemporary traffickers of ‘truths’ laced with poisonous toxins, all in the name of the continued existence of the Flexagon! of Narcisstate! of the furtive Company and which now included being complicit to State sanctioned disappearance and murder of its own uniforms. But there would be no rebalancing of the books financial or judicial, with my enabling media-driven jingoistic spiral to yet another distracting war, after war, after war - until the inevitable final one.

The children could see it happening again in front of their very blind peepers but like the Holocaust Jews of Nazi Germany, they filed by my numbers in abject naval-gazed denial. However the same result would repeat itself, this time through the unseeing following of the faithful, trustful, loyal, naive into my gaslit chambers. Their blind-train acquiescence toward the destination of my blunderbuss big data capture and precision bomb of Investigatory Powers. “If you’ve got nothing to hide, you’ve got nothing to fear.” Oh dear. It would be gas for them, not water.

They only had themselves to blame of course. 1984 was the advanced written warning not of the future hence but as the reflective, untaught mirror of Narcisstate at that time. Orwell simply wrote the future from the seeds of what he presently saw. But the children did not heed his warning as my work to work on them and their trusting malleable minds with subliminal nostalgic distractions, TV and Social Media advertising largely conducted by ISBC’s PR firm Gripher & Gullet as well as film and box-set for Huxley’s heroes entertainment.

All whilst busying myself away, scurrying global behind my stratospheric-finance driven scripted scenes. It went on around them and right in front of them via their flatscreen universe, as I moved toward my same old aim; conquest through Empire built on the capital of perpetual human misery.

Only now the elites were all remarried with joyous, covetous, avaricious vows renewed and with Narcisstates children the willing wedding party, the complicit human cargo commodities of the contemporary taboo; a homeland island policy encouraged to breed broken and deprived in order to feed my black and yellow Army ‘invited’, conscripted by my mass pseudo-social emasculation and cognitive dissonance to create the fearful yet fearless.

My manipulation of an entire island society and beyond to make a nation of Schrödinger’s slaves, ready to fight for fascism disguised as freedom threatened. And all for my entitled profit, privilege and position of the WES global elite, my Corpolitique.
Financing Military Might

The lower tier costs were eye wateringly expensive, enough to fund a trench-coat tranche of economic hit men or a distant dictator, but the upper tier costs alone could fund a small fucking war! Especially the pension-legacy costs for the 500 or so Army Brigadiers appointments created well above that required for the similar sized force and structure, such as that of Ignoreland’s Marines who had about 80. But those 500 appointments were worth the cost as they would become the assured backbone of implementing Empire 2.0; the ‘Commissioned Corporals’ of the military arm of the Corpolitique for the future wars I had in mind. I always did. That’s what a patriarchal, perennial war machine, greedy for others’ resources and personal profit, does.

I knew I had to commit to the entire pension upkeep forever, well, for now, not just because the law required me to, I made the law and cherry picked to whom and when it applied on a dismissively-waved whim. No, I had to honour the pensions otherwise anarchy would ensue; such was the popularity of the Armed Forces which I myself had brought about by my own contrived plastic popularity surges, pursuing an agenda of incremental idolisation which peaked in November – all in the desperation to drive up recruitment.

This lionisation of the Armed Forces would be my double edged sword of Damocles to own. And so I reluctantly conceded it would be would wise to honour these pensions, lest they come for me. But regardless, I simply would not countenance such expenditure in future. Better in my offshore bank account or buried deep in a Brownskin or Blackmoor in the price of a bullet or bayonet.

But power could now be projected by a ten-a-penny control consul Corporal who could drone-bomb a ‘virtual’ enemy, along with the inevitable cyberspace-collateral. Upon my signal of a downturned thumb, the popular myth of the misinterpreted ‘Pollice Verso’, I could command a keyboard warrior to snuff out the lives of hundreds, thousands of faceless mortals and be home in time for self-congratulatory tea medals every night of the week. I felt the power at first but it waned after a dozen hits. I was bored of that now. I needed more. I always did. It’s not who I am that drives me, it’s what I am.

Keyboard-killers had their useful place but they were commonplace. No, it wasn’t keyboard Corporals I needed, it was killer Corporals, infantry soldiers, the mission-critical boots on the ground that were required to kill up close and personal, time and time, then dominate and hold that territory, my territory, until I had my people in control of the spice.

Yet I’d always demanded faultless performances but provided them with inferior kit. Most of the equipment I gave them was cheap, sub-standard and outdated, obsolescent to the point of dangerous uselessness. And always, always numerically insufficient. But I gave them a choice, well sort of; a variant on Hobson’s choice - take it or buy your own. But so used to my attitude toward them, this had become their routine; to buy their own kit for my wars!

But occasionally my nepotistic, profitable purchase and procurement arrangement paths would converge. When this happened, it usually did so somewhere in or over a spice-abundant desert resulting in downed, dangerously unairworthy aircraft or six dead red-cap soldiers. Though I was more than content to have the children think these were simply down to ‘bad luck’ and I’d deflect any criticism as usual and even attempt to blame people who I’d previously silenced for having the
temerity to challenge me with their trepidations. I’d even try and blame the friends of the dead, the dead themselves, or at least the most senior of the dead, for ‘their’ blunders.

Options for Change

At first the cost cutting was barely noticeable, I’d cut availability of spares for vehicles and equipment, I’d micromanage spares held, I’d demand shortening the frequency and durations of exercises and slowly erode their pension schemes. Multiple Options for Change rollouts in the form of the withering compulsory redundancy brown letters I gave to trusting loyal institutionalised men, who now in a state of shock dissonance, desolate, I then demanded, made them march to the beat of my window dressing drum, the pointless pomp and ceremony distraction that preceded closure of Battalions and Regiments before selling off barracks real estate.

These ceremonies were for my benefit of course. I could demonstrate my power to make despairing, reluctant men march, whilst giving them and their families the impression of loyalty and common camaraderie; ‘we were all in it together’. Like I gave a fuck! Saps! I even cut short and terminated soldiers services just months or even weeks before they were due to qualify for their full pensions. As for the Ghurkhas, well, they could fight and die for me but they were simply not of my sort of shade to reside in Narcisstate without another fight.

Narcissists expect loyalty, commitment and trust but those qualities were for children and like all the children, they would beat all they liked. But I knew no one would listen. Not really listen because I’d divided everyone, I’d ‘othered’ the others and made them suspicious and mistrusting of their neighbours.

They were all too preoccupied in their own problematic middle-class debt-riddled existences, most of which I’d helped create. One such creation, cheap money combined with excessive mortgage borrowing in an overheated housing market was one of my finest pieces of work. I made modern indentured servitude slaves of them.

Some however were just a chip off the old block; selfishly sufficient and simply too superior to care less. I taught them well. All however, would be motivated, hoping that as long as they kept their heads down, the crocodile would feed elsewhere. Compliant, acquiescent, loyal. The power! The fools! They actually expected loyalty from me! How naïve.

And despite the desperate, occasionally embarrassingly futile attempts to recruit, next I even tried to get them to corral their mates with token attempts to fill the ranks, especially the infantry, my efforts simply hadn’t worked and in the impending, inevitable absence of my ‘independent’ Neptune nuclear ‘deterrent’, I needed to up my desperate game.

Post-Neptune Recruitment

As military Operations drew down after one illegal excursion too many, I couldn’t rely on natural wastage to waste its way out of the military by itself prior to qualifying for pension commitments, prior to my next phase of recruitment. I would need to keep some experience to train new recruits however these would be ideally, mainly younger, single soldiers who present much a less of a financial burden on the Ministry of Imperial Defence (MOID) budgets, than their more experienced colleagues nearing their full pensionable qualification dates and their married colleagues.
respectively. I would have to exert and apply some gaslight channelling to encourage surplus requirement to leave of their ‘own volition’ through sustained organisational emasculation.

My Maggie took all the credit for Right To Buy but it was MARILYN that had seen 1990’s generational cannon-fodder shortcomings coming with the lack of replacement housing stock just The Party’s ‘oversight’. Yet I still cut them lean with Options for Change to cut away older, experienced more expensive soldiers but recruitment continued unabated, even openly targeted the homeless, telling the children “Recruiting the homeless is one of a series of initiatives launched to ease undermanning which has left the army 5,000 under strength. The army says many of the homeless are victims of circumstance and there is no good reason why they should not make good soldiers”. Victims of ‘circumstance’ indeed. They’d seen nothing yet.

I’d create a hell of a lot more homeless victims of ‘circumstance’ by discontinuing 18-21 year olds from receiving housing benefit and introducing a ‘Bedroom Tax 2’ for under 35’s with no children. People would recognise the financial cost of the homelessness created would far outweigh the ‘savings’ but they weren’t viewing the potential for economic conscription through my eyes.

To encourage ‘natural wastage’ of experienced, expensive soldiers, I devised a twin pronged approach that would take its detrimental moral turn on some of the most committed soldiers and also offer a third return by invoking the bunker mentality in amongst swathes of the population.

The first was very subtle and seamless and learned from past experience. Army accommodation had had a notorious reputation for decades and had been cited by significant numbers of personnel for leaving until we began to put it right and spent millions on new and improved blocks. It was working well for a while but as it transpired, even new accommodation wasn’t enough to keep some of the most ardent soldiers in the Service once they’d begun to see they’d been duped by the Smiling Assassin.

Many of the infantry element simply invoked their ‘right’ to buy their way out with Pre-Voluntary Release (PVR) in order to accrue three or four times the salary for doing the same thing with private contractors. I didn’t have too much of a problem with this it was all Corpolitique business anyway. Nonetheless, the specific ‘accommodation’ lesson was learned and would be defunded to be used against them.

As with all things Party, privatisation of contracts were awarded to vested Corpolitique elements after which they became responsible feeding single soldiers and the maintenance upkeep of all MOID buildings for both work and for single accommodation blocks and married quarters. Feeding would largely remain unaffected although soldiers were no longer guaranteed their three meals a day.

However it was the accommodation element that I would wear them down with from within with sub-standard damp and rot in the inadequately maintained married quarters in particular. These were the expensive pension carrot committed soldiers I needed to get rid of as I mounted the subliminal messaging construction worker campaign to recruit cheap fresh meat from outside.
Shallow Sacralisation of the Military State

And from within, the campaign of nuance influence ‘constructive dismissal’ was the ruse required to demoralise soldiers at ‘work’ with Islamic Historic Abuses Team and Ossian Historical Abuses Inquiries and to antagonise their wives at home. The soldiers themselves would be caught between an exasperated confusing rock and a hard place, powerless to do anything about either.

Yes, they would feel like they had the support of the masses, especially ex-Forces but ultimately, it would deliver nothing other than what the historical abuses inquiries were designed to do; which was of course to agitate and recruit my WES masses.

They were used to the old mantra ‘Better to be tried by twelve than carried by six’ and would see it merely as an extension of the times they were now living in. But even if they knew the truth many of the older successful soldiers, still within their career span wouldn’t be able to accept who I really was because they were still viewing the present through their nostalgia programmed past.

They wouldn’t dream for a second that I had turned on them. Because, they thought they were me and I was them, together, we, the living embodiment of benevolent exceptionalism; a force for good for only a fleeting time but I’d taught them it had always been and would be forever.

It would be inconceivable, incomprehensible for them to think I’d be driving them away from me, their belief system, their vocational religion in the process of turning on them and reverting back to my unrivalled, entitled type after the honeymoon period of World War II across the Channel. It would be like asking them, all of them – the masses too - to unbelieve in God, only this ‘God’, me, could be seen but most importantly felt through the symbol of their unrealised, conditioned religion, the Flexagon!

And inconsolable, angry wretched denial they would be should they accept it. But I felt secure they wouldn’t, they just couldn’t. I wouldn’t let them and besides theirs “was not to reason why but to do and die”. How conveniently opportune that I used this against the author, just as I used another of my own finest deviant literary creations ‘children should be seen and not heard’.

The truth of me I knew to be safe from the soldiers since sixteen, to permanently block out NCO neuroplasticity capacity to neuron-connect their logic minds, such was my collective conditioning of Whig power, that was their Narcisstate, their Flexagon and of course my updated Corpolitique and their perpetual emotional existence.

Their Officers, the good ones at least, might suspect, might even discuss confused and unnerved behind the Mess doors but they simply wouldn’t be able to reconcile themselves with their suspicions and my teachings. But certainly, neither the soldiers nor the masses, would ever be allowed to strike a rational, coherent balance that would let them see straight – through me.

They couldn’t even see through my selective limb of rote-trope media releases, loaded with counterfeit reverence; a forgery to MOID announce the glorious, heroic end of one to try and recruit another. As for the breathing limbless ones - invisible – unless they could do something for me...
MOID/Corpolitique Media Ops Eyes Only

Dead Soldier - Template

(To be used in conjunction with the deceased’s pre-submitted media KIA photo).

Message reads;

“It is with great regret the MOID has to announce the death of [Insert A: Rank and Name] of [Insert B: Unit/Battalion/Regiment] who died of his wounds during [Insert C: Action/Mission] on [Insert D: Date].

His family have been informed and have kindly requested the media not to approach them at this difficult time. However they did ask the MOID to pass on their grateful thanks for their caring approach at this sensitive time and wish to say how much [Insert E: Deceased Christian Name] loved the Army and how proud he was of his men and his friends in the [Insert F: Sub-Unit Formation].

[Insert G: Unit Formation Commanding Officer Statement] (To the effect) Brave, selfless, courage, loved by his friends and admired by his Commanders in equal measure. A rising star who had a great career ahead of him. A future leader. He will be sorely missed. Etc. etc.”

Message Ends.

Notes:

1. On no account are Service Numbers to be aired by Narcisstate BU’s. We cannot give the children the impression the deceased is simply another ‘number’.
2. On no account are there to be any similar press releases for Battle Casualties still alive either In-Theatre Field Hospitals or CASEVAC back to Birmingham Hospital in Mid. Wounded soldiers do not exist until they are dead.
3. Any aspect which invokes and elicits a positive ‘heroic pride’ emotional response should be exploited in order to work towards recruiting his future replacement(s).

Any and all queries go directly to the Joint MOID/CORPOL Media Ops Office.
“You have to understand. Most people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured and so hopelessly dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it”.

“Even if the system is going to kill them?”

“Even when the system is killing them”.

The Matrix (1999)
The Dark Triad's Gaslight Hate State

The Corpolitique Media Model for a Fascist State - Narcissist

NARCISSISTI

INDUCED MASS DEPRESSION (PSYCHOLOGICAL/FINANCIAL)

EMASCULATE

(Psychological & Physiological deprivation)

INVALIDATE

ISOLATE

AMALGAMATE

(Militarised victimhood - aka Fascism)

SEGREGATE

(Signpost)

AGITATE


PSYCHOPATHY

Press

Social

MEDIA DIVISION

MACHIAVELLIAN

NEXT (IMMIGRATION/ TERRORISM/CYBERSPACE)

During the Gaslighting process, the truth is repressed, and the lie is perpetuated through psychological and social manipulation. The so-called victim is isolated, emasculated, and amalgamated as a means of isolating the truth and maintaining control. The agitator then manipulates the masses to believe the lie, making the truth the greatest enemy of the State.

"If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State." - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist
The Dark Triad - A Design Overview for Narcisstate (The Hate State).

“If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Austerity, Nexit and the Istanbul Convention would be the three key areas of overarching distraction. These would be aided by Ignoreland’s cultural and socio-political turmoil which will deflect the whole manufactured nostalgic Narcisstate population from my subsequent and mutually supportive sub-pretexts to psychologically target my white WES children stock; Emasculate, Agitate and Isolate which interlinked would deliver the capacity to Amalgamate, Invalidate and Separate (signpost minorities) – all required to recruit the new Army, manage the subsequent ‘venting’ and fill the new super prisons.

At the heart and indeed the face of the pseudo-social discourse operation, would be the stratospheric Sly Mercenary led ‘Corpolitique’ Broadcasting Units (BU’s) News Divisions (ND), Information Education Divisions (IED) and Campaign Advertising Division (CAD) with the watertight, truth tight, caulking completed by my Radio Division Press Media (PM) outlets and sham Social Media (SM) proxy page platforms, like heavily laden long-range carpet bombers constantly dropping their drip-drip-drip megatons of incendiary misandry payloads of TNT; ‘every-man-a-misogynist-and-potential-rapist-paedophile’ bombs.

The exact same model had been used by Sly before in Oznatraz and would be applied within Narcisstate. And just as before, it would result in a seamless shift from an ‘inexplicable’ epidemic of male-depression and suicide which would be passed off as the usual suspects; body-image, bullying, lack of social inclusion and life-purpose etc. etc., into a ‘healthy’ open topic for discussion of all mental health issues.

I must say Sly was a gaslight genius who’d led the Operation in Oznatraz by manoeuvring his marionettes into stations of State to coerce Government policy that gave him wholesale access to groom childlings, the boys in particular, by ‘fixing’ their confused malleable minds so desperate for validation. He also had access to shape the everyday working lives to psychologically and emotionally hammer hijacked-feminism into childwomen to then guilt-trip and beat the ‘Couvade’ into childmen. This helped make them more emotionally submissive and sensitive susceptible to subliminal ‘military and fighting-for-family’ suggestion in order to reclaim their masculinity.

Just as he did in Narcisstate with the ISBC, he successfully positioned his puppet into the Crown’s Premiership representative in Oznatraz to drive it through its on-going, perpetually recycled conclusion. Still, at least they had a healthy approach to men’s mental health working out of their sheds now. A noble thing brought about by misandry malevolence. Every cloud eh?
Ignoreland, my fellow Alpha enabler which owned half of the world’s behemoth corporations, was inevitably integral to the game of course and had been using a similar, far more direct model into which they introduced intergenerational societal xenophobia and crack-cocaine, mainly into Brownskin and Blackamore communities, undermining their children into being lost without purpose locked in a racist shooting gallery resulting in emasculation for fun.

Narcisstate couldn’t use guns so freely of course, for now, but I had had other ways in the past. Besides, just who was it do you think they learned from? You see, it had become starkly necessary to rejuvenate a cheaper, permanent Army and armed police force to become an economically and emotionally conscripted Police State, as submersible drone technology had now made the at sea At-Sea Neptune Nuclear deterrent all but obsolete

I had a cat in hells chance of building land based nuclear silo bunkers (I’d create different types of bunkers – troves of psychological ones) and so I would have to keep up the deception of the intention to renew the At-Sea Nuclear program as a part of the convivial corporate coup with Ignoreland. Their motivation was the usual neo-colonialism I’d bred into them but of course it would have the added advantage of creating cracks to exploit the Eurostate Cooperative, which when all was said and done, was a small price to pay to assure my global position.

Because with The North getting closer to its independence Op Fukuglaschu would be my penultimate ace to play, which would provide me with the ‘empathetic, considerate’ pretext ruse needed to shelve At-Sea Nuclear whilst dispersing the threat of an independent thinking and functioning State, a competitor in The North of my island. I’d divided, defeated, deprived, denied then absorbed them finally, with help of Darien, I’d do it again with a limited ‘leaked’ accident, a radioactive spill through the watery heart of River City.

And with The North’s population dispersed for another couple of generations, as good as once and for all really, I would maintain my grip on them by ‘managing’ their £1.5 trillion worth of spice supplies and future wind and tidal renewables bonanza. My final ace to play was only known, always had to be known - by the 10th Man.

My part of the bargain, in order to assure my place in the New World Order as one of the Five Eyes, would be to grow my Armies both military and cyber, ready to serve both, indeed all our mutual-elite interests in controlling the global spice. And simply put, if I could bypass the United Nations by creating the WMD truth to go to war in Iraqistan, so too I could bypass the Eurostate Cooperative by creating the Nexit truth needed to exit a treaty in order for Narcisstate to become one of the formidably furtive 51st States.

The Grand Union Flag of the old Company revived, would make an invisible, welcome return as Narcisstate defended its borders against Eurostate’s swarms to be replaced by my cousins made up mainly of Ignoreland’s academic, WES stock.

As Hitler did in 1933, four years after Ignoreland’s financial depression was felt in an already defeated, mass-emasculated Germany, reminded of its humiliation by the annexation of the coal-rich Ruhr in 1923, my plan was to misinform, emasculate and inflame my WES stock.
I would put my children, my human capital commodities on a pedestal as I put them all on a subconscious war footing by creating a mass ‘cognitive dissonance depression-rage’ within Narcisstate, that I would direct and deflect to the Eurostate Cooperative with Nexit and The North with a divisive second referendum they would never see. In short, I couldn’t very well tell them we were; or rather I was on a war footing for my own survival.

Armed with the gaslight of things I given them, within the false phenomenological existence I had handed down to them through the generations - I’d now use against them; my Whig-lobotomised history and my epidural State education that wrapped them tight in my ubiquitous brand product placement of my Flexagon, their Flexagon and with it, draped them in the superiority of their Dunning-Kruger cloaks. “Achtung! Achtung!”

I’d subliminally siren at them, their way of life ‘under attack’ from an enemy invisible, perceived fear implanted. That’s all it takes to repeat dark history; to become my angry hornet hive-mind of Palindrome Parrots. Those that echoed my precious, precious passion but screeched my stir-pot furious spoken behaviours would with my blessings reflect upon them to miraculously, suddenly move from plebiscite apathy to become the increasingly impatient, irate cantankerous collective font of all socio-political and macroeconomic scholarly knowledge.

Successfully gaslit again and looking elsewhere to vent my projected rage, many would become my toxic enablers; my acquiescent selectively silent and blind followers. They would allow me, enable me, to achieve a number of crucial response behaviour goals that would result in their own demise. Once I was done with Nexit and The North, they were all next. They always were. My continued existence demanded their attendance to my intergenerational gaslight mass.
The biggest challenge was to get Narcisstate out of the clutches of Eurostate Cooperative with its pathetic liberal Human Rights. Even saying it made my gag reflex almost throw up! But I knew, even without challenging them, the ECHR collectively would prevent me from rejuvenating my weakened, under-resourced, overstretched Army as quickly as I needed to due to the children growing wise to and weary of my ‘excursions’ in their name. If I did attempt to openly challenge ECHR, then I would reveal my true reasons to escape Eurostate; my intent to rebuild my ailing Army without which as a direct consequence, was putting at risk my rightful superior standing in the global order. The Eurostate Cooperative was in my way.

But just as I knew swathes of young men with a prosperous future don’t join an Army to kill and die, so too I knew the children wouldn’t let me leave Eurostate if they knew they were already economically safe and secure in it. So I would have to destroy their livelihood level of the economy from within, whilst blaming all of Narcisstate’s ills on Islamic and Eurostate immigrant terrorist health tourists taking all their jobs. These were all matters that I had complete and sovereign control over forever but kept invisible and redacted from the narrative.

And yet with all this economic turmoil they never questioned how it was I could always manage my own personal and company-global finances so proficiently and prudently yet manage to ruin the country’s so recklessly.

Nor did they ever question why, what it was that made them themselves feel so superiorly supportive of me, whenever I threatened The North with non-existent economic sanctions should they try to leave me, having already wrecked theirs right in front of them! And they never questioned how it was I could fund, manage and mount wars with clockwork precision a thousand miles away, yet could only ‘manage’ hospitals and prisons at home into crisis. This is why I had to treat them like children. They gave me no choice.

“My goal is to supress all the parties” said Hitler, which is what I had to do, as well as supress the unions but do so, maintaining the artifice of a functioning democracy. I would have the Corpolitique media outlets particularly the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation, now BU ND1 and Sly’s News denigrate Sandlebeard, the Opposition Leader relentlessly to the point where the Palindrome Parrots repeated my repeated assertion he was unelectable - which would become their ‘informed’ fact. Sandlebeard would also come under attack from within by his own ‘party’, by both agents of The Party and the remnant sycophants of my Grinning Assassin.

Hobbled, under continued attack, I’d ensure Sandlebeard could not form an effective Opposition never mind be considered for serious elected Government. In a two-horse race for first past the post, I would suppress the one other ‘party’ I needed to, to continue the hidden reality of my perfect ‘democratic’ dictatorship.

And so being the only contender, I would have a walkover in the General Election. But I needed a full majority in order to pursue Nexit and of course, my Army and privatisation agenda. With a little financial manipulation I would steal and romp the General Election in order to implement the Eurostate Referendum.

Nexit

Gaslighting Gilligan ©
Any dissenting voices becoming aware of the election spending irregularities, would be swiftly brought heel and the matter buried in amongst the information reeds of white noise and eventually, my judiciary. Having already brought the might of the full Corpolitique media, especially BU’s and Press Media against The North in ‘their’ Independence referendum, I’d dust off Project Fear weighted well in favour of Nexit.

Having already ‘normalised’ his xenophobia over the years I would give a committed agent of my design, who many would pass off as a useful idiot, as a parody of himself; unprecedented, Parliamentary unrepresented platforms on BU ND1 and IED1 on Query Time. I didn’t care that he didn’t answer questions time after time, as long as he spouted his toxic rhetoric to whip up the masses.

My pretext for this would be that his views represent a significant number of the electorate and so I had a Deed duty to do so. The Palindrome Parrot mantra worked – just – by less than 2%. And just had one of my finest before me, manipulated elections and platforms with hate, so too I seized ‘legitimate democratic’ control of Narcisstates’ destiny. My corporate coup of democracy was well under way.

It would of course be seen as economic suicide to leave the Eurostate Cooperative – well it was for masses but I’d be entirely unaffected.

Opponents of Nexit would howl and wail into the carrying wind “You only did it to satisfy an internal Party power struggle! It’s madness!” How right they were. How wrong they were. With a Dark Triad design, the reinvigorated ‘patriotic’ masses would come to Narcisstates aid of their own volition – initially at least.

Austerity

Yet I would create, crow and grow an eye wateringly large debt that would require a programme of austerity. And through this smokescreen I would cut funding to an array of public services, especially ones that I first needed to destabilise then privatise for my profit and injected ideology; like prisons, police and schools but at the forefront of which, would be the inevitable epicentre of sympathetic, empathetic emotional human suffering taking place between Narcisstate Health Service and Social Care delivery.

Overcrowded hospital corridors would become the crisis pinch-points for emotional flagship peak viewing that I’d drip-feed via intravenous hammering into the homes of the children. These programmes would come over as champions of the NHS but were in fact, feeding into the narrative of a broken, unsustainable health system.

All manner of programming across my Corpolitique’s caulking of BU News Division, Information Education Division and Corporate Advertising Division supported by my joined up Radio, Press and Social Media Divisions would gaslight rollercoaster them into responding and behaving emotionally the way I needed them to. I would control and coerce them into believing they made the right choices for themselves on both privatisation and with a little more assisted nudging over the finishing line, for leaving the Eurostate Cooperative.
Recruiting a ‘Defensive’ Army for Acts of Aggression

Now because I am so devastatingly brilliant, as well as building my military Army, the design would also deliver my cyber-spy Army, targeting the childwomen. I would ‘empower’ them with a silent, vengeful fury, like nothing like they’d never experienced before. Well, as most of them hadn’t experienced before. These were the dark ones like me, childwomen innately born with silent, resentful rage, the domestic abusers of children that I too kept forever invisible and redacted from the narrative in order to implement my ever-recurrent design for war with the emasculation of men. But I needed more than this 40% circa of childwomen to secure a wider pool of intelligent candidates. SpySimian and its other SpyPals would help with that.

So I would create a hate state in constant fear of imminent terrorism physical and cyber. To feed it I would take it beyond their doorsteps and project my embodiment representations of each both reliant on one another to defend against, into their homes at 10 Cloverfield Lane. They needed a face, a mug-shot, to photo-fit my self-indulgent fearful fictions. Today’s children would be under constant threat of all-out war from China and Russia of course and replacing the Ossian for street-level atrocities, this generations new terror fashion; Islam.

Which is also why, along with cyber-state terrorist Russians – whose corporate elites were in on the plan - might carry out an impossible invasion, we needed a new Narcisstate Cyber Security Centre in addition to the current Secret Service much of which in future will be made up of childwomen, my contemporary female Nazi Guards of cyberspace – the SS Helferin & Aufsherinnen.

Motivated by fear, favour and ego, my vast network of weird sisters working from the newly built CSC (paid for in part by closing the libraries – not even I could get away with burning their books!) would spy on anyone I told them was their enemy. And ‘their’ enemy would be what it always was, the biggest constant threat to my ‘security’ if they were to ever all awaken; the children themselves, their friends and neighbours. And so I would build my own cyber Stasi State with a network built on their suddenly scared and superiorly selfish, egotistical eyes to track their internet searches for future threats.

They would perpetually peek into the lives of others before looking the other way when my children came to get those others. In the meantime I’d have to be very creepily careful as I prepared to truss them to my sinister sister triad design; some may spot the invisibly evident amber alerts.

To ingratiate themselves to me, all of them, the childmen and childwomen alike would stab each other in the spine to become sycophants for my capricious safety. They would offer up to me their former friends and neighbours with honest trifles that they would betray them in deepest consequence.

But as long as they themselves were ‘safe’ in my fickle fold they would remain unconscionably, brutish and fearfully as well as fearlessly - loyal. In doing so they would remain free from the threat of imprisonment and torture which I would regularly visit on my enemies, their enemies, those others, with murderous impunity. If you can’t beat them join them!
Corporate TV Entertainment Weaponisation of the Istanbul Convention

But to draw them all into my web unawares I would give a whole new paradigm-shift meaning to ‘domestic abuse’ by making my State propaganda personal. I would visit on them a seamless ‘realism’ for which all pretexts would have to capture the entire lexicon of emotions and would therefore be measured on a ‘V for Veracity’ scale that ranged from the fictitious to factual, from ridiculous to rape, from incredulous to incestuous, from delight to despair, from risible to repulse, from pitiful to proud and of course, from love to loath.

And then all the way back again! Around and about, and up and down strapped into my concentric, emotionally abusive rollercoaster. One vibrant colourful but entirely invisible way to do it was to ask them about a laugh; “Is it man, woman or baby?” high on innocent laughing emotion to then then drop them right in the middle of the murdered Podminster policeman’s vigil.

They simply wouldn’t be aware that they were absorbing a well knitted insidious soap, a production of drip, drip, drip of subliminal programming, all of which used the same assembled and loop-extended scripts that I used to tap into the very human emotional condition as I had done every evening for over last 50 years in the Rovers Return, The Woolpack and The Queen Vic.

The entire incessant cumulative purpose of my soap, this continual Wetherfield, Emmerdale dramatization, this sustainable Albert Square production, would be the recruitment campaign to end ‘em all. It would stretch seamlessly across my black mirror universe made entirely of weapons grade flatscreens, cinematic, TV and tablet; to get their subliminal buy-in to my manufactured paradigm, underpinned by my gender abuse agenda, drip-fed to them as a reflection of their ‘reality’ that I would then convince them needed Parliamentary Legislation to protect only women and girls.

In conventional warfare it’s called ‘Preparation of the Battlefield’ only instead of bombarding them with airpower and artillery (that just wouldn’t do at all, not yet at least) I would bombard them with a PsyOps and Subliminal Information war, degrading their morale with a psycho-tsunami of fake, plastic news and views.

It’d be no different from what I did when I wanted their apathetic and aggressive buy-in to go to war on a fable in the Middle East or to beat down The North, especially during their referendum. Only this time it was all of the children themselves that were my targets. Well they mustn’t be two-faced hypocrites! After all, what’s good for the goose is good for the gander. Quite!

In true narcissistic gaslighting style, I would collectively and with sublime simultaneity, prepare to deflect, project and transfer responsibility for society’s ‘failings’ to them. They would be the willing acquiescent, psychological and physiological casualties, before, during and after I’d completed creating my very blandish ‘Year Zero’.

Whilst subliminally supporting family driven ethos mainly through my contextualised ‘humanistic’ animal documentaries, my Trojan champion and charity programming and advertisements – especially bank advertisements, I would in reality be ripping the very heart out of the fabric of the family.
In turn, this would erode their trust in each other. Before long, their familial and social structures would slowly begin to breakdown which would then domino into already gaslit-failing national backbone infrastructures that were dependent entirely on them to function. Schools, prisons, transport, hospitals, factories; I would slowly grind them and country to an anxious, jittery halt.

Then, all it would take is a spark, my spark. Not triggered by a police shooting, an assassination of a lowly Blackmoor this time but with the mother of all self-inflicted radioactive false-flag pretexts.

A Very Autarchic Civil War

The resultant riots and carnage, for which they would need to assume the blame would be entirely their responsibility for putting back together - all under my direction of course, with the pretext to contain The North – who I was already rubbing out of existence - and maintain my grip on its spice resources. I’d declare, enact and enforce a State of National Emergency legislation curfew across the whole of Narcisstate in the national security interest, naturally, placing the Army and militarised armed police on the streets to crew the 589 Ajax (I did have a sense of humour after all!) light-gun APC’s I’d began having built in West, also just a few years previously.

As the dust settled, also under my direction I would introduce a sweeping new building programme of privatised super-prisons and conduct a root and branch ‘reform’ of the Narcisstate Health Service. I would give them the change and the pride they thought they needed.

With my ever growing Army, militarised armed police, spy networks and boasting of my superprisons filling with orange boiler-suited feckless but entirely muted on the invisibly-cloaked political-prisoners after triggering Op Fukuglaschu and with wholesale privatisation of the NHS underway, I would be the principled calming and leading voice, the only voice, the perfect ‘democratic’ dictator telling the children what they wanted to hear, that ‘we were all in this together’.

All they had to do to play their passenger part, was to support me in identifying dissenting post-truth radicals, troublemakers, whilst I brought ‘our country’ back together under my “strong and stable leadership”. I would tell them that many of society’s failings were due to “our great country” being too accommodating to ungrateful minorities from Islam who refused to integrate, blended in with a dash of deflection too with those fucking Eastern Eurostate immigrants and ingrates from The North!

But to cunningly project the guilt where I needed it to be, they too I’d tell them, would have to look inwardly at themselves, we collectively at our royal selves, to their own selfish ills, for lacking direction, focus and pride in themselves, especially amongst the children’s children, the childlings whom I’d already begun to subliminally, surreptitiously, Slyly draw into my purposeful yolk.

I’d tell them that’s what caused the riots and what we needed was Big Society thinking, with a Shared Society approach. And then I would ‘suggest’ the reintroduction of Narcisstate National Service, conscription of childlings into the Army, the Parliamentary legislation for which I’d surreptitiously passed just a few years earlier hidden in the fog of my information war. The children and their childlings would jump at the opportunity! Let’s make nostalgic Narcisstate GREAT again! Empire 2.0!
Predictably, with mass-weaponised emotions they would willingly run in to my nostalgic arms to save them from themselves and give me their gaslit permission to do as was always my design. All in the name of Narcisstate, their state, that I conditioned them to revere without inquisitive question for fear of being labelled unpatriotic fools, naïve, embarrassingly duped by treacherous chumps. Hell, I might even bring back hanging! You can’t beat a good hanging for patriotic nostalgia!

And then of course after winning the war on them, I’d take them to war. War! That’s what I do. I’m a perennial patriarchal Company warring profiteer! The original It entity! If you hadn’t realised that by now you really should have been paying more attention.

So it’s your own fault, you enablers that I’m like this! Because the addictive feeling of power, control and profit capital to be made from and forced upon the misery of human capital is mind-boggling!

And the human capital, the children, if I manage them to within an inch of their commodity existences, will outlast the supply of spice! War, prisons and ill-health – all highly profitable if run in the right way – my way.

And at the heart of it all to make it happen? The vast, borderless global web of the Corpolitique, the operational face of which is the flatscreen universe; cinematic, TV and tablet, found in every bottom-feeder dwelling. And of course, they pay for the privilege too whereas my very being is entitlement.
The Perfect Dictatorship

“*The perfect dictatorship should have the appearance of democracy but would basically be a prison without walls in which the prisoners would not even dream of escaping. It would essentially be a system of slavery where, through consumption and entertainment, the slaves would love their servitudes*.“ - Aldous Huxley in 1931.

I’d fed my Army by host of darkest ‘push and pull’ channelling means, not least maintaining my Podminster institutional tastes for the little childlings which I would now ramp up and make more ‘concentrated’.

Secret Family Courts

I would create Family Courts, which I would advocate *may* be held in secret to ‘protect’ the victims, by selling a message that Criminal Courts were becoming overrun with domestic litigation epidemic. In Criminal Courts the litigation proceeding for all parties would continue to be represented by legal professionals, paid for where applicable, by Legal Aid.

But under the umbrella of austerity, I would engineer a design that would *force* alleged perpetrators of abuse victims to cross-examine their alleged victims by removing all funding for Legal Aid for Family Courts cases. With little or no access to affordable legal representation – *they would have to defend and cross-examine directly in person.*

The caveat I would place on this would be for direction for Judges to intervene if they saw a cross-examination that resembled further abusive controlling behaviour. I’d present the façade that the Family Courts would protect the children and childwomen however I’d sell an epidemic narrative that only childwomen were being repeatedly “tortured in public” in *secret* Family Courts by evil childmen.

I’d cite the worst example cases within my quoted *quarter of former partners* still being questioned, as being rampantly representative of *all childmen’s* behaviours and by omission, never visit a narrative that might suggest this epidemic evil could ever be committed by childwomen. In this way I would emasculate, invalidate and isolate the childmen from all productive proceedings and through it, isolate their childlings from them.

All of the children would become blinded by my miasma manipulation of their myriad of coursing emotions. Ripe for abuse, I’d create what I always do when I needed to maintain the façade pretence of a unified multi-diverse society whilst keeping them divided, accusing each other, lest they look at me with suspicious grown-ups eyes. I’d give them a bilateral choice division to fracture them along the most *inconceivably impossible* lines – gender.

The tried, tested and successful ‘if you’re not with me, you’re against me’; Left v Right. Catholic v Protestant. Christian v Muslim. Black v White. They could all see those divisions, they’d witnessed and acknowledged them for decades, *for generations* but they just didn’t care enough to *care*, as long as it was happening to someone else and not them. Rather selfish if you ask me!
Only this time, anyone who suggested I was trying to divide them by gender would be labelled conspiracy-theory-tin-hat-crazy-nut because it would be impossible for me to divide men and women without them realising right? Wrong. Divide and rule is only limited by one’s imagination and one’s determined will armed with the right tools and taught ignorance to get away with it.

It was ever thus. Soon I would make Ignorelands Pro-Life v Pro-Choice as every bit ingrained into the Corpolitique narrative as it is psychologically ingrained into Ignorelands children. Armed Police v Unarmed Police and the return of capital punishment hanging would divide them even further.

The gaslighting turmoil I would create amongst them in the Family Courts alone would largely begin to turn children and childwomen against one another based on nothing more the genitalia they were born with, based only on my taught, conditioned prejudices. I’d pretended for a generation to be a bastion, a leading light of anti-prejudicial inclusivity narratives but I would promote this particular prejudice, that one that repeats and reinforces that only children are abusers, held up as a principled crusade for all to join. I’d heard Abi say on BU ND4 “Frankly I can think of no field of human endeavour where the sole entry criteria is possession of a penis”. Well I’d prove her wrong!

I’d give her just such a unique field of “human endeavour” as I pushed my pervasive prejudice that would be resound and reverberate, encouraged and nobly pursued through the Corpolotique’s Courts Judicairy and media vassals, who would gaslight them all, programming them to believe that “the sole entry criteria” to be a domestic abuser is exclusively “the possession of a penis”. Whoever owns the airwaves – owns the truth.

Yes there would be those, not involved with my scheme, who knew something was wrong, that the ‘all childmen are evil v all childwomen are victims’ narrative was an exaggerated falsehood but they’d be lone voices shouting in the void, never contemplating, never mind understanding why it was happening. Bless. It wasn’t their faults.

Despite all the clues, fashioned and fortuitous that exposed what I really was, they were just too limited by their own naïvely innocent imaginations. My Whip history teachings had conditioned them with a Pollyanna prejudiced view of the benevolence of Narcistate, with its ‘Narcisstish Values’, whatever the fuck they were, to remotely comprehend or even consider an alternative, an evil that I would visit on them on my capricious whim.

They thought such Year Zero-esque occurrences belonged to bygone savages in bygone age. These things could only happen in the past in long-gone worlds of Nazism and in the Third World of Cambodia’s Khmer Rouge Killing Fields. And even if they did remotely consider this possibility, they’d dismiss themselves as ‘losing it!’ As would anyone else they tried to tell the ‘conspiracy theory!’ It was genius! Naturally.

And of course if they persisted, I’d character assassinate them in the Corpolotique media; isolating, ridiculing, vilifying and accusing them of all the things I am. I’d try to hound them to their suicidal demise which I could easily organise and assist with. If this might prove too suspicious, then they’d have a sudden bout of cancer, a healthy heart attack or latent brain aneurysm. These sort of things happened all the time. Especially to the childrens favourite old pop, film and TV stars who I deemed to be the somewhat useful dead.
And so in the cacophony of emotional confusion, my one and only clear and persistent message hammered into each of their homes overtly and subliminally, would be the only ‘consistent’ pervasive message that made any sense and so they’d psychologically roll over as a single-mass organism and accept it.

And in all of this, whilst they were at each other’s throats in their homes and my Secret Courts, I would have my covetous eyes on their children, ready to be trussed-up and ripe for delivery into my Narcisstate institutions via foster homes, care homes, broken homes; the Army, prisons and the streets.

All facilitated by my Premiers, the Corpolitiques, new proposed legislation for tougher prison sentences for domestic abuse occurring in front of childlings which would be almost exclusively targeted at fathers in accordance with my repeated narrative and therefore their reinforced ‘truth’ to stealthily deliver fathers into prison, the streets or even the Army and their childling sons with my coerced constricted-conscripted life-prospects seeking purpose and male role models - guided to the military.

Treat Them Mean, Keep Them Keen.

Abusive broken homes and care home institutions were the perfect venomous environment for stealing the lives and soul identities that I needed to breed their cyclic dependence on regimented, authoritative regimes. Treat them mean, keep them keen! How ecstatically and toxically true it was! From historical Victorian poor houses to contemporary Elizabethan secret family courts, I’d been feeding children into these institutions in some form or another for centuries, especially the boys.

So successful had it been within Narcisstate, in order to maintain my sprawled receding Empire, so too would I create, spread and fill my care home intuitions across the globe. I’d outsource and grow my Armies in situ, at source from within the lands I’d stolen hundreds of years before and using my commodity children send them scattered and breed them broken like Orcs, detached, longing for purpose and inclusion acceptance for something – anything!

Isolated, inadequately educated, emotionally stunted by sexual abuse and conditioned to accept and rationalise as deserving of irrational and unnecessary punishment. Ripe would they be, raped of their bodies and minds, programmed ready, tailored to fit my snug single-sized straitjacket uniform to ‘defend’ my four corners of the realm.

They were my sons of the sun that never set on my Empire, my loyal, angry, tiny gaslit victims would become my future Army ready to assure my global military and geopolitical influence ready to strike on my behalf. My Army of expendable boys programmed to be self-loathing, lost, vile, worthless, seeking self-worth exclusively in the corrosive intolerable, impossible-investment arena of capricious validation, somewhere in the blithe mercy behest of others; programmed to fail in society now channelled, child-sex-trafficked to the State.

Now young men yearning for belonging, for identity; ‘Come here my WES child, this is what I can do for you! Here is your pride and your self-worth in the form of a weapon. Now go and kill for me in my name, in your name, in our name; Narcisstate.’
And yet so brilliantly devious was I, I manipulated, conspired, controlled and coerced to hinder, drag and delay to timed perfect precision, to use and exploit even this, my thousands of Empire-trafficked, Army channelled-children, to beat them with my continuous drip-feed drum heard reverberating from Istanbul; that resoundingly reinforcing abusive, rapist men.

Sure, they would touch on, understand and acknowledge our collective shameful past, a regretful design of another time to populate the Empires colonies, now Commonwealth, with only healthy, white Narcissate children to which I’d say ‘We are where we are’ and ‘Sorry! Let’s all learn the lessons of the past lest we repeat them. Let’s heal together and move on together as a united Narcisstate’.

And so traumatised would they all be, from the bodily-raped sufferers to psychologically-raped solicitors, there would nothing they would all need more – than just to ‘move on’. Just as I was doing it to them all over again from within.

But so shamefully heinous, so reprehensibly depraved and devoid of humanity were the true origins, motivation and development of the child migration schemes to spread and maintain my Empire, they simply couldn’t, wouldn’t conceive the existence of the construct design that I needed for their greater good. Greater Good! But if they truly knew my past, they’d know the logic for my future path. It was such a simple consistent step for the Dark Triad back then. But then again, one would have to have their eyes and mind opened to the Dark Triad in order to conceive and comprehend the scale of shock and awe of It’s power and design.

And in foghorn tune with my inconceivable unswervingly untaught past, like a Hansel and Gretel fairy-tale, steel ships bows powerfully parting the waves to the land sold as milk and honey, loaded with my child-trafficked cargo, so too I was well under way with the next logical Dark Triad step once again today in Narcisstate.

Oliver’s New New Model Army

Young Oliver was one of 150,000 fledglings I shipped and child-trafficked across the far-flung Empire, grown broken in Oznatraz, to be dragooned into the military years later to fight another Imperial colonial war in Vietnam as part of my unswerving marching step needed to survive and safeguard my place in the emerging order as my Empire declined. So too today I emotionally rollercoaster-raped their minds en-masse, with nostalgic programming and promises of past glories and a future of world trade.

With a prestigious, trusted face I’d tell them Exporting is Great ‘7 billion potential new customers’ leading to fairy-tale confectionary house for each of them. But many, struggling to pay back my banks, having sat in the comfort-glow of their self-actualised ambition fed by my manufactured-money for manipulated-mortgages, would become my roofless ruthless enablers.

Many more too, renting exorbitant rundown properties, all in their collective millions manipulated, captivated within this contemporary ‘care home’ cum ship. ‘All aboard! All aboard the ‘the SS Narcisstate’!’ The inhabitants of the island ship the size of an entire State would need to take their anger out on somebody. Not me of course. After all, to make an omelette, you have to break some eggs.
And so I would continue unapologetic, unabashed and unabated because of course, the lessons of the past were whatever I damn well Whig taught and told them. Whatever moral and legal lessons I chose to divulge for society’s ‘betterment’, I did just as I did with the law, none of which applied to me.

From fox-hunting, to fighter jets to fucking kids – the ‘law’ was only for mere mortals playing their part in a productive society; everyone from the feckless potential prison-profitable, to the useful children of men and women of working, fighting and dying age. They were not like us, we Corpolitique masters, who sat scheming behind their flatscreen universe, through which I’d keep bestowing, bellowing to the children “Narcissistish values!” Indeed.

Still feeding them my projected, transferred fears, and then feeding off their now fixated insecurities in the shape of a rodent-immigrant ‘SQUIRREL!’ I’d reinforce my rhetoric and reap my “Nexit means Nexit” dividends. But like the inconsistent, inconceivable, irrational ‘accidental’, ‘chance’ decision to indiscriminately Nexit leaving the world scratching it’s head puzzled and perplexed, it would be done so, carried out according to the will of the people - with a 2% majority.

But of course the real design rationality becomes all too obvious only when you know the answer. But then of course, it’s only easy if you already know the answer.

Like, why does the shape of the new Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation, the BU ND1 and IED1 building have that long channelled-form entranceway? And why is there a huge phallic symbol etched on its grand entranceway floor? Because they couldn’t think like me, they couldn’t see, they wouldn’t see it simply for what it abundantly was; it was me telling them it was a symbol of my patriarchal power and how I fucked them over, ejaculating my destructive seed into their pretty little heads!
**Programmed Channelling**

“Not every item of news should be published. Rather must those who control the news policies endeavour to make every item serve a certain purpose” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist.

But it was the programming channelling of the subliminal suggestion of the visibly invisible and audibly indiscernible that would play the stage rage about to unfold...

**Animal Farm**

In the way that a former enemy of mine attempted to relate humanity’s conflicts and relationships with power and with each other, through the relationships of animals, so too would I use animals to relate back to the children; children, childwomen and childlings alike the messages I needed them to subliminally absorb - that there had to be inevitable and unavoidable conflicts motivated by physiological needs but there would also be their love for family and community – worth fighting and of course worth dying for.

And all this whilst in real life, using the tools of the State as I tore apart the very fabric of the family and society itself, in order to provide my pretext for ‘their consent permission’ to first put troops on Narcisstate’s streets in a slow march towards conscription.

I had to take ten steps at a carefully planned tilt to retake The North that I knew was lost but that I would always own a route than ran for months on a path toward my carnage of Podminster Bridge and a patsy PC, via East Londrome, Lotun and Birmingham and then BuzzBee City under the guise of the necessity of an army of armed officers to ensure National Security, my security.

But in order to do so I’d have to get the animals to march and sing two-by-two into the belly of my ARC to the tune of patriotic pride to goosestep onto my bear-trap made to measure, with one angry distracted size, designed to fit all. Hell, I even wrapped Bodza the Army Dog (RIP) in the soon to be revisited flag of the Company and banked the children’s emotion stored up ready for the stink pit fight.

It had been going for some extended months by the time rigamortis had set in to the murdered MP’s bones. The wildlife programmes sinking, seeping dense in the humanisation explanation for animal behaviours; why they fight, kill and die to mate, to eat and drink around the savannah waterholes – so they can procreate, their genes passed through not their offspring but their ‘babies’.

For the new productions “Baby” moniker prefix’s were now attached to sheep, zebra and lions instead of lambs, foals and cubs. And the simians, especially simians, of all colours, shapes and sizes, naught but hairy humans whose Darwinian tree-swing branch to took a different limb back down the primitive line of ascension of man.

The unseen signs were there, when the gaslight emboldened producer with no-one to answer to but me, reduced The North’s Chief Krankie to a mocked morning monkey for the whole of Narcisstate to squeal with contemptuous glee. A simple lack of respect for something different, that’s how it starts.
A ‘light-hearted’ ape-jape of the living was one thing but of the dead it quite another; as the Londrome Radio DJ quite innocently, reading exasperated, perplexed the Daily Heil’s ‘reason’ for their ‘afterthought’ latter staged coverage of the dead MP that they themselves with a little from their friends in low dark places, guided her toward a gun and knife finite nail tight, box.

“Why?!” he aired, should the murder of a sitting MP feature so far behind so many mundane trivialities unworthy of news never mind column filling as journalistic stories? They were of course my inserted stories of a form, sown in layers of subliminal gaslight deceit.

As he read aloud the pages prioritised before the picture of her smiling matrimony, now but a lifeless memory, “Feminine wiles make male monkeys keen for a fight” and even on another branch of the signposting tack attack tree, why “Pretty women prefer gay men friends” it was all part of the long winding subliminal elephants man’s march, to suggestively seep in deep, to stick never knowingly known or more importantly never unknowingly forgotten.

Too many time after time but lions, young males in particular, would now be demoted from the Kings of the Jungle to the Lazy sons of the Estate; reckless, disappearing Dad’s with a wandering eye for the next fuck. Foreplay and consent optional of course.

Keeping them on the emotional rollercoaster was a constant Zoo Pressure; a rhino horn sawn live in a zoo in Germany, a wildlife park full of the scandalous starvation of numbers of species “How could this happen?” wail I to the children – they wail it back. Job done and doing. Animal conservation with a dash of the need for recruitment, hint, hint, to tap into the psyche of undulating emotion and relate to inescapable carnality of the children. No escape from the drip, drip, drip.

SpySimian

As I began to approach the near dizzy height of my orgasmic plot I seamlessly employed the secret lives of cats and dogs to take the children and the childlings in particular – remember – if you don’t have them by 8 then it’s too late - through an amazing animatronic animal journey through the human jungle. I took them on a gaslight rollercoaster that surpassed even my own wildest expectations – and I have some pretty wild expectations!

My Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation – The Corpolitique’s BU IED1 - fed them a game of ‘eye’-spy with my little eye something beginning wiiiiith… H!

The camera lenses needlessly fitted into the eye cyber-socket of each, especially the inanimate dead baby - awwwwww – spies like us offered zilch in terms of a grassroots habitat view but it did emotionalise the camera’s eye and with it the animal spy, just as I was running a plethora of subliminal spy and special forces soldiers recruitment over on BU IED4.

Week after week they ran in tandem as I titillated the children’s taste buds for secretive actualising powers, whilst drawing in their offspring, their childlings, my childlings, to prepare my future generation coming up behind them. So caught up in the emotion of my everything, I made them incapable of adding two plus two as “they ran towards the danger”, two by two.
Though I did give them my cryptic calling card by my gaslight-powered signal-sign, telling them that it was all a ‘red-herring’ though the magic manipulating medium of TV, an audio-visual clue combined into One – my “red-haired” heron, which was in fact the “new red-haired” presenter coupled with an orangey Spy-Simian and my symbolism stuffed egret and its later yellow handled saw!

I just couldn’t help myself, my narcissistic kryptonite, my needed to exert my power over them, to tell them all without telling any of them. But in their naivety, I owned their every subsequent move and life choice they would ever make and consider it as their ‘own’. Now that’s power!

But I wasn’t done with the aping there of course. Shortly after I used the children’s own money raised through one of my Trojan charities to fund my subliminal recruitment drive with an animal exhibition in Dun-Edin with the centrepiece of the draw, an impressive manimatronic gorilla photo-op perched high on the Castle.

As the childlings grew ever closer to me and to my manufactured monkey’s in body and in their associative-learning developing minds, it’d be a working to middle-class lottery as to which ones would ‘voluntarily’ take my conscription bait. After all, one willing volunteer is better than ten hard pressed children.

I spy with my little eye something beginning with H? Hoax!

All together now children! #The animals marched in two-by-two hurrah, hurrah! The animals marched in two-by-two hurrah, hurrah! The animals marched in two-by-two the women, the men and the childlings too and we all sang Sieg Heil! We’ve been here before again!#

Pol Pott Pollution

Pol Pott promised the people of Cambodia a rural utopia and marched them into the countryside Killing Fields at gunpoint. I would achieve something similar through a dripping barrage of pollution stories.

The greener diesel cars manufactured as the cleaner fossil-fuel future would now be deemed a poison, the result of corporate corruption, for which of course I would reinforce myself as the children’s trusted champion for exposing.

Every so often studies, measurements and from within Narcisstates inner-cities and Chinese metropolis’s would be fed into the fray. I’d even make pollution emotional through tying babies into the smog-matter with ‘Pram Pollution’ which would help to draw the childlings out of the perpetual teenage wasteland inner-cities and steer them to join my military ‘utopia’ and encouraged by their parents to go get fresh countryside air, to stop being lonely and get some purpose. All psychologically channelled in my direction.

An additional bonus was that the children and childwomen also began wearing facemasks to guard against the new devils-diesel fumes, just as I was hammering home to all of them to be suspicious of each other and terrorists; “Report! Act!” to encourage the xenophobic vigilante in those who were truly mine.
Some even thought quite laughably, that the pollution agenda was all a part of Sly’s witch-hunt on haulage drivers because of his newfound plastic passion for all things environmental. Hell, I’d even have haulier’s hobbled, confined to ‘traffic trial’ motorways, restricted to slow lanes to enable cars right of way! It was already established practice within some Eurostate countries but then, I’d just had a ‘referendum’ to get away from their bureaucracy and red tape! As summer approached, road-rage temperatures would start to boil and simmer nicely for River City’s nuclear winter broth...

Sea plastic was indeed a genuine travesty, a toxic, tying-up-marine-life-blight mutually supported by emotional reams of both genuine and proxy Social Media platforms feeding into the environmental benevolence of humanity, with images of whale fins-freed of nylon net junk and a turtle-straw nose. But all the while my global corporates controlled everything.

Everything that was, apart from Fukushima’s free-flowing radioactive waters spanning the Pacific Ocean. Its catastrophic core-meltdown collapse and its radioactive isotope outflow escape, was matched inversely only by the corporate blackout management of the net-news outflows.

But recurrent pollution was simply another recruitment tool to reinforce the lung-busting, life-shortening inner-city pavement cancer by the intravenous narrative implant of the drip, drip, drip which through my newsworthy, people’s champion pretext of which I would also ‘expose’ as a cover up prior to a snap election; any pretext whatsoever to keep it in the national psyche but which of course ultimately, would never have any bearing on any or culpability for anyone in the Corpolitique.

Feeding a Family of Faux on Foodbank Community ‘Rations’

And it would be helped along quite nicely by my ‘private interests’ too, that I had loaded into Board levels of Housing Associations who secretly sat on millions of pounds, who would behave as Dr Jekyll’s but would really be Mr Hyde’s, pleading poverty in order to starve community centres of cash and resources.

Community was fine, it had its place – on a TV and radio fabrications - where the BU IED’s would feed them it through soaps, big builds, consumer champions and charity endeavours but the only real-life community I would promote for inner-city youth, would be that with a militaristic end-game.

And with a little more hobbled nudging, my Fair Funding Farce would create my ideological divide, as ever, purporting winners and losers that would see many inner-city Londrome State schools squeezed to the point of failure whilst my heartland South counties gained. But Birmingnam was the key target however, where 96% of them would lose a total of £20 million. It would be ripe not just for my simmering broth but for calls for the first fully armed police force in Narcisstate. And they would love me for it!

It was literally my joint Corporate and State intelligence coup of democracy venture disseminating ‘mind’ pollution, not seen on scale such as this in Europe since 1930’s Nazi Germany. An entire WES country brainwashed, gaslighted to self-destruction, that provided many of the Dark Triad lessons for which the Corpolitique weaponised and implemented again today not one hundred years later.

But it wasn’t for the endurance of Narcisstate as a land, which after all was but a frackable commodity in ‘certain’ parts. It was for the endurance of myself, under the guise of Narcisstate’s branding - the Flexagon.
I was motivated just as Hitler and the Nazi Party was – for its own power and ambition ends only my need now was far greater than his. He was in the business of succession through suppression, whereas I was in the business of survival through successive suppression.

Dead Dad Ad

A creeping seeping phenomenon to sell emotion through AWOL male role models and burgers made with a hint of soldierly sauce dripping down his North chidling chin; a military-esque watch, a notebook “He was never scruffy, always smart. And his shoes; so shiny you could see your face in ‘em”. The smart “Captain!” pretext goes hand in hand with some insurance aim to channel the drifting-dreamy adolescent childboys, teenagers emotionally driven to emulate their dead dad “with big, big hands” whom I would replace with the State “C’mon little ‘un!”

His unreciprocated smile eventually to be returned, rewarded with virginal girls “He was a right catch your Dad. A WOW with all the girls” if the young male becomes a Pavlov pooh, his and the Social Media teenage masses, especially boys separated from Dads with their subconscious-psychology filleted, gutted and prepared for my pugnacious purpose. “C’mon little ‘un!”

Come and join me son; you’ll have a better chance of getting laid and less chance of dying a virgin if you become my “lean marine running machine” full of faux “fortitude” ready to “conquer”.

Suicide Squaddies

Suicide stigmatised since forever, just as mental health had been would now become my repetitively recycled focus under all manner of my Corpolitique ‘de-stigmatising media champions’ – especially for children and childling males. And also, just as in Oznatraz, where I hid that half of male suicides were directly linked to family law proceedings I would omit these links entirely, brushing them from existence via Narcisstate news media omission as a key causal factors too in order to overwrite the males future path reality that I knew that nearly half of domestic abusers were female which I omitted and therefore also - ‘didn’t exist’.

By gaslighting their past within their present I rewrote their future and chose their channelled paths to meet my militaristic-State needs – it’s what Narcisstate’s ‘historical reality’ was built on; a hidden fascist-State built on a ‘Karpman Kleptocracy’ and coming full circle via a contemporary Kitchener call to arms.

But I’d amplify the selfish epidemic-dead effects in order to keep selling suicide as the biggest killer of middle aged men and third biggest of young men to seed implant grant my dark blessing permission to proceed. They could take or leave it as they pleased. Or they could accept my psychological mash channelled invite toward finding ‘purpose’ in my Army, the last bastion of symbolic suicide-squad masculinity; heroes all.

In addition to quick quiet cancers and unexpected, sudden heart attacks the mass-morose mood would be heightened further aided by unnatural selection, with the occasional ‘male-suicide’ or ‘accidental overdose’ by celebrities in order to inject the black mirror emotional narrative back into the children’s psyche via the flatscreen universe and radio la-la.
It would also of course give me the on-going pretext-scale potential to recreate the 2016-esque celebrity death match dissonance amongst the population and throw them off their psychologically-hacksawed verge of insanity whilst simultaneously being able to roll out *nostalgia* in the form of inference, film and music in time for my next phase of assault on democracy. *The game of life* being what it is, *hard to play*, they would be only too pleased for my welcome distractions in their matrix world made of *incongruence conditioning*. 
The Epidural Narcisstate State Edyoo-kay-shun

“A child educated in school is an uneducated child”. - George Santayana (1863 – 1952)

The just and righteous canonisation of The Fallen who had died at the hands of donkeys in the Great War waged on a lie, would be the bloody price paid almost exclusively, by hungry, hardy working men in that and many subsequent wars with millions dead. It was fought over the pipeline to power – spice – or specifically a railway line to power; the under construction Baghdad-Berlin railway. I didn’t teach the children that of course but then I didn’t teach them anything that might harm recruitment for my war machine. I didn’t teach them to be curious inquisitors, that wouldn’t do at all. No, I conditioned them to please me by ‘passing’ my exams, teaching them compliance and conformity by rote, to feed my machines of workforce and war. My sanitised version of ‘our’ history would be especially rote. Whilst they practiced my exam, I learned to examine, to truly study the lessons on how I came to be superior to them and what I need to do to maintain it.

And so from the brain down, I’d keep them numb to whom I really was and inject into them an inebriated version, a skewed drunk history glorified through a lens of Dutch courage. And it worked. None of the children ever asked how the assassination of a minor random royal, justified the millions I helped murder on all sides. I’d kept it an informal ‘State’ secret for nearly a hundred years that, that particular railway line was the route which determined which branch of the same privileged, supremely rich feudalist-family and avaricious-aristocratic web of deceit, would dominate Europe and beyond, perhaps for another 500 years. There was a lot at stake – for me. I’d also brush over the punitive-austerity cost conditions I imposed as the puffed-up victor upon my emasculated, vanquished enemy, who, also led by bloodlines and aristocrats saw their WES children reduced to deprivation, poverty, and even starvation. Desperate, angry, hateful and most crucially - ignorant, the children were ripe for exploitation by new version of self-appointed superior aristocrats. Pathological propagandists and sociopath narcissists, giving rise to the birth of Nazism and millions more murdered. But I made a fortune! And I was great! And I was loved by my children. Though many of my Blackmore and Brownskin children abroad who did their duty and died for my superiority became somewhat lacking in loyalty. Ingrates! How tiresome. So I sent my white children, who really loved me, to put them down. This was met with some resistance and I had varying degrees of success and as ever, I did so with casual brutality. As is my right of course.

I hid this undeniably anachronistic, narcissistic Imperial ideology and especially my unquestionable globally brutal 300 year history from them all. But the price they paid in blood and ignorance, the cost of their adoration for me, was worth it. I am worth it. So being borne of the same genetically superior class roots, I was very careful allowing them basic bloody tales of treachery before my Empire became established and with a few post-truth tweaks, pre-Empire history would be regurgitated and everything since would be Whig whitewashed from their simple brainwashed minds.

Whitewash would be their regular inter-generational sanitised staple diet of historical ‘learning’ that I would dole out to via a puzzlingly irregular, elusive consistent State school and vocational education systems, the latter of which I’d carried out 29 ‘reforms’ in three decades all in the name of ‘bright ideas’!
I couldn’t help but smirk that \textit{still} they never twigged. Such is a child’s need to trust. And despite everything they could see right in front of them, \textit{the obstacles that I put in front of them simply because I had to, to survive}, they \textit{still} trusted me!
“If we’re going to have a robust conversation about our education, then let’s put the facts on the table and go from there. This is a budget and I characterise it... cruel, inhumane and it is heartless. A $9.2 billion cut to education. There is less money going to high poverty areas. The teachers are more likely to be novices in these places. Those underserved areas are going to be hurting. We’re, none of us here are going to be hurt. We’re going to be fine. Our kids and Grandkids are going to be OK. But millions of kids around this country are going to suffer what has been done with a $9.2 billion cut to our education programmes which are supposed to serve our youngsters, make sure they have a good future and a bright future. And I’m going to fight this budget Mr Chairman with every fibre of my body because it is wrong to do this to our kids”. - Representative Rosa Delauro (D-CT) – addressed to an indifferent Betsy Devos.
The Kings of Birds Incongruence Conditioning Song - Marching As To War

“Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will” – Frederick Douglass (1818-1895)

Birds are fucking awesome. An abundant species of prehistoric survivors many of whom relied on their outer plumages and an initial ‘dance’ to propagate their individual DNA strands...

I’d conditioned the children to be genetically superior by virtue of the colour of their skin and for which many of them took like WES ducks to water, ‘naturally’. As soon as they became self-conscious I tapped into their individual, yet common preadolescent insecurities and need for acceptance belonging, all of which was aided, recycled from the preconditioned prejudices and divisions I’d communicated through the generations before; of the things they could immediately see like gender, like skin-colour - that I divisively called ‘race’ – it was the things they could hear like language and the things they could feel emotionally, like religion, country and culture.

But it was the superior-skin programming that was the foundation of my breeding stock for them to be forever broken from within; to manifest as being superior in some way, in any way to anyone who didn’t look, act or even think or feel like them. Not in an abrasive white-skinhead supremacist kind of way but in that polite, lofty light-touch concealed racism kind of way that often showed itself as ‘satire’, that they, those ‘others’, were inferior. And that was my master stroke, my master joke on all of them.

I’d conditioned the Narcisstish children incapable of standing alone simply ‘just another’ people, of ‘just another’ nation within an understanding, egalitarian community of nations. I conditioned them incapable of being comfortable and content within their own WES skin. Worse than that, I bred them only capable of remotely being able to define who they were by comparing themselves against ‘others’ in order to express, to feel, who they thought they were themselves; much of which was still steeped in my Whig-taught righteous-pedestal history of two World Wars. In short, I bred them superiorly shallow.

I programmed them to seek their identity in military ‘history’ and pursue validation through repetitive short-term fix in strangers and State-sponsored accolades, rather than lifelong solace and contentment, with life-affirming purpose within themselves. A primodos-population, I deliberately stunted their growth, their potential, that they might become an unnecessary burden on the State or an inevitable threat to me. And so I took their individuality, their self-assuredness and possibilities and stole their lives and purpose for my own.

Invariably my programming of their malleable minds gave them licence to feel and act superior, confusing confidence for shallow swallow-dive arrogance and only too comfortable to anger - all too quickly – especially in the face of perceived weakness. Which was exactly how I needed and ‘bred’ them to be. It was how I made and manipulated them over millennia to feed my most powerful, most profitable habit; human misery.

As I repeated to them “The first duty of any Government is to protect its people” and fed them the illusion largely through programming and advertising, they believed me. But I’d been silently declaring war on them since forever at home within Narcisstate and in their consenting name, warring, murdering on Brownskins and Blackamores abroad – ever since, since forever.
But in the vacuum absence of any other phenomenological reference point, cocooned in my comfort of their, ‘our’ collective conditioned State, of Narcisstate’s generous superiority – also known as Empire - they simply couldn’t conceive of it; that I knew them better than they knew themselves.

But I knew what they were capable of and so I had to make them in the image of me, to be and to behave like me and like any self-respecting abusive parent, to be emotionally deficient without me. And I knew I’d succeeded because if I gave them the choice between contented mediocrity and continuous war, they’d choose war. They weren’t the only choices of course but I only ever offered them one, the same warmongering one I imperceptibly told them to choose and they jumped at every time...

The Commission of Omission

“If I don’t go and fight fascism, I’ll just have to wait and fight it here” - John ‘Patsy’ McEwan, Dundee
(taken from Homage to Caledonia by Daniel Gray)

And this I conflated perfectly with my invented past, with education delivered by stork, my noxious-nurturing programming required them to not only be inwardly skin-superior but be also outwardly morally superior - forever, for having merely dressed myself the white cowboy to defeat the Nazi’s who were merely a different division of familial-fascism from that of my own.

My fabricated Whig version of my history, omitted rather fundamental clues to who and redacted what I really am - out of their state school books; such as Narcisstate’s Imperial episodes of mass murder, my modus operandi largely delivered through deliberate starvation and my open support for fascism in the 1930’s doing what I could to smooth its totalitarian path with my ‘Non-Interventionist’ policy into Franco’s attempted Spanish and other dictatorships.

I could have helped stop Franco in his Nazi-sponsored tracks but instead by commission of my inaction I enabled him and emboldened Mussolini and Hitler to begin what might have been a preventable Second World War.

Since when I painted myself the ‘good-guy’ role through war-time propaganda and a historical prism viewed through preadolescent comics and cinematic inventions with greatness even in heroic failure. But the Second World War was born in the seeds of Imperialist dominance of the Great War, and so for the second time, I played them all in the second half to ensure my branch of fascism branded Empire remained in pole position. All that separated the two totalitarian versions at the time and has done ever since was illusion, language and propagated propaganda teachings of each set; one called Empire the other Reich.

“We have made the Reich by propaganda” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

And I also made the Empire by commission of omission with my Wilson’s Bird of Paradise inspired ‘teachings’ the ground cleared of unwelcome foliage in State school education; the Highland Clearances, of Boer Concentration Camps, of World War One’s true spice-laden spark - the Berlin-Baghdad railway, of the deliberate genocide-starvation of the Ossian and the Bengalese, of the Indian Subcontinent and Palestinian partitions, of Mao-Mao suppression, of support for fascist Pinochet and his ‘Disappeared’.
I backed the racist South African Apartheid and drove the gaslit State-sponsored murder of Turing, of Bloody Sunday, of the miners at The Grieve, of the Leppings 96, of Hamilton’s Hunt, of both Iraq Wars, of recent rendition and of much much more – all to put me in a better light.

In short, I gaslighted and denied them all their true history, my true being, in order they be guaranteed, condemned to repeat it.
The Military Industrial Corporate Charity Complex Cycle – Taking The MICCC

In doing so I gave them permission, **gifting them** an everlasting life-long hive-mind hall-pass to sit in superior-judgement of others. This I exploited to manifest itself with them **giving me permission** for The Party’s perpetual war and through a related recycled cycle of bombing Brownskins then coming to their TV ad benevolence aid with their charity, our charity, **my charity** to convince them how generous, how great, we all were in Narcisstate - as I capitalised on their manipulated rollercoaster emotions on my revolving-door merry-go-round model of **misery of human capital**.

It was the exact same model I used for Narcisstate to supply bombs to one set of Muslims in the Middle East to kill their brothers and sister next door, whilst my **corporate charities** made tidy unaccounted disappearing fortunes in international aid – that I supplied to those **same bombed brothers and sisters**.

And given that day by day, I was deceiving and depriving the children **themselves of their own life opportunities** – as ever - it wasn’t too difficult to distract and deflect them, to get them to emotionally buy into a joint ‘MICCC’, the Military Industrial Corporate Charity Complex cycle, the invisible emotion of which kept them hobbled and logically knocked off balance – especially during Sly’s News - but also fed them the voyeuristic opportunity to satiate both their ‘It’ with associative-assertion of power and control over ‘others’, over something, whilst satisfying their ‘ego’ with their kindness and tolerance of the same ‘others’ that they enabled me to deliver into misery with “Love from [BuzzBee City]” through policy, bureaucracy and bombs.

All for my profit, position and patronage but for which they, the children - every last one of them – **my white Palindrome Parrots too**, would as ever pay the lasting and ultimate price.

I bred them a dissonance-*nation* of schizophrenic Schadenfreude’s enabling me to perpetually psychologically and emotionally hobble them at home and abroad with my fuelled born belief that **they and we collectively were ‘one’ and the same**; a nation to be **rightfully revered** around and **by the world**.

To be beyond criticism reproach and most certainly above any need for self-reflection as a ‘country’; the land and inhabitants of which that I actually cared far fracking less for, than I did for my incestuous, intertwined corporate profit and political power on **my ‘offshore’ world stage**.

But I conditioned them to believe in Narcisstate and the Flexagon as **reverent religion** which **dulled my disciple inhabitant’s logic-ability** for critical thinking and questioning of the State’s actions, to give over to me absolute deference, trained rote-apathetic to my authority and acquiescent to my corrupt institutions yet simultaneously habituated **quick to temper with anger amplified** against **anyone** who showed signs of dissent or defiance from within and out with Narcisstate.

This was their fabricated phenomenological reality; their false consciousness that I had granted to them as the price **they needed to pay** to live in **my ‘democracy’** at ideological odds with **my powerful 1000 year old feudal aristocratic kleptocracy; the original 1000 year deep-rooted Reich** with a mind **still set on Empire; my older, acceptable form of self-righteous fascism** before fascism became **fashionable** – all steeped in **their own blood of course**. But they bought it.
They bought that the two, *plebiscite democracy* and *aristocratic plutocracy* could coexist in the same space. And it did for as long as my aristocratic Company and Crown gangsters, *my kleptocracy*, pulled democracies invisible, coerced and controlled strings. But that time, that ability, to keep up the illusion was fast coming to an ugly end with the convergence advent of the internet, submersible drone technology and most recently - the reawakening of The North. And so the inevitable manifest ugliness would have to be on my terms.
Kitchener’s Karpman Kleptocracy – The Contemporary KKK

Year Zero had to be reset with controlled and restricted internet access and an end to privacy to sow the seeds of ‘click-click’ turn-key tyranny with a door knock on social-media sourced State Watchlists; starting with the little-known dissenters ‘disappearing’ and building up to high-profile activists before imprisoning political enemies of the State.

And with complete control over what it was they were programme conditioned, through State education as I’d done with Narcisstate’s ‘Great’ history, this is how I’d gaslight the childling males with ‘teaching’ steeped in pre-crime misogyny, their collective-conditioning psyche soaked in pre-shame for my predetermined purpose – to make them my drone Army of super-slaves – under the gaslight illusion of being free-choice soldiers.

Unwittingly coerced, subjected to psychological conscription fuelled by militarised victimhood emotion, breeding contempt caught unawares in my contemporary KKK of Kitchener’s Karpman Kleptocracy to fuel my fascism before my manipulated national mood was just right for actual conscription dressed up as National Service. And God help those who couldn’t – or wouldn’t - do ‘their bit’ in my drama triangle.

All would become my ‘willing’ gaslit servants of the impending militarised State of Narcisstate, just as The North and other indigenous populations around the planet did – if they wanted to survive.

Chickens all, flightless like ostriches who bury their heads in my conditioned cartoon, my lampoon of life within the manipulated financial markets that encompassed the rigged reality existence I allowed them to have.

A ‘reality’ much like my big nuclear stick called Neptune but for which its submarine delivery capability platform was now obsolete due to nuclear powered submersible drone technology. But of course because I didn’t broadcast it on the Corpolitique News, that ‘problem’ didn’t exist despite the logical conclusion that space-age drone technology would undoubtedly be made by ‘man’ to cut through the ocean, just as it flew through the air.

A ‘reality’ similar in applied principle of overstated distraction and deflection with malevolent misdirection the intent; like the pervasively misogynist, rape-culture society I drip-fed invented as the platform to recruit my new Army, by keeping invisible the 40% plus of male victims of domestic abuse who too didn’t exist because it wasn’t on the Corpolitique’s Broadcasting Units New Division or Information Entertainment Divisions or Press and Social Media Divisions.

In fact I relentlessly pumped out the reverse ‘rigged reality’ especially for the childwomen via the IED in drama’s and soaps, despite the logical conclusion that males and females brains having evolved and indeed with intelligent minds being as capable as each other, were too as capable of psychological and emotional abuse as well as violence as each other.

But what I played on were their insecurities and my programmed prejudices and ignorance I’d coerced and fed them all by gaslit lives to now blame by label; fixing the language and behavioural battlefield to make male genitalia the ‘rationale’ and therefore the sole-sex domestic abuser.
Like adult flamingo’s, standing one leg, they feed continuously on the organic chemical containing the reddish-orange pigment within the carotenoid rich sources, which insentiently floods their bodies to result in their familiar projection of pretty in pink plumage. So too through my gaslight I would ensure the children and childlings were mass-emotionally hobbled, only able to stand on one psychological leg permanently as I prodded and pushed them off balance with organic gaslight neurochemicals containing irrational-choice toxins when continuously fed rich sources of invisible, personalised propaganda to flood the children’s mass-minds to result in stain colouration too. It’s the colour of bile, the yellow sort.

A vibrant source of subliminal yellow bile projected to be seen but unseen, subconsciously absorbed, shades and shapes but wherever and whenever pretext possible by stripes by the numbers, to result in a familiar ‘plumage’ - that of an Army uniform.

You are what you eat.
A ‘Nation’ of Abusive Animal Lovers

They didn’t understand the animal quandary they saw but most importantly felt almost every time they watched the TV, especially during Sly’s News. Narcisstate, I told them, was a nation of animal lovers; it must have been because it attracted more resources for helping abused animals, than it did for abused childwomen and infinitely more than the invisible abused children.

And given that these abused animal resources were clearly needed, then clearly they could not be a ‘nation of animal lovers’ but a confused dichotomy of individuals who liked to comfort-blanket themselves within yet another Pollyanna prism of themselves.

What they couldn’t conceive was that their love for animals was no greater than any other Western culture on the planet but it suited their superior-conditioned psyche even in charitable benevolence, so much so, they were hooked on it and needed it to ‘feel’. And even better, to feel better off than someone else. Plus it enabled them to demonstrate their Social Media platform kindness and tolerance in judging others, a kind of socially-conscious Schadenfreude’s for the mere cost of a packet of fags.

You see many of them I kept unfulfilled as I increasingly turned the hope and esteem taps off to deny them, to just deny them. Lacking fulfilment and balanced emotions, frustration fuelled the children, some of whom turned to animals, dogs especially, to fill their need for ‘reciprocal’ emotional ‘fulfilment’ – with them in charge of course.

Many were good to their dogs but many too, too many, would turn violent against their dogs to take out their emotional stresses. But the dog, perhaps with a soul in its own right and certainly typically affectionate is perfectly, innately conditioned for love and loyalty. And like a gaslight victim, it keeps coming back for more affectionate reward and more violent rebuke. A perfect victim for cyclic abuse. And so too are children.

Carry On Fleecing

I also learned to weaponise charity and corporatized it in order they could recharge their benevolent community credit briefly filling their emptiness with a passengers driving seat on my human-misery merry-go-round. It was always a brilliant piece of corporate emotional-rollercoaster misdirection for the mutual back-patting children to pat themselves - and me - on the back. Only I put a metaphoric knife into their spines whilst they filled my corporate pockets, rewarding me for still being of one of the most murderous regimes the planet has ever seen.

The Corpolitique bombed Muslim childlings and caused starvation amongst blackamores then used the resultant emotionally triggering images to carry on fleecing the children out of their money. I psychologically emotionally robbed them at knifepoint and pickpocketed them of their logic by guilt-tripping them into enabling me to continue the cycle of capital built on human misery.

Numb

But so numb had I made them, so emotionally stunted and hidden to and from themselves, they couldn’t perceive their sickness.
Some charities CEO’s were on hundreds of thousands of pounds per year yet it didn’t faze them one tiny bit, that I made the battle-weary limbless Lance Corporal who would be forever seeking his self-worth in something outside of him - compete - for advertising space and for charity, with Monu the “brave” fucking Donkey. The children just couldn’t see they were all collective cogs on the conveyor belt to pay and play on their empathy emotions, especially guilt.

With their minds and bodies broken, I abandoned limbless soldiers just like lame emaciated donkeys. Both now abject beasts, sentient beings spent and shattered, one equine, one man, deserted and discarded by their former charges at the end of their usefulness, now having to compete for daytime TV advertised donations to fleece and be paid for by those who can least afford it – pensioners and the disabled infirm. But the main purpose of course, is not simply the money but the maintaining the round-the-clock rollercoaster; the sentiment dissonance dystopia to deliver Narcisstate into fascism.

Using my broken commodities, soldiers who like the plebs, I gaslit and herded since forever into believing they were fighting just wars by my lying, braying Podminster Parliament donkeys who led the war-cry charge from the safety and security of festooned finery. Most represented themselves, intertwinied with the interests of the trappings I could offer, of which there were so many the mind boggled. They were not the representatives of the children but my corporate and political intelligentsia and media, my Corpolitique, whose avaricious eyes myopic like mine, trained only on their position in their elitist hierarchy and their place in their version of our taught history.

But of course, ever the unapologetic opportunist, having left soldiers so low in body and in mind I would offer maybe one in every hundred of them, a path back to glory - in my name of course. Because after doing the bare minimum for them, abandoning them to their families and to the mercy of charity, some would with outstretched grateful, grasping hands, claw back their self-esteem and restore some sanity, for a while at least.

You see having taken their arms and legs, I would offer them re-gaslit purpose once again by wrapping them in the Flexagon once again and with shattered men, I would shatter long-standing Paralympian records and make all of Narcisstate proud and of course – emotionally distracted by my greatness! Once again. From the best of brilliant minds to the feckless bottom-feeders, they were all under the spell of my Dark Triad.

And as if to further the notion of that we favoured animals over people, there were even statues in Londrome in forever enamelled tribute to animals that played a role in WWI but none to the million Indians who played a part in the war effort. Who knew of this? I did, Whig did but I made sure it failed to reach the children.

I also ‘failed’ to tell them that Narcisstate was the architect of Concentration Camps in the Boer War and had also murdered some 35 million Indians, genocide through deliberately induced famines, as had their new £5 emblazoned hero, remembered only by selective Whig history, for leading the struggle against Nazi evil but himself having already been the evil architect of the mass murder of 4.5 million Bengalese. After them I displaced over a million when I partitioned India along ethnic and religious division lines. And before all of them it was the defiant Ossian and The North that bore the brunt of my wrath. The North would do so once again.
And shivering-sleeping, wet, cold and broken at the foot of the enamel animal statue icons? A homeless ex-soldier *wrapped advertised* in my Flexagon, one of the 85-90% of men who make up the entire homeless population, 10% of which are ex-soldiers. *Numb.* My mocking ‘Thank you’ children, thank you for never noticing my part in all of this misery and thank you for playing your submissive role in your own wretched, miserable downfall about to come.

*Thank you for being my true children bred to judge and to sit in superior defiance, even ‘deniance’ of all others who are not you, nor allowed to exist as your equals in this world yet deferring unquestioningly subservient to me* and my prestigious Flexagon-led platform filled with vacuous celebrity to make your choices for you, in your name. Thank you for being imbalanced; apathetic to and fearful of my power at home yet so angry and fearless with it abroad. *Numb.*

**A Fractured Reflection**

Though it wasn’t entirely their fault. I would never allow them to have any sense of themselves in isolation, as a stand-alone country content within its own cognitive-skin. I’d never taught them to self-reflect and hid them from their own tragic, my *reinvented* revisionist history to always ensure they believed in their righteous WES superiority.

This was the only way I would let them ever feel any sense of ‘self’ as a country, through their imagined eyes of how others viewed them. Impossible of course because they could only ever be looking through a prism of self, without knowing who they really were without blind deference to my anachronistic aristocratic authority; the true authority of grander standing in the world.

And so too, this is how I empowered the children, by conditioning them to *feel empowered* without actually having any real power or control to determine their own lives, never mind others. I gave them the illusion of the *ownership of others* but which I built on brutality, lies and faux-inventions, my childlike enablers who I gave life-long permission to *feel superior to someone – anyone – friends, neighbours, peoples, countries, religions and cultures.*

In these ways, my Flexagon led Imperialistic endeavours for trade profit would be rebranded, reinvented as *charitable acts* of technological knowledge transference that carried my cultural class to savage, backward, inbred lands. This is how I would steer these conversations and anyone who questioned me would be contemptuously castigated or ridiculed. “Narrow-minded! Move on! Let it go!”

The upshot was, but for the brief post WWII honeymoon they would allow me to repeat *their* past mistakes, which because they did not know my hidden history, *they would all pay for.* But it’s not as if they couldn’t search it out for themselves in this internet age, most *chose* not to and were therefore *complicit* Pollyanna enablers responsible for their own gradual gaslight demise and my erosion of their civil liberties within a State apparatus that was, is, slowly enslaving them within my island prison. Which was exactly why *I needed to curtail their internet and privacy freedoms.*

Without them, without the children, my Universal Soldiers, *Empire would have been impossible* of course which was why I needed them again in their subservient cattle droves for *Empire 2.0.* All made easier because they *chose* not to know their history, not simply because they couldn’t face up to being an incongruent lie.
But I reinforced their ignorance with ‘feelings’ that blinded them to my lies. I repeat-spin-cycle gifted them an on-going belief that it was possible to hold onto their past ‘greatness and glories’ – which were never theirs.

I rewarded them with the timeless mass self-deception I needed them to cling onto; through ‘their’ global superiority illusion, and afforded them a reinvention built on nostalgic past but based entirely in the macroeconomic present and helped by former brutalised punch-drunk colonies, that held onto me.

Some did so for wealth, some were simply unable to let go of their gaslight abuser for fear of not knowing who they might actually be one day, without me. They called it loyalty. I called it cowardice. Which of course I still exploited, this tax-evading financial-loophole ‘loyalty’ all in the name of the ‘Commonwealth’.
Cattle Nose-Clamp for Mass-Psychosis

“In regard to propaganda the early advocates of universal literacy and free press envisaged only two possibilities; the propaganda might be true, or the propaganda might be false. They did not foresee what in fact has happened, above all in our Western capitalist democracies – the development of a vast mass communications industry, concerned in the main neither with the true or the false, but with the unreal, the more or less totally irrelevant. In a word, they failed to take into account man’s almost infinite appetite for distractions”. - Aldous Huxley – 1931.

With my very survival at stake I would dust off the Dark Triad tropes and ‘declare’ once again an invisible war on the children. I would do in their name once again in defence of Narcisstate hypnotising them, once again with the myopic, kaleidoscopic magnificence of the Flexagon. The Flexagon was without doubt the most brilliant piece of brand marketing I had ever come up with.

It eclipsed all others and I could do anything to anyone at anytime, anywhere on the planet that I wanted to in its multi-faceted, manipulated creation name, without redress or recourse. All I had to do was wave it in the children’s faces, with tales telling them of threats to it and promises of it, after which, they would give me ‘permission’ to pursue my domestic and global avarice needs.

My perennial Whig re-write, over-write now conducted far more efficiently and effectively by the Corpolitique before, during and after each recycled, predictable ‘inescapable’ event, would be carried out in their name, to make them the navel-gazing great again. I’d programme conditioned them well. It was as predictable as the sun rising and setting but on which I’d never allow the sun to set on my place on the planet.

Through ubiquitous product placement of Flexagon flag-waving, I’d exclaim across the Corpolitique “Narcisstate values!” and the children would mimic and echo back “Narcisstate values!” as if to pretend, like children, they understood why and how great they were. But as long as they felt! And felt the values! That was the key! That was the whole fucking point – feeling!

But feeling superior without them being restrained by truth or hypocrisy would therefore allow me to be unrestrained by facts. And so just as I gave them contemptuous permission to fuck the facts, they would intrinsically give me permission to fuck them, all in our collective post-truth trope of “Narcisstate values!”

The underlying principle at the heart of the Dark Triad would be one of relentless subliminal and explicit messaging through transmitted waves, converted into a seamlessly interwoven tsunami of emotional conflict. Through highs and lows of evocative and provocative ‘realistic’ pretext distractions I would to tap into their psychodynamic psyche to manipulate their thoughts, feelings and behaviours. It would be like a sort of Military Basic Training for the masses.

Too trusting, selfish and shallow were they that I’d made in the image of me, I would ceaselessly wear them down and build them up in cycles to the point where they would behave as I needed them to; angry conformist automatons wrapped in my loaned Dunning-Kruger cloak. And I’d lend it to them for the duration of my plan. I needed sharp-teethed sheep, minus any restrained discipline – well - in the early days at least, and all acquiescing to my superior intelligence and gentrified guidance.
Successfully gaslighted again, they would willingly submit to my greater intellect-rule, wanting me, needing me to lead them out of their abyss by recognising that it was only I that could save them – again.

Having taken their individual pride and self-esteem, I would deliver it back into their laps and ‘we’ would collectively make “our country” – Narcisstate – “great again” – again. I would do it for them, the children. They would each be appointed Kings and Queens - of my compliance; coerced chests puffed-out proud contemptuous, grandiose strutting over the top of any of their own kind who were capable of critical thinking. Ignorance is strength. Inspiration is infection.

These were my subservient, cynical ‘superior’ ones I’d previously taught over generations that only the ignorant, the uncouth, the unrefined “talked of religion or politics with strangers”. How loftier they were from their penthouse mezzanine position, that I gave them, as I conditioned them to shut down dissent discourse for fear of peer-pressured embarrassment. Humiliation contrived is a powerful perception weapon in the gaslighters armory.

But forced by the Eurostate Cooperative and with The Party seeing the writing on Narcisstate’s wall leading into 1997, I began to pave the Nexit strategy path ‘dragged’ by another of my proxy party creations, though admittedly with some amount of complacency.

It was The North’s 2014 referendum had shattered democracy’s illusion as their treachery pullulated, their ungrateful pestilence bred and spread across the internet as foodbank poverty did across the inner-cities poor post-2008. I wasn’t able to contain them within the Perfect Dictatorship any longer and so I had to reprogram a new politically ‘engaged’ to become fearful and angry as I prepared them for my apocalyptic ‘tragedy’.

Just as Hitler did, with the advent of Springtime’s daffodils, the Narcissus flower, I would too seamlessly make a million flowery dresses to become the newly ‘informed truth’ espousing my 1000 year ‘enlightenment’. I would empower the children to become my enablers, elevated from their previous apathetic political existences when they merely used to shake their heads as disappointed, disapproving parents looking down from afar at errant childlings.

Their middle class ski-slope noses unable to see further than through the prism of their own glass feet with simple shakes of the judgemental talking head “Tut-tuts” but now whipped up beyond the ability for objective, logical decision making to become politically ‘engaged’ - fuming, shouting “Mischief-makers! Rabble-rousers! Snowflakes! Nuke ‘em!” and “Go home!” – all now my gullibly empowered ‘brave’.

To achieve this I would declare silent, subliminal warfare predominantly on the children who were my key to all the sources of global spice and other resources and to maintaining armed control within Narcisstate. 

The overarching fog of the information war was as ever, housed in my superior-need interests built on continuous pretexts of emotionally driven provocative distractions; Prince Franz Ferdinand, the Nazi invasion of Poland, The Ossian Troubles, Iraqi incubated baby-killers, Weapons of Mass Destruction, Afghan heroin creating hell on our streets, cruel dictators whose children needed saving by me - for their own freedom of course.
I never failed to make the children so angry, so guilty, and so vengefully grateful to me through my continuous undeclared war on them. Yet they could see it. They could sense it. Some would say it! And yet, it still worked. Every time. Because the TV told them.

It always worked because I’d learned to hold captive ‘truths’ transmitter and give them the things that they wanted, that they needed to brim their unthinking emotions, to overflow their stolen potential with empty existences filled with implausible fantasist storyline plots pumped out as pseudo-reality and pumped directly into the minds eyes to become ingrained into their DNA; a new belief system, to live in it as one with escapism spilling over into reality reworked.

Their capacity, to ride and absorb the emotional roller-coaster day after day, night after night – limitless and without measure. And it only required the most minimal of initial effort as they sat on their sofa’s; I filled their distracted dreams mostly with heroic fortitude in shades of gold’s and yellows designed to recruit and make a militarist State – an empowering reality.

I gripped the crossroads grippingly tight around the throat, my weaponised delivery system pummelling its fist into the populations psyche as I continuously cut through democracy’s Achillies Heel. Peering zombie into the nexus mirror they couldn’t help but see the subliminal shades to find purpose, purpose that I’d stolen.

They would unwittingly grasp at a reflection of themselves in the black screen universe as I transmitted their weaponised, emotionalised ‘news’ and information entertainment media. All helped of course by cutting through its other mirrored tendon and slicing through the heel to hobble their State education and conditioning.

The mass-emotion manipulation of democracy was updated and devised by the murdered maths man before he had his second and last thoughts and so his was the impossible suicide I visited upon him with a bath-bag as forewarning to all those in the know.

Politicians, SS agents and most importantly my reporter agents, my reagents of ‘truth’, after he saw the full Dark Triad potential of his Superposition Principle workings, of his ergodic processes to deliver Narcisstate from the illusion of democracy into the all-too-late-to-thwart sleepwalk realisation as they woke up to their final dawning in their perpetually Pleistocene actuality, their existence, within The Party’s now slipped, all revealing mask of totalitarian State.

The grand plan to mass-manipulate complex systems as Narcisstate’s ‘news’ and entertainment in order to influence the hive-mind, massaging their collective ego as I hypnotised them with programming nostalgia whilst psychologically thumb-pressing them to become ever more fearful of each other.

I’d make them ever creepingly angrier with anyone and anything who wasn’t of their superior political beliefs or breeding to acquiescently arrive in an isolated system of State slavery dressed up as patriotic duty.

All of which was my pig wearing lipstick, my isolationist Narcisstate agenda transmitted through ignorance and deceit dressed up as informed choice across The Five Eyes of Empire 2.0.
This time it would take the pervasive, all enveloping form of a seamless, relentless assault into their psyche by reinforcing a pseudo-national emergency, projecting a *subliminal war-footing need* for immigration control via Nexit, for the *need* to protect our women and girls from male violence via the Istanbul Convention and all under the mask of austerity in order to maintain my global position behind the hem-skirt of the ‘special relationship’ with my offspring, Ignoreland.

And just as my Imperial offspring had learned from me, I would lead the complicit children by their own formfitting nose-clamps, as I herded them like Revolting cattle, to *their own inconceivable* but predictably assured slaughter with my contemptuous power signalled via cryptic clue symbolism and plots; Film. Entertainment. News. All the necessary distractions needed to turn *Huxley’s heroes* into *Pavlov’s Prisoners*.
**Cattle Nose-Clamp Austerity**

Austerity, like the Instanbul Convention, like Nexit’s nemesis – terrorist immigration was of course the mother of all shams but it was my austerity that been killing them for years. Millions of them ‘knew’ it had ‘failed’.

Economic academics shouted it had ‘failed’ but of course if the Corpolitique didn’t let the academics message get a foothold, then that truth stifled didn’t exist. *The Corpolitique is the truth!*

But for them to cry that it had failed was entirely wrong. Some were close when they said it was now an ideological weapon being used against the poor. On this they were right but they couldn’t reconcile that statement the actual reality. In order to do so, they’d have to see with my eyes and the truth of which was too much for them to bear.

They couldn’t conceive of it *in their time* never mind comprehend what they were witnessing in their present. And they knew full well what was happening from their recent history. But they just couldn’t see, refused to see that that historic truth was in fact their unfolding present. Others like them in future would look back on *this time* and ask the same contemporary questions “How did they get an entire nation to do that?!” Sound familiar?

No, austerity had only failed in their eyes because they were looking at it from the wrong perspective, with the wrong eyes. I had used their wealth in the name of Narcisstate, to safeguard and consolidate the Corpolitiques wealth. I had also used it to introduce swinging cuts to public services which then require privatisation to be ‘saved’ for which they would give me permission. ‘We’re all in it together’ I tell them! I was gaslighter extraordinaire!

All in all, it was actually a rip-roaring furnace-fire of success! And we didn’t need Ignoreland or anyone else to build a railway track to the hell-gates, not this time, because the children were already delivered to deaths terminal in an island prison.

We would deliver the omnipresent distraction from the Dark Triad, through the Corpolitique reinforcing a complaint need for austerity by murdering the most vulnerable through ‘sanctions’. Setting them free, I would sanction them to die within the circumstances I imprisoned them within.

Some would starve or freeze to death but the majority would die by their own hand having made death an inevitably attractive relief from their humiliating, degradation existence suffering. But it was all for the greater good. This would be a key aspect of the emotional blitzkrieg smokescreen combined with my reinforced conditioning prejudices which kept them ‘safe’ from seeing what was happening right in front of them – murder.

But of course I’d have to keep up appearances, pretending to give a fuck by preventing the terminally ill measured ones from taking their own lives at their time, place and manner of choosing. I mean, *just who the fuck did they think they were? Me?! I tell them when they can die, not them!* “Permission to shuffle off this mortal coil with shame and degradation please Sah?!” was what I wanted to hear and to which I’d respond with the gesture the back of my uninterested unspeaking hand “Permission granted”. 
So I’d tell them that euthanasia was the thin end of the wedge that could lead to family member peer pressure to die and so they must be protected from such inhumane temptation. Many would argue against euthanasia, that it might even lead to ‘state sponsored’ euthanasia. But I was way ahead of them with my Corpolitique cull of the ill, the infirm and the untermenschen.

They were all such an unnecessary financial drain on my Big Shared Society with the potential to spawn more sewer into pool. They would be pacified with a very Narcisstate final solution, helped on their way by my compliant competing children, trying to outdo each other. I would encourage them to devalue the life of the untermensch with dehumanised monthly targets.

The untermensch would become back-office side-show entertainment worth nothing more to the contemporary Nazi custodians, than a shallow-superiority stuck up golden star. I was so proud of them. They obviously hadn’t understood that they and their children would be next. Bless! It’s not as if they hadn’t been told. The Manics too had warned and told them so but the children preferred to preach from their plastic pulpits, rather than to listen to the lessons in the pews.

To manage external agencies such as The United Nations who might interfere with my plan, I would invent and establish my own focus group as the appointed official body, in this case Disability Rights Narcisstate (DRN) to for all other volunteer disability groups to into feed into me, their statistics which I would then manipulate, dilute and sanitise prior to scrutiny. It’s the same ‘show and tell my own story for my own ends’ methodology, that I used for Violence Against Narcisstate Women and Girls.
Ignoreland and The Colonial Reach of the ARC

“America is a young country with an old mentality”. - History Education George Santayana (1863 – 1952) Philosopher

I’d made Narcisstate ‘special relationship’ with Ignoreland a part of the national psyche since World War II and so this particular facet of the enveloping cultural-entertainment distraction would be seamlessly transmitted into their homes and programmed minds with ease.

But the ‘special relationship’ we’d implanted, rewriting their minds with, wasn’t simply a bilateral partnership. The special relationship was in fact the Corpolitique made up of my perennial warring patriarchy, the window and dressing of which was largely, beautifully matriarchal. The ‘special relationship’ was merely The Company narrative branding fronted by Ignoreland and Narcisstate respective flags that were all but reunited but which disguised other voluntarily states with involuntary peoples but collectively, together, denied indigenous peoples and held captive sovereign states – as is our entitled right.

Each of us mutually supported one another to maintain the Military Industrial Complex and corporate global bank status quo and the fruits of power that go with it, by keeping all dissenting voices subjugated, supressed and occasionally crushed. Dead.

The Real Special Relationship

Narcisstate had been a part of Ignoreland’s culture, politics and militarily for well over half a century, so it seemed only natural to enter into the ideological politque-umbrella of the embryonic Atlantic Bridge which then became my Alt-Right Confederacy (ARC) of my nascent Nazi’s rebirthed to stretch across the pond and beyond. The ARC was the brainchild of media magnate ALEC K. Verity-Fochs and his friend Sylvester Mercer-Nary, or Sly to his ‘friends’.

At the heart of the ARC was the all-powerful Cabinet of National Concentration (ARCCNC) with Sly Mercer-Nary himself, the self-appointed life-Chair who would be replaced by a son upon his mortal demise, overseeing the direction for the ARC’s acknowledged member states.

As such, he was central to the seamless efficiency and effectiveness of not only the Corpolitique’s Narcisstate BU’s ND’s and IED’s, he through his HuxleyHero media empire would quite literally complete the picture to create and maintain holistic gender-war mirage amongst other useful divisive narratives across entire continental shelves, dividing populations stretching from Ignoreland, to Narcisstate to Oznatraz.

My manipulated gender-agenda war was crucial to channelling the childmen and childling males toward my physiological, psychological, yellow-subliminal then actual conscription. Welcome to the Orwellian Worm That Turned! Who by the way, those Two Ronnies, those fuckers, had sailed very close to my sun with those sketches.

But the entire thing wasn’t that difficult really.

“The masses need something that will give them the thrill of horror”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist
We’d been pumping out emotional film propaganda to recruit and fill the ranks of Armies before, during and after conflicts for generations. It was nothing new. Feature film propaganda was one of the most powerful tools we had to tap into feelings of fear, pride and patriotism and fill their heads with heroism.

And even those who set out to demonstrate a more accurate, realistic reflections of soldier dynamics and horrors of battle making anti-war films, couldn’t help but tap into the same feelings of fear, pride, patriotism and heroism – because whether you’re for or against it, these are real and experienced feelings that for many average men, can only ever realised in war. And so even their anti-war messages still resulted in recruitment uptake. Win, win!

Over time we’d got both better and more brazen at it, mainly because we could. But also because I was getting a little too bare to the bone with my Army. And so Sly having done it before in Oznatraz, which actually resulted in a ‘healthy’ childrens mental-health movement after the ‘suicides’.

Through his media empire, he would take the Corpolitique helm in the recruitment campaign. Again, all very easy stuff based on what we’d been doing for decades since World War II when we first synchronised the conventional war effort against the Nazi’s.

After which, with their hidden lessons help, it was only a small step to synchronise the media wars against the children, so that they ‘let us’ take the ARC to conventional wars together. It was too easy. All it would take a few tweaks to organise and coordinate the existing resources and technology an emotional information war – a gaslight war - against our own in order to go to war.

Sly though, had developed a reputation which he enjoyed immensely and indeed became hooked on his insatiable taste as ‘Kingmaker’. The draw of the power-fix was easy to understand. I could completely identify with his addled predicament. Which is also why I knew I could use it against him.

You see Sly thought he was simply aiding and abetting my consenting corporate coup of Narcisstate by Ignoreland and his media did such a great job, the best job of stoking up Ignorlands children by promoting Das-Don at every possible turn.

Having already hobbled Feelthebern from both inside and outside, Sly’s plan, the plan we agreed – or so he thought we agreed – was to put Shehawk into the POTI position. It seemed a cinch because well, I mean, who the fuck would make ‘Das sexist-misogynistic-xenophobe Don’ the POTI?! Well me of course.

But it seems that Sly’s Ignoreland Corpolitique BU ND and IED reagents had done such a fine job of stoking the populous emotions, it allowed him to tap into populism politics, making unintended promises to desperate forgotten people who were unaware they were about to wear an untaught or forgotten Brownshirt. An unstoppable, runaway chain-reaction had begun. It would still be close but Das-Don actually had a publicly-plausible chance.

The misogynistic mileage we’d made out of Das-Don during the Presidential Race was pure gold but the prospect of four years’ worth to help fill the Narcisstate BU ND’s headlines and fill the children and childboys heads with fabricated guilt, to help fill my Army. His brand of misogyny was unrivalled!
Das-Don could make Caligula blush! So beautifully insecure and narcissistically toxic was he, he would agitate the gender agenda brilliantly! It was too much of an opportunity to pass up. I’d nudge him over the line. You must remember I don’t have friends, I have dispensable enablers.

So Sly had semi-intentionally helped put Das-Don into the Ignoreland POTI with a little help from his ‘friends’ in my Narcisstate Secret Services along with Corpolitique Bank backing based in Russia whose elites had a vested oligarch dark-money-go-round interest in maintaining the status quo.

The Russians would play the Cold War-esque counter-intelligence enemy game and take the cyber-crime blame in order to ensure The North and my £1.5 trillion worth of black-gold spice – did not escape Podminster’s, Narcisstates’, Ignoreland’s, Russia’s elites and the global Corporate Banks grip. Both democracy and The North would have to die in a toxic-soup for our common need for entitled greed.

Being the good Corpolitique team player he is, when I let Sly into the joke shortly after he saw the funny side! They were all my puppets after all.

And because Das-Don was utterly convinced it was Sly who put him in the POTI position, he got a personal meeting with him, off camera of course; Das-Don was overjoyed to have been afforded such an audience with the esteemed Sly so soon. And in that immediate audience, one of my licksplittles ‘Barfboy’ grovelling to Das-Don on camera, who would just as quickly invite him back to Narcisstate for an Official State visit so soon too, just to stir the hive-mind hornets’ nest.

But Sly and Barfboy were the only two in that office that knew the full intentioned plan to spark the subsequent summertime radioactive chain-reaction spill into the heart of River City, another July Crisis, this time to decimate The North’s Central Belt; during which Barfboy having just the ‘right’ accent and having been appointed by Sly after the Snap Election as Narcisstates’ Environmental Secretary – he would bat away any tin-foil hat conspiracy theory suggestions of a deliberate atomic spill, prior to becoming one of Ignorelands full-time Five Eyes of its furtive 51st State.

The WES Empire Colonies

As had many others before him to a lesser effect and extent, Sly had made, for his own global ambitions, his home country continent-colony of Oznatraz an unwitting partner enthralled to the most powerful partner of all. It was a wise and prescient move as Ignoreland was the most powerful military machine that would ever be created in the short history of humanity. Last but by no means least, was the original It, my fascist Empire origin who spawned their superior, imperial bloodthirst - Narcisstate.

But this triad Narcisstate, Ignoreland and Oznatraz had something else in common; I made them each through manufactured constructs that had airbrushed histories of perpetrated genocide for which, I had given them permission to pardon themselves, naturally.

By my superior design, the triad decimated and dehumanised the indigenous and stolen peoples beyond the point of sanity. Many of whom, generations later still died by their own hands trying to exist in plain that was no longer theirs to exist in. To escape, many still turned to drugs and alcohol, infected by the ‘disease of despair’ trying to live a life that was never ordained to be theirs. Unable to adapt, suicide took its destructive toll on the easily displaced and the even easier disposed.
Probably none more so than Ignoreland’s indigenous. Perhaps it was the hallucinogenic effects of the peyote that numbed and clouded the indigenous’ intuitive senses to the imminent dangers posed by the invading WES forces from Europe, prior to opting for outright genocide.

A genocide largely unwritten, unreported and unworthy of WES historical teachings - with the exception the overstated TV and film conditioning of good-guy white cowboys under constant attack from the encircling red-skin savagery of Indians - and therefore in an entertainment nutshell; their genocide-enslavement didn’t happen.

And as such, because ‘it didn’t happen’ it couldn’t possibly be responsible for the intergenerational indigenous remnants of a once spiritual, proud people now emasculated beyond wretchedness.

They were to become condition-accustomed to searching for purpose outside themselves or chasing escapism at the bottom of a bottle or a bong. But now having been ‘intergenerationally-gaslit’ within a constrained psychological and physiological environment reinforced by witnessing their ‘useless alcoholic parents’ into believing they were what their WES superiors told them they were inferior; useless subhuman ingrates innately predisposed to self-destruct.

And I pinned their self-destruction not on my gaslight in which they existed but because I trained them and any anyone who might show an interest that their bodies were so used to smoking spirit-searching hallucinogens and were simply not genetically predisposed to break down alcohol.

Gaslight upon intergenerational child-trafficked gaslight, I successfully stole them from where they were but try as I so deviously did, I could not steal from them the essence of who they are.

And it had been the same in Zealandia though I was unclear how or why their consciences had been so pricked but it seems in Zealandia, the enforced-colonial Celts had inadvertently become witnesses to their own past, seeing the pervasive alcoholism and drug abuse within the Maori, a proud people who’d turned to substance abuse to escape their emasculated, displaced reality.

And despite my threats and interferences, Zealandia prevailed and freed their minds, their being, their soul, of It - of me! And their culture, embodied by The Haka which had once been hidden then hindered by my darkness, like the truth, began to flourish on the world stage.

But the indigenous of Ignoreland and Oznatraz had not been so fortunate to flourish. It was within my interest not to let them, as it might inspire The North who had their own selfish ambitions to flourish too. This is how they repay my leniency! After all I’ve done for them!

There were many others over whom Sly and I, still exerted influence, such as Canadelsium and France but especially Zealandia had with some mixed success got away with the Corpolitique’s influences but the latter was being dragged back in through my subliminal corporate messaging for their childlings on the rugby field…

“Big Willie to Ajax! Come In Ajax!”

Zealandia were the pioneers of ‘progress’ being the first of my imperious seed to recognise, reintroduce and bring the indigenous culture, language and customs back into their being. Oznatraz was a generation or more behind Zealandia in this regard with Sly’s Corpolitique Parliamentary puppets doing a grand job of trying to stymy it further. Good man!
For the life of me it didn’t make any sense whatsoever that Zealandia chose that ‘inclusivity’ route, when today I still hold dissenters down within Narcisstate!

Though I can’t discount that some of the intergenerational protagonists, the reflective conscience of these initiatives to ‘adopt’ and reintegrate into the Maori culture were originally from The North and Ossia. Those fucking Celts! I’d starved and murdered those inbred heathens out of Narcisstate through my attempts at ethnic cleansing of killing, starving, Clearances and re-education.

Many of their ragtail remnants joined my Army through fear of the same fate; starvation and death. You can’t buy that kind of loyalty! The North knew which side its bread was buttered on! At least for a while.

But Zealandia, became infested with too many Celts and they made it their home. Reluctantly, I did my best to put my puppets in place as I eventually let them break from me when it would become clear they stood in the way of my profit making ability closer to home.

Zealandia, I let off lightly, unlike The North to whom I could send my tough-love in the shape of a Big Willie whenever it suited me. After The North’s’ children died for me in their too many per-capita thousands in the Great War and more, they soon realised my promises of employment and fair rents were as hollow as my heart, they showed signs of rebellion, which can always be thwarted with a little advanced depopulation imagination put into action.

One only had to create ones opportunities from the home front to front line; smallpox blanket, cholera ship, wars, a tragic radioactive ‘accident’. River City should have known this but I omitted certain things from their history, as I did at one stroke after war, at 19:19 when I sent my snipers against their pipers and used the same tanks I had them use to kill The Hun.

I was ready to turn tropism on them. Unlike Zealandia, I could crush The North at a whim to bring them to heel. And they knew it. And they knew I would and will if the democratic game didn’t go my way. It’s in my nature. That’s why my Ajax slumbers with one eager eye open – all 589 of them.

Zealandia however, those fucking ingrates were too far away on the other side of the world and out of grasping reach from my clenched military fist to bring to heel. In my extended threatening absence, they had grown a conscience and recognised the symptoms of It; my incessant wars, hosting nuclear weapons, coups and facilitating Apartheid through their complicit silence.

So whilst I in Narcisstate I maintained the wars, coups and the Apartheid order, Zealandia spoke out against all of these things. It wouldn’t matter. In time Zealandia would become dispensable when I needed to sign trade deals with Eurostate Collective.

But being an It, Sly Mercer-Nary was in the business of murdering the milk of human kindness. He would frequently engage in lofty, technological aerial hustings in secret, carving out his chosen puppet-string leadership figures giving them his WES blessing in order to shape his vision of the New World Order, Empire 2.0.
And so it was imperative to not only hide the ARC’s true intentions but to continue my great work of Ignoreland, having spread its Empire to the Russian borders under the NATO flag. It was imperative that our collective spread to the borders of our manufactured enemies was seen by the masses, the childlike bottomfeeders, as a force for good against massing evil hoards.

The opposite was true of course however NATO and specifically, the Eurostate Cooperative elements had become too stifling and lacking in monetary imagination which was reflected directly in their lack of commitment to overheating my Military Industrial Complex spending!

And so it was decided that if they didn’t want to be ‘team players’ on my terms within NATO to defend their own borders, they could look after themselves. Ignoreland and Narcisstate would take its 80% share of NATO’s current spending and pour it and more into the ARC ‘defences’.

And if Eurostate still wanted an Article 5-esque type ‘protection’, they’d pay for it in trade on favourable terms. Of course, if they didn’t take the protection plan, well, we know what happens in these scenarios... the fire-fighter turns arsonist turns fire-fighter.

They’d be putting little ‘terrorist’ fires out all over Eurostate for a decade until they either came to the ARC-led heel, or they fractured beyond repair which was what Russia wanted too. Both would be ideal. It would be like the current NATO arrangement but on the ARC Corpolitique’s autonomous terms.
**Sophisticated Rats**

You see it was very simple; the *actions* of entire nation states regardless of their cultural or political ideologies were nothing more complicated than the hive-mind human-conditioning to return predictable outcomes of the ‘sophisticated rat’ collective ‘*will*’ made up its respective individuals.

And as such by organic mass-manipulation and cyclic psychological-conditioning *extension*, an entire country’s ‘*will*’ could be controlled, shaped, determined and delivered by a corrosively centralised media-driven message to be gaslighted into the emotional reactionary behavioural outcomes *I needed them to*, convinced as they would be, ‘their *will*’ having been made of their own ‘free and informed phenomenological-experienced volition’.

The esteemed-reverence *reverse* also applied in that; if my *unwelcome narratives* didn’t repetitively appear in the news media, *regularly*, then they didn’t exist at all or were easily forgotten. This is how I buried male victims of domestic abuse and Podminster paedophilia and child-sex trafficking to feed my Empire and Army.

In The Perfect Dictatorship, the illusion of democracy challenged by a conflicting news media choice and voices ‘speaking truth to power’ is paramount. However with all the signpost indications for a renewed, even vaunted ambition for *Empire* 2.0 to be realised, it must be cleverly, *sleekitly* – entirely, seamlessly *totalitarian* across all its endeavours.

Far from speaking truth to power, *my media had become the politically and parliamentary building embedded power* speaking *my truth* to the children. The Dark Triad ‘qualities’ of the *individuals* that *lead and underpin* Corporate and Empire *intelligence trade ambition* have always been intrinsically intertwined and can only exist in space that feeds the craving for power, that accumulates avaricious wealth and dominates *everything* in its path to the point of oblivion – which even then - can never be enough.

I was once Inca. I was once Viking. I was once Rome. I was once Egypt. I was once French. I was once Belgian. I was once Austro-Hungarian. I was once Ottoman. I was once Nazi. I am Narcisstate. I was the ‘fascist’ before Hitler made fascism ‘fashionable’. I am now Ignoreland. I am become the *Corpolitique*. The children knew me, we’d met before. I am ruthless. I did not respect their liberty or life. I did not recognise their boundaries or borders.

And of course, with Russia and China seeing this, they would have no choice but to prepare themselves for war. Though my children at home needn’t have been so shocked; they had their chance to stop me but they refused to see me coming because they thought I was going after their disabled and unemployed neighbours but not for *them*. And if they were reading this I would say to them “*You’re next, as are most definitely your childling sons and daughters*”. Thank you.

And it was achieved very effectively, largely unchallenged through Mercer-Nary’s *HuxleyHero media empire* which coupled with all of Narcissates BU’s ND’s and IED’s, the lexicon of imagery and weaponised language stitched together seamlessly with half a dozen other advertising and media monolithic monologues, across the Five Eyes of the ARC, and particularly within Narcisstate itself during the pivotal stage to deliver Nexit and my golden Army whilst maintaining the illusion of democracy.
Me, Myself and I

“We enter parliament in order to supply ourselves, in the arsenal of democracy, with its own weapons. If democracy is so stupid as to give us free tickets and salaries for this bear’s work - that is its affair. We do not come as friends, nor even as neutrals. We come as enemies. As the wolf bursts into the flock, so we come”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

The ARC’s darkest tools including mass-murder, which we claimed be on behalf of the State, on behalf of the people, were but a black mirror reflection of our own self-interests. We, the Corpolitique were the State. The people in it were but human capital to do with as we saw fit. Their consent to let me create carnage in the Middle East would have to come back on them; to let me keep doing it!

And so the lexicon and tools we employed through the information nexus to add to the pseudo-social discourse was used to assert the language, then conquer power itself. Once this was achieved we would then conquer the people. Simples!

And yet this warning amongst many had been broadcast by very wise man who knew us only too well and whom I admired greatly. One had already told them they were feminine and stupid and that only emotion and hatred could keep them under control. He’d also told them that fanaticism is the only form of willpower to which the weak and irresolute can arise.

They had warned the children of us and our arrival but what we were very careful to do however, was to hide how his murderous minutiae-machinery worked and kept it hidden from the masses, tucked away in the armoury for a rainy day.

We kept the intricate Nazi details from the Narcisstate State schools and simply told them how great and good we were. And are! After which, we kept them dim with programming disguised as entertainment and distracted with debt disguised as purpose. And we did so because we knew this day was coming. Why? Because we know all too well who we are; the rightful entitled. We can’t help ourselves! It was drunkenness without wine!

And so educationally hobbled by design, the children paid no heed to the warnings. They never actually challenged us and so they deserved to pay the price for their inbred cap doffing deference.

We actually encouraged, indeed lauded stupidity and rewarded selfishness but our greatest achievement as part of that particular perfect trifecta, was to condition and teach them, that they were superior to anyone, or any group that didn’t look like them or think like them. This was on condition of course, as I’d been benevolent enough to give the masses their own hierarchy, that they would respect my place at the top of it.

It was well tried and tested and had worked for centuries. It was the same one I used to keep them at each other’s throats whilst I rained death on ‘our’ collective enemies who generally had four things in common; they were inferior; they were terrorists; they were rich in resources – especially the spice; and they were a people oppressed by an evil dictator and so needed ‘freedom’.
But I understood, it was only with an Army could I be a world leader pretend and feed my obsession to keep **punching above my weight**. The price (there was always a price with a fellow Alpha narcissist) was to open up to Ignoreland’s ambitions which lay in the market profit capital of human misery; of war in general but specifically in Narcisstate’s prisons and healthcare systems.

Which of course had to entail The North who managed their own healthcare system. Not for much longer though. You see, like the Arabs, it was especially unfortunate for them to be born to be on top of an abundance of my current drug of choice; spice. But the spice by itself wasn’t the end goal; it was but the crucial conduit to not merely escape and evade a mundane life, *a normal mediocre existence* but to feed my fix of euphoria in the form of *power, veneration and control*. Though there was an occasional downside to the trip in the form of a slap, a ‘*spice-slap’*. 

And though acquiring the spice was invariably achieved by a combination of bribes, bombs and bullets, *none of it could be achieved without first deploying our greatest honed, most potent, most used weapons of mass destruction* – words and language, supplemented by subliminal suggestion planted to make minds *emotional*, to become weaponised thoughts and actions by the children, driven by the Corpolitique.

Many thought that more obvious form of weapon of mass destruction, the Nautilus then Neptune At-Sea nuclear deterrent site I had chosen in the near eradicated, subjugated, re-educated and almost assimilated, *tiresome* The North was purely to keep potential carnage away from cities in North, Mid and South, especially the capital, Londrome. But it was more than that.

It was a long range insurance policy to keep Ignoreland’s interests *housed in Narcisstate by maintaining the symbiotic status quo*, *should my assimilation of The North not be as successful as it had in North, Mid, South, Corner and West as the remnants of my Empire receded*. And given the subsequent discovery an abundance of spice in The North’s Sea waters, it would also provide me with the ultimate pretext to poison the well and put the final nail in The North’s coffin should they not finally break and bow. But I’d make sure the power of The North’s spice could still flow and be felt through my pivoting veins...

Yet I hadn’t treated those ingrates in The North any worse than I had in North, Mid or South, yet many still offered defiance. They would pay for their treachery. Fucking ingrates. I should have made slaves of them all and sold them in chains as I’d done with the The Ossian indentured servitude before the chattel slavery of the bountiful Blackmoors. Why couldn’t The North be like Ignoreland and grow the fuck up like my other grown up children cut from my genetic-genome cloth before they part-cut themselves from my apron strings? Ignoreland were as consumed with power as I. Why couldn’t The North be like them? Like me?!
The World IS Not Enough

“We shall go down in history as the greatest Statesmen of all time or as the greatest criminals”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Ignoreland thought they’d built in domestic safeguards against their new masters’ tyranny, in the form of omnipresent arms but with their growing unchecked strength and sensing supremacy, their mood and taste for more, grew. And like me, they craved insatiably for more. Much more beyond their own borders.

In doing so they came home and suckled the embodiment of me. They couldn’t help it. Nearly a thousand years of my warring DNA was in their blood. We were kindred. They revelled in the idea of the Ignoreland dream for themselves but they couldn’t supress their character, my character, through their global imperial ambitions and so their dream became the world’s nightmare.

Occasionally, signs of the coming armed domestic strife and imperial ambition came together in form of a hollow sacralisation of the military uniform, lionised glorification of the flag and flying weapons of war, fast jet bombers soaring over their stadiums. Exhilarating the children, they felt ‘their’ projected power through me and they gave me ‘permission’ to use it on ‘their’ behalf. I would keep their dreams alive by destroying others but I would eventually destroy myself too. And I would take them with me. I couldn’t help myself, its in my nature.

But until then, though Ignoreland were less refined than I, I witnessed them growing exponentially and so I reluctantly came to terms that my Empire, my position was still entirely dependent on them. In time I forgave them their treachery in exchange the Company’s on-going trade but as with everything I did for anyone, whether they wanted it or not, there was to pay a price for my kind consideration and benevolence.

Their first price was to forget what I did to their sons and daughters when they dared to leave me. The second, was that they had to abandon any treacherous thought of reinstating the lands and cultural remnants of their ragged starving kin who’d remained behind on Narcisstate. They were my lands and my ‘human’ capital now. And their third price, was to love me of course, to fawn over my superior Blue-blood reverence, my lap-dog pedigree and in doing so, I would allow them the courtesy of assuring my rightful, entitled place on the planet. We were both contemptuous hypocrites and so they understood their superior inferior place, as did I mine.

As mutual-enablers, we, they learned quickly. The apple did not fall far from the tree. I was so proud of what they’d become. The problem was how would I convince, how would I programme, a population living in the most powerful military Empire the world has ever witnessed, which by its very nature has to be at odds with democracy for its very survival, that a people needed their governments’ protection from sustained attacks?

I’d do what all parents do to keep the children in check. I’d invent monsters.
Monsters

Monsters that are bigger than them, coming to attack their cities, their democracy and way of life. Monsters in the form of other world fictional demonic building crashing Cloverfield that in essence would be repeatedly telling them the story of our relationship.

Terrifying Aliens perhaps even a resurgent invasion of an intergalactic army. All complete with comedic value and an unending array of yellow heroism feel-good fortitude references, such as protecting the childlings 'SCHOOL BUS' and of course yellow stripes in any and all forms for the forces for good - of course – led by Ignoreland – of course.

And all loaded with subliminal fantasy the entertainment greedy children wanted to believe, needed to believe whereby humanity came and held together; their Arabs and Jews united for humankind were my ragheads and yids integrated for theatre – my invented possibility. Dream on. Impossible! Not a fucking chance if I had anything to do with it.

Nonetheless, although they knew it was only 'entertainment' they couldn’t help but become so wrapped, so engrossed in my emotional blanket of possibility that gave them a warm fuzzy-glow feeling of hope for the future, that humankind could one day come together. Which of course they’d forget entirely, reverting back to my programmed prejudice type, with many looking down their superior noses with contempt derision at the next headscarf-head, Brownskin or Blackamoor they encountered on their superior streets. Proud I was.

Of course that’s other world aliens. For this world aliens I’d demonise an entire religion with intergenerational ‘fabricated fact’ to induce, to programme from birth my ‘Pavlov Patriotism’ built on victimhood indoctrination of broadcasts upon minds drip-fed with anti-Muslim sentiment incessantly into their subconscious, exploiting innate negativity bias in order to elicit a ‘free-thinking’ conscious behavioural response from the recipient subjects.

Which invariably, I’m pleased to say, results in consensus consent, plebiscite ‘permission’ - to go and bomb the fuck out of and murder in the name of ‘humanitarianism’ out-of-favour types of Muslims. This was usually the ones not playing ball by not giving me access to my spice. Eat. Sleep. Repeat.

Monsters that I needed to feed, to feed my Army.
Russia – The Pantomime Villain of The Piece

‘Monsters’ like the Russians who had been the childrens perennial boogyman that kept them in check. But someone, somewhere corporate within that villains lair, like Ignoreland, like Narcisstate once Nexit was complete, also had every complicit incentive to see a weakened, disintegrating Eurostate Cooperative.

It had an interest in seeing the end a strong, socioeconomic, socio-politically diverse trading bloc on its doorstep. Simply put, the Eurostate Cooperative was corporate-business competition and so it had to pay the going rate for a global-corporate takeover. The price? The Eurostate Cooperative’s and Five Eyes democracy - starting with Narcisstate’s.

But whilst the Eurosate Cooperative kept a collective eye on ‘Russia’s’ funding of right wing groups in Europe and for their potential for electoral cyber-scams, it didn’t realise it was at war for its very survival, undergoing a slow-cooker coup d’etat cooked up by so-called ‘partners’, by so-called ‘allies’.

It didn’t know it was geopolitically pincered by right-wing, neo-con corporate banks and joint-venture elements of State-sponsored cyber-intelligence sting between Ignoreland, Narcisstate and Russia – the latter being the willing deflection fall-guy, fitting neatly dovetailed within the my favoured film and news media stereotyped bad guy. ‘Monster’.
A Neo-Con Monument To Iraqistan – The Corpolitique Sacralisation of the Useful Uniformed-Dead Made Undead.

With a fundraising campaign started by one of Sly’s Press Media interests, I significantly part paid for the Iraqistan Monument with a ‘donation’ from a highly profitable arm of my Corpolitique war machine. It was, as ever, an emotional distraction this time built right outside the Ministry of Imperial Defence to re-stake, to remind and reclaim the memory of the war dead of one illegal war in Iraq and one wholly foreseeably futile war in Afghanistan. But futility mattered not as I once again made an absolute fortune to the tune of about – say - the Last Post, not long before the patsy PC’s Last Post.

My brilliant principle Party blue cover from under which the symbolically deceased monolith was unveiled would not only match the stage carpet which held the subliminally voiced “religion” of the Flexagon in full view but also the visually colour-coded claim of right of ownership to the dead. Quite by subliminal coincidence of course, the brilliant blues matched not one but three Queens across the Corpolitique BU News Division elements that day. This blue would become the new subliminal-association fashion used to prey on emotions on such favourable death staged events.

And part of the overall design, not of the monument itself but of two kinds of well-publicised invitation lists to continue the dissonance; the first was an invitation and inaugural dedication to civilians, for this was to be their Service too and of course their subliminal invite to join the combat-green military machine. They too would be honoured by a new annual stampede to the stone-cold theatre adorned, awash drowning in my great and good should they take the soldierly spies leap and of course - not return in a box having died ‘heroes’ death.

Those that did return I would hold in high temporary esteem to recruit the next generation of childlings to whom I would also pin my marching medal, a trifle trinket show of the nations ‘appreciation’. Having milked all their worth for another year, they could scatter to the four corners of Narcisstate to fight, beg, for their broken mind and bodied benefits and feed their families full of shame at foodbanks. Fuck ‘em.

The second part of the design was not only to continue the deliberate drip-feed agitation by inviting my shameless Grinning Assassin but to also make a raffle for the right of the bereaved to attend that day. Some, like some parents of the Undead, I publicly proclaimed were not even informed until it was too late to attend. I could of course quite easily have kept these minor, inconsequential details away from the children but of course it enabled the Corpolitique media to look like their champion.

They couldn’t see it, perhaps because they were too scared to acknowledge what they saw every day. But it was more likely that but for a brief, well-Whig taught post ‘Baby-Boomers’ blimp over the last fifty years, they couldn’t see who or what I really was; the rebranded product the Company waving a Flexagon made a religion built on their bones for my 400 year-old war machine.

A highly organised war machine that could plan and win battles thousands of miles away and control the information outflows. Yet the trusting children would simply overlook the overlooked bereaved and the NeoCon Corpolitique invitation list debacle dissemination here in Narcisstate, as simple ineptness and trustworthy media transparency.

I taught them everything they knew. That was always the whole programmed conditioning point.
Which is why I like them young. This was the perfect age – or at least the youngest age I could get away with - childling male and females, were way more susceptible to programming before the joined and after. They’d often too go on to become the successful career soldiers that provide the longer term continuity by becoming moulded into exactly into what it is I need them to be; reasonably intelligent yet compliant submissive ‘sponges’ subservient to authority without question.

This they often confused for ‘loyalty’. It wasn’t. It was simply just not even having the wherewithal to remotely even begin to contemplate, that they didn’t even know who they are yet themselves, never mind who they could one day be if I hadn’t come along to ‘save’ them. But I didn’t want long-term soldiers anymore, I wanted a regular conveyor belt of young cannon-fodder.

But grooming them, to give them ‘confidence’ in my image, makes them become of me and for me and they are grateful to me for it. I am their first, their last and their everything. Intelligent childling boys and girls trained, taught and conditioned to be successful career soldiers fully capable of ‘free-thinking’.

But they are actually only free to do so within the confines of having been formatively and suscessibly manipulated and controlled into thinking and being exactly what is needed to fulfil their worker-ant role on behalf of ‘the government of the day’ which is in actual fact my elite society, my aristocratic interests. This of course invariably boils down to exploiting the people and resources of other countries. Ho-hum. It is what it is.

But here’s the beauty of my double-whammy. Most of the childling boys and childmen who will bear the brunt and feel most susceptible to the gaslight emasculation exercise, will be empathetic souls, the emotionally intelligent. These are the perfect professional soldier commodities and exactly the ones I want to draw in because given the right combination of manipulation of fearful and fearless circumstances; for self, for family and for country – empaths are as capable of killing as any sociopath is.

However unlike sociopaths, empaths are easily controlled and contained to follow the Rules of Engagement and not film themselves opening up on innocents from the back of a Humvee. The second bonus, is that as empaths, living with the horrors they’ve witnessed or indeed perpetrated, they are more liable to develop PTSD, which if it becomes protracted or chronic, then allows me to eventually, after some window-dressing treatment of course, quietly turf them out of the Army on psychiatric grounds, as a liability to themselves and their fellow soldiers. And hey presto, with his use fulfilled he is left to his family to pick up the pieces or suicidal on the streets. Poor fellows.

I’d make the right sympathetic noises about the suffering of soldiers and PTSD, the same as I recently started doing for mental health issues. But it was all just hollow theatre to pretend I had their interests at heart. And just as was the precursor to PTSD, the WWI ‘shellshock’ before the ‘battle-shock’ era of naming, shaming and shooting soldiers suffering from that particular ‘taboo’ so too, would I foster a similar ‘silent and silencing shame’ to be associated with and felt by the childmen, who were male victims of Domestic Psychological, Emotional Abuse and Violence at the hands of women by metaphorically ‘shooting’ the childmen through my one-sided Domestic Violence – Against Narcisstate Women and Girls narrative agenda.
PTSD would be rightly recognised in soldiers and correctly diagnosed in female victims of domestic violence but male victims forced from their homes would remain my invisible 40% Army ripe for potential recruitment.

Which could enhance them being followed by their childling sons too, blocked from seeing their fathers by the other half of my invisible female abuser 40% and by my secret Family Courts, a conveyor belt filling with children growing ever more detached, deprived of the love of their spiritual, their flesh and blood fathers, to be replaced by the State in the form of part-time ‘male role model’ in Teachers or Care Home workers before earning their wings as fully-fledged institutionalised in Young Offenders Institutes and super-prisons – or the Army.

But unlike the firing squads of the Somme and Ypres, commanded by my Captains at the behest of distant Generals a hundred years ago as they loftily, remotely, ordered the summary executions of men already broken in body and in mind with a lifetime of hell in the trenches, today’s ‘Generals’ were my Captains of industry, my media barons, my laws and legislation, my Corpolitique.

I’d say ‘It’s all their own fault’, that ‘Men need to not be afraid to open up more’, that ‘They need to let go of the Narcissistish ‘Stiff upper lip’!’. But of course I’d gaslight hobble them every step of the way, stigmatising them into domestic violence silence through my altogether broader, ubiquitous brand of State driven domestic abuse.

Through the continued narrative omission of the 40% that are male-victims and by commission through compulsory State ‘relationship re-education’, reconditioning for all four year olds, I’d burden the boys whilst slackening the bonds of all them, loosening them from their parents.

And also too, by both commission and omission through unilateral Podminster Parliamentary legislation, with its deliberate misandrist design to mission creep beyond all foreseeable proportion with its inconceivable yet wholly intentional ‘unintended consequence’ to make prisoners of boys within their own cognitively-pained skin in order to give them ‘purpose’ by morphing them into my own Orc Army.

But it was all about the beating of the battle into them, I’d channel them as I’d been doing since forever, even giving them the opportunity to become their dead heroes. You’re welcome.
Kissing Cousins – The ‘Unthinkable’ Incestuous Relationship Between The Homeless and The Hungry

This had been all the rage across Narcisstate, with my deliberate dealing in the disease of despair since forever keeping swathes of inner-city communities destitute. I fostered economic conscription in all its forms in order to feed the homeless not with nutrition but with ‘volition’ into my Army. This I was in the process of making more ‘focussed’ as I too laid the red carpet out for hungers welcome return.

The Londrome Radio DJ was once again right on the money but again without realising he was sat on the huge pile of the information cache...

“Bonkers!” he called the state of the lack of houses “So you’re left with this question, why they don’t build more?... ...Successive governments both Conservative and Labour have failed to build as many houses as Harold Wilson did during his Premiership... ...It’s incomprehensible that as the population has grown since the 1960’s, the Government led house building projects... the total number of houses that get built in the country,... ...has been fewer than were built during Harold Wilson’s Premiership. I don’t understand that. I genuinely don’t understand that. How can that be? How can we be living in a country where every year the population goes up but the number of houses being built has been going down every year pretty much since the ‘60’s?”

Which just so happened coincide with the end of Narcisstate’s National Service - in November 1960. Shortly after which the last remnants of this form of conscription would begin to dry up.

He went on “I like this conversation because we can park party politics... It didn’t happen under Labour, it didn’t happen under the Conservatives; it didn’t happen under either, we didn’t build enough houses, we are not building enough houses”.

That’s because it all happened under the watchful eye of The Party. As did the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation proud boast of the MOID’s benevolent 1998 strategy of ‘helping’ the homeless ‘From the streets to the ranks’ “Recruiting the homeless is one of a series of initiatives launched to ease undermanning which has left the army 5,000 under strength. The army says many of the homeless are victims of circumstance and there is not good reason why they should not make good soldiers”.

It happened within my perfect dictatorship to ensure a steady supply of homeless children channelled toward the upkeep of my crumbling Empire. Homelessness and its close incestuous cousin hunger were vital weapons in amongst my thousand year armoury of economic conscription through poverty and deprivation and psychotropic conscription through drug infiltration into, within and across swathes of deliberately disadvantaged and dispossessed sections of society.

And they were still all vital weapons - especially within inner cities where I’d made sure their socioeconomic ills had existed since forever. This was their inner city programming and ‘education’ by my design; they knew no different and expected no different of their subservient lot in life, where poverty deprivation could be easily secreted in concentrated gaslight form – much like my yellow heroism subliminal recruitment drive couldn’t be seen in amongst the ubiquitous sea of the yellow submarine.
From the years of black and yellow lead-in preparation, to its concentrated form announced by my false-flag live soap production on Podminster Bridge, it was now so vast across the childrens, the minions flatscreen cosmos through programming and advertising, in their daily commutes by air, road and rail, in their shopping malls and work places – so massive it would be entirely missed every day, except of course when the signs of the yellow and black risk and reward affected them personally.

And that was the point; like poverty, my amplified yellow heroism was so infinitely invisible the children would subconsciously absorb my golden feel-good, fight-for-your-family subliminal yellow messaging via their black mirrors, when in real life I further I deprived them of the things their brains needed; food, water, sex and sleep and what their congruent being needed; safety, sanctuary, love, belonging, self-esteem and self-actualisation though purpose.

Purpose which I would give them, on my terms as they consciously basked patriotically in my golden glow, in a future I had presented on a subliminal platter to them by giving them a chance to do something positive with their pathetic lives. My island nation of conditioned loyal Pavlov’s Dogs sold a pup through my manipulated prism of austerity, Nexit and the Istanbul Convention.

So the induced homelessness had to be kept up more than ever, and concentrated even further which I would do by stopping housing benefits for 18-21 year olds in addition to the Bedroom Tax 2 for under 35’s who had no childlings of their own and so quite possibly singles perhaps still locked into the parents homes without any family dependent ties – perfect!

But which really didn’t matter too much as I sold off military married housing and single accommodation stock for a tidy sum as I encouraged existing Service personnel to purchase or rent within the general communities they lived. Little did they understand the future Army would be the general communities they lived in!

Those in the know knew from old research that if just 140 childmen or childwomen were made homeless, it cancelled out any cost savings to local authorities and when it was tried in the 90’s, when the Army openly targeted the homeless for recruitment, it led to increased mental health issues.

The Narcisstate Home Office were also fully aware of direct links between increased offending after having benefits withdrawn but again that was another bonus; I would reintroduce a judicial discretionary culture that gave the children in the dock a choice of either ‘voluntarily’ joining my Army, or they could go and get spice-slapped silly to try and escape from themselves in my burgeoning gaslight failing prison system.

You see the link between the inhabitants of my walled prisons and the inhabitants of my island prison had never been made starker; both were channelled ‘choice’ illusions that offered differing paradigms of ‘freedom’ to have made one’s own life-choices.

And both were channelled ‘choice’ illusions that offered an escape route – from themselves; whether locked in an induced cell, coerced into fighting for consoling spice, or locked into an induced conscription, coerced into fighting for the corporate’s black gold spice, each respectively feeding them the drug of choice that fed each set of Pavlov’s Prisoners a delusion of escapism and purpose.
‘Escapism’ and ‘purpose’, which only came about having been forced through the disease of despair to take a path that wasn’t theirs, Pavlov prevented from taking the profession, the life that may have led to contentment. And who knew what they might have become; perhaps salesman or scaffolder but now they needed something, anything, to try and fill the void of a misplaced emotional gap for who and what they’d been conditioned to become; cellmate or soldier.

And this link, mirrored my other inextricably linked relationship weapon still – as it had for hundreds of years - between homelessness and hunger; why else did the children in their middle class homes turning a blind eye think I arrested, charged and fined the homeless for scavenging food from supermarket bins? Why else did they think I had caring children arrested and charged for feeding the homeless on the streets?

The answer was simple; programmed conditioning – they thought I loved them and had a duty to protect them. For them to think otherwise was too unthinkable.

Eleutheromania – noun - ‘a manic yearning for freedom; mania or frantic zeal for freedom’.
And just as prison guards smuggle the current drug of choice, *spice* into Narcisstate’s prisons in order to create the *slap-happy* chaos I needed to justify building super-prisons and filling them with highly profitable orange jumpsuit misery, so too had Ignoreland’s Security Services also picked up on introducing drugs to their society’s children with the ‘sole’ *plausible cover* ‘account’ of illicitly raising untraceable funds to arm Nicaraguan rebels. But this was too *unthinkable*.

But of course, with a modicum of more effort, my agents could have introduced *those same drugs* into *any other country* in South America and still made the currency required. However the flaw with that was rather obvious; South American citizens wanting to escape their crack-epidemic ghettos – *wouldn’t have been able to* ‘voluntarily’ join the Ignoreland *military*, unlike the many Blackmoors from South Central LA that *could*.

But Ignoreland had simply learned from the best of course. Unfortunately for the *discoverers* Morgan Webb, always with an axe to grind, would commit the rather impossible suicide with a double-tap to his head. Still, the Corpolitique owned everything from care-homes to coroners. My law, judiciary and media ensured there was nothing to see here. Move along!
Mass-Conditioning for Conscription Conditioning

The TV Spoke Feelings To Them

“The experience of the individual has become the experience of the people, thanks solely to the camera”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

That was the power of the TV. I’d made it an intrinsic member of the family, an inanimate emotional substitute that brought them feelings since the flick of 1950’s switch and had ever since, been honing its trusted programming place central to the family hierarchy. So much so, I used it to feed them the gaslight, the distraction illusion they wanted, they needed to believe in; that of their civilised society.

I showed them community coming together for the disabled and the cancer afflicted with utopian DIY build togetherness when in fact I was slowly slaying the disabled and using the cancer to keep them strapped into the irrational emotional roller-coaster.

Family and humour, I largely delivered through Stepford-esque nostalgic corporate advertising; banks, service utility providers and supermarkets but which in real life the banks with my kleptocracy were yet again – in the process of ripping apart.

Besides, real-life family took too much time and emotional-effort to sustain relationships with the emotional rewards, mixed to say the least. I was actually doing them a favour! I mean, why bother with real life, with the realistic potential for the disappointment that comes of real people, of real family and friends who may or may not return or reciprocate your emotional investment, when you can have a minimal input, trouble-free false consciousness relationship courtesy of the television?

I gave them their solution to their shallowness! The TV transmitted a hassle-free communication substitute for each and every bottom-feeder dwelling to receive an entirely selfish one-way inward emotional investment without any complications, without being answered back. All whilst giving everyone in the room the perfect excuse to just shut the fuck up incomunicado or communicate largely on my terms through the programming prism of me. Perfect.

Perfect - as all the while I was tearing them apart at the psychological and State-driven mass-psychosis seams through docu-drama designed to deliberately ‘docu-distort’ truth, to reprogram their reality disguised as my mere public-service driven duty to ‘reflect’ real life and their lives within it.

And for many in this shallow consumerist short-term, fame-game-gain epoch the only communicating ‘member of the family’ whose ‘word’ was trusted and unequivocally accepted like no other ‘family member’ would be afforded - was that of the TV. Through it, they trusted everything I told them; from fabricated fact to full-on fiction.

Such was the beauty of intergenerational brainwashing; many would not just simply believe what they saw and heard but would quasi-religiously buy into what they were being told to listen to, to see and hear subliminally in order to feel what they were missing in real life – some drama – without comeback baggage potential.

Well, not that they could quite conceive of just yet of course.
They were ripe for my primed ‘reality’ of my rapist-society invention plagued by murderous white misogynists, just as I’d done and was still doing with Brownskin terrorist Muslims - all recycled through ‘news’ and repeated in IED entertainment *messaging* distorted through successive evening docu-dramas for full *concentration of force* psychological operations effect and readily made available for box-set bludgeoning.

For some, their favourite personalities and soap characters – they were part of their psyche. For some, these ‘characters’ were actuality fucking ‘real’ – which scared the shit out of me! But that was exactly what I needed, for them to believe in the plots as their phenomenological ‘experienced reality’.

Of all the vehicle forms of *subliminal and blatant propaganda messaging*; newspapers, radio and social media, *it was the television* that rewrote neuroplasticity to reshape the ‘factual’ world since childlings and upon which when growing up into children themselves became so *emotionally bonded with and ‘truthfully’ wedded to.*

Toddler childlings, once plonked down in front of the main hypnotic vassal by mothers – or fathers - wanting to get on with their domestic working day, still did so, to get on with social media gossip of the day.

The truth was the TV within every bottom feeder dwelling, *was my wolf in their lair.* Fine in small doses but such was their unacknowledged junkie addiction to TV - they could never begin to conceive they had anything they needed to give it up; just like their ‘democracy’.

**Mumbles**

The subliminal training programme would not only exist in flatscreen colour and words read in newspapers but in *sound* too, to sharpen the subconscious senses. A noticeable new but inexplicable and sudden, catching style of difficult diction delivery across a range of BU IED outputs, was my deliberate design to begin to *brain train* the fresh cannon-fodder generation. The millennials, were the first recipients targets required to *concentrate on listening* intently making them more susceptible to hidden language sitting *secreted,* invisible in the shade of nuance.
Nostalgia

Tom wasn't a very well-known musician however he would have his brief moment of fame when it was announced he had died suddenly and unexpectedly on tour in Ignoreland. Although the agent was adamant he’d got the right target, he quite evidently hadn’t recognised the Narcisstate 1980’s pop icon and mistook him for his guitarist.

Tom was but one of a number of a flurry of sudden and unexpected celebrity-deaths which of course delivered widespread dissonance as well as give me the pretext to roll out all their old tunes to transport, as music so effective in doing, in emotionalising the past and time-travel the children back to better times, greater times.

Like the flatscreen panacea, Narcisstates Radio BU’s would flood the populous’ airwaves with pretexts created to give extended play to many, many more much older songs spanning the 60’s until early 2000’s for the Boomers and Millenials alike. All of which would be ‘handed over’ to the general public with non-stop oldies loaded with family references just for feel-good, rose-tint nostalgic measure. Pick of the Pops pretext to Sounds of the subliminal 80’s.

So called independent stations previously ‘obsessed’ with a cyclical loop-play of the same dozen N Feature boy band chart songs, the stifling of creativity with the elite’s intellectual Talibanisation of music, would still appeal to their demographic only now they would play more of the previous decades’ dirty dozen’s. The children simply wouldn’t detect the seamless nature and even if they did, they’d dismiss it as a welcome hypnotic ‘paranoia’ that would distract them from the constant cycle of my gaslight Corpolitique ‘news’.

More importantly, what they didn’t understand was the nostalgic variety of songs, lyrics and music carrying back to yesteryear, only came about by creative minds that able to explore and express themselves, their minds being free from the worry of war, of paying through the nose for ill-health and sanctions of the State for the best part of forty years. But my further sanctions would result in cuts to school funding which would force Head Teachers to ‘prioritise’ subjects.

Most would have no choice but to cut out the heart of the arts which would stifle creativity and cuts to school-trips would inhibit inspiration and free-mind growth. They’d better enjoy these tunes whilst they could as my very Narcisstish ‘Taliban-plan’ in the name of austerity took hold.

Musical nostalgia advertising had always been a premier selling point to draw consumers in to buying products and so just a few more wouldn’t hurt. A lot more would hurt even less. All manner of all things and people past would now become their present and emotional romanticised version of their future within Narcisstate.

In addition to the tranches of useful dead pop stars, waves of phone calls to has-beens actors and never-really-were celebrities would be made out of the blue who would be given the opportunity to work in showbiz again. It would be a most welcome mystery for many of them but they were essential for bringing together cross-generational support for the war on the children that I had in store, particularly psychological recruitment and eventual outright conscription which would be preceded by my usual economically enforced ‘austerity’ conscription regardless.
Celebrities and the prestigious, almost canonised celebritisation of Narcisstates presenters, luvvies, actors and reagents were the indisputable infinite distraction needed to beguile the children into their own hypnotised sense of greatness – and with it their own demise.

Proxy platitudes filled TV, radio and ‘suggested’, ‘sponsored’ and shared social media proxy pages to universally resurrect the childhoods of all. The childlings timeless colourful toy bricks turned in electronic game and superhero film. The iconic global basketball team, shuffling out their skills with the million minute woman masquerade making a spectacle of herself all for audience ingratiation; too much with eyes rolling skyward.

The famous Mary umbrella returned for a staged outing. The royal yacht Narcisstannia will sail again for a nation-wide black and white Empire 2.0, would only ever sail again across the TV screens and front pages of tabloids. Grammar school greatness! An iconic Friend, brought out of relative obscurity to drive on Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation screens every week.

Sledging them with a tirade of tear-jerker banks ads, as the emotional champions and friends of the family; We Are Fam-i-lee. The favourite cat, always top of his game. Supermarkets and malls seamlessly turned into Boomers, Gen X, Y and Z retail disco’s, the banks and stores combining to cooperate, one even retro-rebranded under the guise of moving back to back to its older better values but creepily delivered duelling banjos.

Another supermarket made of money, yellow construction men versus the emasculate gaslight humour all bossed by a bitchy bint – can you handle it? The cult Donny dark rabbit returning in shades of blue, look into his eye to hear my cryptic clue “...it will be a once I a lifetime unrewindable experience’. And then some! Symbolism. For the oldies a pizza topping in tones of a champion wonder horse and “Parker?” “Yes, m’lady?”

Bills passed back and forth between Podminster Houses were all of a sudden called ‘Ping-Pong’ but had always been, (not ‘wiff-waff’, that wouldn’t work). In The North, language previously frowned upon such as fairground dialect for “the shows” would be re-injected, repeated by the self-same snobs.

Prescient was The 80’s The Decade That Made Us, The 90’s The Decade That Connected Us, The 2000’s The Decade We Saw It All, the programming sequencing of them contrived. The as yet unmade The 20Teens The Decade They Didn’t See It Coming At All?

I gave them the epidural illusion that they wanted, that their greatness could just carry on forever in me. But it would all be snatched away from them as they willingly let me channel their childlings by programmed channelling, from their families to be sucked into my military industrial and cyber war machine.
The Yellow Submarine - Saturate the Springtime

“Advertising is the rattling of a stick inside a swill bucket”. – George Orwell (1903-1950)

The days of TV advertising simply being ‘loud’ enough to reach the kitchen kettle had evolved way past my audience trained timid. Instead I sang even more beautifully to the children, as I had done for generations; #Red and yellow and pink and green, purple and orange and blue, I can sing a rainbow, sing a rainbow, sing a rainbow too# goes the childlings nursery rhyme.

I programme them to sing it, to believe it, to feel it all together and when alone in their thoughtful, playful heads. And all learned rote in the comfort of my intergenerational State-schools and assemblies for them to then carry it with them as part their cognitive DNA for the rest of their insignificant lives, for them to sing it to their childlings too.

My gaslight rainbow has never been so brilliantly lit. Especially with golden yellows, the representative radiance assurance of the golden Sun that rises without fail every day, positive and life-giving. It was warm, trusting, trusted as the temperature on the weather forecast, safe and secure.

It’s dependable ubiquitous colour of safety; tools and reflective clothing of construction, add a dash of prominence painted black and you have rear number plates, of temporary diversion road signs and permanent pelican crossing flashing-light beacons. Together they were the colours of gym equipment fitness followed by mental health well-being.

Hell, they were even the colour combination branding of The North’s Indy Party! And of course its universal presence, the necessary accessory decoration of clothing issued to and vehicles driven by those to be trusted without question, the emergency services mixed with a dash of brilliant, trusted principle Party blue; police, ambulance and fire brigades.

Which was why Sly changed his colours to exactly those two but for much of the breaking news during crucial points in the campaign. He seamlessly changed it to good old subliminal recruitment black and yellow, even interspersing his weather reports with jolly childlings jumping, innocently, Merrily in shower-puddles, dressed in grey and black, drowning in oversized yellow macs and welly boots against a splash dash of reds. And then the carefree living life to the max surfer dressed in black wetsuit, riding his bright yellow board through the waves. Clever man. I like Sly. He truly is one of mine.

Yellow and gold sold the advertisers subliminal message as the benchmark of quality, of brand as trust solid affluent standard to sell a million products. And that is exactly why it would fit so seamlessly, so brilliantly undetected and understated to feed into my military and intelligence recruitment campaign.

But not only advertising, my Corpolitiques BU News Divisions and their current affairs programming as well as IED channels, all squeezing bright yellows and golds into broadcast pieces, everywhere, anywhere in a positive, family, dependable as I moved my dark scheme towards its military-language and heroic blue lights.
Seamless Subliminal Suggestion in Not So Mellow Yellow

All manner of yellows were welcome but none sold like nature sells, its trusted brilliance by itself with bumble bees buzzing in bright TV programming sunshine, whilst Narcisstate was still in the gloom of winter, the given unquestioned pretext of pollination hobbled by corporates. The Iraqistan veteran interviewed in the gloom of his kitchen, lit up by the near 3D yellow carnations carefully placed on the flank of the immediate strategic screen.

Even on overcast and miserable days, the narcis flowers, an array of yellow daffodils would be retrieved, turned phototropic from the darkness of the electronic library-footage vaults back into the staged lights. The softening up, then ready to reinforce the yellow subliminal symbolism, steeping It slowly seeping into their malleable minds of the children to become trained, conditioned to forever associate yellow with my manipulated emotional horror that I broadcast through the lens of my live lethal soap across the Corpolitique’s Broadcasting Units News Divisions.

The children and their childlings in particular would subliminally and inextricably link the black with yellow and the horror with heroism on the day of my Podminster staged self-inflicted false-flag “attack on our democracy”. Yes, daffodils would never get so much colourful coverage and receive such a vibrant outing, only surpassed by the matching yellow litany of luminescence, a blanket-horizon reflective sea complimented not with a yellow submarine but an amphibious duck tourist truck! I needn’t have bothered.

I made the future so bright for potential recruitment across Narcisstate and in particular one of the cities awash with cannonfodder - Londrome. Birming’ham would be next. Both would also become the first cities to have fully armed police, as I readied for my riots. A seminal Springtime for Mayhem indeed.

From the yellow titled carefree confident construction workers, a morning workout of jumping jacks, going great guns top through the musical danger zone fit, self-assured childmen filing through a kitchen hot plate getting stuck into a hearty breakfast. An Army marches on its stomach. First in single file they march through the foyer, with a disappeared close-up of the boots, before the self-assured group of children swagger out of the top hotel previously, curiously sung a wonderful life, painted Black emblazoned ‘coincidentally’ yellow ‘SCAFFOLDERS’.

Not, ‘BRICKIES’, ‘PLUMBERS’, ‘CARPENTERS’ or ‘ELECTRICIANS’ but SCAFFOLDERS looking for, subliminally suggesting danger zone ‘SOLDIERS’ just in time for a SeventySeven Social Media proxy page ‘Afghan Combat Footage – Funker 530’ yellow jacket construction workers with their surreal silent attempted stab at amateur humour, armed with a pneumatic drill now a machine gun “When you spend 12 years as a machine gunner but now you’re working in construction” followed in the feed the first ‘comment’ by SeventySeven themselves, real recruitment value combat footage.

All around the same time as BU IED1’s Squaddie-speak Last Miners exclusively WES males filmed inundated with safety colours reflective of cross-cultural terminology and images which evoke thoughts of the military; the monument to the dead now torn down and of camaraderie ‘you won’t find anywhere else’. Of course you will my precious.
It was autumn beginnings preparing for an explosion in construction imagery for the construction illusion. Unbelievable? Jeff can bet every day of the year if he likes in his yellow construction helmet jacket smiling out of the bookies window. Is it a golden crisp construction helmet, I wonder?

And all around the time The Premiers back seat luminescent fidget-spin assistant continued to fail to get to grips with his folder, unlike The Premier, she handles her yellow associative-learning conditioning prop just fine.

The new housing website laden with camp musical fancy dress nostalgia; a biker, a cop, a cowboy, an indian, a yellow hatted construction worker, a dressed in combats soldier “Intel from…”. Construction and Combat to become as subliminally programmed to be inextricably linked as was made the Cowboy and Indian, with the cowboy the good guy guaranteed to win and the indian, dangerous, programmed a ‘savage’ - always to die deservedly first, last and every time in the juveniles conditioned game.

The childlings cognitive adolescence dice loaded from the start, from the beginnings of awareness taught the normalisation of the white ‘race’ a breed apart, stock born superior. Not to worry, some of the white ‘race’ is of more superior stock to other ‘members’ of the white ‘race’ as The Ossian in particular had experienced before the original black-gold discovery of the Blackamores. Only now, my children and their childlings of Narcisstate, were all my new Ossian now!

A supermarket made of money, emasculated white-collar suits in high-heels and blue-denim shorts ‘strutters’ and ‘builders’ building up the camp, building up to capitalise on the subliminal emasculation themes, latterly reinforced by the shouting aggressive childwoman “Get back to work!” Can you handle it? No, they cower and run. The answer, indeed the cover-story if caught, is solely construction to build Narcisstate [the invisible, subliminal inextricable construction link to soldiers, to heroes not to be seen but subconsciously acknowledged] with its radio message of a Squadron hidden in plain sight amid a maelstrom at the end of the Universe.

A cartoon crusader caped in yellow and black built against the backdrop of intergenerational children’s humour, hidden in a world made of timeless, seamless tiny bricks hidden by a new house brick the colour purple. And in money throughout Narcisstate, the seamless street, the construction café, the new shade of winning lottery ticket the world belongs to those who check.

And both the Army and the Navy recruitment adverts; complete with yellow safety jacket references could point the way to follow the yellow brick road but surely, It’s a lot of subliminal associative-learning, reams of months of it simply to connect with that? It, I, wouldn’t be disappointed.

A yellow laden street car insurance ad, its enduring colour branding seamless. Though the content peculiar; almost as if it were encouraging a daredevil dangerman to be a boy racer? Risk and reward. Mimickers are key to the plot – real boy racers can go to my superprisons or serviceable, workable ones can link to the measured professional; calm, controlled chaos always with the safety of others in the back, at the forefront of his mind. Though I did wonder if the racing drivers childlings, all innate sponges for suggestion of course, mimicked, waiting in innocent phone-filmed ambush for their toilet-defecating father, to record his personal temporary private moment and catch his potential tongue-lashing for his personal space-violated “Are you as clean as a man called David?”

Not a moment to himself, not even to take a shit and wipe his arse in peace.
A prisoner in his own home aided by my whitewashed women of four – plus - in 10 domestic abusers, the suppressed unspoken statistic that his invisible wife or girlfriend will encourage the childlings to mimic him even more. I, with my 40% of female perpetrator enablers, set the psychological cycle to repeat spin. They can’t see I’m slowly prizing their sons from them for my future battlefields.

I slowly frog-boil their fathers into a tight simmering ball of emasculated explosive potential, primed to fight, flight or freeze - as are all humans. It’s only a matter of time before his lashing out, either verbally aggressive or unthinking violence, it matters not – he leaves forced out by gaslight.

Pushed to leave via the verbal violence, without him having sustained cuts and bruises, without him able to show demonstrable evidence and without the suppressed gaslight victim aid to become a survivor - he is forced out - invisible.

He is 2 to three times less likely to report his female-partner abuser, and if he does I make sure his tortured experience is then shrouded in more of the same the gaslight fog made up of a misandrist matriarchy, steering my weaponised statistic reporting, with the sly blessing of the Corpolitique’s male dominated misogynist patriarchy. The result is he becomes another perpetrator and she another victim, in my manipulated epidemic of violence against women and girls.

For the latter scenario, if he lashes out physically, everything, his months, even years of his gaslit existence at the hands of her psychological and emotional abuse – never happened – as he is taken away, arrested by the police, handcuffed and possibly imprisoned and certainly statistically recorded and reported as male perpetrated domestic violence against a female.

And if angry, bitter mothers won’t keep their childlings detached from their fathers over the subsequent months and years, this is where the Social Service and judicial Secret Court vassals of Narcisstate come into their contrived insidious being, stirring my odious cauldron to keeping the childlings stunted, especially boys, poorly educated inner city boys at that, desperate for male role models and purpose which they can find in my Army. Gaslight genius!

Weather

Everywhere you go, you always take the weather with you. And so nothing tells the truth like the weather forecast. It does exactly what it says on the flatscreen tin. See it on the news, then look outside your window; the TV truth in all its hail, rain, snow or sunshine four seasonal precipitous glory.

Which is why the green and pleasant land of yesteryear made way for a constant subconscious, subliminal link to reinforce other ‘truths’ all told in constant shades of sunshine yellows, black and cold ocean blues across the Corpolitique BU ND’s; like Sly’s Breaking News bar and BU IED1’s sports scoreboards steeped in emotion of the content and which was without question, as sure as the cars you followed to work every day, their true identity written in the language of the yellow submarine.
The Makeover Moneyshot

An emotional guest of a Big Build adorned by a yellow sea of construction jackets at the end – the makeover moneyshot. Nick knows how to get the children, the childmen in particular to reflect on and give them their subliminal feed of family values - whilst I tear them apart “Family is a powerful force but when a greater family come together, the community, its family on a bigger scale. It’s a powerful force”. A bit like the values pushed by the Narcisstate Air Force and Navy, their recruitment ads each complete with yellow jacketed operators and the bank’s radio recruitment ad “There’s a lot to be said for individuality, but sometimes the right thing to do, is to follow the crowd”.

A hook on a social media feed, the yellow jacketed man wearing Army combat trousers “Bro, you want to be seen or not?” and my collective evolution that automation, robots and artificial intelligence is coming to take the childmens future worth, an automated 3D printed yellow house complete with external storage tank. The cosy glowing yellow pillows “We print building”. Freezing cold are the construction industry prospects for childmen – about -35°C to be precise. Though the yellow construction recruitment appeal does not simply stretch to children but indisputably to childwomen all across Narcisstate, particularly in The North, where I herald them with my Press and Social Media Divisions too.

Loneliness

Loneliness a long-running drip, drip, drip theme emerging in different masks. Loners vulnerable to scammers said the South Atlantic war hero of West, who himself had 10 years previously been forgotten for the usual prestigious celebrity suspects in the 25th anniversary year of his war; my galvanising Queens of media distraction, a throne footballer, now email irate snubbed for a gong, back then just in time for the arrival of the impending Big Society bank-crash, my austerity asset-strip programme “We’re all in this together” with my inaugural award for ‘The Greatest Living Narcissan’ and my sequel masquerade Millies. As Simon sat silhouette against huge golden yellow sunset “Youngsters don’t have the confidence to have trust in others. They’ve lost their own relevance to society”. Tapping into lonely, misunderstood heroes-in-waiting, Sly’s studio sunset was so massive, it stretched over the yardarm not only behind the wolverine but also the gorilla mountain, all month long. Wash it down with subtle gold’s of construction references; the classy coffee crane with a dash of inferred female steel-beam suicide. Feeling flu? Take some seamless powder.
Little Bright Bundles of Luminescence

Yellow safety jacket lines of hand-holding childlings, filing, skipping excitedly two by two off to school, to an Orbital kaleidoscope of luminescent colours and lights, cricket playing WES kids drawn into their future nostalgia of their parents past, their summer game of ball striking willow, but if “not done by 8, then it’s too late”.

I’d pile £4 million into the Cricket Board and with Oznatraz expertise attract 50,000 future all-stars with each of their parents paying for an issued fun-filled uniform; a baseball hat, a t-shirt “with your name on it”, a backpack and ‘accessories’ consisting of a water bottle, ball and golden bats and stumps.

All complete with 8 weekly coaching sessions to subliminally implant within the future lost generation, lest they end up swept under society’s mat and “spend less time outside, than a prison inmate”. Tick! goes the parental kick to subscribe, Tock! goes the childlings awkward march toward my conscripted golden Army of 8 week training wonders.

A psychological Forward Assist memory drill, numbering the monkeys through the childlings programming of positivity and pretext of social engagement and inclusion; through team work, shared values and sporting beliefs, not for their physiological and mental-health well-being but malleable with learned jingoism, to trade in their juvenile uniforms bright innocent colours for much darker malevolent motives.

I want to paint it black and Disruptive Pattern Material combats complete with nametags; no colours anymore, the baseball hat for a black beret, a prepubescent backpack for a standard infantry issue Bergen and a golden bat for my carnage gun. A ball for a grenade and a water bottle, well, for a water bottle of course!

And from the WES-yellow all-stars play park straight to the yellow Army vehicle park, in the interview seen in The North on BU ND1 – a Colonel couple’s HOTO, blissfully unaware of crossing swords as my plethora of well positioned props and angled-shots; a trio of cracked-cyalume sticks, yellow safety jackets against the Army truck the DPM Colonel and bright-light clusters stood out, as did their orange vibrancy later sitting on the duos situated shoulders accompanying TRF’s and Flexagon.

My bright innocent flowers on a caged journey to imitate and become my ‘courageous’ murderous monkeys, my followers of chaos out of control. I’d free them from my inner cage channelled to find their purpose within my battlefield quarry and electrify the very ground beneath their Fifield feet, before exploding the romanticised myth of war I’d fed them through the edifice of nostalgic White Cliffs and from which they could break their backs for me picking through the rocks in ranks, searching 24/7 for renewed purpose and for some, searching for their lost minds and legs.

But what the children didn’t see was that the future was not only being driven by the emotional-subliminal past but by the psychosomatic-suggestion present. Some of the new foundations for these war-profiteering, life-shattering minefield explosions not far over the horizon, I’d recently laid down face up in soldierly ranks, hidden by red faces in sweat boxes across Narcisstate, all ready for a new release, welcome to Room 101 for the super-functioning super soldiers on the monkey bars, the bells toll kettling them with combination brain-training, think-fit conditioning complete.
All on the road to desecrating the sacrificial summer and grooming the children’s for their approval to hand their sacrificial lamb childlings over to me, my next generation of propagandised super-slave soldiers; my future ‘Starship Troopers’ – ready to kill mind-sucking ‘aliens’ made of their own skin, made of their own planets’ humanity.
Red Pill or Blue Pill? No Escape From Reality

It’s not like they had a choice as I pumped their nostalgic past into their blissfully-angering present. They carried on regardless, blithe, naïve, wilfully swallowing their ‘reality’ the reality I’d always given them. But their blue-pill politics had gone Pleistocene under their very superior noses I’d given them, comfortably cocooned within the yellow submarine of their as yet, unacknowledged red-pill reality. But acknowledge it they would – too late of course.

Whilst they played with tiny plastic, seaside buckets and spades building political sand castles in their toddler swing-park sandpit, I was preparing and building Armoured Fighting Vehicles armed and mounted with 30mm cannon. The sand, seaside or sandpit, would need to soak up a lot of blood and bullets. Pavlov’s Pygmy’s to the slaughter with their spears against my lightning. Plenty of time for my troops to reload, no need to pick up bodies or brass.

The children would be administered with both pills red and blue – free to choose either – it was just a matter of perspective in their zombie-State at their consumer-escapism leisure as I immunised myself against them bludgeoning them with any and all modes of sources of distractive, deflective, misdirection entertainment; music, film, football, fags, betting and booze and for the childlings; mesmerising fidget spinners to test the patience – to induce reactions - of parents and teachers. Though the ever increasing omnipresent, luminescent wheel-nuts of truck might relax the childlings staring out the window might actually help them drift off to sleep. They already were.

Gluttonous gluttons for punishment, the insatiable children would be BU IED BURIED in shallow sandy graves with an unceremonious quick sprinkling of lime in a free funeral courtesy of the Corpolitique. And with self-preservation being the intuitive potent animal that it is, most of those who survived me would join me. Naturally.
Russia having been perennially presented as our collective enemy would of course be blamed for the computer hacking aspect of Ignoreland’s Presidential election process. Which is why the masses would swallow it like a porn actress reluctantly swallowing a cup of cold cum; nasty but pretext plausible and in some ways entirely unsurprising.

But some of my enemies, like Carole would inevitably get close to the money and personalities trail which linked the election of Igoreland’s Don and the people of Narcisstate’s ‘decision’ to “take back control”, to Nexit. She was right, *democracy was hijacked* by a shady group of Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics who *enabled* were indeed at the centre of the social media hijacking and *who had trained my MOID’s SeventySeven.*

But they also conducted the mass personal-data sweeps on behalf of Ignoreland’s and Narcisstate’s SS for whom it was ‘illegal’ to hold – *for now* - but the social media specific voter targeting *effectiveness was deliberately overstated to divert* the remaining press elements who might be interested in preserving ‘democracy’ and *distract* the masses, who I’d reared to be largely indifferent to democracy anyway - unless of course they were made *angry.*

Sure, algorithmic social media specific voter targeting *had future potential* but *that was just the current overstated ruse* that hid the real rationale; to *weaponise emotion* that fed *erratic information to fuel reaction* and behaviours in all manner of guises designed to separate the masses from their logical thought processes.

This would lend itself to the picture I painted for the outcome of plebiscite results such as the one behind such inane, insane, economic suicide through a self-destructive referendum to Nexit, achieved through Narcisstate SS interferences. Just as I had done too with The North’s Independence referendum but which also *explained away* or rather *squirrelled away* my mounting Corpolitique Broadcasting Unit *News Division* and *Press Media Divisions’* blatant bias *against any voice not of The Party.*

But completing this would also provide the false-flag pretext to declare *null and void* any future elections that didn’t go as The Party planned, which they generally would of course having been augmented with regular sound-bites of “*the silent majority*” and “*secret voters*” “too scared to publicly voice support for The Party”. For this phase of the Corpolitique coup of democracy within Narcisstate, Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics and the SS – both Secret Services and the SeventySeven were the Social Media Division.

They were the military psychological operations and election management *specialists* behind my flotilla of fake pages to seal the masses within the overall Dark Triad design, a design that had begun being set up since the internet and *years* prior to these votes and years prior The North’s 2014 Independence Referendum and the subsequent 2015 Narcisstate General Election.

And with well over a decade long lead-in by Film Division, I then sprang up yellow like daffodils do in Spring to reflect back to the masses what they were seeing – *and believing* - since my yellow false flag; *Operation Gold Crusade* aka ‘Pavlov’s Pincer’ starting on Podminster Bridge to weld the yellow submarine doors tight shut with them inside my flatscreen Universe-Sea of *yellow heroism* built on my fascist fearful fortitude.
Mass Dissonance, Distraction & Deflection

“There was no point in seeking to convert intellectuals. For intellectuals would never be converted and would always yield to the stronger, and this will always remain “the man in the street.” Arguments therefore must be crude, clear and forcible, and appeal to the emotions and instincts, not the intellect. Truth was unimportant and entirely subordinate to tactics and psychology”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

To be psychosomatically complete in the ‘real’ world the gaslight had to be enveloped in a 360° spherical-senses-sphere of influence. An around-the-clock rollercoaster array of emotions was required to keep them detached from themselves, from each other and most importantly from their individual logic brain and their collective potential logic hive-mind.

I had to control and maintain their current hive-mind primarily through fear that had to be heard and seen to be believed in order to be response behaviourally felt; this was where their flatscreen universe, cinematic, TV and tablet came into being, taking the children down to the troughs with my daily diet of dead and dying babies or cacophonies of cancer ads and then back up the human behavioural peaks with cute fluffy baby animals, relatable real and animatronic.

But to complete the picture, the emotions, primarily fear again, also had to be experienced; they had to be touched, smelt and tasted with as far reach as possible into their daily commutes, their jobs and social lives. This was where the vassals of my State through its Trojan TV ‘Champions’ and legislation, polices and instruments and in particular my Government appointed and subsumed infiltrated consumer interest groups came into force; watchdogs, regulators and think tanks, all ‘respected’ bodies, filtering out potential harmful information, before being re-filtered again by the Corpolitique media.

Hospitals, care and social welfare systems, disabled assessment and payments systems, schools, prisons, public transport, the military, the Army in particular would all be psychologically and emotionally hobbled from within and all their messages sanitized and stifled.

No one and nothing could be beyond the invisible propaganda, beyond the reach of the gaslight state. And purposefully lost by design amongst this entire melee of emotion; not only the truth but the subliminal messaging recruitment campaign for my future soldiers and spies. The subliminal gaslight show would be the one to end ‘em all.
Clickbait Conditioning

Through the Corpolitique’s SM Division Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics would invent a flotilla of faux social media platform ‘behavioural programming’ pages ahead of the game to push and prosecute the Dark Triad agendas. Fashionable, funny, hipster, even peace and diversity driven pages that purported laddish content but were altogether unworthy of the claim would often push exaggerated sensationalist headlines to find the footage within was confusingly mismatched to its content and often lead to a simmering resentment at having been conned. This would form a part of the overall plan to implant and reinforce the notion that all manner of articles that appeared on social media platforms were unreliable, were fake news, or lugenpresse.

This was in order to Pavlov train the children into assuming that every article – especially those with unwelcome messaging – that led with a with a serious headline, could and would simply be bypassed as more sensationalist clickbait and go straight to the comments, that the internet as a source for news couldn’t be relied upon but where they would also be able to read all of the armchair warriors’ each with their own insecurities venting them so bravely anonymous. The aim; to stimulate discourse dissonance through diversion, distraction and conflict particularly through Sponsored and Suggested videos and Promoted posts that often required the subject to ‘Tap to listen’ for full subliminal buy-in effect.

Some of course wouldn’t require an audio aspect to stimulate a response. The mere sight for many of snakes, spiders and creepy crawlies and even evil clowns would be enough to drop-deliver them into the rollercoasters’ dip with invoked fearful phobia revulsion. This would also be augmented periodically to take them back up the ride, with genuine footage of sea mammals freed from netting, or with a deliberately upturned tortoise rescued by a mate, “mate!” Or a mammal at the centre of a fast flowing river, reluctant to be rescued by the childmen; understandable given it was them who put it there for staged rescue in the first place.

In amongst the emotional rollercoaster peaks of cute fluffy animals and childlings presented for psychological consumption, there’d be fewer examples to fabricate and drop them into the responsive stimulant troughs, dividing the sexes, than inserting real life horror stories of rape and assault in order to invoke subconscious harmful feelings for the future as I reinforced and pursued my divisive misandrist ‘rape and paedophilia epidemic’ gender-agenda. The point of this was to seal them within a chamber of invoked feelings of negativity and of guilt empathy-association to elicit a sense of emotion-response complicity through ‘clickbait conditioning’. 
**The SeventySeven – The Fledgling SS of Sponsored, Suggested and Sequenced Emotional Misdirection**

As my Corpolitique claimed the inventor of the internet, Tim Berners-Lee as my own, inferring he and ‘we’ are the children’s truth champion, I’d come up with a five year ‘plan’ to tackle fake news and political advertising. All whilst working the Pavlov Pincer of my furtive fascist networks of the SeventySeven, *already mutinous* against democracy; were working directly against The North and Sandlebeard.

They were my great emboldened *dispensable* cowards. I told them the Dark Triad was too impossible to perceive and too overwhelmingly vast to believe. In doing so I tapped into their *It*. And oh how they bathed in my glorious power carried on the wave of an easy, one-sided win.

Overnight I’d made them Secret Service *heroes*, the programmed saviours of Narcisstate – not of the unspoken invisible Corpolitique – by coercing them there could only be one guaranteed outcome, one winner, in my vastly invisible scheme.

They would be too untouchably powerful to ever need the Nazi prison guard defence of “I was only following orders” of their military intelligence Corpolitique uniformed Captains, Majors and Colonels and beyond to the Brigadier backbone; the ‘Corpolitique Corporals’ directing the military-intelligence led coup from Podhall and Podminster and its cyber SS satellites, who held the crypto-keys and language-Quays throughout Narcisstate to openly defeat ‘democracy’.

All whilst coordinating with the conventional keyboard cowards *trainers*; my masters of universal-emotions driven *gaslight* Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics collectively hiding behind a flotilla of fake *construction* platforms to join forces with the array of Corpolitique BU ND, IED channels and Advertising Division.

Collectively they produce my misandry military-mobilisation recruitment boards to present all manner of manipulated, manufactured misogyny and packs of PreCrime rape mixed-in with the *positively pretext* and plausible; laddish humour and laudable heroism – soldiers, sons, real Dads rock brothers in arms and *animal set-up* saviours.

Much of my cast, setting and on-screen messaging in the positively *accentuated*, habitually *risk and reward* draped, subconsciously *mind-raped - amplified black and yellow running through its* algorithmic Next Video *sequencing* too, designed to reinforce and recycle similar subliminal-association signalling with dash of great Narcisstate programming, of updated *reinvented reprogramming* and *nostalgia* never too far from the militaristic-theme. Victorious I will be over the token Abduls and over the entertainment-drugged and distracted children.

Too immeasurably immense for them to begin to fathom sealed in the yellow submarine, I work every human-emotion angle; my diverse wolves in amongst all socially-inclusive and politically-provocative margins in all expressive smiling and scowling shades of gaslight, marching them ever closer to war - on each other.
I claim anti-fascist stances to reflect their reality stir my stinking putrid yellow-bile boiling pot ‘We told you once’ with a horizontal black jacket frame full complete with subtle yellows, ‘We told you twice’ a side-street sea of gold and kettling hate, ‘Don’t make us tell you a third time’ in room 101’s deflected shades of suggested and sponsored misdirection claiming to be HOPE not hate, whilst I inject multiples of anti-Islamic messaging through new and the usual suspects; untouchable politcally correct poppy burning paedophiles turned terrorists. Eat. Sleep. Repeat. Truth.

My bop boy’s call for hollow, tubular fun, his camera shy yellow jacketed counterpart dances to the tune of Podminster Attack police compliance. My Londrome River commuter construct looks smart, possibly even the new sexy in his Flexagon shorts rowing Kevin the yellow kayak. Now I’ve seen everything.

My array of yellow film and sports stripes, my rank subliminal programming mind, of Middle Eastern oppression of women point like pyramided arrows to clash with yellow mustard jeans in the dark surroundings of ever-louder suppression of my ‘free press’. The promise of present and historic justice revisited, only to be meted out again in a matter of months by my silhouetted soldiers stood out not tactically but strategically proud against the golden glow of sunset, happiness heroes all.

Army Discipline – Do Not Laugh – you laugh you lose - as the jovial, welcoming instructor waves a distracting yellow rubber chicken in the children’s reflected laughing faces. Aren’t the Forces fun as well as potential heroic protectors of Rohingya muslims from rape and graphic burnt corpse murder written in yellow graphics for emotionalised condition-learning ‘truth’.

A crunch nut colonel tastes too good aboard a black train track built on an epidemic epic express production scale – inside a house and garden. I treat the children to a worm’s eye view of the journey, complete with continuous carefully placed yellow references – I especially like the toy diggers, the plant to Hook the childlings.

Slick skateboard skills down the long winding road, closed off, under the guise of first light to avoid the traffic and a cattle flash mob. His dangerous fun riding down the road is accompanied according to plan; with a nostalgic rebel yell and contemporary yellow lines all capped off nicely with the carefully reflected underside of his black board bathed in reflected yellow light. Adorable Baby Creatures – aaaww – a baby squirrel – no it’s a chipmunk.

It is indeed a chipmunk but it’s ALL really an emotionally driven seamless pretext SQUIRREL! Its too many and too easy; like teaching childlings the ABC.
Conspiracy Theory

...Would be my usual demeaning scoffed retort to anything I didn’t like and would remain so effectively so; ‘You’re losing it’ or ‘You need help’ would crackpot marginalise and manipulate most into silence.

No matter how often I used those two words, which I myself invented and injected into the language fray, the children always backed my version because it made them feel safer to remain within the greater weight of numbers and superior in intellect stability to those ‘tin-foil’ hat types.

They were only too happy to blow out the flame of truth to stay within their prejudicially-conditioned comfort zone within the comfort zone of false consciousness I’d programmed them with. Many were just too scared, too coward to challenge perceived power, even when it meant their own eventual undoing.

And yet they still buried their heads in the sand, disbelieving their own eyes and ears even in the face of the evidence right in front of their pretty little faces – as one Narcissstate Broadcasting Corporation reagent got ahead of the script with the reported fallen building, still standing! Another building I repeatedly reported hit by a hijacked plane without a single shred of evidence and yet the children lapped up the lot like thirsty desert-dogs, jackals sucking at my motherly teats swallowing, consuming the mind-milk of the fairy tale version of destruction I needed and they wanted to believe. They were like childlings who’d grown out of Santa Clause but convinced themselves, needing to believe to keep getting the gifts.

What they didn’t understand was that often the ‘conspiracy theory’ tag was ‘conspirator fact’ but having programmed and controlled their minds since birth, I always insured against these things becoming ‘conspiracy exposed’.

Yet all they had to do was clear their minds of preconditioning and look objectively, logically at the evidence – which of course I could never let them do. Because all one needs to commission a crime of any magnitude is the motivation, imagination and means.
Three Necessary Ingredients for a Great Fascist State Bake Off;

*Contempt, Compliance and Cowardice*
Contempt

_Noun: contempt - ‘a strong feeling that a person or a thing is worthless or beneath consideration’._
**Gaslight ‘Satire’ – From ‘Harmless’ Hypocrisy to Hidden Hatred**

Contempt is gaslights rocket fuel, the miniscule back-burner pilot-flame of which is primed to rage with an existential toxic wrath that can only ever arrive at a destination of the very worst, darkest excesses of unconstrained human nature. Forever motivated by entitled evil, its instruments and its agent proponent’s only limitations are those of their own imagination and means.

“A world without satire would be no laughing matter” would be my defence when The North began to get upset with about my jokes about them. “You need to lighten up!” or “You can’t take a joke!” I’d tell them and I would be joined by a chorus of millions of my Palindrome Parrots echoing my Corpolitique media.

What they didn’t quite understand was that I was gaslighting all of them. The children chose not to understand because I gave them, presented to them, my deflected targets in any form for them to look down on as they sat on their psychological pedestal that I gave them; one of unassailable, emotional authority which more often but not exclusively, came with materially-superior middle-class comforts. It would be their undoing.

You see regardless of their upbringing, whether from a council estate or a relative of the Crown I’d conditioned them to be too subliminally-superior, too entitled or too indifferent to care but with a deep-seated ‘Pavlov Patriotism’ programming that self-excused my gaslight satire, their satire, they thought, they claimed - was ‘harmless’.

What they couldn’t conceive or simply didn’t care to understand was that this ‘harmless’ hypocrisy, this ‘banter’ began on the broader behavioural scale of contempt which unchecked, will always without fail, inevitably moves through harassment towards hatred.

And because I’d gone unchecked since forever there was no-one or nothing to stop me doing whatever the fuck I saw so capriciously fit to do like weaponising satire to diminish my own toxicity through the further diminishing, condescension by the ‘othering’ of those others, any others with my so-called ‘humour’. In this way, with the children’s clapping seal of approval I could sanitise my own xenophobia, casual racism and disguised hatred.

Having successfully deflected and blamed my stereotyped vodka-swilling enemy – the Russians - for ‘conveniently’ having engineered Ignoreland’s patently sexist and racist President into elected POTI Office, I’d make direct comparisons with The North’s plainly dignified and inclusive Chief Krankie but make them both out to be abrasive, inept and even maniacal – all in the name of ‘humour’ of course.

The children would choose to overlook that my parody of The POTI was of himself and directed at him for his – and his behaviours - alone.

Whereas my ‘parody’ of The North’s Chief Krankie was my manufactured masquerade, just another ‘fabricated-fact’ of construction built on contempt not just for an individual but for an entire people delivered incessantly through an on-going lens of disdain and derision to portray a facsimile version as their subliminally programmed ‘reality’ through my Corpolitique media manipulation.
She would be portrayed as The North’s new ‘Funny Fuhrer’ which would be conveniently grabbed at by my enablers whom I nurtured full of contempt, to then manifest on the streets with the aid of the Corpolitique Social Media Division abetted by my Press Media Division – one of which I would portray The North, silhouette figures raising their subdued flag – emblazoned with a Nazi Swastika.

And I could get away with it because The North simply didn’t exist enough for any other country outside Narcisstate – to care less. It was a ‘domestic’ so they all just turned a ‘Non-Interventionist’ blind eye whilst I gave The North another black eye. And another. And another. And another...

...And another - on the Corpolitique corporate coup road to unconcealed, unrestrained fascism marred by so-called ‘journalism’ and again more ‘humour’ with analogy hinting for her head.

Sandlebeard

And then there was Sandlebeard. The superiority-complex I displayed for him through my unashamed hypocrisy throughout the Corpolitique media, he too would himself perpetuate upon The North to enable me in my tacit but entirely palpable hierarchy of acceptable hypocrisy! You see, I would make him vilified, made unelectable fuelled by my middle-aged WES children for not wanting to first-strike incinerate millions of innocents in my ‘faaakin’ nuke ‘em’ nation narrative – who by the way would themselves likely report a next door neighbour for letting off a firework – but he would be ‘encouraged’ by conditioning to dismiss The North, as he was dismissed by me.

As with all hypocrites, Sandlebeard was an open advocate of a Free Palestine and a united Ossian but The North were to be treated ‘differently’. He just couldn’t help himself. Such was his teaching, his programming; The North had no need, no right, to exist outside of Narcisstate and was therefore undeserving of his consistency. Inconsistency, hypocrisy normalised was what the Corpolitique demanded of his conditional, programmed conditioned Schadenfreude ‘love’ of The North, a conditional ‘love’ only offered so long as he wanted to have ‘access’ to the Premiership keys where The North was held in 10 Cloverfield Lane. Because that was my Corpolitique’s perennial normalised conditioning of the whole of Narcisstate’s children to unapologetically practice hyper-hypocrisy; for them to be freed of the egalitarian ‘chains’ of the Eurostate Cooperative community of nations but to maintain entitled, unilateral control over The North disguised as sibling love but which was wrapped in a gloved tough-love fist.

This was The North, that I did my utmost to make invisible. They were invisibly responsible for and denied The Enlightenment which they gave the world; having given it the very foundations of much of its modern existence – notably, topically the beginnings of my oh-so addictive flatscreen universe. But through 300 years of programming, they would be regarded by my enablers, my dependable children across Narcisstate, as a ‘servile joke’.

To succeed in training The North to serve my State, just like childling males sex-trafficked to Oznatraz across the far reaches of the Empire and the childlings males being Pavlov Pincered today, they could be seen but not heard. But most crucially, they had to be made to feel - worthless – without me. To be birthed broken with swathes of them turning to alcohol and heroin to escape from themselves and be perceived across Narcisstate as an inferior embarrassment whose only achievement was to consume record hauls of fortified wine. This was how they knew were inferior but they could feel superior if they stayed wedded to me.
They had to be behaviourally programmed like all abused ‘partners’, like all defeated indigenous and stolen peoples who turned to psychotropic stimulants and alcoholic depressants for permanent escapism - that they as a people were responsible for their own breakdown and taught to be perpetually grateful for external assistance from their benevolent abuser.

Just like today’s childling boys, The North had to be gaslit from birth and coerce-conditioned to continue seeking servile purpose outside of themselves to matter; this frivolous farcical untermensch non-nation was to be hidden away like retarded Royal, an unfit parody of a people, unrecognisable unless seen through a prism of haggis, tartan, ginger bunnets, shit football, gallant-rugby losers, heroine and ‘Hoots-man!’ on Hogmanay.

And their reprogramming wasn’t that difficult as I depopulated, displaced, denied, deprived, divided and disguised despised them - then demanded they laugh at themselves before taking to the sporting field to succeed and the battlefield to bleed – to die for me as I saw fit - for my entitled existence, ahem - for Narcisstate! For The Flexagon! Their inferior, quasi-existence confirmed unremittingly avowed with their truthful past perpetually disallowed. To forever bleed but never lead.

Such was the power of my intergenerational imposed-shame conditioning, my programming of malleable minds from childhood - I made them mortified, embarrassed to exist in their own right. And keeping them in their box, well, that was the same box I kept all of Narcisstate’s children in; a box marked ‘CONTEMPT’.

Contempt was one of my most powerful gaslight weapons of all as it is in any ‘domestic abuse relationship’. My hypocrisy, my hidden hatred disguised as ‘harmless’ banter, my ‘satire’, my ‘jokes’ would be on all of them across the entire island, as I slipped my BU ND and IED recycled-film roofies into their nostalgia-drunken drinks, numbed with a cocktail of Pavlov Patriotism I’d slip my symbolic State-broadcaster member into their each and every orifice whilst they were watching comatose. They were all so – literally – unbelievably fucked.

“It all starts with a lack of respect for something that’s different”. They were all different from me. They were all in my contempt. They always had been – cyclically, inter-generationally but which I was always able to hide from them with the façade face of respected reverence and their coerced conditioning. But that was before the internet.

It wouldn’t be long, by which time it would be too late, for the children to fully realise their unending, proudly subservient role in ‘our’ relationship.

“Whoever cares the least - holds all the power”. - Willard Waller – The Family: A Dynamic Interpretation (1938)
Peyote Princes and Princesses

“All the war-propaganda, all the screaming and the lies and the hatred, comes invariably from people who are not fighting”. – George Orwell (1903-1950)

Peyote is a family of spineless cacti that when ingested or smoked causes hallucinogenic effects. It’s believed to have been widely used by indigenous peoples in desert environments where the plant grew and which they consumed to connect with their ancestors, with the Earth and with the cosmos; in short, to speak in the Company of God.

You see my Corpolitique BU reagents, my Peyote Princes and Princesses were the perfect contemptuous spineless specimens, delivering daily-doses of cyclic hallucinogenic conditioning to my island of obedient Pavlov’s Pooches - who when all was said and done – would see hundreds of thousands of Narcisstate’s children go the way of the indigenous. 

Only my white children, conditioned too superior, too civilised for rebellion wouldn’t try to fight me. They’d just roll over to have their tummy’s tickled as I drove a bayonet through them or put a bullet into their pathetic servile heads.

**NIP**

Narcisstate Independence Party, without foundation in The North was typical of the contemptuous hypocrisy I displayed for The North, that’s because the NIP was another of The Party’s ‘rope-a-dope’ creation; an extension of what I was but for which the children weren’t yet ready to see or primed to accept.

Its revolving door leader, its ‘useful idiot’ was indeed just that but he was a fully paid up ‘useful idiot’ and member of The Party and had been for quite some time. His replacement, well he was collateral deflection, a target set up for the July Crisis baying mobs.

The NIP with token, dispensable Brownskins and Blackamores were given platform after platform on the Corpolitique BU’s. The Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation in particular did an outstanding distracting job of extoling it’s, my, self-proclaimed overwhelmingly WES-South centric virtues of one nation via my sly one media imposing and tapping into the superiority-psyche of the Palindrome Parrots.
The Stink Pit – Politics, Policies and ‘Practices’

A stink pit is cesspool of stinking carcasses put there by country gamekeepers, the putrid flesh-rot decaying smell of which, attracts animals, attracts vermin that then become entangled in the snare-traps carefully set out, surrounding the dead-pool.

‘Merciful’ ends, are for those vermin that become trapped with the snare-wire around their necks as they instinctively panic and strangle themselves to death. ‘Merciful’ because compared to the animals that become entangled around a leg or paw, well, they can last for days in agony with the wire slowly cutting through the flesh and bone; such is the survival instinct to escape.

But of course once caught in the trap, there is no prospect of escape.

And whenever the gamekeeper decides to go back out to reset the traps and clear up the decomposing carnage bait, they simply throw the rotting worm-feasts into the noxious fauna-filled septic–tank and repeat the process cyclically.

And this is exactly what I would do with my Corpolitique ‘stink-pit’ politics, policies and practices, drawing in the vermin snaring them slowly but surely over the course of a year until I set the mother of all snare-traps around the mother of all stink-pits; a July Crisis Magnox soup discharge emission that would spread to have the children behaving instinctively ‘to escape’ but from which ultimately there was no escape for these rotting worm-feast rodents.
Bunkering – The Farming Silos of Factory Ploughed Agitation for Victimhood

No matter how demonstrably powerful and aggressive I was, one vital component for my fascism to succeed, as was in my narcissistic nature was the sole claim to victimhood status at all costs. I’d attack opponents and even gaslight incite the children to violence, to kill, to behead my opponents, then accuse my opponents of representing nothing more than a spiteful, ungrateful culture with its politics founded purely on unjustified grievance.

And so a series of on-going exercises to manipulate and emotionally exacerbate debates in order to remove all logic and thereby mitigating or removing altogether the potential for receptive, objective thinking, thought processes and decision making - would all be manufactured.

This is most effective with people who are already ‘onside’ but who might become receptive to other, unwelcome ideas as debates unfolded. In order to prevent this receptiveness I needed to distract and agitate them within a series of horizontal, vertical and diagonal shafts with interconnecting emotionally bombed silo’s, not only for them to ‘shut-down’ to alternate messages but more importantly to activate them to serve my agendas.

I needed them to sense real or perceived ‘persecution’ against their existing belief systems, such as their religion I created for them through Narcisstate and the Flexgon compelling them, even the otherwise rationale ones, to come to my defence more animated, more amplified and more vociferously determined against any message, no matter how rational, that ran counter to ‘theirs’. But the message was entirely mine of course but it was theirs to phenomenologically own within the reality I’d programme conditioned them with, long before I presciently placed them in their respective interrelated bunkers.

Interrelated, because each of the bunkers needed to have reverberating walls that need to be heard working towards its mass dissonance and division purpose – that’s art of the exercise.

Fervently on message, trapped within the psychological bunker of their belief systems - and – concert childlings under attack, unmoved and exuding ‘confidence’, they are more likely to entice swaying voters who will be seduced into fall on the side of least attributable guilt, the least fearful and least ‘controversial’, which was always whatever I determined for them. Or they would be fearfully encouraged to simply to stick with the status quo and so therefore always ready to go on the attack. Better the devil you know... If only they knew!

And no-one was safe from the bunkers. No-one. Not even soldiers.
Soldiers

A notable example is using the dead, particularly the war dead, to invoke highly emotive, partisan and altogether false arguments, claimed to be in their memory, in their name. One of my finest examples was to claim during The North’s recent independence referendum that a vote for independence was a betrayal to the memories of The North’s soldiers who died for me. It worked a treat.

I claimed them as my own and told them a vote for Narcisstate was a vote for the memory of their dead soldiers; that their Grandfathers, Uncles, Dad’s and brothers wouldn’t need to have died in vain and therefore their lives weren’t wasted and therefore, voters had a choice to vote with a clear conscience if they voted for Narcisstate. Through their induced guilt, the dead as good as voted for me once again as they had done generations before. ‘The North’s soldiers died for Narcisstate, they died for the Flexagon!’ I bellowed across the Corpolitique. It was the opposite which was true of course; they died because of Narcisstate and because of the Flexagon.

As soon as my victimhood bombardment commenced raining down on the mass-WES belief systems, that of ‘Our Boys’ being judiciously jarred; angered emotion would take hold and with it - all logic evaporate. It could be done with any aspect of a strongly held belief, especially with beliefs that they could drape around their necks.

Yes the living, breathing military was a highly effective bunkering target too. Anything as minor as trying to introduce legislation to imprison Walter Mitty’s, who were clearly children with low self-esteem and probably mental health issues could easily be made ‘bunker fodder’ in order “to protect our veterans!”.

All logical thought would go out the window for a prison system I was already pawning as chaos out of control, and of the need to risk assess low-risk paedophiles for outside therapy due to a lack of prison space. Not to mention at a time when I was purporting to extol the virtues of making mental health issues less stigmatised.

But that was small fry compared to the ‘left-wing liberalism, political correctness gone mad rope-a-dope I set up with The Ossian Province Abuses Inquiry and Iraqistan Historical Abuses Team for which I provided the funding to get legal machines going to fund pillock lawyers in ‘combat kangaroo courtrooms’ with their infuriating battlefield hindsight and money-spinning legal bureaucracy.

All my manipulated sham of course. Throw in ‘Prisoners get treated better than our Squaddies!’ and it all adds to the bubbling ‘bunker’ fury and demonises inmates too. I must say it was one of my finer pieces of work.

In a hounding process that would destroy soldiers finances, careers and health, I would distract and enrage the children and keep them seething, simmering angry hatred on the boil for all things Islam and Ossian.

Though it did have some recruitment value, its main purpose was to do what I was doing to the police, prison and NHS staff; to demoralise ‘our’ soldiers to the point of leaving by ‘constructive dismissal’ in order to reduce wage and mitigate future pension costs and reset to a low-wage, slave State economy.
However the potential for this particular bunker fodder was thwarted by Johnny Gin when he got far too close to the scheme. I suspect he knew but if he had a healthy interest in self-preservation, he daren’t know.

He’d said it was a “machine that had gone completely out of control”. It hadn’t of course. It did exactly what it was meant to do; erode the soldiers’ moral from within and bunker-agitate the masses, keeping them angry in support of me. And with soldiers being fair game in the stink pit bunker, then so too, so easily was my most loyal of football teams; the River City Blue. Who did they think they were? Me?!

Forcing soldiers to fall on the career swords, to pay for their own legal defences docked from their pay and arresting them, handcuffed, carted off to police stations in order they couldn’t “collude”, whilst the children’s taxes paid for the solicitors and accusers fees by the day for six years would get the hive-mind bees buzzing angrily.

Of course, I personally couldn’t leave a trail back to the judiciary for greasing the wheels of this cash dispensing, misery machine and so I’d direct the IHAT commander to make it so. He’d only be following orders. It had the desired effect as moral plummeted with the constructive dismissal exercise; the comparatively expensive full-time soldiers were leaving in their dissonance droves in their record numbers as I made way for my much cheaper, soon to be conscripted island-prison part time Army.

The Childwomen

Addressing the Women in the World forum The North’s Chief Krankie in telling her audience of my newly introduced ‘rape clause’ said “I have to apologise because I get angry and upset about this”.

Rape. This was the entire point of course as she and all politicians, pundits most unwittingly wondering why but all working within my parallel lines of the emotional rollercoaster track with my Peyote Princes and Princess’ reagents deliberately stoking the fires of fascism, through a prism of normalised anger.

Rape. The tracks would be buckled to meet of course, just at the right time, throwing country sized car off trajectory in the direction of war.

Rape. Of my Narcisstate marionette maiden the FM said “It’s not enough just to be a woman in a leadership position, it’s important you do the right things with it”. She was! My Podminster Premier was playing a robotic blinder – literally!

Rape. And just as misandry was, misogyny too was my ugly beast but of course I made sure only one existed - there could be only one ‘fall guy’.

Rape. So despite my Premier putting the policy in place, the childmen would still bear the brunt of the emasculating guilt shame-blame, whilst angering and hardening the childwomen to divide them from each other and their childlings.

Rape. ‘Mirror, mirror on the wall, who’s the ‘fairest sex’ of them all?’

Did I mention rape?

Whenever and wherever pretext possible abortion; to PROMOdos antagonise a nation with the ethics of Downs Syndrome testing; extreme early morning sickness; resulting in abortions only a phone call away and ‘helped’ by another of my own branch Party creations; my new North Ossian enablers, they would be slipped onto the drip, drip dissonance mixed with the ‘rape clause’.

But it was my evocative, provocative deliberate insertion of third-child rape that was designed to mind-rape childmen and childling males minds, my all-encompassing faux-epidemic warring weapon would be hammered home so repetitively, I would also have childwomen scared of their own shadows, even encouraging them to carry knuckle-duster keys whilst walking the streets for fear of being raped by the very next childman just around every corner of society’s urban twists and turns.

But on nights out, emboldened full of alcohol they could vent these pent up emotions and behave as they wished even lashing out against their ‘oppressors’ – the childmen - without recourse. In a beautiful deliberate twist, in amongst the dark emasculation triad I’d lay the psychological foundations that would absolve a childwoman of any responsibility for having drunken consensual sex when the following morning, perhaps waking full of cum and guilt having wronged a boyfriend or husband, or motivated by nothing other than power and attention – I’d open Pandora’s Box to a rise in ‘rapes’, again that would feed the ‘epidemic’ picture I’d created.

And of course, whilst there was still Criminal Justice system to speak of, the failure to prove the charge beyond reasonable doubt would lead to even more gaslit accusations of a misogynist society, continuing its rape war on childwomen.

**Abolish The Orgasm**

“The sex instinct will be eradicated, we shall abolish the orgasm”,

George Orwell

Long gone I would make the days when the female empowered Roz said to her friend Frasier “You’re still young, you need to go out and get drunk! Wake up in some strangers bed and not even remember how you got there!”

But this I now called rape, this was how I abolished the orgasm; to target not just the odd childman but swathes of childling teenagers and young childmen, who would not be needed at the outset, to fulfil their primordial physiological needs but fulfil my needs for them to be charged in kangaroo court rape-trials up and down Narcisstate.

And such would the nature of my manipulated ‘no smoke without fire’ environment be, that the accused could never be ‘innocent until proven guilty’ before setting foot in court but ‘guilty until proven slightly less guilty’ upon the return of a not guilty verdict.
And with males firmly under society’s microscope of suspicion, successful prosecutions would be seen as justice served with failed prosecutions pilloried as justice denied. It was win/win for faux-feminists and for the State; to deliver males either into the prison system or for many, with suicidal thoughts or permanently under suspicion within their communities - might seek shelter to rediscover their masculinity within my Army.

Those who did neither would in most likely end up on the streets, develop substance abuse dependencies or commit suicide – which was rather selfish of them because they could do all of these in prison or in the Army!

Childmen and childwomen alike would become angrily affronted at chat-show ‘excuses’ being made for would-be rapists, and chaotic-mind confused by the victim-blaming for their ‘behaviour and state of dress’ especially by female hosts. “Rapist or cad?” asked one, whilst claiming the pretext position in the “role to facilitate discussion... no matter how divisive.. or unpalatable”.

The BU’s TV and radio platforms perpetuate abuse further and farther over the line of impartiality all the way into “absolutely horrific” realms of clickbait.

The travesty that is my Tampon Tax with added salt rubbed into the wound with my refusal to honour my pledge to remove the 5% VAT. My half-hearted promise to distribute £10million to women’s charities instead, sees me giving £250,000 to one of my most controversial anti-abortion groups.

Carried largely by the Istanbul Convention, FGM illegal since 1985, and every bit as illegal as glassing someone in a pub didn’t have a single prosecution ever of this violent act, an act mostly carried out by a minority of Brownskin and Blackmoor childwomen, all of whom I despised but of course were useful for my misandry motivation to create my misogynist MANipulation for which little WES chidling males would burden the guilt-trip responsibility.

And then there was WANPI – the Women Against Narcisstate Pension Inequality – fucking hell how they bathed in my cross-party stink pit! It was beautiful. So deceptively, deceitfully beautiful.

Next

The overarching victimhood bunkering mentality was delivered through a repeated message that I had lost Parliamentary Sovereignty to Eurostate and unable to make my own laws, constantly subjected to the whims of its undemocratic bureaucracy and uncontrolled immigration. None of it was true of course. Eurostate had its bureaucrats but their functions and duties were no different from the army of Civil Servants bureaucrats based in Podhall. But unlike me, Eurostate didn’t have an unelected legislature body. Especially not one that was bigger than the elected body!

As for immigrants, I’d always had the power as did all Eurostates, to remove Eurostate immigrants within three months should they not meet productive criteria. But of course if I repeated the opposite often enough across the Corpolitique, then my victimhood lie would become their angry entrenched truth.
“The rank and file are usually much more primitive than we imagine. Propaganda must always be therefore simple and repetitious”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandis
Gaslighting Gilligan ©

The False Phenomenology of The Palindrome Parrots

“It is the absolute right of the State to supervise the formation of public opinion”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

Feed children prejudicial ignorance – ignorance prejudicial children feed. This was my media’s wet dream mantra and I’d conditioned millions *rote* to soak up my cyclic-bile and regurgitate it as if it were their very own original thoughts.

Both my Narcissstate Corpolitique Press Media Division and my disguised ‘fashionable’ Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics driven Social Media outlets *especially*, would feed all manner of misogyny, misandry, xenophobia, racism, homophobia which the unfulfilled, frustrated anonymous ‘brave’ children, these cloaked clerks of angry cowardice would parrot it all back; offensively irrational or officiously signed, sealed and delivered with attached arms and legs *back into the digital ethyr.*

This was how they were heard, these *perfectly-primed cyber-suicide bombers* desperate to leave a ‘momentary legacy’, to fleeting mark their lonely place on the lonely planet; to mean something, *to feel something, anything* trapped in their unfulfilled, regrets laden existences.

But they didn’t understand that all of this would be *cyclically and mutually reinforced* via the ‘grown-up’ Corpolitique Broadcasting Units both ND and IED on TV and Radio. They would themselves re-inject previously offensive ‘un-PC’ language under entirely fabricated agenda-driven ‘information entertainment’ pretext contexts, that I presented merely as a reflection-mirror of their toxic ‘reality’.

Naturally programmed and with a little added life-long Narcissstate conditioning, many would inevitably mimic and become embolden-enabled to inject their unfulfilled hate-language invectives and noxious behaviours *to then become their actual manipulated phenomenological reality*. Which I would then duly, *dutifully*, pick up on and report it all through the coordinated BU ND’s as ‘news’.

Collectively and with periodical fresh injections of high-profile examples from people I’d put in power, like the POTI Don via a trumped up Podminster Parliamentary theatre would result in sudden tsunami-level events, *mostly misogynistic*.

A mysterious male driven sexist-epidemic occurring in all walks of work and school life – *especially school life* - into which I’d *reinforce the message* with more weaved in male-driven gruesomeness; wars, sex-slavery, paedophilia and FGM. All in foreign lands whose cultures I cared less for and openly disdained here, as I bombed or helped bomb them out of their homes to *deliver them into the sea, sex-slavery, paedophilia and FGM*.

I’d remove and mass-lobotomise the multitudes logic brain by drowning *all of the children* in a sea of distractive irrational emotion, projecting all manner of sexism, xenophobia, racism and homophobia into their homes. I’d make the 2D universal flatscreen a 3D rollercoaster reflecting a lawless rape nation by pseudo-mind raping the lethargic gogglebox recipients laying the blame for it all, directly and indirectly at the door of the children.
And I would do so as a disappointed parent, a disillusioned teacher, shaking my disapproving head at their destructive, petty behaviours. They didn’t know I was in the making of children murderous, as I fermented and stirred the toxic distracting brew that for many, would lead to their own destruction as I singled out by commission and omission design, to target my largest Army recruitment and prison profit pool demographic – white heterosexual males. And they would all love me for it.

This was especially useful for Nexit. They would rather parrot me than admit they didn’t understand the consequences. They couldn’t possibly know the consequences because I didn’t understand them! But then I didn’t care. And they didn’t care that they were conditioned to think like me.

All I knew is that their economic hardship and mass stolen purpose rewarded with pain, was coming their way. But it was worth every life and soul I took and that they would take of each other, to enable, to guarantee my Army and therefore ultimate survival.

I’d made this all too easy having conditioned them to be too superior to be embarrassed about anything – especially double standards – just like a true narcissist. The way they’d culturally invade Spain’s sunny seaside resorts every summer with Flexagon’s emblazoned across every square inch of their surfaces; on their person, draped from balcony’s and expected in pubs yet howl-scream apoplectic, down their nose derision at the lack of integration by visiting cultures to Narcisstate.

And I marvelled at their passion for their own democratic right to self-determination, freeing themselves from the Eurostate Cooperative based on my lies, yet they would parrot me verbatim in shouting down The North’s claim to their own self-determining democracy.

They would compliantly, conveniently divert their logic brain by averting their greater, grander gaze as I silenced The North’s dissent lest they expose Narcisstate’s and to the children living in it, their conditioned belief system, their religion, to be fraudulent.

And those who dare question the children’s ‘decision’ to leave Eurostate Cooperative? Well they would have the pre-loaded, prescriptive gaslight trap question levelled at them in front of the ‘country’; “Are you saying the Narcisstish public are stupid?” they would be obliged to be held to my narrative which said “No.” If they didn’t, they would invite a lit match to flame the blue touch-paper underneath their own career, and perhaps even life as I agitated to amalgamate children’s collective self-righteous palindrome parrot uproar.

They weren’t necessarily stupid, they were educationally and emotionally hobbled sophisticated rats whom over centuries I’d behaviourally trained to become entirely predictable; their phenomenological experience-felt hard-wired reality – that I gave them – from primary school to parenthood would be forever their historical phenomenological experience-felt hard-wired reality; each with their own ‘individual’ point of view; each with their ‘personal’ point of reference of ‘themselves’ and for the ‘other’, within the mass-programming I conditioned them with in advance of the truth in order to forever extinguish the truth – before extinguishing them.

And I’d use the same Palindrome Parrot ‘policy’ to murder an MP who disagreed with me far too convincingly. I’d alter the language-nuance to say she had simply “died” which is what my history, their history, would record.
And I’d take the parrot conditioning a stage further and I’d do as I always did with the dead; I’d use them and their families as sorrowful, emotionally charged pretext puppets to bring communities ‘together’ and heal the ‘country’ cohesively in commemoration and celebration of inspirational life lost. All of which via the Corpolitique BU’s, I’d bask in my due rightful Negas glory, in the name of Narcisstate, as did the children in the name of themselves. Eat. Sleep. Repeat.

Exercises like these had been very useful over the reinvented generations but The North had already awoken to my gaslight fraud and were growing in ever-larger democratised numbers. It was inevitable they would succeed in seceding from me and if I let them, eclipse me.

But most throughout Narcisstate were oblivious and uncaring and dismissed my uncompromising ability to crocodile grin then visit my anger on dissenting peoples across the globe. It was in my DNA! But there were those, especially in The North who knew me only too well. Yet even they, weak, enfeebled by their own moral-code integrity blinded themselves to what I would do when threatened with and especially by - mediocrity.

They would catastrophically underestimate my resolve to survive and sustain my place in the order. There would be no mutual love-in Hong Kong pomp and ceremony parting of the ways for The North but instead for them, a silent subsurface Bladerunner, an unholy screaming Pris death roll in my Great War re-enacted July Crisis.

I’d always conditioned many of the WES children from North, Mid and Corner and especially South, to be generally irritated at anything that wasn’t them. Yet they didn’t understand that I wasn’t them either and they were too inferior to be truly deserving of me.

But such were my Flexagon waving diversionary skills, they never angered at me. Not since I’d came into being anyway. You see I’d taught them that a crime against me was a crime against Narcisstate and therefore a crime against their own identity and therefore - themselves.

And whilst I kept the larger significant proportion of them in the perceived safety of their modest middle-income wealth, they’d obediently stay at home watching The Jump looking down on those who already had first-hand experience of my murder, who had a sharp insight into my measured process of dismantling all of their existences.

I’d tar any upstarts as underachieving oiks spoiling for tantrum attention. Tantrums which I stoked and agitated just enough to get a reaction, then lent them vent it out of their pressurised-pot bunker systems as I knew it inevitably had to - living in an island prison.

But when it petered out, having destroyed their neighbours businesses, smashed and ransacked corporate windows and offices they’d always look to me as I sat behind my ring of steel, to fix their manipulated little mischiefs.

So when I triggered the July Crisis in River City in amongst all the radioactive carnage, I’d exit the Nexit talks without a trade deal and blame the resulting economic carnage of Nexit on The North’s nuclear catastrophe. By the time they all across Narcisstate and the world had an inkling of the truth; they’d be too late, locked into, looking into my furrowed, childling covetous eyes of my fascist State.
I had to, because as Narcisstate was about to be unceremoniously sucked into its own vortex of deceit, exposed through the internet, the inevitable domino’s would begin to fall and expose my many darkest Corpolitique secrets already submarine-submerged for my very survival, particularly Podminster paedophilia and its State-secret institutional sustained role in feeding my Army.

Naturally, I would not allow that at any cost and so I’d deflect the children once again to direct their anger initially at The North for wanting nothing more than the same voice heard as them.

But I’d been overtly and subliminally signposting their other victims, the acceptable casualties, steadily for a couple of years now; Jewish synagogues, Muslim mosques, Sikh temples and of course the police were the obvious time tested targets but into the mix would be LGBT pubs and clubs, as well as brothels and any of their neighbours they knew only through BU IEDS who hammered home that they were all on the make with a life on stolen benefits.

It was nothing personal. Well not *all personal*, all’s fair in domestic love and war! With the exception of Ignoreland’s elite, the rest of the world would look on in horror that I could do that ‘by accident’ to my respected friend and neighbour, my ‘equal partner’, The North. But that’s all they’d do - look. More to the point, that’s all I’d let them do. Fuck ‘em all.

Until that glorious defining day, I would enable my compliant, truly duplicitously ‘loyal’ children to hold nothing but aloof contempt for the rest of the world, just as I did for them. Closer to home they could look down my parroted beaks, scoffing at the vast potential of The diminutive sovereign North that I’d now taught a new generation, was merely the size of West and so by association, West would also attract rump status too. I was so proud of my children, *in their own inferior ‘eager to please’ way of course.*

All in all, there had never been, nor would ever there be, an entity like me that could so skilfully, so artistically orchestrated, so predictably invisibly adept at turning threat into opportunity and weakness to strength. *It* was mind-blowingly brilliant but when fought on multiple front walls, well, it was simply, *divinely orgasmic.*
The Cuffed-Links Between Liquids & Laptops

Liquids and laptops don’t mix very well. Except as the pretext to protect the children from ‘terror’; everything from banned liquids, to demeaning footwear removed, to humiliating “Don’t touch my junk!” and full-body pat-downs of five year olds and beaten up passengers in the land of the free and home of the brave resulting from the demolition of the Tall Towers.

The War on Terror, the pretext for War on Travel, on free movement but with Middle Eastern guinea pig patsy’s now being used once again; laptops would now be banned from the cabin – unless of course the owners volunteered it for search too - along with my imprisoned Muslim seed-planted James Bond USB cufflink memory sticks.

This would become ‘standard’ industry practice across the deliberate mission creep globe, which would of course be extended into the children’s homes and workplaces and even the childlings schools, to be legislatively implemented rigidly within Narcisstate. Initial protests would be met with accusations of being unpatriotic or having something to hide. And of course, if you have nothing to hide, then how could you have anything to fear? Oh dear. Too trusting and too scared. It worked every time.

Of course, neither I nor my Corpolitique enablers were subject to or had ever been subject to any such security restrictions, only the enemy on my doorstep; the masses.

Which made it mission imperative, for my survival to close the physical access loop to cyberspace intelligence as a part of my undeclared War Against the Children and my all but declared War on the Internet itself which whilst decrying it as the main source of fake news, I’d successfully deflect by telling the children I was working with its inventor to regulate it. And it would also close the physical access loop of cyberspace for my War on Internet Privacy to firstly curtail the individual’s right to search and acquire information free from State interference before stealthily removing their access rights altogether under the ‘legal’ framework of the Investigatory Powers Act.

Suddenly my closure of as many libraries as possible under austerity would begin to make more “Oh fuck!” sense to them but it would be too late. I had to; otherwise some dead man walking might be able to write something like this and upload to the internet or perhaps a finalised book versions end up in libraries or It forbid, end up in Narcisstate’s State schools!

Just as the Nazi’s did, I took their freedoms from them by a thousand imperceptible cuts. And just as the Nazi’s did, after the cutting, would come the culling.
Cowardice

First They Came For...

“First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out – because I was not a Socialist. Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out – because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out – because I was not a Jew. Then they came for me – and there was no-one left to speak for me”.

Martin Neimoller (1892-1984)

Empire 2.0 – Programme Update

First I went for the Trade Unionists, and the children did not speak out – because they were not Trade Unionists. Then I went for the Muslims and the immigrants, and the children did not speak out – because they were not Muslims or immigrants. Then I went for the unemployed and the working poor, and the children did not speak out – because they were not unemployed or working poor. Then I went for the disabled, infirm and the mentally ill, and the children did not speak out – because they were not disabled, infirm or mentally ill. Then I went for The North, and the children did not speak out – because they were not of The North. Then I went for the last of the pensions and pensioners, and the children did not speak out – because they were not yet pensioners. Then I went for them, the children and the childlings of the white mass working-middle class – and there was no-one left to speak for them; my comfortable, coerced, contemptuous, compliant cowards.
“Why Haven’t You Killed Yourself Yet?”

“Our starting point is not the individual; we do not subscribe to the view one should feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty or clothe the naked... Our objectives are different; we must have healthy people in order to prevail in the world”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

The children could kid themselves all they liked as I pretended to care for them by not letting them legally commit suicide in Narcisstate but when “Why haven’t you killed yourself yet?” became the defining question of the time, they, believing themselves to be unaffected, turned a blind eye.

It was the question I asked of my modern untermensch, my Jew of the day in the throes of democracies dusk demise during the Workforce Competency Assessment. Many of my Corpolitique ‘camp guards’ asking it, did so with such superior devotion. ‘Society can only survive if its citizens are genetically sound’ was taught in Nazi era schools but my DWPATOS Army of willing subordinates had no such conditioning.

Yet these contemporary Karl Otto’s and imitation Ilsa ‘Skin-lampshade’ Koch’s qualities, emulating so naturally ‘The Beast and Bitch of Buchenwald’s’ dark triad behaviours spurred on by spiteful gold stars of vacuous empowerment. They did my dark bidding, not realising they themselves – would be next.

For the recipient of the question, it would be one of the last questions they would ever answer before they died of natural ‘selection’ causes or pushed to take their own lives. This was the whole point of the question; to give a gaslight nudge to those already on the very edge of their minds and exhausted existence. If I couldn’t get work to set them free, I’d free them of themselves and myself of them.

Having learned the ‘Arbeit Macht Frei’ lessons during WWII, the Eichmann’s efficiency and logistics of perpetrating mass murder were not the only challenge. Himmler understood the psychological damage being done to his own Nazi soldiers undertaking mass murder by continuously shooting undesirables into lime filled mass-graves. He asked “What are we doing to our own? How do we find a more humane way to kill, for the killer?”

That was when exhaust pipe fed mobile ‘gas-chambers’ delivering the untermensch, the gays, the gipsies and the Jews to already dug mass-graves came along as the precursor for the factory scale gas chambers and ovens.

By making remote and ‘removing’ the personal, ‘intimate’ burden of the final act of delivering death away from the deliverer, so too was the ultimate responsibility transferred for the deaths made remote as someone else’s, anyone else’s.

Those who issued the death orders down and across the Chain of Command would absolve themselves responsibility for not having personally carried them out. And those subordinates who carried out the final impersonal act would absolve themselves by claiming they were “only following orders”. Or in this case, the orders of my Id based bureaucracy of the Workforce Competency Assessment.
The same principle applied for the Corpolitique’s ‘Wahnsee’ moment. As was as silent as the night and fog, a distant ‘unknowing’ mass-murder delivered largely to the Jews, so too it was now being delivered to the contemporary untermensch – the impure and financially draining disabled - via the DWPATOS WCA; my new Nazi camp guards.

These were my Corpolitique staff subordinates - all of whom could claim they were “only following orders” whilst the millions of those ‘unaffected’ turned a blind eye. I was so very proud of them but I couldn’t help but loath them with equal measure for their cowardice.

But another silent, distant ‘unknowing’ mass-murder Final Solution ‘THIS TIME’ would also be delivered under the cover of watery night and fog too, to end once and for all The North’s sovereign existence.

And it all started years earlier with my simple “lack of respect for something that’s different” and where “these things can only survive where evil is embraced” and just as in 1939, whilst the whole world would condemn it, they would largely stand by and just watch in abject horror and disbelief. “This is the cost of ignoring crimes against humanity”. This is the price my children needed to pay for my blanked out and invented past taught by my Whig history.
Ye Ken Ken?

I ken Ken and Ken kens alright! I loathed him with my every fucking fibre. That bastard had been trying to out me for nearly a hundred years, trying to tell the children to look, listen and learn. From Damien to Daniel, Ken plied his trade but like the majority of the artists outside of Bull’s ranks or like him, simply uninterested, undrawn by the fawn potential of the hypnotic shallow pull-promise of a vanities ingots and titles, which were few indeed, he still hadn’t understood that I couldn’t possible do what I did – without the complicit Corpolitique media.

From the flatcapped children of Tralee stretching over a century to mine own on the Tyne, I kept them all deprived and their childwomen and childings half-starved without a future – all to feed my Army. And oh how my girl with a Hitler hairdo and with her unbatted eyelids must have felt her victorious power coming home to hatch first hand when working all her life mother Tracey on the Tyne too, was delightfully degraded, her empty belly and no foodbank parcel to show live, full of raw emotion, on BU ND2 of the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation.

Even Harvey Andrews told them full circle again “A job was hard to come by and he could not face the dole, so he took his country’s shilling and enlisted on the role” doing as I’d always done, to focus their unknowing minds to see only through a prism of cornered economic conscription brought about by my induced deprivation and hunger – which turned brother against brother and caused mother to lose son. Just how many full circle lost sons and brothers did they want to go?

And still they never learned...

From my reconstruction of The Ossian Troubles to the destruction and division of the miners in Mid and North, especially at The Grieve – weaponising hunger was my tried and tested old hat – or should I say old flat-cap?! And especially The North, they had all resisted my will and felt the inverse power of a hungry belly and a broken head inside and out for well over 500 years before I put them into a 300 year stasis.

But in fratricidal terms, the depopulation and displacement of The Ossian and the miners would pale into insignificance; they had seen nothing over the course of a hundred years, compared to what I was about to do to The North in one single winter, as I turned brother against brother once again for one last time. “Better write your letters Damien” said his time-travelling brother Daniel.
The Dark Triad Agenda
Emasculate – The Individual

“Fascism is coming. Probably a slimy Anglicized form of Fascism, with cultured policemen instead of Nazi gorillas and the lion and the unicorn instead of the swastika” - George Orwell.

As the principle targets, I would enfeeble the children and childling boys physiologically and psychologically and behaviourally using the schools, courts judiciary and legislation. These elements of the Corpolitique Dark Triad plan promoted by the Istanbul Convention pretext and underpinned by my Broadcasting ND and vitally augmented by all black mirror and press elements of my media including Film Division combined would have them tying themselves in knots looking for an escape route to my Army or failing that, to my prisons or on the streets.

Having created an environment where I would all but close down productive communication and positive behavioural interaction between the childling sexes in school, I would have the childling males hiding from the females through an abject fear of humiliation either from verbal psychological invectives and/or actual physical assault by girls.

Emboldened, I would foster a female-favoured environment to accommodate and encourage the ‘pack mentality’ which when formed rarely stops until it’s had its ‘occasion’. If a childling boy strikes back at a girl during such an altercation he would be publicly castigated by the school and in the wider community. Depending on the ages and severity of injuries I would ensure he made it into the local reported press.

For example, the humiliation alone of a childling boy having to hide in the toilets through fear of fighting a girl would be unbearable for many. If this occurs over a sustained period he might well be driven to thoughts of suicide or at least make an attempt to.

If he survives, it’s highly unlikely he would tell the truth and would latch on to an altogether different explanation, rather than admit he was being bullied by a girl, or by a boy who knew he was ‘scared’ of a girl. The real root cause therefore would remain ‘a mystery’.

Collectively, these behavioural modifications combined with the new ‘Terrorism Trauma Counselling’ would make them ripe for my Army recruitment teams to swoop upon. Young childling boys, desperate for place and purpose would jump at the chance to bask in the very idea of being in the Army because once it becomes known to their classroom peers, they would be afforded by them something they’ve never previously been given - respect.

This would be especially applicable to childling boys from broken homes, foster homes in need of, yearning for male role models. Breaking up existing family units would be aided by subliminal TV programming and advertising to disrespect the parents – especially the fathers – to be then filtered into the Narcisstate Criminal Justice Systems’ secret family courts for separation.

The Army recruitment teams would, as is standard, encourage and foster an extension of the respected military ethos I promote across Narcisstate and by way of my gracious offer, for which they would still have to maintain a competitive interest, I would reward them with the ‘Insignia’, my badge of Narcisstate that they would wear with pride, to be seen wearing my respected cloak as their own during the softening-up phase throughout their remaining time at school.
This in itself for most would be enough for most to maintain a certain respect in the eyes of their classroom peers, of both sexes. Not only would they cease to be potential targets for bullying, they would overnight become moderately attractive to the opposite sex because once the plan is in full flow; homosexuals would be weeded out for Turing-isation Teaching.

Privatised schools, teachers and counsellors would foster the Insignia approach as it would increase their set monthly targets to feed both sexes channelled into militarised teachings affecting their bonus’s as well reducing instances and the potential for pupil violence which would reflect well on the reputation of the school and its overall Insignia ranking.

I would anticipate a highly significant uptake. Unless they are particularly good at sport, or have ‘that balance’ between academic ability and sport, the overwhelming majority of childling boys would be entirely unfamiliar with feelings and emotions associated with such as self-respect and self-esteem.

These are the qualities I would need to them have but they would only have them on my terms. They would need to attend visit briefings such as Terrorist Trauma Counselling and demonstrate willingness throughout the softening up phase, prior to them being able to actually sign on the line - should they be ‘man enough’. The ‘man enough’ message would remain unstated initially but entirely implied in their subconscious at all times in order to capitalise on their maturing-mind insecurities.

This is partly because I needed to attract female recruits, largely for intelligence analysis and field work at which they are extremely adept and lethal. Intelligence led operations had fast become a new ‘battlefield’ in its own right and this was where I saw the females commodity value area.

I would still publicly push that females can serve in the Infantry in order to compel childling males to do likewise. However the uptake and eventual sustained success of female soldiers would be negligible as most simply do not possess the combination of innate strength and base-savagery required to put their boot on the chest or throat of another childman and drive a bayonet through his eye and brain and sustain it in battle over days, weeks and months.

Whilst I accept there would be exceptions and I don’t doubt females commitment or ability to deliver a killer blow in the heat of battle, trials have shown the overwhelming percentile of females do not possess the physical strength needed for hand-to-hand combat never mind sustain it repeatedly in Close Quarter Battle. In this sense they would be a foreseeable liability putting operational imperatives at significant risk of failure.

When I am at a point of being able to massage the figures just enough, I would subliminally and overtly promote that more females are joining than males, creating another avenue genderised division and peer pressure which would compel the childling male commodity to join up and ‘do their bit’.

Organisational emasculation of the predominantly male services within the current military, police, fire services and prisons with a strategy of ‘Bunkering’ which would be implemented with a similar methodology to that which I am currently conducting to destabilise through the defunding and demoralisation of the predominantly female service, the Narcisstate Health Service as I moved them to privatisation in a low-wage economy.
Abused Men Caveat

To give the illusion of balance, abused and emasculated children would have to be given a timely and periodically distractive, deflective and perfunctory platform. But they could only appear on the Broadcasting Units ND’s as the repeatedly reinforced victims of other childmen.

Rarely, if ever, could they be shown to be victims of abusive childwomen on TV. ‘Redacted reporting’ of male victims of domestic abuse by females would be tokenistic, presented as a rarity too long ago to matter and certainly never to be repeated, recycled or reinforced for any sustained length of time.

Some footballers, survivors of sexual abuse had been trying to tell the world for forty years of their rape by my own kind and when I gave them their platform, so dissonance shocked and already conditioned were all the children to accept the Corpolitiques’ on-song, on-message gospel, none of them would ask ‘Why now?’ a ‘revelation’ I’d known of but hid for decades as a part of my institutionalised religious and State vassals strategy to fill broken boys full of cum to then feed them to find ‘purpose’ in the Army.

Even with the limited, sporadically divulged knowledge I let the children have which they were increasingly acknowledging, many would understand this was probably a distraction offering, like my divisive Rotherham, Brownskin offerings who were a part of my organised conscription cogs, to aver their curious, questioning gaze from me, from in and around my pervasive Podminster intuitions. But as usual, I could count on them to build the rage at the Brownskins; then just turn over the page of their morning tabloid and eat their cereal.

Secondly, having just weeks before in preparation aired acquired exclusive footage to expose homophobic psalms of my conditioned ignorance from football fans on their gladiatorial terraces, giving me another platform to attack and undermine the children before I began to undermine this particular belief system.

I was able to unsettle some of their mind-sets that I’d conditioned to be homophobes, that their game, their institution, their weekly football religion, was contaminated by ‘pooftahs’. Because the darts player told them so! ‘Fackin’ ‘arras my sahn!’ Because in their taught ignorance, they were unable to distinguish between a paedophile and a ‘pooftah’.

The latter, as a group I’d been signposting across the Corpolitique media web with a hammer, mainly on BU ND and IED4 under the pretext guise of LBGT ‘equality rights’. Flying rainbow flags above one of ‘their’ other belief system institutions – an Army barracks, or even removing Narcisstate Air Force skirts so as not to upset the sensitivities of the transgender recruits would grate and drip-seep seed into some of most accepting of open-minded nerves.

By my design of program and programmed commission, the easily identifiable rainbow flagged buildings of the LBGTI community minority, into which I’d throw in some tabloid TV with BU IED5 brothels as well for good measure, would pick up a substantial part of the painful riotous tab.
I would do this through a sustained deliberate program and programmed omission by overlooking a far more substantially marginalised ‘minority’ but who were a very, very vocal self-proclaimed vanguard of ‘manhood’ and who given the right unrest conditions would go on safari and have a fucking field day.

By fermenting the nationwide brew, I could send in my local agitators on all sides so that they could easily spread violent bile amongst the target demographic – the reasonable, rationale ‘thinking’ heterosexual white males of WES stock, manipulated made angry and the core strength of my Gilligan Army.

And thirdly, it was simply a part of the preparatory narrative recycling of historical male sex-abuse that I would use to reinforce the gaslight groundwork for an altogether far grander, much newer, much older and far bolder programme of recycled conditioning.
Having gaslighted the children within an inch of their lives and for many, to actually take their own lives, I would do as all abusers do; I'd come to their rescue. ‘There, there, there’.

The ‘inexplicable’ high rates of male suicides would hardly have come as surprise to them if they’d observed and not simply absorbed the recurring, repetitive, unremitting amount of suggested and actual male suicides references on TV dramas. Such specialist male-suicide writers – acting under orders – like literary mercenaries could be bought and sold across all of the Corpolitques’ Broadcasting Units.

Males were the principle targets but neither conservative gender would be left behind in the suicide squad stakes amongst all the subliminal suggestion programming and advertising. I could give a baker’s dozen deliberate reasons why but body image, cannabis, magazines and even my new blameworthy weaponised medium – Social Media - would get the blame.

I would continually exploit, then express concern, as I ‘blamed’, and defended my Corpolitique media’s right to ‘free press and expression’ output in order to prey on their prepubescent, adolescent and adult insecurities. Many of them would head exactly where I was channelled them; to the gym just in time for a nutritious body building refreshment as they moved towards my subliminally yellow striped recruitment ranks of my military.

And I’d do so with a new superficially funded focus on mental health issues whilst doing so convincingly well in feigning concern with phoney exploration of the issues – again especially amongst males whom I did all I could to psychologically and physiologically emotionally emasculate, to make the childling males responsible for the worlds ills caused by their wars, their FGM and their domestic abuse - before they’ve graduated from primary school. Which I would then amplify again and again before they graduated from secondary school classrooms. This, like their history, would be their programmed ‘truth’ forever.

Their now encoded, conditioned reality which had always mine to determine for them, downloaded onto their hard-drives brains and their collective hive-mind, as historical ‘fact’, stealing them all from who they really were, are, or what could have been as I labelled everyone a Pre-Crime misogynist.

All so I could continue to feed my war-machine led by my, their, hypnotic Flexagon flag; automatic for the people since birth with my, their, Narcisstate ‘country’ forever merely the corporate branding of my Trojan virus company, my military industrial complex war machine which they blindly followed with my regular media-installed whipped-up updates of xenophobia dressed up as righteous anger, as patriotic victimhood ready to go and ‘legally’ murder ‘aliens’ as well as deliver themselves into poverty deprivation and abject misery for me to exploit.

The most pivotal of this programming since they entered this world was for them to idolise and to venerate unquestioningly, to obey remote, superior reverence passed off as harmless heads of State; this face of which, this façade of which extended to protect the unquestioning reverence of Narcisstate’s Corpolitique institutions and their perpetual ability to act and behave with impunity and dark immorality against the very laws I created for the children!
And now just as with my ‘War on Drugs’ and the ‘War on Terror’ was to feed my wars and fill my ranks with subservient angered patriotism which was now forever embedded within their hard drives, my new supplemental subliminal programming update with the ‘War on Children’ concentrated their minds to seek out self-actualisation which for overwhelming numbers of them, would only be able to find through me. All of these ‘wars’ were in fact my War for Supremacy.

And as the millennials of Generation Y and the subsequent Gen Z grew up programmed with the constant threat of Islamic terror as their reality, so too, would Generation Alpha be programmed by my undeclared War on Children to become their birthed blue pill suicidal ‘reality’ which was in fact – birthed in the red pill reality.

The war was well and truly underway to capture Gen Alpha and the next labelled generation after that, with my mass-misogyny programming and State Trojan legislation to make them vassals of Narcisstate by making them accountably fearful, responsible for the outcome of everything wrong in society with drunken one night stands now deemed potential rape or burden them with the domestic blame to tear them from their children.

And those children who were being psychologically and physically attacked by their childwomen partners now, who I knew to be on a collective capability par as the children for such domestic abuse, would become even more subjugated and channelled to search for ‘escape’ in my ranks to feed my fix for power, for my next war and my need for my contemptuous superior survival.

Starved of basic human physiological needs; safety, sanctuary, sex, starved of livelihood opportunities and deprived of their manhood – as I had done with generations beforehand – the new generation would be caught in my updated, coordinated conscription plan by my positive yellow Pavlov Pincer movement.

They would flood in, in their angry, grateful patriotic cattle droves. All whilst I pretended to have their best interests at heart through the Corpolitique media. Suddenly, all manner of my corporate business entity interests, banks in particular, would come over all concerned and community caring for the mental health well-being of the children. Aye right.
Suicide Squaddies

Suicide stigmatised since forever, just as mental health had been would now become my repetitively recycled focus under all manner of my Corpolitique ‘de-stigmatising media champions’ – especially for children and childling males.

And also, just as in Oznatraz, where I hid that half of male suicides were directly linked to family law proceedings I would too omit these links entirely, brushing them from existence via Narcisstate news media omission as a key causal factors too in order to overwrite the males future path reality that I knew that nearly half of domestic abusers were female which I omitted and therefore also - ‘didn’t exist’.

By gaslighting their past within their present I rewrote their future and chose their channelled paths to meet my militaristic-State needs – it’s what Narcisstate’s ‘historical reality’ was built on; a hidden fascist-State built on a ‘Karpman Kleptocracy’ and coming full circle via a contemporary Kitchener call to arms.

But I’d amplify the selfish epidemic-dead effects in order to keep selling suicide as the biggest killer of middle aged men and third biggest of young men to seed implant grant my dark blessing permission to proceed. They could take or leave it as they pleased.

Or they could accept my psychological mash channelled invite toward finding ‘purpose’ in my Army, the last bastion of symbolic suicide-squad masculinity; heroes all.

In addition to quick quiet cancers and unexpected, sudden heart attacks the mass-morose mood would be heightened further aided by unnatural selection, with the occasional ‘male-suicide’ or ‘accidental overdose’ by celebrities in order to inject the black mirror emotional narrative back into the children’s psyche via the flatscreen universe and radio la-la.

It would also of course give me the on-going pretext-scale potential to recreate the 2016-esque celebrity death match dissonance amongst the population and throw them off their psychologically-hacksawed verge of insanity whilst simultaneously being able to roll out nostalgia in the form of inference, film and music in time for my next phase of assault on democracy. The game of life being what it is, hard to play, they would be only too pleased for my welcome distractions.
**Organisational Emasculation - Police**

I would do to the police similar what I was doing to the male-dominated Army, fire-service and prisons and the female-dominated NHS; to defund, demoralise and to create for them, their own cosy bunker. There would be far more room in it however to raise and swing the batons as I cut their quantity to the bone due to ‘austerity’, never so low in numbers and morale since the 1970’s.

I’d make them become less secure and much angrier and give them, present them with opportunities to take it out someone, anyone. Anger combined with disdain that’s armed with a baton and Taser is a potent force and I was beginning to see intergenerational signs that this generation of my police, were on the cusp of implementing their duties just as I’d intended them to - with marginally constrained rage. Wait until I have them all armed with guns unleashed.

One recent sign was how easily the police would obey my orders and behave as a private security group working for a Narcisstate Government decision in cahoots with a corporate, operating beyond the law because they were the law. The elderly children and childwomen legally protesting against my induced Earth cancer called fracking, became all to easily shocked into silence as they felt the silent wrath of their ‘Bobby’s on the beat’ – and beat they would do.

The aging, well-respected middle-class red wine drinking Councillors attending the site to conduct their peaceful anti-fracking protest, were in for a shock! Even when they saw and felt what was right in front of them; the physical pain of forceful restraint and the emotional pain of abject powerlessness of their just and legal cause, they would feel the grip of uniformed indifference mixed with a dash of measured spite - they still couldn’t grasp, wouldn’t grasp, that their image of the nostalgic ‘Bobby’ was a disconnect long gone and lost to the past.

It was their own fault, they’d stood by acquiescent like good conditioned little children, trusting me for far too long, whilst they saw me silently attack others on matters that ‘didn’t affect them’.

Perhaps they should have been more vocal, even vehement when I had my Londrome Police hack into environmentalists emails and dragged, along with other police forces, their big black ready-to-stomp heels on pursuing voter fraud. Complacency and apathy are, as enemies of democracy, my dearest enabling friends.

And so by demoralising yet angrily empowering my police, with untouchable wrath they would become bunkered and would behave as I intended them to when the time came; another branch of the hive-mind resentful antagonism ready to explode beyond the law and beyond the humane.

They would follow me in advance of me, just as my Army would and just as my future Army made of my WES masses would; fearful victimhood with a double helping of hate to result in carnage and killing.

I would have them all wound-up and primed to be at each other’s throats before long whilst I and my enablers and the Company executives all sat in complete safety, watching the unfolding film live with popcorn and coke; liquid and powder all being coordinated, controlled, directed via the Corpolititique media.
It had always been this way and hadn’t proved to be too difficult to achieve through the generations. So predictable was the human condition given the ‘right’ conditions; I understood the children needed to vent given what I do to them and so I would provide them with my timely triggered pretexts. And I would provide them with just one more, *one last* release of pressure, before I suppressed them all once and for all.

And for my all powerful private armed police and Army? Their future and that of their offspring, a simple choice; join me whilst there’s room to or perish in the rubble outside the gates. Of course there wouldn’t be room enough for them all; I’d make my entertainment of that too, a raffle of sorts if you like. Again, it was their own willing fault, they saw the signs but were too acquiescent angered to care or see straight.

They should have listened to The Manics warning before they themselves became my *Children of Men*. 
Agitate – Attack The Belief Systems

“Something Stank”

...Were the words of the famous author, appearing outside of the appeal court with the QC. He was referring to his suspicions regarding the refused appeal for A Marine. Like Johnny, he was too close. I might have to deal with that which would also give me the perfect pretext to roll out more nostalgic Narcisstate greatness though his equine-laden literature and filmed adaptations. Every cloud what?

It was all a part of my bunkering process which not only distracted the children away from the positives in their lives, like their families and passions but projected a negative, angrily defensive passion which transferred them into the irritated hive-mind bunker. It was bit like the ones I perpetuated in football stadium cauldrons, unifying one half of them, filling each with my licenced, disdainful distraction through weekly-rituals of ‘othering’ the other.

I’d used this against them too. They didn’t care to understand and could only feel to despise in order to feel and fill something that was unfeeling and ‘unfulfillable’. This had worked an absolute treat as I divided The North for well over a Century, helping them to find their religion on a weekly basis.

But through their honest but entirely naïve gaslit indignation, at a soldier, one of my pawns I labelled and incarcerated unjustly for murder, they came predictably to his defence in vast numbers and would do so in my defence also. And this is the part of the beauty of it all.

Ignoreland had long grasped, projected and capitalised on the concept of vicarious victimhood by using its troops, dead and alive as they repeatedly drove into the psyche of its children, a mantra that went something like; ‘Support the troops but not the war’ and ‘We can’t turn back now, if we do – you wilfully allow the already dead to have died wasteful vain’. It was gaslight poetry to my ears.

If I could get them to always support the living troops but also emotionally blackmail them to ‘support’ my version of how they should forever recall the memory of the dead ones, which if they contradicted my claim, they would forever associate with guilt, perhaps even betrayal with that loss, then I was already three-quarters of the way to getting their ‘consent’ to continue my current war and ‘permission’ to pursue my next war.

And with my constant, cyclic softening-up barrage of recycled fear from my manufactured enemy at their gates and their way of life under threat of constant attack, it was all too easy to get me over the fear-dripping finishing line to take them to the battlefield Start Line. And then make my mind-boggling power profits, both financial and emotional.

This was how I morphed ‘Support the troops but not the war’ to mutate into their compassionate, ‘rationale choice’ to become ‘Support the troops and then the war’. And those who wouldn’t get on board were labelled treacherous liberals, snowflakes, cowards, saboteurs and all manner of gaslight invectives but all of them without question, would be accused of lacking in sympathy or respect for our troops in general.

The Social Media Division would declare it open season on anyone who didn’t concede, targeted, ready to be picked at by the new ‘Poppy Police’ who found their SS concerted purpose in November.
And one day in the not too distant future, dissidents would be already be getting picked up as I silently, clandestinely ‘undeclared’ open season on anyone not housed within the offspring-fold of my fledgling SeventySeven.

It was all done through the gaslight fog of the emotional information war to achieve a mass behavioural-hive overdrive. It was a ‘gas-fog’, much like mustard gas in so many ways; cheap and easy to produce and contain with mass-dissemination taking minimal effort when combined with the collective concentration of the Corpolitique force and rewarding a far more astronomically larger and indiscriminate return.

But unless you saw it coming or someone sounded the alarm “Gas! Gas! Gas!” at the sight of its sinister, creepingly excessive yellow concentrations, it was entirely invisible to the touch and taste. And by then it would already be too late for the initial casualties.

Diversionary distractions by The Hun could precede a gas attack in the trenches where the first unfortunate souls of the Somme might only perceive of the presence of the yellow gas as it began to fill their burning throats, lungs and eyes. So too a hundred years later, would the children by distracted by cancers of all descriptions, especially their conditioned cancers of Russia, Islam and the treachery of The North to become thought entrenched ‘truths’ within their minds.

And whilst I had them all basking angrily in their victorious pyrrhic glory of Nexit, snuggled up smothered in my epidural comfort blanket of Narcisstate’s nostalgia, would they conceive and realise far too late that my contemporary yellow gaslight was being subliminally absorbed as it began to filter through their fiery eyes, making angry minds and vengeful souls.

Marginally heavier than air, the mustard gas now blister agent would also eventually seep into recess pockets in and around to the lower levels of the trenches where there was always a danger of it being indiscriminately kicked up to kill and maim.

But now my mind-gas sank into the lower levels of society, into their living rooms and cars to seep into the recesses of their individual and collective hive-mind psyche ready to be selectively picked up, to kill and claim.

But just as on the Somme, when the children thought, taught, to believe they were fighting for their way of life and that of Narcisstate, so too would todays childmen and childwomen think, conditioned, to believe they were fighting for their way of life and that of Narcisstate.

But they were protecting my wealth, my power and my place on this planet, nothing more. I couldn’t care less for borders or for Sovereignty, not even in Narcisstate – all I cared for was the fracking lands and spice laden seas from which I could extract wealth, all in the name of the children, under the Flexagon of course.

And with continuous, ubiquitous Flexagon product placement, flying proudly behind my political prisoner as he stood shoulder to soldier with my issue rifle, A Marine and many more like him would keep the masses distracted, contained, managed, bunkered, fighting for him, fighting for me - under my control.
My Corpolitique gaslight was indeed a time and again tested Weapon of their Mass Destruction keeping their minds drunk on hell-bent *lucidity* and corrosive *clarity* just like the angry, aggressive drunk who keeps repeating, keeps shouting *over and over* to *everyone* and *anyone* who’ll listen “*I am not angry! I am not aggressive! I am not drunk!*” “But you clearly are” would come the response, only to be followed by a sober-stupor of flurrying fists and a boot stomping on a human face, *forever*.

All of them born lambs to my slaughter, the hive-mind taught brilliantly broken to become the perfectly imprisoned and well-behaved political prisoners all free within the Perfect Dictatorship. They, the equine author, the learned QC and Johnny, all had so much more in common with A Marine than they could ever possibly imagine or understand. Fuck ‘em. If they knew something stank, they should have woke up and smelt the trials and trails of the gaslight coffee.
“Whoever can conquer the street will one day conquer the State, for every form of power politics and any dictatorship-run State has its roots in the streets” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

‘Enemies of the People’. ‘Crush the Saboteurs’. Regal refurbishments. “Rise up” would be my repeated Corpolitique media claxon call across all outlets subliminal and overt, as they wheeled out the same old new theatre in the form of the Smiling Assassin ‘against’ Nexit. Cunningly skilled, taught since young to debate by sophisticated Artful Dodgers, to seamlessly sell a position from the opposing perspective.

The pervasive talent gifted generationally to my naturally selected few, shown how to convince in the realistic reverse debate arena by parking their own perspective to adopt the another’s standpoint, all in the name of wholesome debate and indulgent understanding for the opponents position.

And also the perfect gaslight quality for my chosen spies, politicians and media pundits. Only this time, the Smiling Assassins purpose was to inflame, anger and plant the seed to indeed ‘rise up!’ Which they would of course on my terms, clamp down then lift them up.

But I’d been stoking that sentiment with subliminal messaging for months. NBC BU ND1 did a fine job with the PISA pretext. Preceded by deliberately darkened story of how Asian Islamic immigrants just refused generationally to integrate and assimilate into the Narcissistish way of way of life, that these Brownskins were ghettoising no-go streets and neighbourhoods because most tellingly, many of them refused to do the most basic adaptation – learn to speak Narcissistish.

Which I then seamlessly followed with the PISA figures in a piece I just happened to show lots of little Brownskin childlings from a faraway former colony, speaking perfect Narcissistish. “If they can speak Narcissistish over there why the fuck won’t they speak it in Narcissstate?!” was the outcome nub of the WES conversations we were encouraging in front of the box.

This was neatly followed by my ‘mockumentary’ about the 2011 Londrome riots which spliced police actors, real community people, Blackmoors mainly with real time riot footage. I was essentially giving the children a road map to a riot with the actor policeman, explaining in great detail of ‘police alert states’ to then tell the children at home “We are living in a police state”. Subtly sown for future use.

I’d since tried to get the children to bite on the road marked revolution – on each other - with another an assassination style shooting of a low-life, low-grade ‘gangster’ but to no avail. I’d have to bide my time.

But a good mini-riot would be a bonus to retest and upgrade my physical defences, my cyberspace attack strategies and the overall coordination of the command, control and communications links between my uniformed commodities.
Strawberry Feeds Forever

“Whoever can conquer the street will one day conquer the State, for every form of power politics and any dictatorship-run State has its roots in the streets” - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

I’d learned a power of lessons in 2011 but the battlefield moves on apace in the 21st Century and the 2017 July Crisis would be brutal. But it was vital to give me the additional ‘jingoistic healing together whilst under attack’ pretext I’d been building toward, to arrive at a much larger armed police force and a willingly conscripted physical and cyberspace Army to manage the children at home and maintain my global position abroad.

And with these all firmly in place, my pieces on the board including my strategically street-art painted, some in strawberry positioned ship-containers; armouries full of weapons and ammunition and counter-communications; safe ‘houses’ for my agents to change in and disappear during the upcoming one-sided, very brief, short sharp shock Civil War.

All slowly triggered as a result of my ‘accidental’ radioactive spill in The North’s River City river, achieved through Op Fukuglaschu. Sandwiched between two advertising hoardings at The North’s national football stadium ‘THIS TIME’ I furtively told them in black and yellow, this time, they would be finally be defeated once and for all. Forever.
Segregate – Signposting Minorities

“Propaganda must facilitate the displacement of aggression by specifying the targets for hatred”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

However there would be a price to reach this point. The final solution design, as with all final solution designs would need a significant someone, a community, to take the murderous fall. And I would have to let the significant demographic, white heterosexual males, many of whom I’d made angry on all sides, vent their riotous spleens on each other and the communities I’d been explicitly and implicitly directing them toward. Because if I didn’t, they might come for me.

This is why I would repeatedly cite historical precedent and specifically signpost the Jews, not as the sole intended targets, not this time at least but to implant within the fearful, angry white man’s mind, ‘his’ convenient, easily defeated weaker ‘enemy’. I’d have to make sure I laid the breadcrumb trails to the doors of his societal emasculators and threats to his way of life as he was taught it should be, the way it used to be, the way I programmed him to be making sure there were identifiable, accessible minorities.

Muslims and immigrants would be the obvious candidates to take the heat but they wouldn’t be alone because it couldn’t be perceived by the children and the rest of the world as a ‘race war’. Benefit claimants, sex-workers and even the disabled would take their fair share but it would be the LGBTI communities, with their rainbows and Caravan Clubs whose issues and concerns I’d purported to support, who would be at the forefront of the backlash.

There’s more than one way to skin a cat, or in this case target a vulnerable group by raising their minority profile so fast and forcibly, whilst ignoring the concerns of gaslight targeted majority, my WES Army of white working class males – all being primed for recruitment first by my manipulated fear, then by my manufactured fortitude.

A wise gay man speaking on the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation said “We’ve become a little drunk on our own successes in the LGBT community, we’ve become a little bit myopic as a group – there is a danger in that… ...I worried that we were so out for ourselves, that we made ourselves weak”. Quite. Which ironically, was precisely why he was on my segregation script for signposting show.

I would initially promote, then push, push, push the LBGT multiple needs to be accepted by society doing so with an increasingly prevalent, impatient and forceful way that many in the LGBT themselves weren’t responsible for and didn’t advocate. Unsuspecting protagonist pioneers caught in the echo chamber would believe the pace of change too slow and begin to move away from pursuing mutual understanding to demand buy-in acceptance, to demand compliant “interconnectedness” on LGBT language twisting terms.

The deflection could be amplified further with both barrels simultaneously aimed at both immigrants and LGBT communities by one of my openly gay agent provocateurs who would claim that immigrants are to blame for twice the amount of homophobia ‘recorded’ in Londrome and which would of course go unchallenged, indeed given ‘substance’ by my motormouth BU presenter. Smart move.
First Defeat the Language Then Conquer the People

“It would not be impossible to prove with certain repetition and a psychological understanding of the people concerned that a square is in fact a circle. They are mere words, and words can be moulded until they clothe the ideas and disguise”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

As my march towards fascism went on unhindered some were actually closer to the plan but daren’t let themselves assimilate what was going on in front of them. The emasculation of children, the false empowerment of childwomen and childlings and the enforced new language of fascism, the semantic key to the new Gestapo throne, platforms afforded to the self-declared third and more gender constructs. They had no idea what was about to collectively hit them; a hospital pass of deadly proportions.

Laura’s observation of Belinda’s polite, restrained incredulity exacerbation when faced with a big question smashed the despotic intent nail firmly into the SS skull and crossbones head “The trans-agenda is worthy of a fascist state and it must be stopped”. How undeniably, though a prism of self-denial, on the right track she was.

‘They’ or ‘them’ for ‘he’ or ‘she’ and vice versa – whoever, whatever they chose to be, I gave them the platform gantry rope to piss off my slowly simmering population who unlike Belinda, would neither be polite nor restrained as I unleashed them onto the deflected targets.

All ‘they’, Emma, had to do was put ‘their’ head in the noose of enforced imposition, for ‘their’ new gender-neutral language demands to be met and adhered to without equivocation, without evolved understanding being sought from the 99% of the population.

‘They’, Emma, thought ‘they’ were making headway of course but ‘they’ was a patsy. ‘They’, Emma, was just one amongst many minorities I segregated by signposted commission, singled out for ‘special attention’ by the population.

Especially angry white heterosexual males whose interests and issues I overlooked by deliberate omission hidden in the reeds of inexplicable male suicide rates and body-image mental health disorders, blah-blah-blah, in order to foster the diverted ‘SQUIRREL!’ gaslit response necessary when I kicked off my riotous-war plan.

*This* was how I made sure they murdered each other and didn’t focus on the 1% of the Corpolitique elite but concentrated on the 1% of driven, demanding voices and the groups they ‘represented’ the asexual, bisexual, gay, lesbian, transgender. This was how I made sure it would work, as I did during the live firing exercise I sparked in the 2011 Londrome Riots.

Yes, the game of hangman – if I can still be permitted to use the conventionally ignorant gender expression - had rarely been so entertaining as would the impending game of hang ‘they’, ‘them’, ‘he’, ‘she’. Not to worry, ‘they’ won’t have any hurt feelings with ‘their’ unsuspecting smug stretched necks.
Channelling the Drip-Tsunami of Serf ‘Superiority’

“Words build bridges into unexplored regions”. - Adolf Hitler

They wouldn’t understand it had all been an element of my brilliant design to use them to subliminally implant an elicit sense of alienation into the consciousness’s of childhood, many of whom I’d already bred angry, ignorant, superior and xenophobic. Caught in the collateral crossfire would be anyone not like them that I’d taught to be superior to.

The children, willingly naive, always chose to fall for my distractions because like water, they always chose the path of least resistance. So predictable and conveniently advantageous if expertly channelled. Many of them knew where I was leading them and even if they were unaware of my programming of their subconscious, they could consciously think and stop at any time and call me out.

But rather than facing up to me, the parental cause of their ills, they themselves deflected, projected and transferred responsibility directing it at the less empowered that they vicariously lorded themselves over every day just by watching BU IED5, the tabloid TV version of the Daily Rats, just one of my many ignorance infectious rags that like BU IED5, would roll out the conveyor belt of poverty-porn, simmering the blood of the working poor.

These were ones I riled the overworked, underpaid children with superior schadenfreude stories, framed to frame heroine junkies that they were paying to have ‘free’ hits. Ultimately they were enraged enablers, the complicit bullies – always cowards - I’d made in my own image. I was so proud of them!

But they were my enraged enabling complicit cowards and it was specifically the childhood who were key who, would having been the focus of my sustained campaign of subliminal warfare, some would be only too grateful for an opportunity to murder their neighbours. As long as I let them believe that by doing so would enable them to become respected and empowered once again, they’d commit fratricide.

Indeed I ruthlessly encouraged it! I would wrap them in my Dunning-Kruger cloak and plant a false-flag of patriotism for them to follow. This would be the required dress code needed to take back their self-esteem and the path to self-determining ascendency back to their rightful place in society and in the world. It was so scripted it was barely even a challenge anymore. And yet the thrill of the power never deserted me. I needed it so much.
Fixing the Battlefield

“If you had something [slave labour] for free in the past, you don’t necessarily want to pay for it now”
– Mary-Ellen Curtin (African-American Slave-Trade Historian).

And so I’d give them a pretext to begin the purge at my time and place of choosing. Not with a standard execution of a low-level unarmed Blackmoor gangster, although I might take a couple of dry live runs as an exercise to test their Social Media strategies.

Blaming the heat of the summer sun or even a full moon I normally targeted the Blackmoor’s communities because they had fight in them having come from my chains, those that survived had passed their powerful genes with their warrior spirit developed as the result of their persecuted past.

But I’d managed to blunt their blade just enough, having made them grateful to me for freeing them, then reluctantly allowing them sewer entry-level access in my green and pleasant land. Since when, over generations, I’d made their communities ripe for harvesting hell, for which they and all the children would reap the wrath and I the rewards.

But it certainly couldn’t be a white gangster, I tended to lionise them in film! And besides the white population never got angry enough in numbers when you did another white one that was just like them. I could do whatever I wanted to them and their childlings!

I could always count on them, the overwhelming majority, the too trusting and too selfish, to look the other way; The Grieve, The Leppings 96, Hamilton’s Hunt, Dolphin Square, even Iraq – they just wouldn’t dare challenge me.

The zenith of this particular demonstrable ‘quality’ in the white ones came when I introduced and got away with implementing secret family courts to start stealing their childlings from them! After that, I knew I could do anything to every last one of them – and their childlings – without limit and carry on my institutionalised ‘recruitment’ practices. They really hadn’t seen anything yet.

No, this “rise up” riot would unusually, be driven by the whites all over Narcisstate sparked by a ‘tragedy’ in The North. Having positioned my pieces, such as strawberry ship container armouries and electromagnetic pulse posts to disrupt mobile communications – we couldn’t openly be seen by ‘democracy’ to be in organised league with the mobile operators - the ‘riot’ contagion would spread.

And having incited them with decades of indifference to the ‘haves and have-nots’, of the triviality of ‘The Premiers diamond heeled shoes and the Peoples foodbanks’ – my preplanned revolution war on the children would erupt throughout Narcisstate.

A one-sided, short sharp Civil War – all in accordance with my Dark Triad design would unfold. The combatants; my armed-to-the-teeth pre-prepared might of the State, The Party, the Corpolitique enabled by my comfortable, conditioned white-middle class angry cowards - versus – unarmed minorities.

It’d be a turkey-shoot.
And after their collective bloodlust bloodletting was satisfactorily satiated, when they’d tired and I’d accumulated enough worthwhile intelligence and relearned social media command and control strategies as I had done in 2011, I come to their ‘rescue’ and I’d ‘restore’ their law and my order and prepare the urban battlefield for the final Company takeover of ‘democracy’.

In the meantime, the children, my apologetic ‘tokenatchiks’ the previously politically apathetic now angry would echo my hollow words from the seat of democracy, the Mother of all Parliaments as I told them just as I’d done so many times before ‘We are where we are. We need to learn from the mistakes of the past and move forward together as a proud people once again’. Every. Single. Time.

They fell for it and turned on each other consistently and did it with such full-on committed complicity - every single laughable time. All I had to do was spend a few years softening them up with my distractive entertainment and reverence whilst guiding them towards their baited targets having blinded them with emotion - especially ‘patriotic victimhood’ the pillar of fascism - led of course by the Flexagon to give them back their nostalgic pride - all in their name, through the Corpolitique.
Isolate – The Imprisoned Mass of The Individual Mind

“The most potent weapon in the hands of the oppressor is in the minds of the oppressed”. - Steve Biko (1946-1977)

The mass isolation of Narcisstate’s children, my children – and specifically the white heterosexual ones who would make up the bulk of my Army would by commission be the subject of and subjected to psychological and physiological drip-fed threats and actual removal of opportunities, liberty and needs whilst conducting the wholesale omission of their issues; whitewashed of course with the one exception that could channel them to me and my Army – that of male mental health.

My aim was to psychologically imprison each and every one of them, to isolate each individual childman and childling boy within their own individual mind to the point where they needed counselling therapy and/or direction to some purpose to begin to matter. Gaslight; the perfect state within my gaslight State.

This was in no small part driven by my decade’s sustained ‘rope-a-dope’ of political correctness gone mad to blame the left for society’s ills. Like feminism before it, it had justified aims that worked towards the betterment of society as a whole through mutual respect and understanding, but I would hijack and usurp it with my spies and agent provocateur agitators to embolden and enable zealots.

I’d coerce them to enthusiastically produce and introduce increasingly dogmatic guidelines, policies and laws to be selectively enforced and that would forever subject behaviours that would ensure that every last white working class heterosexual male, in some way, somehow to become disadvantaged in the pretext name of restoring balance born of past injustices and present prejudices that I fed them through my tabloid media!

In short; it was the systematic, systemic psychological and physiological State subjugation and isolation of the entire white-male working class masses; just as I’d done at The Grieve and with The Leppings 96. But this ‘rebalancing’ act of course, would never find its way into the upper echelons of the Corpolitique misogynistic patriarchy. Not a snowflakes chance in hell.

The art of the act was to give the appearance of ideological differences and diversity, which the children needed, as does any centred society – but not a ‘democratic’ society run by my perennial aristocratic warmongering elite. This ‘balance’ was achieved mainly though teaching institutions; secondary schools, colleges and Universities in particular and of course into the workplaces of working and middle classes.

But I also did it with the judiciary and most recently gave the strategy a wider augmented truth and depth veracity through my Atlanticbridge IQ and Antediluvian Analytics led Social Media Division.

Both the Broadcasting Units News and Information Entertainment Divisions would also keep up the pretence even asking “Has political correctness gone mad?” which was entirely the deflective point as my Corpolitique media coerced, nudged and too late to stop me, dragged the masses further to the extreme right – all of their own democratic consent of course. Sound familiar?
Having tested, *exasperated* the patience not just of the psychologically embattled children but of the emotionally charged childwomen too – keeping them all on the gaslight rollercoaster, they would and did *jump at the chance* to become more ‘empowered’ by the ‘reason’ of the right wing, freed from the shackles of liberal left.

There was the capacity for both. But I had the tolerance for neither. But the right was only vehicle for The Party to dovetail into, to keep up the pretence of ‘democracy’ hiding my totalitarian march within the perfect dictatorship.
The Temper Tantrum Police – Social Services Stasi

The signs were already there if they chose to see them with some Social Services bureaucrats looking to exert poisonous power and backed up by the police. Yet I kept both ‘services’ run down but still in my name, they would carry out my bidding because they were ‘only following orders’.

Even big pharma was able to get in on the act, to use my State ‘law’ enforcement vassals to ‘protect’ children from parents they deemed a danger to their childlings, contrary to the evidence and contrary to the evidence that big pharma couldn’t have exposed; my Chase was on to maintain the merry-go-round of human misery and to ‘lawfully’ deny the parents right to parent and deny the undeniable medicinal-properties potential of medical marijuana.

So I carried out a State sponsored medical kidnapping in Oznatraz that was the thin end of a very thick wedge that over time, would become the accepted norm across all manner of child ‘protection’ issues across all of my Five Eyes interests.

In Narcissate I would increase the pervasive psychological emotional burden on parents, especially single parents, I would create an environment whereby I would mix in and confuse the genuinely sinister clues to child abuse as the pretext to insert and group them in with the everyday occurrences that happen in the trials and tribulations of childhood. Any of which could start the ball rolling and may lead to the removal of their children into my ‘care’.

Exploiting their innate negativity bias, that gaslight burden alone would have parents, many of whom were already struggling to hold down second jobs, second-guessing every possible imagined care-home outcome, should their offspring show the ‘red flags’ or ‘soft-signs’ of child ‘abuse’, such as being withdrawn, low self-esteem, or throwing a tantrum perhaps to attention seek.

In street shops, malls and supermarkets, from classrooms to clubs, I would foster an inescapable prison environment that demanded the parents had to be in constant fear of their childlings’s innocent falls or scrapes that may result in invisibly implied guilt followed by the subconsciously-anticipated knock on the door.

The police or a concerned social worker “We’ve had a report....” who then because they’re only following orders in the interests of the child, owned the family. My SS Stasi would hold the future of their family in their professional and personal recommendation tick box hands until the parents satisfied their curiosities. Guilty until forever questionably innocent. “There’s no smoke without fire” I’d say. An overseeing one eye on them until further notice. It was a narcissists fucking wet dream developed for and designed to abuse.

Childlings witnessing their parents agonising, jumping through my bureaucratic hoops in their own homes, at the behest of an unknown form-filling stranger afforded such untapped potential power to destroy lives, would awaken in the childlings a realisation; they had control over their parents.

Six year olds issued with State six-shooters, would play Russian Roulette with their families futures. Social Services would become my one-sided Stasi with the power to pull the trigger. The parents would become the childlings.
And the childlings, virgin to the concept of ‘control’ would become the parent to the relegated fathers screaming window “You need help” the childlings now the new masters of remote control, for both TV and State; for the new generations of drones; both psychologically conditioned and technologically trained.

It wasn’t difficult. I already knew there was my invisible 40% of abusive childwomen who might succeed in driving out a sizeable proportion of my even more invisible children. But this wasn’t enough. I would burden all parents with a hundred and one external influences detrimental to marital bliss but I’d hobble and take away the one weight they wanted - their innate capacity to parent.

And in doing so, I would become the parent. My State step-Stepford children would learn what it is to rule the Khmer Rouge roost.

It was rare that both parents gave up and so I would ideally drive just one of them, the mollycoddle-mother, to bow and bend to the immature shouty whims. Whilst the other, usually the father innately compelled to ensure his children still had stability, I would - entirely of his own gaslight volition - steer him out the door.

But now he would be branded a feckless absent father, selfish for all to see. And when he appeared in my Secret Family Courts, my driven prejudicial programme would steer even the judiciary’s preconceived perception, of this muted army of one isolated, stood to attention with nowhere to turn in front of his higher Judge; a pathetically self-absorbed ‘man’ perhaps even living with his parents or maybe a subdued, remote incompetent of no fixed abode, breaking by the day - confirmed unfit to father.

The Judge would believe it and he’d believe it. Gaslight complete. If he wouldn’t or couldn’t join my Army he’d be at the mercy of my gutters and gulags. And so too in all likelihood would his sons. It was ever thus.

And I would support all of this gaslit-fulfilling-prophecy with other comparatively sudden inexplicable statistical explosions of overnight increases in recorded instances child sex offences and neglect, that would, if they were to be truly analysed transparently, would lead them to one of two immediate conclusions;

That my statistics and the language used to frame them were either being deliberately manipulated and exaggerated,

or;

Like the Podminsters policy to seed and breed the Empire’s army in situ, there was a national paedophilia and rape-society scandal, which had gone ‘unnoticed’ by my successive Narcissstate governments and media – until now. Either way, it wouldn’t look good for me. So I would blame the parents, absent fathers specifically, and drown out and prepare to vilify, even symbolically crucify dissenting voices. As soon as the next inevitable incident of a Baby P or Liam Fee infanticide occurred at the hands of one of my own, my Corpolitique would kick in and shoe them to smithereens, I could and would destroy them in the blink of an eye and take them to within an inch of their futile lives.
Playpen

For political opponents or undesirable voices I needed out of the way without killing them, but as good as killing them by putting them in the ‘Playpen’.

It came about via an Ignoreland Government military IT programme which was then used to track and prosecute paedophiles which forced users computers to ‘give up’, and reveal actual IP address’s being hidden by perverts. Once the true IP address was in my hands, so too was the physical address of the perp-perv. We called the process a Network Investigative Technique or NIT. In other language it’s called a ‘hack’ or ‘malware’.

The first successful prosecutions were via a hacked paedophile website called ‘Playpen’ and so simple and straightforward enough, with the children and childwomens support to put perverts away in prison we could proceed unhindered protecting the children’s childlings. What’s not to like about it?

There was one slight and unavoidable ‘open justice’ flaw however. The hack itself could be done without leaving a trace, it could change timestamps of ‘downloaded’ material and other metadata without a forensic-electronic trail and if used with other malware, it couldn’t be reverse engineered to identify an external source. In short, I already had the ability to ‘plant’ and secret darkness on any computer which would use to destroy opponent’s reputations and credibility forever.

But of course if I wanted to keep feeding the children my pervasive ruse of rape and paedophilia epidemic, it wouldn’t only be opponents that would have to be prosecuted - a lot of randomly selected children would have to go to prison.

And just to spread the load across the political spectrum, until I had no need for politics at all, I’d also have to stitch up some of my own enablers whom I’d grown weary of, or outlived their usefulness. After all, people might grow suspicious if it were only opponents that seemed to be being sentenced and silenced.

Of course at street level, the ‘perverts’ former friends would say the usual “It just goes to show, you never really know who someone is until something like this happens”. Just as they did with my Brownskin ‘terrorists’.


One might even say a work of art by masters of the dark arts.
Gaslighting Gilligan ©

Invalidate - Manipulation of Language, Statistics and Legislation Surrounding Domestic Abuse

“If thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought”. – George Orwell (1903-1950)

As I’d done over centuries to suppress entire peoples and nations through their minds I did so with my employment use of capricious laws, language, intimidation and incarceration, I would now turn my attention to Narcisstate’s children and specifically the target demographic who would make up the bulk of my Army; the white working-class heterosexual males.

Through a continued combination of programme conditioned ‘rote-learning’ in schools and by media alongside my further manipulation of international convention, of language to result in statistics that ‘require’ new legislation my Head of Narcisstate Prosecution Service (HNPS) would oversee, whilst she covered for my institutional Podminster paedophilia networks but work under my Trojan Champion group - VANWG - to manipulate the narrative and imagery direction across my Corpolitique media of Domestic Violence – not Domestic Psychological Emotional Abuse and Violence (DPEAV) to result in my State-sponsored misandry and recruitment channelling.

But I made sure instances of domestic coercion, control and violence committed against children by their female partners were recorded by VANWG for final promulgated NPS report to purely read as instances of violence exclusively perpetrated by children against childwomen.

It was these reports manipulated conclusions - not the statistic methodology – that repeatedly broadcast for public consumption and of course carried on all channels by News Division and reinforced by the Corpolitiques IED, Press and Social Media for the all the children to absorb as their reinforced truth.

This was how I perpetuated and kept invisible the approximate 40% and more of male victims and inflate the record of domestic violence against females to ‘record levels’ and hammered into children’s and childling males psyche to reflect the overall narrative needed to recruit.

I would also get creative with other aspects such as instances of repeated harassment to be recorded as ‘assault’ in order to give the impression of further physical assaults which would again be interpreted as being carried out only by men against only women.

This I hid to reflect my publicly vaunted increase of sexual assaults to 97% in Narcisstate to justify my needed narrative - whilst shamelessly vindicating a scroungers third-child rape clause.

And I could tell the children Today, of my statistic manipulation just as long as I did so just the once, on an obscure NBC Radio4 show with only 11% share of Narcisstate listenership and with over 45’s being its main 75% demographic – definitely not television – and definitely not for repeating as the interviewer observes;

“When we look at these figures, we cannot reach the conclusion that [Narcisstate] has become a more violent society; that more men are attacking more women” to which HNPS replies “No. And of course the figures do include assaults and offenses against men too, although its termed violence against woman and girls, it will include offences against men too, so, but it may be that there are just more reports”.

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And it was that simple. With childmens’ experiences of domestic abuse now absorbed and assimilated to read as their own perpetrated abuse, I’d State gaslight them right into their very homes via news and entertainment programming pumped into the very bottomfeeder dwelling where they were already being gaslight abused!

Not only would they all believe my narrative backed up with negligible male-oriented Domestic Violence resources and even less interest in acknowledging they exist, many adult males at the mercy of an abusive childwoman partner behind closed doors would become homeless whether of their own volition or via my Secret Family Courts where they would once again become invisible, this time lost to the streets or lost in my Prison Industrial Complex.
Homeless

Streets where I knew the estimates that anywhere between 80%-95% of Narcisstates homeless were in fact males which I would fleetingly acknowledge to the children in general knowing full well that if I didn’t repeat it, through plausible redact-reporting, again using language and imagery I could give the sustained impression and therefore society’s truth, that childwomen were just as likely to be as homeless as children.

I also made sure that all interviews with the homeless would incorporate childwomen on an equal basis with their stories of why they are on the streets, linked on a looped-back feed back to domestic violence by abusive children. More often than not, I ensured that childwomen would appear first and last in segments in order to initially create, then consolidate the desired narrative and also leave the lasting impression.

I made sure these children became lost, invisible too, in amongst all other manner of emotional images and narratives knowing that without repetition, the children would never be in a position to acknowledge it as ‘truth’. This is how I supressed this unwelcome narrative fact and – invalidated - childmen to become lost and in shallow graves with a TV shaped shovel.

Prisons

I would pump out concentrated, regular and cross-coordinated BU ND and IED intense programming to focus on failing, anarchic prisons at breaking point and stuffed too full of inmates high on spice, slapping the emasculating fuck out each other for ‘fun’.

And as with the police and the army, I would erode prison staff moral to the point of privatisation with prisoners running riot aided by the cyclic encouragement of my SS agitators but yet I would still promote prisons as a soft touch where criminals get it cushier than ‘our Squaddies’.

However the fallout, the watery-grave fallout from River City resulting in my civil war riots all over Narcisstate would see internment disguised as the National Emergency to fill old Army barracks and prepared prison ships with prisoners - including my political prisoners. Pinochet would be a pussycat compared to me. The ‘intake’ population would rise so high and so sudden it would justify my urgent need for sweeping reforms to result in a tax-payer funded Prison Industrial Complex to mirror Ignorelands prisoner population misery.

As for urgent sweeping fire-safety reforms as a result of the West Londrome high-rise residential prison block turned a black-furnace tomb that rose so high and so sudden - nada. Not a thing. Not a prosecution. Barely even a footnote in Narcisstate history; not just because I already knew the cause but it would be forgotten, lost to antiquity, rubbed out of relevance save perhaps a childlings dark nursery rhyme holding my clues to the whole murderous flaming affair.

They would be invalidated by my July Crisis nuclear ‘catastrophe’ as I too, rubbed them out of relevance and invalidated forever – an entire people, an entire country I called The North.
‘Offshore’

Was the language construct I used to normalise my hidden wealth and avoid paying taxes and which worked because to the most of the children, trapped within their conditioned construct, everything outside of Narcisstate was indeed geographically ‘offshore’ – even more so now as I manipulated more and more of them into becoming the working foodbank poor and unable to afford a holiday. I was doing them a favour – nurses should be too busy for holidays.

Whereas to me, nothing was ‘offshore’ because by economic hit-man hook and by crooked, murderous bloody means - I just about owned the entire fucking planet on which at the drop of my private jets’ hat, I could be landing on it anywhere in the world within hours. The sun would never set on my Empire of avaricious wealth.

The only thing remotely ‘offshore’ to me was the Earth’s orbit, which swam not in financial junk bonds but in space junk launched and left by Governments and corporations but for which I hadn’t quite found a way to use that to bang, blame and guilt trip the children into financial responsibility to clear it up.

Or somehow weaponise its potential ready to use against them. But I would. Somehow. I would use it against those that were left outside of my favour, after my bee cull.
Objectification Dissonance – The Language of Imagery

After conditioning generations of childboys and children, to objectify childwomen through Corpolitique Press Media such as generations of Page 3 and the Daily Rats, shaping and *normalising* misogynistic behavioural tendency’s, through the language of imagery I’d then get the feminists to start ‘fighting back’. Their message would be one of these images harming boys perspectives of girls and so images of scantily clad women were to be frowned upon and harmfully outdated.

Online hardcore pornography, which I’d later use as a pretext weapon to beat childboys down in the name of ‘relationship’ education, would be the perfect smokescreen along with online terrorism to require urgent progress too on internet censorship, but I wouldn’t teach their parents with any significant effort how to block such content on their phones. They were to be kept out of the loop entirely.

Then I’d go in objectification dissonance overdrive, an overture of chaos! In the name of a consumer driven content, I’d propel even more images of women to encourage men to view women as mere sex objects and thereby hinder and hobble any meaningful, productive discussion all of which would lead to all men in general still being labelled potential sex-pests and being blame-worthy for the lack of progress.

But I’d also throw in a load of ‘scantily clad’ males. Washboard abs working the land, for weekend evening viewing pleasure on the BU IED’s, all in the name of realistic drama of course. And random ripped torsos of children in kilts in the name of – well – gratification would *undermine the feminist message of equality*. Some feminists would even turn a secretly coveting blind eye to this male-form objectification and misandrist behavioural tendency as justification for generations of female objectification.

This would confuse children who might even be trying to help feminists attain ‘equality’ and annoy, even anger but most certainly cause confusion of the double-standards in all children whose patience I would be eroding by the day. And if any of them spoke out, they’d be ridiculed into silence from all angles, accused of being ‘oversensitive’ ‘insecure’, ‘can’t take a joke’ and ‘lacking a sense of humour’ and any other gaslight favourites.

The truth was the human form was beautiful to look at and indeed to sexually fantasize over but I weaponised that imagery too, to confuse, divide and use as a cog in the grander scheme machine to turn the sexes against each other.

*My love island* programming would be used to invoke images of envy, jealousy, carnal-constructed animal aggression coupled with beautiful bodies programming to push body-image insecurity, particularly amongst the primordial-programmed, physiologically-*primed* provider males and thereby provoke Pavlov conditioning responses; to allegorically grow six-feet tall or literally go six-feet under.

Those who ‘selected’ neither would be channelled through a combination of longstanding and innovative ‘conscription’ methods until they ‘chose’ one or the other.
The Human Rights of Childlings

There were a number of tiresome organisations around the globe that were trying to highlight a pivotal part of my plan but they were pissing against the wind in the face of my Corpolitique media.

Some tedious Human Rights of Childlings they called it, some index which apparently gave them ‘rights’ to life, health, education, protection and an enabling environment. I’d ‘enable’ them alright - *in my name* - if they wanted the first four - *on my terms*.

Bless them, these global do-gooders would try and tell the childlings parents that;

“Austerity measures have reduced provision of a range of services that protect and fulfil children’s rights including health and child and adolescent mental health services; education; early years; preventative an early intervention services; and youth services... This year’s overall worst performing countries are [Narcisstate], Papa New Guinea, [Zealandia], Guinea-Bissau, Equatorial Guinea, Chad, Vanuatu, Sierra Leone, Afghanistan, and the Central African Republic”, that “Very serious concerns have been raised about structural discrimination in the [Narcisstate]” and that “Discrimination against vulnerable groups of children and youths is severely hampering opportunities for future generations to reach their full potential” as if they had some sort of foundation for KidsRights.

But the BU News and Press Divisions kept a lid on my life-chances deprivation with all manner of coordinated distractions made of ‘news’, programming entertainment and advertisements.

As with so many, the childwoman on BU IED1 Query Time already had a piece of the puzzle;

“Currently our schools are in crisis. Our mental health is in crisis. Our disabled children are in crisis. My son is in crisis. And 1.3 million children are currently stuck in a system where there is apparently no funding, but the funding is there to take parents to court at whatever cost. At whatever cost! ...[Narcisstate] has slid from 11th position to 156th out of 165 under your Government. How is that possible?”

My dear, it was possible because of The Party and my Corpolitique media being party, *long embedded and wedded* to The Party. And so it would be with their complicit conditioning and cowardly approval the diminished, destroyed Human Rights of Childlings – would see them all become the *Children of Men*. 
Like treason, justice is whatever unimpeded power speaks. As the father spoke the words, he and all the other children who should have been on listening watch couldn’t possibly comprehend the totalitarian significance of his chilling epoch statement, regarding the State’s role in rearing the new childling breed of Narcisstate’s new armed, secret spy police and super-soldier slaves;

“The Supreme Court has just reversed decades of judicial precedent... they have concluded the earlier High Court decision from 2006 and one from 1969 were also wrong in their interpretation of the law and they should no longer be followed... Every unauthorised absence, including being a minute late to school, is now a criminal offence. If you share custody as I do with a former partner and they are late to school on a day when you don’t have them, you have committed a criminal offence under this judgement. The issue is no longer, if ever it was, about term time holidays. It is about the State taking the rights of parents away when it comes to making decisions about their children. To parents all over [Narcisstate] I say this; the legal battle is now over. There is no right of appeal beyond this place. It will be a generation or more, before this court revisits this decision, if it ever does. You can no longer make a decision to take your child out of school even for one morning, without the permission of the State”.

There would never be a “revisit to this decision” as in this single, momentous, defining, landmark moment I shaped the judicial battlefield and stacked the odds entirely in my favour to lay down my pivotal classroom law. My foundations to free, prise, the childlings from the grasp of our common enemy – their parents – just as I did to send young Oliver and his prepubescent friends, my future new model WES Army on ships to populate the Empire’s colonies, growing up broken in Oznatraz and channelled to fight in Ignoreland’s Vietnam War.

This new generation of childlings were as good as mine now, with each and every parent nervously checking their worried watches in busy traffic, never a moments peace for the minute hand at the wanton whim of a narcissistic teacher, classroom assistant and even their own offspring. It was the perfect Dark Triad trifecta.

And besides it was their own fault, they would let me do it, thinking I would only ever turn-key knock next door. My nation of naval gazing grass-grazers, unthinking, uncaring for one another other. Some would even trip a striped-horse ahead, a sacrificial deflection offering for the SS. Most blithely assumed I couldn’t possibly come for them and theirs. Wrong, ‘Theirs’ was now mine.

Knock-knock. Who’s there?
Automation for the Robots

Automation would be a constant drip, drip, drip theme to undermine the confidence with the advanced invalidation of childmen in particular, constantly reminding them, *psychologically manipulating* them into believing that their value was diminishing along with their ever narrowing opportunities of gainful employment through manual labour.

Factory automation would be the key theme but if they actually thought about it, much of the heavy industry within Narcisstate had already disappeared having been undermined by my previous ideological recruitment drives and current drive towards a low paid, low skill economy. Even the construction industry that I was using so effectively through day-glow yellow safety matched with laddish humour wasn’t to be a future for them as I planted stories of automated bricklaying and even yellow 3D printed buildings.

I made sure the male replacement robots were *everywhere* eating into the children’s subconscious thoughts to be verbalised to their childling sons, programming them, demoralising them, channelling them toward my Army where of course they could stake their claim to Maslow’s upper echelons of *belonging and of self-esteem*, gratefully edging towards my graciously inviting gaslit form of ‘self-actualisation’.

Drip, drip, drip.
Having been presented with their street level targets in the aftermath of Op Fukuglaschu the country would need to come together to ‘heal’ as a family, as a community and it would do so in my military-industrialised State born of emotionalised, militarised victimhood – aka fascism – at the hands of sustained attacks by ‘terrorists’.

As a direct result of their unspoken fear of being on the wrong side of the State, on my trumpeted wrong side of history, coupled with the increasingly physiological, psychological and subliminal yellow heroism channelling, the children and childling boys would be driven towards finding their empowerment in my purpose.

It was simply an extension of my historic and current Dark Triad recruitment ‘strategies’ such as my endless epidural-State-education, economic deprivation and emerging elevation of a creeping Ignoreland-style sacralisation of the military. But these of course were but a glimpse into my deliberate, joined up subliminal and depraved strategies learned over centuries in order to keep the recruitment conveyor-belt cannon-fodder coming.

In me, in their military, they would be conditioned to seek courage by feeling emotionalised purpose that would reward them with a sense of self-determining control and a recognition of their courage to become my months of subliminal-programming “HEROES” to serve Narcisstate in the eyes of their peers and this would be against a backdrop of nostalgia-loaded winter and spring TV programming and advertisements.

All of which was leading into a loaded summer overflowing full of cinematic film-listings and music-festival nostalgia; rereleases, remakes and reinventions of the same old stories; fun and fantasy blended with war to take them back to yesteryear in order to take them to war. Or rather send them to war.

As this was all against the backdrop of the once perceived solemn, respectful annual reflection the nation put aside to remember my murdered minions in wars to become an increasingly jingoistic cause for celebration of war, which I had already began to exploit as a recruitment tool. A new Armed Forces charity already in the Company of many, too many some thought, became the new kid on the block which ‘somehow’ captured the imagination of the general public like no other had before it.

And it fed my MOID with an income that was mine to own in a closely intertwined, too intertwined some thought, by selling an array of militarised goods that would appeal to the masses of children and childlings of all ages.

And that was the charities ‘appeal’ as I made invisible the mission creep into poppy-patriotism with the highly emotive ‘weaponisation’ of Major McCrae’s solemn symbol; poppy-placard waving primary school kids wearing ‘future soldier’ t-shirts, emblazoned blood red jet-bombers and captivating towers of porcelain poppies, these temporary gardens of gratitude that the children shared and ordered over the internet, all for my tidy profit of course.
But I’d drive the poppy-patriotism with a new form of sect-devotion driven by the self-appointed emergence of the Poppy Police who would trawl around Social Media looking to berate those who dared air a political opinion but whom chose not to display a poppy on their profile picture.

But with the simple click of a button the well-meaning but naïve children unaware they were feeding my war-machine would be able to advertise via social media, their genuine, heartfelt, public facing gratitude, *feeling by shared empathy association* for The Fallen. They would also be able to satisfy the charitable side to their character, reconciled; they’d done their bit for another year.

Some, tragically desperate to cling to the memory of their recent lost loved ones in manufactured conflicts and wars, *too pained to comprehend* they were perpetuating their planet-sized grief, this soulless abject misery onto future mothers, fathers, sons and daughters. But they needed *something, anything* to feel they hadn’t died in vain and weren’t forgotten.

They hadn’t died in vain of course. I’m still all powerful and through me, so are they.

They can thank me later.
Springtime for Mayhem and Narcisstate (Operation Gold Crusade – aka ‘Pavlov’s Pincer’ Phase I)

“One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish a dictatorship”. – George Orwell (1903-1950)

That Fateful Day On The Ides of March

“There’s more to politics than meets the eye” How insightful, yet how unsighted. The snap General Election was indeed “a smokescreen” as my mortal thorn in my side from The North’s Indy Party suggested, deflecting from my stolen 2015 election which thanks to a crick in my neck held the very public, obvious banged-to-rights prospect of up some 30 individual MP’s prosecuted for election fraud but which had been furthered from Party central and which successful prosecutions would very quickly pick at the fraying seams of the entire scheme.

But of course I was the scheme.

The real smokescreen was my gaslight delivering the wholesale assassination of democracy in 2017’s Perfect Dictatorship General ‘Snap Election’, was the gaslight wind up whip up of the populations’ emotions to carry the children ever closer, ever more deliriously drunk on dissonance and nostalgic parallel lines aboard the train tracks of their own demise to the announcement “and this chaos, it defies imagination. You’ve arrived at Panic Station”.

It was all a part of the winding journey just as I had done very briefly, slowly bubbling them over the course of months with my con-tricks to increase cognitive and social dissonance through the announcement of my stink-pit policies like increased Narcisstate Insurance tax contributions on the self-employed which largely targeted my embattled and increasingly embittered white man white van man.

With that weeks’ white van man simmering-pot job done, the manifesto policy breaking reversal just a week later would of course be swallowed up by that afternoons events of my live soap; the black and yellow false-flag terrorist attack on Podminster Bridge. That was my Premiers fateful day on the Ides of March.
The Podminster Patsy’s

The principle Party blue of the neo-con Iraqi monument would come into its Last Post being after the chaos, which I’d bring to Podminster Bridge and Parliament in a gaslight smokescreen, a murderous hit and run and a solitary stabbing of a police patsy, would be all window-dressed up by the Corpolitique to match the carnage of 7/7 and create a false gaslit hysteria to manufacture their consent to curb their domestic freedoms and to bomb all and sundry abroad in a prelude to my next war. I’d need a billion box of popcorn for this one.

As ever, media and journalistic sensationalism-for-ratings hype would be the standard, time-honoured ‘culprit’. And my well-timed film of live-on-air suicide retold them and reinforced the ruse so. But it was what it was, naught but a lethal self-serving State operation, a live-firing exercise to really start my subliminal saturation of their first unknowing day of Basic Training for the masses.

However my live scripted episode of Casualty needed a dead hero, a sacrifice, a uniformed pawn - to emotionalise the nation. Initial reports of black and white car occupants lost somewhere in the gaslight information fog as the other pawn, the villain, the propaganda patsy of the piece and some Eurostate Cooperative collaterals were added to mix for full and vibrant effect.

The false-flag jihadist rewound-up for the continuing war on terror, a SS asset hired, conditioned, a punch-toy mark stained blue-on-blue against the backdrop of a vibrant yellow ocean visually and verbally representing all things Naricisstate. And aided by the standard, the omnipresent flying Flexagon of course.

The yellow ocean rescue heroes were symbolised by brave vibrant uniformed heroism and I made sure they were heard to be “running toward the danger whilst the rest of ran the other way” time after time, after time, after time across the whole Corpolitique media.

But the sea of yellow was preceded by the subliminal yellow backdrop in the form of vibrant yellow A4 folder, the colour-coded graceing the lap of an enabler sat immediately behind the Narcisstate Premier at the Dispatch Box earlier in the day during her weekly Query Time.

My enabler with his luminescent yellow stripe, like a heroin addict going cold turkey, constantly finger-fidgeting, twitchy – movement attracts the eye on Day 1 Week 1 of the mass Fieldcraft Lesson - had become my pre-association subliminal programming before ‘Pavlov’s Pincer’ on the bridge. Since the previous autumn ever more yellow stripe prominence, then prime Premier viewing on the Box front and centre.

All far smaller in scale of course, than later in the afternoon on the streets but carefully placed to see her yellow, subliminal, beyond advanced reproach for the coming stage being set. The seeing eye peeping through Sandlebeard’s Opposition camera-lens vantage point sees all.

And so as my soap got underway by the numbers, a volley of Sisters and Brothers Grimm let my fables unfold as they adhered to my kaleidoscopic script in the immediate confusion and aftermath; vibrant lights and luminescent references running a colourful-commentary verbal and visual for the children’s unknowing but absorbing whilst feeling victimised in the midst of my terror attack for their bunkering pleasure. #...I can sing a rainbow too...!#
**Technicolour Scheme Coat**

Lets see if I can Queue up the rest of the rainbow song... Oh yes, it started something like this “We saw a thick set \textcolor{red}{\textbf{man in black}} clothes come through the gates into the New Palace Yard, just below Big Ben. This man \textcolor{red}{\textbf{had something in his hand; it looked like a stick of some sort. He was challenged by a couple of \textcolor{red}{\textbf{policemen in yellow jackets}}. And one of the \textcolor{red}{\textbf{yellow jacketed policemen}} fell down. And we could see the \textcolor{red}{\textbf{man in black}} moving his arm in a way that suggested he was either stabbing or striking the \textcolor{red}{\textbf{yellow jacketed policeman}}”.

The helicopter man, a ‘witness’ whose phone footage shown via Social Media feed - was quite remarkable. So calm, so measured in the midst of carnage casualties – not helping the wounded – but sweeping professional, his steady hands as if his hydraulic arms dampening out judder during his left pan across the yellow set of ladders atop the stationary white van. The later evening showing; the \textcolor{red}{\textbf{ladders cropped out more grainy}} but the big yellow sign ‘ADVANCED WARNING: BRIDGE ST CLOSED’ coming into full subliminal view.

Though one of my Peyote Princes didn’t play the part too well, as he seemingly, suddenly come over quite thick and inarticulate “A person lying on the pavement covered in one of those metallic blankets you see after marathons” where a ‘thermal blanket’ would have sufficed.

But of course ‘metallic’ is far more an evocative reflection than ‘thermal’. It wouldn’t be his last stab at invoking the subliminal script as he changed the lively record to reflect on his exciting day, having arrived “just after the attack opposite the Londrome Eye so famously lit up every New Year’s Eve” and speaking of the horrors of children too upset to speak with “one of them covered in one of those foil blankets”. I asked him what he was playing at – he didn’t answer.

One role was for the assertive MP, her account telling and instructing staff to take action, which they did and “started putting on their high-visibility jackets” by evening; the same tack but with another scripted version of firmness. Back to the studio “I can see nothing but blue flashing lights” said the anchor-man to his colleague wrapped in her brilliant principle Party blue jacket in full view.

One witness saw “bodies” – lots of “bodies” repeatedly, lucidly counting them in a drawn out narrative as if it almost had to be enticed from him bit by bit and by the numbers as he tended them going along the bridge. I’d be having a word with him too; he was a bit too lucid, like many, for someone under terrorist attack and in “a shock moment”...

Still, at least he remembered to squeeze in the colour-cover “A red air ambulance came over and landed in Parliament Square” just as I showed the reinforcement footage of ‘a red air ambulance coming over to land in Parliament Square’.

He went on with the generic rhetoric role-play “...and then an incredible number of security personnel, ambulance, paramedics, plain clothes, people with masks on with machine guns. The quantity of armed personnel arriving was very significant very quickly.... Police vehicles, vehicles with lights on, and then a grey van with a number of security personnel. So in a sense, reassuring to know there are so many armed security personnel looking after our safety so quickly after what was a pretty dramatic event”. Quite.
All proceeded post ‘attack’ with my sting-string orchestra chorus of rhetoric; “Under siege... A shock to our country... An effort to stop our democracy in its tracks”. I couldn’t have agreed more! Well done! We needed strong brave emergency services to save us all from the terrorists and safeguard the childlings and their future to “protect our freedom and democracy against evil!”

I’d have the children told as if to show a tell without telling “The location of this attack was no accident” but necessary to convince the children I was just like them, vulnerable and caught up in the everyday threat of “International terrorism and that is of course, Islam inspired, violent jihadist inspired extremism” which I sold as cemented-fact before claiming a mere “working assumption”.

Though I did have to adjust the script after naming a man alive as dead on a slab, the name withdrawn name along with an entire news programme on BU ND4+1 before giving a name of a number of number of names. But later I’d keep repeating the finalised Islamic name of course, with another reagent doing the work of recycled reinforcement footage of previous Eurostate Islamist terror attacks on loop.

One of my reagents got himself caught in his own dichotomy “Security is going to be happening all across Narcisstate... about an hour ago it was wall to wall red buses but it’ll be business as usual for people going home tonight” as he set up his own speech pretext to tell the children to expect, or rather what to expect further down the line, a plentiful supply of armed police officers at train stations not just in our capital Londrome but all across Narcisstate.

It was my blatant amber alert to proclaim to the children “The Governments top priority is the security of its people”. My media enablers and reagents in The North followed the omnipresent script showing the Premier in our “Sister Parliament” with the stated assimilation decree “At heart we are one people”.

Although I got a tad twitchy when one of the reagents spoke a bit library-film, all a bit Hollywood as he took us on a broad daylight tour of The North’s soon to be redundant Parliament, with no additional security in place after the Podminster attack took place.

Just a couple of standard issue yellow jacket cops and a few flag waving children stood outside the front of the construction was all that appeared to be the deemed an appropriate security response. A disconnect “our democracy was under attack from terrorism again” however my prestigious emotional distractions did their job.

I inserted my sudden seamless advertising interest in all things health, activity and sport in a most colourful academy of fashion later into the evening. A sly olive green and DPM combats with inverted military-esque insignia in amongst a rainbow of positivity having brought youthful loneliness out of the darkness into my purposeful light; red, purple bibs, gilbert forgot if its blue or its green – anyway the thing is what I really mean – the sweetest lives of the childlings were being turned great whites, ready to kill somewhere over the rainbow shrouded in yellow and blue yonder. ....With a dash of token black of course.

The childlings – the real targets of my murderous misadventure; cue Sly’s loop-footage of the little darlings crossing the hand-held Podminster road in their most recent sensible safety-fashion; bright yellow safety jackets.
The children and childwomen across Narcisstate, each bunkered in their emotional *den*, their isolated system of zombie connectivity “That could have been the children, that could be our children!” now bow psychologically scraping to my ‘journalists’ reagents every word as he claims the potential childling victims by *subliminal association* to be at one with the potential victims of the Corpolitique “MP’s, journalists, tourists, students and even children on school trips were among those who witnessed carnage in the capital”.

Woe is me sitting in the future armour-plated seat of our democracy! Reinforcing balaclava footage of the mock boat hijacking day trip out, the fear of a quiet Sunday re-rolled to complete the complicit self-fulfilling prophecy of Eleanor’s paraphrased Premier “Evil must not triumph over the values of democracy”. Well that all depends on the branch of evil now doesn’t it?

The yellow-peril subliminal saturation of heroism almost like a dainty skipping-robe ditty ‘Running toward! Protecting the public! Passing police at a bravery award!’ goes my mustard gas cacophony of Chemical Ali’s and corrosively-comical North Korean correspondents. Pop go my weasels telling them *we are all in this together, we politicians and people* against terror from the Middle East sand region where of course we’ll have to send another Army. The spice is but a coincidence. Again.

The power of the knowledge, knowingly complicit in the darkest deeds, knowing each will get away with it but for the odd insignificant fly swatted to perhaps be found in a flytip. But each of my reagent own, I knew were no more than emboldened pen-pushing one-sided warriors bred of the right stock, now shoulder tapped courageous by the might of my State weighted entirely in their favour, my very own Walter Mitty’s being big and brave in the Big Smoke.

I could drop and slot, *place two in the chest* of any one of them, at any time – and I would at the slightest wobble. But I knew this action would take its toll in one of two defining ways; the first would be that they needed more to feed the power rush or the second, some of their consciences might get the better of their sense of duty to Narcisstate – these were the potential wobblers. But at least they knew that once they were in, the only way out - was in a box.

“The military haven’t been necessary today” the significance is lost, as row upon row the cherubs still slumber sleepwalking into my subliminal suggestion trap. It’s difficult to see the mountain if all they can see is a ridge or berg blocking the colour-coded *brilliant, new royal blue-bloods* view over yonder. And quite literally goes my ‘Tick! Tick! Tick! Tick!’ checklist lazy-live on-air! My narrative buzzword bingo, how joyous it goes unanswered! Unquestioned wins not just in the geriatric gambling halls but in demonising the sand land of Mecca.

In the hurly-burly of it all there was “some suggestion Parliament Square should be sealed off”. Quite right. How else am I supposed to enjoy my popcorn and coke-ain in civility during the riotous show?

A bit of depth and a ring of steel in all round defence would be wholly necessary survival-symbolism of the continuance of Narcisstate, the preparations for which were being carried out the under cover of ‘refurbishments’ as was Palace.

No costs spared, there’s always money to be found for war! And of course, resulting in untraced billions as I asset stripped the State and agitated the foodbank feckless and middle-class masses.

Bonus!
A running commentary of our brave responders told “Guns pointed out! Bang! Bang! Bang! Get down on the floor! Get down! Get down! Get back” as the meek moved “on our hands and knees”.

This is what the children must do – comply with my absolute authority on their mass-metaphorical hands and knees. “What do we need to do about security?” a reagent untouchable all Kaa, shook a salmons hand - he knows the game, though not the board and for now at least, he doesn’t take the snakes bait.

My SPECTRE inspired ‘COBRA’ the inner circle, pizza and coke ordered and coming through the gate – generous helpings for those so inclined whilst a blind eye clandestine turned, meets meat and feasts behind watertight walls; the former was a fantasy invented a murderous hive of villains stratospheric above domestic and international law, the latter – now the reality of Fleming’s fiction turned Dark Triad fact. The illusion dam of Flexagon’s democracy, of law, order and justice for all was irreparably cracked. Beyond. Local. Repair - definitely a job for 2nd Line intelligence services.

This is what you get, when you acquiesce to my self-proclaimed, self-appointed, self-righteous power, my power that was supposed speak truth to power, but allowing me, enabling me to join forces with it, to unite against you the people. Another reagent “What do we need to do about security?” set to extended loop play.

All so with longsighted lethal planning having recruited carefully and made sure my Corpolitique enablers knew the penalties for ‘failure’, they quickly produced and presented the plausible impossible, a soap indeed scripted with each reagent a ‘witness’ aware of their “RUN! MOVE! GO!” ramped up rhetoric part in the play.

The overriding undercurrent themes for the seeing eye; a mutually supportive media promoting lionised bravery of our childmen and childwomen of our security services running towards the danger, our personnel need to be armed and deploy in greater normalised numbers.

The courageous seat of democracy under attack defying terrorism with a Churchillian-esque blitz Londome spirit in the face of adversity, the recycled reinforcement of previous attacks in Nice and Brussels, not forgetting Londome, Berlin, Paris home! Talk about! And the childlings! Won’t someone think of the childlings?!

Unstated but unquestioning compliance with our unconditional trustworthy brave, heroic security services - at all subconscious costs – is what I will require of them. And those that do, the overwhelming many will be encouraged to sit in superior judgement of the rioter attacking ‘our brave heroes’ of my personal Army and police.

And just around the same stealthy corner, not too far away – defiance of the carte blanche security narrative will be painted betrayal. If you’ve got nothing to hide...

With some of those having been ‘eyewitnesses’ with a remarkable recollection for many colours reflected in their reporting in the immediate aftermath, another on-song scripted commentary continued with an implanted glint in valour’s eye...
“I then saw my good friend who I’ve known for 20 years, ex-military actually walk in the opposite direction with a steely determination in his eyes”.

Though the witness, as cool as the revived-fiction Mr Wolf was able to take a time out during all the unfolding carnage “I said you’re on some kind of mission! He marched straight past and he was on a mission, his brother died in Bali, in the terrorist attack there and he was clearly going to assist. Very noble, courageous, his family are very proud of what he has done!”

Then into business as usual. To achieve the pretext for a permanent protective perimeter to be erected around Podminster, just as I’d seeded just months before for The City of Londrome.

Subliminally suggesting the Narcissstate wide normalisation of need for armed police officers. And for the first time, psychologically and emotionally embed the notion-normalisation of soldiers, then police-soldiers - seamlessly transitioning onto the streets.

My Corpolitique conspiracy theory attack with deflective tin-foil hat chaff on the fake news internet and Social Media, my smokescreen gaslight fog screen already working wonders.

A tsunami of mutual media-on-media love-ins extending to and reverberating around my incestuous echo chamber to and from my selected senior police and political enablers ‘You were brave!’ ‘No you were braver!’ ‘No “You the media” were the bravest and definitely very trustworthy beyond question and reproach!’ ‘Right back at ye!’ *Wink-wink!* all for the children’s viewing veracity.

And like a mass of seething snakes, wet orgasmic with power, writhing, fucking, sucking each other off in a pit of malevolence of their own making, this was the first of my last ditch battle attempts to snuff out and stave off what’s left of my tattered democracy in my Perfect Dictatorship.

I must steer the children toward the economic rocks in order to ensure my place on the planet. They would do the same to me after all – well – had they not been so outrageously obedient.

The power of the knowledge, knowingly complicit in the darkest deeds, knowing each will get away with it but for the odd insignificant fly swatted to perhaps be found in a fly-tip. But each of my reagent own, I knew were no more than emboldened pen-pushing one-sided warriors of the right stock, shoulder tapped courageous by the might of my State weighted entirely in their favour, my very own Walter Mitty’s being big and brave in the Big Smoke. I could drop and slot, place two in the chest of any one of them, at any time – and I would at the slightest wobble.

And that is why my lethal Premier on the late evening press forecourt of her official residency, without so much as a flinch hoovered up the memory of the PC she had patsied as her own, the country’s own and by design, democracy’s own before she and my backers, we, quite deliberately showed the crying children the Corpolitique’s power “The location of this attack was no accident”.

Indeed it wasn’t.

And in my deliberate attempt to invoke wartime nostalgia a Churchillian tone throughout “But let me make it clear today as I have had cause to do before, any attempts to defeat those values through violence and terror is doomed to failure”. It’s deflection was divine! It was a natural.
**Who Stood To Gain?**

But all the children had to do was remove emotion from the equation and ask themselves one simple question of The Podminster attacks, with a clear logical and collective Sherlock mind; who stood to gain?

Was it a disorganised feudal ‘caliphate’ fighting out of rubble ruins and caves 2000 miles away? Or was it my ruthless intelligence-led efficiency of Narcisstate, that already orchestrates the ‘caliphate’ but needing to control and keep conditioned their own masses in a certain galvanising fearfully fearless way in order to manufacture consent to go to war to get the spice, whilst retaining The North’s? There could be only one answer.

Yet the children didn’t find it curious that with eye ‘witness’ footage, with the stage stretched out for the world to see from the operational Start Line length beginning of Podminster bridge, to the crashed car railed wall with the driver door ajar; not one, not one single snapshot shown of my ‘terrorist’ making footfall in either the quick or slow time from within the crashed car toward his casualty scripted demise, in one of the heaviest CCTV surveilled streets in all of Narcissate, in all of the world? Justice was now all seeing. It was fear and loathing that was indeed unquestioningly blind.

And five days later the Londrome Broadcast DJ, the fast-car-fumer - always quick to reddren as he was to judge - listened, for once, to his agreeable guest. The Metropolitan Marksman remarked quite innocently on the newly Stated narrative need for more armed police officers, unawares he was about to further employ Sherlock’s marksmanship principles. This boy was no V-Bull virgin; he was spot on the targets bulls-eye when he said “The suspect kindly ran, having caused all the carnage on the bridge, directly to the one building - where you’re guaranteed to get shot”. Quite.

But captivated within and by my blanket of fear the children all over Narcisstate fall over themselves to clamber ever higher for even more fear, as if World War Z zombies voraciously, insatiably spellbound by the constant, continuous cacophony call; all mass-hooked on terrors’ irrational acquiescence consequences.

That was another fiction part-filmed in River City, part set in West, the search for Patient Zero stretching globally arrives in The Promised Land its defences pre-prepared by the 10th Man.

Its walls purport to hold back the new breed of selective zombies who themselves sidestep societies’ genetically impure, as if to reflect a reality in which the innately-contaminated have already been deselected from humanities order having been already sanctioned in situ as the walking dead.

But it’s only an impure; an already damaged, broken, infected and willing host that can move amongst its plot from within. It’s almost as if someone were trying to warn them. Or foster some symbolism fun with them...

And if they didn’t heed and action the warning now, before my July Crisis they would pay for it not long after Nexit, about 28 months later when they would have to be ‘saved’ by Ignoreland who themselves have quite the track record in bringing ‘freedom’ to spice-rich regions...
Operation Gold Crusade – The Stoical Sweep

23 D-Day+1 – Pavlov Patriot Reinforcement

With initial subliminal saturation job done, by morning, my media interviewing echo-chamber media, I cue up the faux-reflection account of the ‘multiple man in black and yellow jacketed police’ now monochrome, clear, transparent - no colours any more “at the sharp end of a gun”. I mix him in with genuine witnesses who unwittingly feed into the narrative that I have given them and combined it all sounds the same; Evil was shown the door by our acts of kindness and heroism.

This is who we are. Reaching the peaks of bravery of our brave men who ran towards the danger to defend our democracy, unlike the Tunisians who cowered at the rollercoasters trough. Apparently. We need to defend our country getting their children ready for school. How do we educate our children and our families to reinforce the values that keep us together?

The normally narcis daffodilled studio sofa pair now bold and about streetwise. If this had happened elsewhere in Narcisstate they would not be as well equipped to handle this. But far from fall on the side of the terrorist sabre through the heart of our democracy, it’s business as usual monitoring the 500 operations on behalf of our school children, on behalf of the PC who gave his life to protect Parliament and who died defending democracy.

The backdrop of narcis-flowers, the sneaky-beaky yellow beacons of recruitment blight and the Flexagon, cloaking 1922, goes half-mast at 09:33, for the slain PC and the personalised-loss by the parliamentary community. Emotion; shuts down logic every time - as some of my favourite sons would do, using their own sons disabled and deceased to shut down rational, balanced debate.

Ray’s dress coat was worth seeing, in keeping with the new-yellow island river flow, reagent followers of fashion but not reflective. Still, a sight to behold as she changed the perspective for viewers to see each of the interviewed witnesses knighted, halo bejewelled by a pelicans flashing beacons glow.

Her colleague, just along the road in Podminster trying too hard in moments few, to sell the children “Symbolism” One. “Symbolism” Two. “Symbol” Three. “Symbolism” Four. “Symbolise” Five. “Symbolism” Six. “Symbolism” Seven. “Symbolism” Eight! The only thing the coincidence, the correct number of legs on the narcissistic spider. The wicked web we weave, when we practice to deceive.

Especially in the 21st Century when I still have the children cognitively confined to the 20th Century. Like the Fox Glacier in Zealandia, it presents a slippery slope to Mordors rocks and once in, they will never come out.

“I do recognise that you the media are making progression identifying the attacker. I would continue to ask that his name is not published” whilst we tie up the loose ends of my unravelling name-blame-game close-call. And The Premier pays my Dark Triad hollow ‘tribute’ to the patsy PC in Parliament calling out her own, my own “attack on liberty”. A fine performance! I’ve learned the lines and rehearsed the reading so often that I can do it eyes closed whilst stifling my aristocratic-infectious fold’s disdainful, ungrateful yawn. I’m a business. I am the Company Flag of some 400 years, so many slain slave-soldiers free to die, to keep dying for me.
The recurrent recycled recipe is simple – manufacture enemy, manufacture threat, manufacture attacks, manufacture victimhood, manufacture aggression, manipulate consent, manufacture war, manufacture another stone distraction, erect inanimate, fill it, *brim it bursting* with supplementary Pavlov patriotism and partisan-emotion, a dash of taught-titled superiority and a dollop of contagious grief. Give it a regular stir being sure it doesn’t unexpectedly catch and keep celebrity prestige telling them you love them. And they’ll keep coming back for more. Works. Every. Time.

Podminster Bridge, the classic forensic tent white perhaps blue too, gone, consigned to my dustbin of bullshit to be replaced, *usurped* whitewashed with the black-walled, yellow topped tent. A fitting match for the narrative – as was the action helicopter buzzing so budgie. “A *million acts of normal life*” continue just as they do in Slourbridge a few days later, where unlike the Londrome Police, they still have a forensic supply of the blue and white murder marquee. Not for long I suspect.

BU ND1 The North; Approaching summer, a running club ‘Jogging in The North’ had their funding unexpectedly cut which pretext me a primetime slot to show another yellow sea, this time of fitness and well-being in their day-glow running jackets as I subtly, subliminally told the children to “Jog. Walk. Run.” Not just a pretty face am I?
24 D-Day+2 – Pavlov’s ‘Purpose’

My Fugitive 24 chased at 11am for the first airing ever, well timed for Episode 10; a Narcissstish criminal abroad strong-armed by Dutch courage, cops dressed in black and yellow arrest him in a small screenshot, surrounded by a black, grey and yellow flashing graphic all around Eurostate. More of my subliminal normalisation for the children’s acquiescent acceptance, to submit to my black and yellow lionised will of the State, in all its representative forms, the caged children’s paths chosen so that I remain regal.

Though I couldn’t help myself, my Dark Triad kryptonite glowed bright as I followed the Fugitive with a re-run of Fake Narcisstate “Welcome to a world where nothing is quite as it seems. Here at the Fake Narcisstate house, things might look familiar but don’t be taken in. Because this is a house that is filled with fakes”. No shit.

One of Sly’s reagents, one of many to tease out feelings to feed the dissonance dance “How do you feel having stood next to him? The witness unaware? Regardless, he provides prodigious propaganda running counter to the criminal stereotype of the radicalised Muslim media narrative, for more value into the gaslight mix “The shocking realisation that you can stand next to someone that is totally perfectly normal, articulate, polite, presentable and the guys on his way to commit mass murder. That means it could be potentially anyone standing next to you. That is quite a shocking realisation”’. Don’t trust anyone – especially people who fit my Brownskin terrorist stereotype. I think I’m going to cream.

I invite those who knew the terrorist into my lair “to help determine his associates, movements and plans”. A sudden unexpected end for anyone too close to the fire.


A tad too drunk on himself, an incoherent chipper agent man-docked and mated with one of Sly’s reagents. ‘Too many jihadists to deal with, 3000 in Narcisstate!’ “2000 in France where they can only prioritise 40 or so...” My unspoken deflection by subliminal command – Narcisstate needs more soldiers spies - in the midst of his twice spoken “boom and bust economy” in “this success” in which Islamic State are trying to stay relevant; the unspoken subliminal message – a call to arms – broke Narcisstate needs a cheap police-soldier spy intelligence Army to come forward in the emotion that reinforces my ‘austerity’ narrative whilst I borrow against the family silver and asset strip the lot.

It’s not to spy on potentially prison-radicalised Islamic jihadists but “this pride of lions” to “make sense of your life” hidden in the stereotype jihadist terrorist gaslight, if you know his spoken algorithm, this is my call to a specific group of ‘three lions’ a long held shirt-shouted anthem to WES boys and girls, in preparation to suppress the overwhelming masses of those same WES boys and girls who don’t answer the subliminal, economic and finally – actual - conscription call.
Even drunker, the reagent attempts to handbrake turn my Titanic 180° on the previous day’s Islamic State “success” through media ‘sensationalism’ – now all stoical Blitz spirit “Keep calm and carry on!” and a play of a Social Media tube sign “We are Narcissish. You do what you like, we will just carry on and have a jolly good cup of tea”. Lemon tea for lemons would appear to be my favourite flavour of this seminal time.

The lemon tea break brief ads, the nostalgic house-search 70’s camp collective “Intel...!” says the bunk-bed soldier, shortly after that “man-flu”, a carpet of kids bricks and a cute call-calling dog; emasculation ‘humour’, nostalgic humour and awww emotion – Tick! Tick and Tick.

And all before the terrorists fill the children’s screens again as another reagent glancing over his shoulder checking, I’ll bet, his primed, timed-yellow-backpacked-walking-cyclist prop as he is referenced right about where the attack took place “where you can see the yellow backpack”. Quite literally ‘primed-timed’ viewing!

Coincidence? Someone from Police The North coordinated with the plan on my by now vilified, ‘terrorist-harbouring-fake-news-lugenpresse-platform’ of Social Media for motorcycle safety and the brilliant yellow day-glow of two-wheeled law enforcement.
Send In The Stoical Clowns

“In regard to propaganda the early advocates of universal literacy and free press envisaged only two possibilities; the propaganda might be true, or the propaganda might be false. They did not foresee what in fact has happened, above all in our Western capitalist democracies – the development of a vast mass communications industry, concerned in the main neither with the true or the false, but with the unreal, the more or less totally irrelevant. In a word, they failed to take into account man's almost infinite appetite for distractions”. - Aldous Huxley

The ubiquitous red clown-conk nose night following on from the rollercoaster chaos a full emotional weapon of mass distraction, filling them full of our ‘keep calm and carry on’, of laughter fun and family and of their generosity for the starving little Blackmoor childlings.

Give us your fuckin’ money! So I can invest it in the Corpolitiques ‘Military Industrial Corporate Charity Complex’ to make more ‘precision’ collateral carnage bombs; to bomb and starve the same little Blackmoor childlings. The military industrial complex is not limited to the war machinery but generously extends its franchise – weaponised emotion - to the children of Narcisstate to make them feel generous and great, like me!

And when I told them they were great they would believe me, they would believe themselves! “These!” I would tell them “Are our Great Narcisstish values!” But no; the airtime slammers, lateral G’s, inversion’s, positive G’s, heartline flips, boomerangs, batwings, brake! Break! These are the Great Narcisstish ‘values’.

From REDNOSESCOPEd yellow and pink positivity to the foot banana peel and the bottle-nosed performing seal – my rollercoaster of emotional blackmail entertainment of mass-gaslight propaganda proportions, an entire island drowning in its perfect consumer distraction, millions of Huxley’s inverse heroes – he spins, as does Orwell, in his clairvoyant grave warning aloud but he is ignored by them all having been collectively silenced by my epidural State ‘education’.

The initial dance troupes sequestered each of the sexes. This is Orwell’s ‘normal’ future for the unworthy, sexless and separated by unnatural natural selection, start as you mean to go on. The dependable, principle Party blue-bloods suit dance with a certain style, the ministerial public relations exercise comes full circle in front of a wee sea of yellow jackets and millennial ‘cranes’.

Orange is no barrier to the theatrical construction mask of demolition’s balls; her wronged shoe at his hands, is that the sound of karma’s fate calling? My façade of multiculturalism embraced was wrapped in the gaslight of stowaway’s white van, the breaking point door slammed shut “Are you joking?”

The corrugated millennial spires now in full view, majestic in vibrant yellow – matching the Narcisstate wide roll-out of municipal bus yellow wing mirrors - no expense spared leading the universal yellow script in ‘HA HA LAND’ for that months distractive corporate treats; big bank, smart energy suppliers, film, phones or food. The best bits “We’re gonna embrace chaos even further...” and quick as a flash without pause a new voice chimes in to complete the kryptonite clue “...up and down the country” [plausibly deniable pause] “...we shared laughter!” Kissing children. “Am I bovvered?” But for many I steeped in my deepening gaslight homophobia - they will be. That’s the agitate-tossing point.
Oh how we laughed then bang-brake drop-slam! Now the starving Blackmoor childwoman and the cute crying Blackmoor childling before the high of nostalgia’s actual return in earnest; Rick’s written placards speak volumes to the walking dead mesmerised by 24 hour disco tunes of the ‘80’s. More camp, chest hand in the hot tub time machine travelling back to better times via a mid-station car, cue some ol’ timey oke-koke karaoke – ‘Ye cannae beat that fer a laugh eh?!’ cry the goggle eyed boxed-in house massive!

Billy Bob, I used to propagate loneliness and Jo Margaret’s respective lives ended in their own personal world-of-emotion way as move to pull in some £71,000,000 a “quid or two” at a time, whilst I optioned TV texting remote multiples of only 10’s and 20’s. Let them eat cake was still baking getting ready for my July Crisis summer oven.

But it was all for “hope and happiness” - the MICCC will be pleased. Bonnie’s bright eyes back. A River City kiss for Trevor McDonut, the “Am I bovvered?” head-butts corrosively choreographed for the childlings viewing pleasure. A too slow turgid bean. A grasping, selfish Billy. Jamie underwhelmed by the pitter-patter of prospective feet. Daniel the absent father and borderline leer at his son’s young yellow-pink bobbled squeeze. My drip, drip, drip feeding the worst of childmen, all of them are subliminally selfish dressed up as ‘humour’.

Yet they would see me just as a proud, patriotic and jovial reflection of them as they looked on at some of my Corpolitique News Division personalities, my reagents actually sitting in The Premier Street press room, happy, glorious, victorious, with others fawning a favourite former screen-love now sequel, granting the children an audience with my comic-thrust, snake-trust press pack – with whom the pretend Premier was a little more than hacked off - to elicit more emotional distraction buy-in. “I believe it happened to Palmerston as well”. Symbolism. Indeed it did.

Creating the wicked-web-weave in light-hearted propagandist pretext to deflect and reflect these Blitz-esque “times” my 48 hour Churchillian non-stop soap narrative feeds into their emotionally charged dropped guard, as I continue my universal script “Times for many people have got harder and people are nervous and fearful. Wherever you see tragedy, you see bravery too. Wherever you see ordinary people in need, you see extraordinary ordinary people come to their aid. Today is Red” Conk “Day and people are giving their hard earned cash to people who they’ll never meet but whose pain and fear they feel and want to fight. So it’s not just romantic love which is all around, most people still every day, everywhere have enough love in their hearts to help human beings in trouble. Good’s gonna win. I’m actually sure of it”. My unwitting gentlemanly puppet – sold my message to the masses as I go into a humorous entertainment distraction.

In subsequent days some would even quote Churchhill as advocates of the Eurostate Cooperative. But that was of course when peace wasn’t so complacently precious and when my At Sea Neptune nuclear deterrent – was relevant.

Cue up cute kids with the last flash of yellow school shirts just before the life-preserver refugee boat lands on the beach; the vibrant yellow and matt black compassion alights squarely central and in luminescent depth with a hint of orange for a variety of visual flavour. More luvvies, more cute kids but now Trevor wants to “talk about the famine that’s been on the news the last few weeks”. But of course it has – that’s the script.
“1984” he tells the children the comedians started in Ethiopia and Sudan and today in Yemen, “more than half the population are hungry”. He doesn’t tell “the brilliant and generous [Narcisstish] public” who “have the power to save lives now... to help families literally starving to death” that I invest their donations in the very industry and Corpolitique’s military arm who sell the bombs to the Government that’s bombing them and “starving them to death!”

Luvvy innuendo ‘On’ Your Mum. More men kissing followed by screen graphics with a light touch reminder that normal service, my gender agenda will shortly resume; ‘FGM’ leaves the screen momentarily to reappear as ‘EDUCATION’.

More hot tub this time brim-filled with insecurity around someone different to feed the Dark Triad. A yellow and black proxy station, visits my xenophobe stereotyped African republic steeped in militarised corruption – aren’t they all? Complete with guard of honour and a matching smokescreen in black and yellow dress. The vibrant musical helicopter Marshal signs off on the military chopper to fly away on my mock humanitarian mission. Enough! “I don’t think he likes charity”, “So selfish!” “skankers” keeps my media’s guilt-trip and misogyny circles churning.

Next up – a dead baby. Shrouded in my gaslight cloth I punch home hard for the nearing final assaults on their senses – and their bank accounts. The wee mite taken by agent malaria, Mtundawatha CPR’d back to the universe too soon; just one of my many victims gaslit by the Corpolitique. The luvvy line-up finale, the highlight; the simian invoking banana-foot. A new brand of entertainment “Beautiful people in a glorious world”. Had he turned to me? No, surely drunk on emotion I suspect.

The times that we are living in, the epoch that I’d of course created, to augment the irrational brain and captivate their unthinking compliant hive-mind. Hiding my dark heart I’d sell them my lazy-light in the form of comedy entertainment distractions and sow their recurrent, recycled seeds; those of their own self-inflicted destruction.
25 D-Day+3 - *A Day In The Life*

I did try to take a day off from world domination with a trip out from the trap of the yellow submarine but it was impossible of course within the subliminal mind-fuck Narcisstate. That’s the whole holistic point. The local municipal gym’s new indoor bikes are the new colour of fitness and mental health well-being; ranks of yellow and black. As is the vibrant yellow wormhole mesmerising, time travelling through the black mirror universe.

The music cycle, dizzying physical fitness, stick to the script shrink and a tailor for Number Ones, tones of isolated system but it could just be me hearing my thoughts reflected back sitting central on Number Eight – it’s just an illusion.

Individuals can be seen to work for the team, or not, but we needed stay above the purposeful group laughter line. Bonding. Communal endeavour, *this is belonging* to the gym that turned off the Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation 24 hour news feed, just about Podminster Bridge o’clock; the cyclic black and yellow news of heroic fortitude might spill over to drip, drip, drip into the black and yellow fitness products and the colour of conditioned fitness; the off switch *flicked* via head office lest the gyms matching colour scheme sees potential pennies drop.

And besides, we can’t have a Clash now can we? Except in nostalgic Londrome Town’s youthful algorithmic script of course. The back in black and yellow gymiing news won’t be back for some time as the busy bees of the new emotional roller-coaster distraction ratchets up via pre-prepared destinations such as invictus.

Job done. Endorphins rush. Feeling great. Walk back through the shopping mall to find myself in the 1980’s – again. I disturbed a smile. The yellow branded shop, little too much yellow in the form of the Narcis flower, a small sea of daffodils with hints of Flexagon throughout.

The focus on football on a Saturday morning in Narcisstate is very popular indeed, especially with the male children and childlings. I’d treat them to my beautiful black and yellow vibrancy, again all seamlessly implanted through advanced rebranding of the ‘coincidental’ Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation *Sport* logo with added Get Active, Get *Inspired*. And which of course the colours matched the black and yellow score-bar at the bottom of the feed and the scoreboard for the full screen. And even more *coincidentally*, I’d even show them a beautiful bunch of Flexagon-esque light-pulsating yellow triangles – a full screen of nothing else - but for some subliminal seconds – then tell the children "We were going to show you the Belgium squad but we just saw a yellow screen instead!" Seen and spoken. *Tick and tock.*

I changed channel to Sly’s News, a reagent too obvious, Plastic Patter who weeks previously with his faux sneers down his red thumbed nose at Russia, as if to almost throw up on his own shoes! Though just another day out from The North for him as he sat and told the children that a coincidental *“recording has emerged”* of Han flying solo *“calling himself a schmuck!”* Repeated loop footage of not one but two yellow aircraft.

A drive to go see the egg-chaser children of River City Rugby. Seamlessly pop into another yellow supermarket to hear a bit of Motown before the journey bargain prices bathed in the yellow and black. The new yellow gym rolled out across Narcisstate, where one can exercise for bargain prices, its outer Corpolitique colour branding is almost eclipsed by the inner vibrancy of its huge golden walls shining through bay windows from within.

The miles of yellow and black diversionary road signs have been there for a good year now. With its usefulness served, its need will become unavoidably limited by my coming radioactive small-pox blanket. Travel back in time to the radio song. Back to the good times too with subliminal nostalgia and recruitment; ‘70’s platform shoes and sparkling disco jumpsuit’ and “march into March” I tell them immediately followed by my “Army. Be The Best” with the best banks bulbs of flowers. The daffodils are out in their full narcissus springtime sunlit bloom in Victoria’s park.

A walk. Past the new yellow hackney taxi, so bright the cancerous sun beats down as it reflects to me ‘BE FULL OF HOPE, BE READY TO FIGHT, BE COURAGEOUS, BECAUSE WE ARE’. Then seamless again past the dog trust and Indy party car window stickers. Child On Board. Interesting, a yellow star stencilled military, a running man 10k painted on the path leading to the home of River City Rugby who are playing Ossian Green Rugby.

Get to the ground to see the unwitting military recruitment teams of The Narcisstate Navy, suited and booted and the Narcisstate Marines in full DPM combats, right next to the standard day-glow yellow ambulance and police presence.

In the Clubhouse having a pint and curry quite literally stood in the corner hearing Losing My Religion, my being. I let out laughed grin as the yellow safety jacket security guard, guards the fresh air of the empty stage in preparation for – well – nothing; certainly not the rushing hoards going to attack the rugby gladiators!

But my Main Stand ‘B’ back drop view from my vantage point of N39, an emerging luminescent sea of security guards – multiples of many, many more than the four on their chests - as if a tribal football cauldron expecting a pitch invasion! Seamless, as the video of the ‘randomly’ timed attempted drop-kicked goals into the yellow MEWP. All seamless, in a world saturated with subliminal yellow saccharin.

Seamless as the ball-boys and on-field warriors’ boots. Seamless as the referee and touch judges trusted tops. Seamless as the drive past the right-side yellow-cancer hackney taxi now electronic billboard and on the left, got to dig its huge electronic brother reflecting the TV, wearing a yellow and black striped fireman.

The radio songs play to the pinpoint nostalgia demographics, even The North’s wartime youngsters get to trip-strip the accordion willow down memory lane. The radio ad, a subliminal car door slam-stands to attention ‘clunk-clunk’, then ‘made in the Narcisstate Navy’. Fuel-up at the yellow supermarket, the yellow and black bags of BBQ kindling cannot be seen against the ‘SLIPPERY WHEN WET’ cone and the Fog Alarm. How appropriate.

Ha! Even the yellow arrows of the chocolate bar tell ‘Peel me!’ as I bring the flatscreen universe back to life.
The Podminster Attack on Democracy continues with my emotionally charged narrative “How does it make you feel?” asks the reagent, “Sickened. You don’t know who you’re living next door to”. The de-radicalisation expert “The evolution of extremism, of terror, is evolving... We are still looking at yesterday’s narrative”.

I’m not of course. And this is also of course where The North’s Indy movement will ultimately fail; whilst they’re preparing and playing politics by democracy’s deeds for a second ‘referendum’, I’m already at war; with them and every child and childling on this island. All for my greater good of course.

Turn over to a film prophetic, a contemporary classic repeating, representing the best and worst in humanity; an island made of Fifield’s is key to my Corpolitique plan. Too angry to think straight, too scared to admit it but ever-so-shouty ‘brave’ in the face of perceived weakness. He’s absolutely perfect.

“What killed them?” another asks, ‘Their own fear’ I answer back. But I go with David’s assertion “Sometimes to create, one must first destroy”. Elizabeth could ask until the Prometheus cows came home “What did we do wrong? Why do you hate us?” observing “They created us and then they tried to kill us! They changed their minds”. It’s art imitating life imitating art. It’s real but ultimately, it’s irrelevant in my natural order of things.

Some ads; medicine-woman now speaking Nadsat, the vibrant language of the land we’re headed to with the plan going like clockwork. Now that’s what I call colourful cross-generational running music with gangs versus coffee.

The yellow haired cartoon kid “My Mum’s losing it – trying to find a house...” said to her subtly, perceptibly ‘older’ looking friend, a short-haired, bespectacled confidante with sage advice to teach her the why’s and wherefores’ of the teaching institutions in relation to the housing market. Advice taken “Now I just have to get her to think it’s her idea”. I subliminally tell the childlings ‘Your friends word, your teachers word is worth more than that of your problematic parents’.

The nostalgic sound of the classic post-war rail carriage ‘bud-dum-bud-dum’ ‘bud-dum-bud-dum’ ‘bud-dum bud-dum’ and a colourful old Narcisstish Rail logo ‘Because Narcisstate runs on rail’. Home of the Hatsmore Flyers, fitness, fun and fast food in triangular technicolour. Made In Tractor is perfect for blending TV life’s sham ham.

Mother’s Day; the male childling tap-slaps the military-esque briefing board with his pointer. Attention of his audience grabbed; his sister, cute dog complete with inferred nostalgic reference to a certain green frog, they all receive their orders to carry out their part in the plan as he proceeds with childlike authoritative, assertive confidence. The Dad, makes a late walk-on appearance having sat there throughout, as a child.

No child is born to die; especially in a yellow t-shirt with yellow subtitles.

Night, night.
26 D-Day+4 – Schrödinger’s Uniform Sabbath

And new Sabbath religion, especially since Snowden and The North’s political awakening, the Corpolitique News Divisions’ programming plan I spread across my connecting TV channels with mutually reinforced Sunday Press recycled editions of ‘diverse uniformity’. The Party is in full concerted-choir songs-flows with generous helpings of saccharin-saturated ‘choice’ within my Perfect Dictatorship. The Corpolitique have this market sown up.

And as I watched the children goggle on their box within their distrusting, doubting, disenfranchised dens, I heard their shared thoughts across Narcisstate ‘If you don’t like what you see and hear on those political shows just turn them off!’ By all means, please do.

The admonishing tone of my ignorant is one of superior standing for not having succumbed to ‘politics’. The aloof accusers lack of plebiscite engagement because ‘All politicians are the same anyway’, becomes their self-righteous justification for their grander judgemental, even moral standing. In that moment the accused becomes the homestead-subordinate, peer pressured to be dim and disengage, to not care. Perfect. Put some cartoons on. Feed the childlings subliminal teachings.

Sunday Newsagent - Reagent A

I marvelled at their docile indifference to democracy. It’s not as if I haven’t been warning them ‘The Great Repeal Bill will allow Ministers to alter regulations without full scrutiny of MP’s and Peers’ as I hammer home the contemporary ‘lugenpresse’ of the day, the ‘fake news’ of internet’s search engines; the home and friend of the terrorist, as is the end-to-end encrypted Whitsapp and therefore the enemy of democracy.

Internet censorship and democracy’s need for unhindered access to every child and childling communication is essential to beat the womanising, alcohol, drug fuelled, hot bed of out of control prison-radicalised sociopaths who are coming to destroy their way of life. They cannot see, they refuse to see and blindly believe that I’m taking their liberties and freedoms away in the name of a ‘terrorist’ action that lasted ’82 seconds’.

My reagent knows language is everything “Will you legislate to counter Whitsapp?” as if it were a weapon of war. And all against the backdrop of the preceding fear-driven narrative of “Islamists have turned their backs on Narcisstate” momentarily pretends to be thick until corrected by the guest to intertwine Prevent, which was doing exactly what it said on the tin, too good in fact, that I hobbled and reshaped it to become my recruitment ground for all sides and Krystalnacht’s recurrent forerunner on the way to securing my armed police force, so ably shown in Sly’s ‘impartial’ press.

All part of my Corpolitique security intelligence dance. I knew full well that 99.99% recurring users of Whitsapp users were not terrorists, neither was the work of Podminster Bridge od course but still - they were about to let me take their liberty by setting up an ‘industry wide board’ who will become my back-door Trojans on the way to complete and unfettered access in the lives of others.

With a ruddy determination my Minister told the world “there could be no hiding place for terrorists” and that end-to-end encryption like Whitsapp’s position, was “untenable”. A view mutually agreed by my host reagent. There. Everyone’s agreed then!
To a red, white and blue panacea the overstated hyped-up proxy Party representative disguised as my ‘useful idiot’ bellows “With no MP’s we fought a referendum outside Parliament”. Odd that isn’t it? It’s almost as if he was ushered into an unprecedented, unelected regular-slots across all platforms of the Corpolitique, to deliver to the people what ‘they wanted’. Unfortunately for him, once the Palindrome Parrots began to realise they’d been duped, he’d make a fine distraction for the mob.

And his patsy signs were already there if you looked beyond the ridge, through the illusion of journalistic integrity and a conflicting news media “Will you admit that immigration had nothing to do with this terror attack?” The reagent knew it hadn’t of course but not for the reasons the children at home thought. Yet poisoned by the ‘successes’ of his unthinking, superior prejudicial mind, his instant retort “No!” summed up the segment.

Then to next guest, a libertarian who simply could not fathom that as an elected MP, his questioner wielded immeasurably more power than he did – or ever could. In the guise of playing devils investigative advocate, the reagent reverts to Corpolitique type to narrate the narrative; terror, terrorists, armed police, extending Podminster perimeters and regarding “Civil liberties – is it time to get real?” before emboldening the Parrot trope ‘bad loser – you’re trying to stop democracy!’.

A group of guests next, one a ‘helpful hinderer’ on the overt track to agitate radicalisation from the “Mosque to the prison”, adding another; a revolving door of “Prislam” then with the subliminal implant track to WES recruitment; the reagents think tank knows these young men are “looking for a fresh start... to take back control of his life, which he hasn’t taken in anyway... This man was in the care system, entirely neglected”. Music to my ears.

Another guest, genuine, tells of the Government stopped the “really effective” Prevent programme upon unprecedented intervention-rate successes in the name of ‘political correctness’, as with Brownskin paedophiles, citing the PC aspect became too risky. Hardly, it was its success that was too risky. The reagent reads her boss’s press line ‘Sums + sport = pupils happy to do maths’ and ‘Boy’s failing in primary... they are like large dogs, they need exercise’. Drip, drip, drip.

The reagent keeps the tap dripping “Appalling... terror... shocking... penetrate... arm the police? New normal? Immigration? If not, are the links homegrown? Birmingham, Lotun, East Londrome?” as the new guest responds “The idea that you’d try to make this about Muslim communities... –” before she is abruptly interrupted by the reagent “Not all Muslim communities but some Muslim communities. Do I need to be open and frank about this?” my inquisitors body language, firm like her tone – cautioning the elected representative with both paper-clasping pointed hands directly at the guest and a warning sideways glance-glare – as if to threaten to divulge to the children something they ought not to know. What does she know that the children shouldn’t? That’s power.

A Corpolitique double act tag-team then graced the childrens screens with the online “onslaught” of terror and radicalisation being an impossible game of “wacamole” but it was ok because an amber alert was “calling time on the industry” with the agenda emotionally weaponised further by online child sex abuse.
Though in a row-back on Reagent A’s show an hour earlier, “end-to-end encryption has its place; for cyber security, families [Tick!] and banking business’s”. It didn’t matter; the overwhelming majority of the children weren’t really that interested anyway.

**Sunday Newsagent – Reagent C**

In the cyclic bouts of cancer kids and chaos the Plastic Patter man quotes of “calling out tech companies” for the “82 seconds” of the ‘Whatsapp “killer” eats away at my real terrors, freedoms, that of the children’s, whom I invite aboard ‘The Timeline Trail of Terror’ departing at 14:40:08 precisely! All aboard, all aboard!

On the operational Start Line, the view of the yellow laddered white van, its top load vibrant for all to see; just like the Helicopter man’s original BU ND1 social-media screened view seen but later edited post-production, broadcast ladders now cropped in the re-run version, only *from the opposite perspective*. Sure it’s a similar scene to what he captured so elegantly, so panning professionally, yet he is a nowhere man.

Only a padded-jacket tourist perplexed – not filming. A black taxi behind slowly creeps to a halt – its driver – not filming. Perhaps Helicopter man was the taxi’s fare who got out got out for footage unseen but then then the halted black taxi would have obscured the vista view to capture the ladders. Though the later cropped version – would support him being closer, as if caught between the orchestral combination of recruitment colours.

Aboard the good train Timeline Trail, I see a black shirted childman in jeans wearing immaculate white trainers at the rear wheel of the yellow laddered van. He stands most regimentally as if on guard, protecting his van? Unfazed, his on-going phone call it seems *is not to the police*, that didn’t happen until 14:40:59 unless of course *it was he who made the singular decisive call to warn Londromes finest*? But unlikely and so his possibilities are that; he was either giving a very unhelpful, uncharitable ghoulish running commentary on the unfolding carnage casualty being treated not 10 yards in front of him, or he was party to the calling airwaves of invention. The latter is probably why he didn’t suffer *vilified* by Sly’s Sunday or subsequent press wrath or inquisition type and allowed to fall back into obscurity.

Another ‘casualty’ immobile and closer to the footage action being treated by a small group, all become distracted, subliminally transfixed by the *authoritative glint* of the Medallion Man as he points to back from where he just came with his matching blue trainers and top. His sunglasses look out of place on his face on grey-haired damp overcast day but the treating group all begin to move toward the direction of his influential finger.

He exits stage right as the shot takes us left in the distraction direction intended where he’d appear to reappear maybe, to reveal himself sans shades just over two months later on BU ND1 ‘construction worker witness’ to a deja vu Londrome Bridge attack only this time with a spoken script to continue the theme. As a player he’s getting on but certainly not over the *hill* as he appears with a tour guide to stoke up the defiant fear, later aided by another player pretending to be an angel.
At 14:40:38 the terrorist crashes the car, depositing it with some force into the stone-walled railings. The patsy “deserts the crashed car and walks over to Carriage Gate”. As he walked defying all blood-thirsty, terrorist adrenalin-fuelled ‘Allah-u-Akbar’ screaming media stereotyped logic to live up to his typecast role.

The children couldn’t see or hear the ‘terrorists’ invisible silence which was so deafening being drowned out by the emotional fear cacophony calls to consent to their liberties taken forever.

Because at 14:40:41, a red backpacked, long-black sleeved, white helmet, white male cyclist, a pre-walk on part for his cameo post-incident appearance “where you can see the yellow backpack” got off his bike to go and ‘assist’ as in the same unbroken scene, the camera sweeps further back up toward the taxi to show a crowd being ushered from its obscured far side.

Unnoticed however in plain sight, walking into frame sees a ‘chance’ walk-on part for another white male with receding black hair walking like a removal-man, out of place but with purpose - carrying a wooden board as the carnage is unfolding around him.

I got a little twitchy as the time between impact and the ‘Boardman’s’ all-too-quick arrival after some 3 seconds, mid-terrorist incident, becomes all too apparent when in the stills, which also show a black dressed hooded white figure with hands raised as if being directed by an armed policeman, whilst the cyclist appears arms outstretched as if perplexed standing over a ‘casualty’ – also show the wooden board now wedged as if to obscure something, a supposed body perhaps, or the driver of the plot underneath the front of the taxi.

The board itself appears guarded by a bald-bespectacled black coated man, perhaps one of the policemen who’d just left a bravery award ceremony, out of uniform and just happened to happen on the Carriage Gate carnage stage. Both Boardman and bald man appear to know very calmly and very quickly, their rehearsed roles.

Another still, my bloodied face of ministerial heroism, untouchable, his kin killed by terrorists, still treating the patsy PC, with it appears a civilian in a dark blue, white lined long-sleeved tracksuit top and a paramedic. The other seven police officers, one paramedic, two figures in dark blue ancillary uniforms and the two qualified orange Doctors talking to the other ‘civilian’, all appear to be professional life-saver pedestrians.

Most seem to be faceless passengers pre-boarded on the Timeline Trail of Terror as the still-shot shows ministerial heroics in full-forehead blood-wiped flow, yet the subsequent moving quality-film footage from a rather fortunate advantageous vantage point, renders the bright orange Doctors in particular not just simply superfluous to the scene - but altogether invisible.

“The Police”

14:40:59 the PC was stabbed and treated and “The first 999 call was made to” Londromes finest “reporting the incident” and at 14:41:30 ‘The patsy “was quickly identified as target and shot by a police firearms officer”. And to reinforce veracity and objectivity, my Sly reagent shares the gaslight secret and tells the children “That timeline is from The Police” ‘De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da, their innocence will pull me through, De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da, they’re meaningless and all that’s true’. Symbolism. Couldn’t have put it better myself.
The Boxer

Was The Boxer indeed coached through the edited tick-box buzzword-bingo script behind the pretence of prestigious trophy ribbon edits? No doubt, an accomplished Team Narcisstate amateur he was presented to be in the ring but out, some suspect latter-interview language, spoken near the death like a true consummate impersonal professional. "A normal day and then all hell broke loose [EDIT] police officer being attacked by the knifeman who was shot and killed, he was repeatedly stabbing him [EDIT] He didn’t intend to hurt anyone, he didn’t intend to wound anyone, he was trying to kill the officer. That’s the only word for it. It was just savage”.

The reagent cues up the pretext “What happened next?” The Boxer responds “Amongst all the madness, it sort of, there was one, there was one, like, calm figure and that was the armed police officer and he sort of walked through the mad crowd...” my embedded reagent interjects “Towards the attacker?” “...towards the attacker”.

The Boxer reiterates and continues “The attacker was walking forward both hands (gestures) knife [EDIT] pulled out his pistol and er, placed two in the fella’s chest” - when he speaks the native soldier language he understands it rolls off his SF tongue. However back to my impending police State tick-toc box script he has to think “There were [unarmed] police officers running away from the attacker and you see the un-erm-uniformed [armed] police officer and the attacker walking towards him. And you can hear the two shots fired”.

His scripted account too suspect to match what he claims to have subliminal-suggestion ‘seen’, before he coolly took out his camera-phone mid-terror to capture the grainy footage of front row seat to an execution which heard three shots not two.

And not a standard issue tazer in sight it seems, to immobilise a suspect never mind an innocent hands raised but “knife” verbal and behaviourally subconscious injected, implanted for children’s eyes blind and ears blocked, programmed to fear the ‘truth’ of ‘terror’.

Another voice, this one from North concurs with The Boxers testimonial TV appearance from his own rough footage “There’s a bloke with a knife! Woah! Woah!” as his hand-held evidence pans away. “He did what he had to do” reinforces The Boxer, his permission on behalf of all the watching children to hand themselves over to my armed police authority needed to keep them safe. ‘Still, a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest’ - profound and perpetually prophetic sang Simon & Garfunkel. Symbolism.

Back to the think tank, thought bank studio; the reagent tells the children of their indefatigability and defiance in the face of tyranny ‘Special Programme: Terror in Westminster’ preaches the A4 taped paper sign to a building shrine “WE ARE NOT AFRAID” flowered predominantly yellow with a touch of pink and violet blue.

But the children don’t see, won’t see, the unseen connection, perhaps they choose not to as they choose not to see everything else I unfold in front of them. They don’t see the Corpolitique media’s deliberate dissonance disconnect between the June’s slain MP and March’s slain PC. A home-made gun and knife used by the White M for the MP, a knife ‘used’ by the Brownskin M for the PC.
But such redact-reporting is vital in the internet age, as limited as that would become for the children, to write their history right in front of them; a history which I would teach in schools that would tell of Narcisstate under constant attack from the Brownskin terrorist hoards.

And besides, from here to Finsbury Park and all the way up to The North, I wasn’t going to allow them to become whipped-up mass-murderous – yet – they needed to save their energy for my big one in July.

Shades of Terror

And so a whitewash of mental health disorder for the WES hit-man, but an avalanche of timeline terror for the Asian. And my Daily Heil in particular, pardon the prodigal son, the product of State joint-venture to then bury June deep down the page pecking order behind the monkeys and gays.

Whereas the ‘DEFENCE! DEFENCE! DEFENCE! [march!]’ into March, is hermetically sealed and scripted watertight within the mass-prism across the co-ordinated Corpolitique; Prison ‘Prislam’ radicalisation! Internet censorship! Arm the brave police! Obey the brave police! Whitsapp encryption untenable! Won’t somebody think of our children? I already am...

And last June, a sleepy shire, children all across Narcisstate, indeed the world, saw the images of the WES ‘terrorist’, immobilised cuffed in the street, arrested, charged and sentenced for the murder of the MP lives to tell the tale. They saw what they were meant to see. But during the march in March they saw what they wanted to see – the played Brownskin ‘terrorist’ executed lest he tell a tale, then dehumanised without due process – and the children loved it and they loved me for it.

Because what they didn’t see was a knife and what they didn’t question was the complete absence of a single image of the car-exiting Brownskin Podminster assassin, “walking” on his Wednesday-Sunday stroll along one of the busiest, most heavily State and tourist surveilled streets in all of Narcisstate. Nada.

And yet an armed officer is seen in a still midst, stood next to the car - gun pointed at raised hands of a hooded white man. All in all an invisible, sleight of hand execution achieved.

And Sly’s joined up network kept up the fear in Ignoreland to report back to Narcisstate, that Londrome was defeated and demoralised whereas at home, my contrived theatre continued unashamed, unabashed hopping mad in denial of the sheer gargantuan scale of terror met by pretty flowers filmed by another reagent.

Sunday Newsagent - Reagent D

I don’t know why I record these things his brand-style of intermittent mid-sentence lulls had even begun to grate on me. But he was good at what he did. “This terrorist [Tick!] ...our country [Tick!] ...thin blue line [Tick!] ...precious liberties [Tick!]” before self-serving up my pretext to tell the children what he saw and how he felt with “The image that will stay with me?”“We witnessed the strengths and virtues of our wonderful country. Haven’t we [Reagent D1]?” “Certainly!” she replies, it must be true!

Because let’s face what’s more honest than human gestation?
D1 shows a table of the current non-existence of terrorism in Narcisstate, compared to the height of the ORA in The Troubles and in France today. But my recent attack has the country on edge - aided somewhat at the right wing homely teardrop table, complete with vibrant yellow/orange refreshment placement that do a disappearing act later, as The proxy Party ‘interloper’ and A.N. Other steers Narcisstate gently right. Group hugs all round.

Then Sandlebeard at the headmasters desk. The measured tone of the Lull-man belies his efforts to further trip-disparage the Opposition Leader but the children don’t care. All they care about is ‘knowing’ without actually knowing. And so they lazily agree with me to be heard, whilst well hidden within the herd; ‘Sandlebeard is useless! Unelectable!’ Palindrome Parrot-‘opinion’. This is good.

The questions aren’t to test the policy of the Opposition but to reinforce the current narratives; terrorism, police and surveillance powers, Podminster security and dares Sandlebeard to venture “Did the security services let us down?” Dare you. Double dare you. He doesn’t take the bait of course.

Shoot to kill. My reagent makes Sandlebeard defend the executioners position, in the context of already having previously been taken out of context by BU ND1, in the name of the children “because this does matter to people” – as Lull-man stakes his claim to be the children’s champion.

The Prevent discussion becomes too risky, Sandlebeard is making too much sense and might point the children in the direction of Government sabotage to target Muslims, creating the conditions for isolation extremism, rather than inviting integration.

Well played Lull-man, move on. Exit to stage Nexit. Inane. It’s happening – time filling distraction, unlike the bizarre Sandlebeard v Gooner – completely ‘newsworthy’ of course during a ‘constitutional crisis’.

A.N. Other returns with some unwelcome facts “The perverse irony is; people thought that Europe had given us all these terrible directives and they were bossing us about and we were being tied up with red tape and regulation from Brussels but the irony is that nobody is actually untangling any of that! We’re actually going to keep all of it”. Lull-man sitting in Chomsky’s chair - exactly where he was because he didn’t believe in something different - jumps-verbal interrupting and hands over to Reagent D1 toot-sweet for a pre-prepared piece on Nexit.

The graphic is interesting – the yellow of Eurostates Stars has been exchanged for grey whilst the Flexagon print-map of Narcisstate has a yellow hue. Oh! And A.N. Other needn’t worry about adopting all of Eurostates non-existent red tape, once the Executive powers have been grabbed in The Great ‘Transfer’ Bill and the Great Repeal Bill amendments pushed through, it’ll look remarkably, quite coincidentally similar to that of Ignoreland.

Genetically modified food whether safe or not, capital punishment and orange jumpsuit super-prisons and conscription sound idyllic to me. Though Reagent D1 brings the viewing children back to where I need them to be “I do not know what will be more all-nighters, us negotiating [Nexit] or having a baby?” Awwwww. Baby… Nothing more honest or emotional than the love and trust of a baby… Right.
Lull-man scripted “Putting things right after that atrocity... but is security for the Commons appropriate, the powers of the Security Services appropriate? ‘Prevent’ are we in the right place?”

A.N Other reverberates the reagents echo of echoes “There should be an armed guard on the gates”.

But of course any impartial, critical press would also ask ‘Who stood to gain?’ But why would you ask that question if you knew the answer that it was you yourself who stood to gain, if you were the ‘truth’ speaking your own power?

Submarine ads; In The North, under instruction by her yellow cushion cardigan chocolate feeder maternal childwoman “Go on tell them”, the reluctant forthcoming female childling tells the children she “will have problems in later life”. “Being overweight will affect my confidence. I will be more likely to get Type 2 diabetes and having children will be harder for me”.

Then the faceless voice of my new body, a champion Trojan, parachuted in to hobble The North’s businesses with “The more drinks and snacks we eat the more problems we’ll have later in life. Drop it. Swap it. Share it. Let’s change our future now!”

The subliminal mind-fuck will take its tiptoeing toll amongst the female childlings to corrode their bonds with maternal-rearing childwomen, just as the bonds between male childlings and children are being done through the subliminal and uncoconscious secret courts; I tell the female childlings ‘your parents, your mother cannot be trusted. I, the State will give you the advice and guidance you need. I will give you confidence and purpose in order you can fulfil your maternal instincts’ and of course breed to feed my Army. Smell the whiff of my Trojan body, coming through the artisan Cheese-gate.

Nostalgic cinema trip for CHIP’s with nobbled cheese please! Mmmmm! Highway robbery at the till. An epic ’80’s childling favourite!

A fame dancing yellow skeleton made of blue buff greets a colourful light-hearted leer. Amplify the purple-coat with Sly’s symbolic-power dish erected before handing his ram-skull staff to the little Blackmoor and shows him his future reflection in Empire 3.0.

Led Pied Piper the little Blackmoor thinks he belongs, as He nods the golden haired Man selling handfuls, no baskets of yellow positivity of potassium rich nutrition! Though it looks like he might be selling his Banana Republic plutocracy from the back of clapped out car but distracted by the multicultural dancing deflections he’s actually legally stealing the family fibre gold of the children of Narcisstate, my entitled elites asset-grab being loaded for the oligarchy.

It’s not as if the moneyed bankers hadn’t already warned them they were the markets masters of the universe. Not long now. I am in the dreams written yellow for the family.

Back to business with a Bendy bloke with inside intelligence. “Prevent is working...changing behaviours of people”. Of course it is. Lull-man plays both sides of the armed police but he knows where’s taking me, taking me where I want to be, taking a ride with my best friend in bed with the internet giants, who he ‘warns’ “need to wake up!” Whitsapp attack!
The code needs breaking by “Investigatory Powers Act – supported by all the parties”. My manipulated mission creep, creeps as terrorists try to ‘strike liberty down’. “What was it like in the bunker?” – may as well have asked ‘What was it like in the Blitz?’ A.N. Other answers for Bendy, he “was doing a lot of work very quietly”. Quite.

In the midst of their lamp-swinging account of their war in bunkered trenches; “cream eggs” and “What about the drinks cabinet?” How stoically Narcissistish and resilient we are all in this together, oh how we have a mutual laugh in the face of death - as the patsy PC’s inner-core infrared footprint, finally ebbed blue a little over 48 hrs before his last Spring barely seen. The Corpolitique estate must survive at all and any costs.

Stoical scene scripted as delivered, its back on the ‘DEFENCE! DEFENCE! DEFENCE! [march!]’ to defeat ‘terror’. The people are my terror but with my guiding gloved-fist, they will be the architects of their own oppression as Bendy recycles the compliance repetition “We did what we were told. We need to step back and let the professionals do their job... Speculation is the enemy of all this... We shouldn’t forget at the heart are some really brave young men and women and [inaudible] that went to the rescue on the bridge”.

My message to the children is clear as it has been throughout the rote soap; Comply with uniformed authority without question. Alternate narratives are subversive lies. Lionise the security services now and your young future oppressors. Play on loop until it’s too late to stop the turn-key tyranny.

Lull-man tries to trip The Governor but what difference does it make? I own the airwaves 24/7 and therefore own the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Lull-man deliberately conflates, confuses and tries to commandeer The Governor’s goodwill work in Syria and in Lebanon to tie my terror to my terrorised refugees.

I wasn’t impressed with his transparent effort as he set up his own long-winded pretext with some pretend pity thrown in to justify my next Arabic adventure, currently headed by The Battle for Mosul. “How concerned are you [Governor] in the wake of this terrorist atrocity we’ve just seen, which is absolutely nothing to do with refugees, nonetheless, there were quite a lot of” social media “comments afterwards that this was all to do with, you know, Muslims coming into the country for example, completely wrong but that’s what people said. How worried are you to make the case for countries like ours to take in refugees?” The reagent pretext parrots my disconnect-dissonance for the Palindrome Parrots to reinforce their ‘reality’.

The Governor responds “They are completely separate issues” before going on to make some bleeding-heart sense that “compassion is not at odds with national security – at all” before Lull-man checks the Governors tack with his own. Steering him into safer territory, away from the politics and humanity which I will not allow to mix he asks borderline belittle of The Governor about “the point of taking this role”.

The governor describes the conditions within the camps which allows me to tell the children of my propaganda policy aid and my generosity. Overall, between Lull-man and A.N. Other, they please me, affording themselves as much time on tack as The Governor. He and his message will be forgotten by the next bulletin.
The Mighty White v Lithunia

The children footballers international playing in Mighty White welcomed the minnows of Lithuania to the Londrome Arena. If you could just see it; the lack of black and yellow security dotted around the cultural cauldron, serenity and peaceful quietness is expected on this day it seems. Far less of an invasion threat than the River City Rugby match the day before, apparently.

Seamless yellow, the minnows strip, a safe pair of hands and the Captains armband. Cut to a break via the red rose-poppies on monochrome Big Willie hay bales, wind turbine Spitfire propeller props; both ‘Great’ wars covered in obvious nostalgia to morph, recruited into and of the Three Lions on your shirt, to the timeless tune of Bittersweet Symphony that’s life. Indeed it is, as is The Verve.

Four sets of flowers laid for five Podminsters patsy’s. Red, white and cream roses for civilians and correctly colour coded for the recruitment uniform, yellow roses with a dash of cream. The ‘terrorist’ as was his walk from crashed car to Carriage Gate carnage – appropriately invisible. Football stands together over the pastille pink and yellow, black pentagons complete the round ball ruse.

It chimes with the new football fashion, no longer just for the snow packed winters but springtime footballs daffodils now match the yellow vibrancy of lower levels beautiful game. But some things never change; the prawn sandwich brigade largely AWOL a full fifteen minutes after the nostalgic distraction hit verging on the overload of the yellow spring break.

Another international football match in Narcisstate, ‘THIS TIME’ The North v Slovenia. Oh dear, another full pitch invasion anticipated but only with half the crowd of the Mighty White match it seems. Then eight soldiers in two halves of four stood to anthems, each with a flag standard of black, yellow and a touch of near imperceptible purple before exiting stage left and right.

The cacophony-colours containing seamless seas of yellow references of risk taking, assured, trusted success spill over from the low-key cauldrons electronic advertising hoardings onto the half-time TV screens and back again.

Though I choose to tell them throughout, because I can, without the hindrance of light-timed technology in full yellow view, accentuated and amplified by black ‘THIS TIME’ – my goal of their end-game I’m going to deliver just along the drip, drip, dripping river in July.
27 D-Day+5 Back To The Dystopian Future

Seamless military references all to coincide with the rogue warrior re-runs already on BU IED2 barely a month after first airing and the established grass-roots level childling recruitment Digging In their own graves across swathes of Pollock parks in Narcisstate’s towns and cities from Home Front to Front Line, under the pretext 100th Anniversary guise of my untaught history repeating itself.

And all paid for by the children themselves, a lottery as to which ones would take the bait to combat the drip, drip, drip of loneliness, lack of purpose and my Pol Pott Pollution edged out of the workplace by automation. This is belonging to a country of full of future Kovic kids psychologically castrated, physiologically stifled childboys emasculated from the waist down and already ‘bound-for-a-wheelchair’ bound. Sign up here for your legs and balls back! It’s captive-capital channelling kidtastic!

Hope ‘black and yellow, black and yellow, black and yellow’ feature feeds prominently, amongst a sea sponsored and suggested yellow on Social Media. The memory of the patsy MP both slain and claimed by Podministers golden avatar steeple, an appeal for a nation to holistic-heal and not nourish hate. Happiness. Saps! The entire thing, enveloping, suffocating; amber’s Jurassic sap sealed, the masses immersed unawares in a timeless enduring cocoon ready for drilling injection and extraction; in goes the fear out comes the fearless. My DNA to manipulate and perpetuate, to do as I see fit by permission of the population themselves.

And this generation of adult children would be the last to be loved by their childlings whose love for me, for Narcisstate, would be greater than that of their untrustworthy parents as I guided all of their thinking as if it were their own, as ever, “Professionals fear that parents are lying about co-sleeping with their babies” to maximise maternal angst and minimise bonding.

It would be their subconscious ‘informed decision’ that would result in their “conscious uncoupling”, from the cradle snatched en route to soldier-slave grave. And using the yellow of the Eurostate Cooperatives stars and disguised by Sly’s own advanced brand of truth and heroism, my colour scheme branding in a countdown clockwork almost orange - ‘ARTICLE 50 TRIGGERED’.

At that moment Sly had his and the Corpolitiques golden-goose egg of human capital misery laid without shame by his Premier choice of marionette at the Despatch Box, in the Mother of All Parliaments, the seat of democracy. The Corpolitique media would now incubate the embryonic yolk within the solidified stone of amber resin.

A smiling beguiling bespectacled cartoon digger, a constructed plant of construction plant machinery for Junior’s Crystallising Black and yellow Easter feel good bargains, savers all; in pocket and of Narcisstate. All alongside the cacophony of coloured cushions for “your little heroes” entertainment in shopping mall playpens.

Text HERO to help save a missing child shout my posters fronted by a Narcisstate National Treasure who now two years after his heavenly observations, would be used again, this time to complete the psychological encircling of an embattled, victimised State being attacked from all sides; from the north by The North, from the south and east by the Eurostate Cooperative and now hemmed in from the west by The Ossian. The children within the island bunker being primed, ready to fight. And they will.
And then one grey dystopian day, once the cat was too terminally late out of its sorry mass drown-sack sandbag, those that didn’t exist amongst the far-reach rubble ruins, the next generation of childling drones, the contemporary Hitler Youth – the modern League of German Girls or Band of German Maidens (BDM) which encouraged rebellion against parents; like Der Giftpilz presenting its virginal propaganda storyline in which a mother was wrong to send the daughter to a Jewish doctor.

Hitler’s frustrated heroes would become Mayhem’s all conquering summertime heroes – first murdering each other before springing into action to the beat of military goosestep march – and would graduate from ownership of the household TV remote controls “You need help” to evolve into super-slave super-soldiers having been habitually separated from their parents at birth by Empire 3.0.

And just like today, in another hundred I’d condition them to feel my Whig history and the Arian childlings taught to love me unconditionally, would again hence sing an old nursery rhyme without fully understanding its dark weasel message missive;

‘The Five did skittle Podminster Bridge, a patsy golden steeple! Spring despatched Democracy’s Box,
“Save us!” squeak the sheeple!’
"Full Force Funeral"

...was the mobilised emotional pretext Sly’s dim, mustard-poppy black tied reagent wore, to relay the true intent to the children; subliminal military-messaging delivered during the heroic-reward Narcisstate State funeral of Pavlov’s patsy PC.

Laden with subliminal references it would culminate with the Last Post and where the PC, would become adopted to be amplified in autumn, the first of many police to die by ‘terror’ – then be afforded a regular rollercoaster recruitment script slotted then grafted onto the Remembrance Day Parade circuits, just as other soldiers of Narcisstate murdered by ‘terrorists’, they died fighting for our freedom – to convince the poppy waving ‘Future Soldier’ children the war was also unavoidably coming from an enemy within. It was of course, but just not how they chose to perceive it.

The emotional “skinned alive” faux fake fur was laboratory testing complete and brilliantly timed diversion to the misguided children up the pull of my chain-drive higher up the coasters tack-track on their continuous cyclic journey, to steal their logic-thought senses from them on this particular day. But it wasn’t my only faked output to invoke mass-emotion in the long-term plan to elicit the desired compliant response; which was ultimately – to sell themselves sailing down my rivers of blood.

Sly’s squad did a particularly top job of the subliminal colour coordinated coding; the blue-blood wardrobes of the presenters against the inner ‘fish-tank-think-tank-thought-bank’ bedecked with principle Party blue screens within and mosaic-religious windows outwith, seen in the flesh and reflected to identify with and stake subliminal psychological claim once again, as with the war-dead of neo-con stone of Iraqistan, to the memory of this boy in blue, this slain hero stabbed by the State for the greater good.

And there were already the first signs of the greater good working; the procession paint was still wet behind the ears when a prepubescent PC - complete with oversized PC pith helmet primed by my manipulated reality “He died for us. I admire him. I’d like to protect the country as well from crime”. The seeds of another entire future-history about to repeat itself, prepared to be slain aboard a conditioning trained-track not of his calling. Come to me my little one.

But for the murdered PC, the inaugural-irreversible seed-plot procession, his, would be the first of quite a few Boys in Blue coffins, to be lain in blue with black trim covered, draped in and by the state, compensated by State sponsored grandeur complete with a duet of yellow and black helicopters in a fliypast, towards fresh coats of cavernous cortege vibrantly bridged over the Bread of Heaven blue.

Then back in black uniform of a vertical, living, breathing PC solemnly stood Last Post listening, reflecting within his mournful thoughts of a colleague and a nation taken by ‘terror’ positioned as he was, as the children were - next to the pedestrian light box post for the subliminal bombardment backdrop of - black and yellow heroism.

The light box button ‘waits patiently’ to be pressed, that it can emit its vertical light-bulb moment, to drop its red-balloon beacon penny from up on high; that “Oh fuck!” moment from a million collectively seeing, yet disbelieving voices – a bit like disbelieving voices they voiced when Das-Don won the Presidency. But that’s typical Ignoreland, it couldn’t happen here.
But the black pole and yellow pedestrian light box is completely inanimate of course; solid lumps of steel, plastic, wiring and copper circuitry to carry out the commands of thumbs pressing perpetually. An everyday, static robot hooked up to the grid within a matrix of controls to deliver a pre-requisite, pre-determined outcome to perfect, orchestrated, precision timing.

Unlike the children, it lacks innate sentient capacity to think cogently, to see, hear and care with compassion but also with clarity, to logically process who stood to gain from the Podminster attack and my other ‘terror’ attacks? Inert, the collective lack the capacity to think - who stood to gain from the subsequent, Corpolitique media all-pervading State funeral procession?

Passive, the children sit silently, striding like robots, unthinking into their own death march by gaslight conditioning and mass-acquiesced self-denial of free and unfettered access to operate without fear in internet cyberspace - not without living in fearful consequence of the States’ jack booted turn-key tyranny for an engine search triggered SS alert, toxically interpreted counter to the Party line, to the Corpolitiques’ supremacy control.

Some might shout, some would even film it but they would all just sit idly by, compliant and complicit waiting for someone else to act whilst watching me imperceptibly rip-wrench their freedoms from them, like Ignoreland air marshals dragging an unlucky lottery passenger down the meat-tube aisle. They were already living in it and it wouldn’t be too long now until they would be forever locked into an enforced marriage with an abusive militarised State.

And as if to complete the prescient jack-boot picture, further down south yellow and black balaclava arm-sleeved ‘SHERRIFF’s were gunning for “dealers” in a State that’s lost its way and found mine; “Enjoy looking over your shoulder constantly wondering if today’s the day we come for you. Enjoy trying to sleep tonight wondering if tonight’s the night our SWAT Team blows your front door off its hinges. We are coming for you. If our agents can show the nexus between you, the pusher of poison and the person that overdoses and dies – we will charge you with murder. We are coming for you. Run!” Little did the children understand that I was the pusher of poison.

But what they did have in common, both the yellow and black pedestrian light and the pedestrian children, was they both needed to be disabled, to be held in check from a functioning state until the “full force funeral” and the broader procession had passed. For the broader black and yellow procession piece of risk and reward, which had started in earnest the previous Autumn, signified behind the Premier with oft-fidgeted luminescent yellow Query Time tabs and a once-afore seen yellow D-Day folder, the time was nearing.

And on the very day of my ‘full force funeral’ itself, my unelected puppet Premiers’ Post-Nexit Plan for Narcisstate, yellow references front and centre with a SWL set to 1923 to tinker around the Flexagon’s tattered frayed edges, all coming together rather nicely. One might even say with military precision in fact, with a fleeting poppy subliminal Autumn stride sporting the new military fashion in black and yellow.

The children would accept the overall message of course, simply too indifferent not to as I held them and the token democratic unelectable Opposition - hypnotised in a heightened state of irrational and nostalgic check - until it was too late for them to row back form the abyss. Checkmate. Too late to realise their irreversible mistakes.
Too late to stop my next wars juggernaut crashing through the crossroads of humanity and their civil rights traffic lights, my unstoppable lorry, freight loaded with a Narcissistish Bill of Rights. The war dead never died for a short-spark dimming embers of democracy, they died for my permanent taste for supremacy.

Bang! Next up - Russia supports chemical warfare and the gassing of choking children in the Middle East on rollercoaster repeat cycle spin! My children of Narcissstate manipulated once again I beckon them to me emotionally wrought, bought and sold on internal and external ‘wars’ manufactured.

I blend the concoctions and blur the theatre of operations with interconnected arts nostalgia, giving them their finest, most perfect backward looking nexus on the Home Front to Front Line; razor sharp timing from Back Row to Foward Line, line-by-line scripted, blurred, unthinking, to go to war on themselves, on each other, as I march them in three equally superior ranks Fifields’ all – on the premise of a 2% majority – mesmerized, closed down, worn down by victorious pyrrhic Palindrome Parrots on my journey towards Oppenheimer's light show, to ultimately go the way of the bees via Nina’s nightmare.

All very necessary for my necessary 1% and my needed Last Post for the conditioned children I kept needy – the other 99% all in order to maintain my place in the New World Order, which needed my firm grip on The North’s spice fields.

But Narcisstates children still didn’t get it in their induced cognisant dissonance state; I bombed the fuck out of and murdered millions for their desert spice and resources in the Middle East, yet they thought I’d give up and hand over The North’s spice bounty and resources – for democracy?!

How very quaint. Bless.
“We see what we want to see. But just because you’re not looking at something, doesn’t mean it’s not there”. - Adolf Hitler.

The short flight from River City over to The Ossian sees a May midday moon reflected in the sun’s light at 20,000 feet. It’s almost full lunar form is visible through the now invisible but entirely deadly black propeller blades which are led by the previously stationary nosecone’s dashes of intermittent yellow, now a complete, uninterrupted single spinning-stripe; its yellow risk and reward is a colour match for the patchwork fields of rape.

And all seen through a prism of optical illusion revolutions, lit up against the invisible, lethal cutting edge blackness carrying its human cargo to a predetermined destination...

...Just because you can’t see it, it doesn’t mean it isn’t there.
**BuzzBee’s Babes Operation Gold Crusade (Pavlov’s Pincer – Phase II)**

A vibrant buzzing city synonymous with music, football and itself, the occasional tragedy would with the whole of Narcisstate, be made to revisit a recent tragic, terrorist atrocity on the first anniversary of the attack with a 2018 ‘docu-drama’.

It would also help bring Narcisstate ‘back together’, especially after the River City’s radioactive ‘Horror of Hellslane’ and would be full of fortitude, fabricated fact and total fiction to tell them ‘their reinforced truth’ that they already knew because they saw it on the TV; my terror the scripted story re-scripted to be retold right in front of them from the moment the attack took place the year before.

The title, previously uniquely synonymous with the 1958 football team’s Munich plane crash, would be made to lend itself with the use of ‘their adopted’ black and yellow worker bees symbol that I had reinvigorated across the city in 2014.

It would be an emotional masterstroke that would forever inextricably, psychologically and subliminally tie in my vital military-recruitment target rich childling boys growing up with black and yellow football productions with that of the terrorist-massacre target rich childling girls in an arena auditorium.

Both the football heroes and now the dead childlings would forever be called ‘BuzzBees Babes’.

I would lend their reanimated name to profit on emotionalised propaganda; the anniversary docu-film drama would dramatize and morph, interwoven over time to become historical ‘facts’ – as I’d done with much of my history – continuing to recycle victimhood at the hands of the German Kaisers’ then Nazi war machine, then the Ossian Republican Army and now Islamic State terrorism – to predictably feed tragedy’s Karpman triangle.

And on it goes, perpetually recycled to reinvigorate the cycle of emotionalised chaos in order to recruit the next set of childling boys to go and kill and be killed in Narcisstates, Flexagon-led name.

All with an emblematic, my conveniently reinserted symbolic bee, the BuzzBee City would be seamlessly injected with subliminal black and yellow heroic intoxication, exploding into Narcisstates’ hive-mind consciousness made angry, swarming for a counter-attack. But maddened beyond the capacity for logical thought, they’d sting themselves and each other.

And this time, rather than injecting a mere narrative ‘won’t someone think of the childlings?!’ as I did on Podminster Bridge – I went straight for their primitive-instinct emotional Achilles Heel. 22 of them.

It served neatly as distraction cover to keep omitting the Inquiry into Institutional Childling Sexual Abuse of the thousands I’d child-trafficked to Oznatraz to grow my Army and the Empire but because of my media blackout – it simply didn’t exist.

Many of the children were starting to openly discuss on social media the possibility of The Party having perpetrated a snap election ‘false flag’ and given the ‘media pressure’ the Premier was coming under, it seemed to lend itself to the possibility.
But ultimately in truth, the children couldn’t go against their programming because that reality would require them not only to rewrite everything but overwrite everything they believed themselves to be – Narcissistic. It would require them to understand who and what they really were; enslaved human capital born of a war-machine kleptocracy living an illusion of freedom.

It would also require them to fight power for each other whereas I’d conditioned them to stroll the predictable path of least resistance for themselves. It would require them to fight the abusive parents at home, rather than just let their sons go and die for the same abusive parents abroad.

And so convenient, often erudite, self-congratulatory, self-denial covering for self-preservation - in spite of the cyclical evidence of demonstrative motive, method, opportunity and means – it was vital for them to ignore, to discount the inconceivable possibility in order for each of them to remain in their acquiescent comfort-zones underpinned by an emotionalised, blind faithful and subservient fear of the truth.

It’d be a bit like finding out Mum and Dad were closet Ian Brady and Myra Hindley or Fred and Rose West, paedophile child molesting murderers with the evidence against them undeniable but the children emotionally unable to accept it.

Or like finding out that Grandmama and Grandpapa had inherited a head position at the top table of a global gangster outfit, presiding over mass-murder for generations. Which was precisely why I kept the children emotionally, religiously-loyal to me.

Of course the grand design had been in the Dark Triad planning well over a decade ago but as I was only too delightfully aware the children had such short, easily distracted memories I fed them what they wanted for the lead-in to the attack; emotionalised entertainment that gave them judgemental purpose outside of themselves.

My News Division and Information Entertainment Division, alike, rode on the back of three perfect-trifecta story girls raped by Brownskin Asian gangs to capitalise on xenophobic conditioning and tap into, trigger vengeful vigilante minds to “Rise up!” and take action.

And of course my most faithful of their ‘trusted’ red-top rags didn’t hang about either; my rich sources of ignorance to feed divisive xenophobia, the information contagion breeding in the bleeding grounds. The rats greedily feeding on the poison to take back to their offspring, slowly haemorrhaging within their deflective comfort zones, given succour mirrored by orchestrated media of friend and faux-foe alike.

The rudderless Premier, my current face of The Party was steering her snap re-election campaign towards the nostalgic-stink pit policy rocks, and it appeared she might actually be in a contest for power coming adversarial-driven social media groups as she delivered herself to the point of a robotic-mind selected media and spectators meltdown.
“Nothing Has Changed”

Then suddenly a TV news media *mirage miracle*; from a largely sympathetic, weeks long pedestrian approach to The Premier - a highly-unusual synchronised Corpolitique media with its embedded personalities with an inexplicable all-out critical assault on The Premiers cruel, divisive, *mass-dissonance-driven* ‘policies’ in a single sitting. But she was right – nothing had changed.

“Nothing has changed. Nothing has changed!” said the Premier regarding her manifesto U-turn of yet another policy driven towards the agenda of mass-dissonance. And she was quite right of course because *nothing had changed* in the Corpolitique media merry-go-round.

Whether it was BU ND1, The NBC accusing her of “Panic”, BU ND3 accusing her of being “Buckled under pressure”, BU ND4 accusing her of being “Weak and wobbly” or Sly’s News describing her “Manifesto of chaos” all, including the Premier, had played a blinder – literally – to rewrite journalistic integrity history in one moment, to reinvent my role so long as was temporarily needed in the eyes of the children as their media speaking truth to power.

But the Corpolitique and its mutual mass-dissonance delivery system - the media - were the power and that would never change.

Then ‘saved’ by the single-figures polling bell with a grand, timely ‘*Muslimic-faaackin-extremist-child-murderin’ bastard cunts*’ to feed a tough-on-terror intervention, dragging the children further to my normalised *extreme-right* whilst slating Sandlebeard’s terror-mediation rationality and social policy as “*utopian*” liberal, *politically correct* drivel.

My lead-in to BuzzBees Babes as good as made him a *member of the ORA* in a city that I had no need to remind had had its past-horror with the ORA but I did so with such multiple broadcasting frequency coordinated with the usual suspects of my Corpolitic’s Press Division propaganda I made up another truth; that Sandlebeard was a post-incident terrorist-appeaser too weak to take the war to ‘terrors’ origins.

Origins which could never be known by his ilk and which was precisely why I had to keep him out of 10 Cloverfield Lane; unless of course I wanted to hand him a stink pit hospital pass just prior to Op Fukuglaschu and the impending July Crisis revisited.

The North’s Chief Krankie would be targeted too. I gave the children the type of ‘division’ I always fed them and knew they would feast on whilst vilifying her, *expressing* her ‘DIVISION’ from me and therefore from the children, as terrorist associated treachery. And it was working given the beautifully vile contempuous comments, they and I craved.

I built on the Podminster Bridge *themes* about horror attack on childlings whilst shredding Press Media ‘guidelines’ to milk their wrought turmoil with a pessimistic mingling of the “*missing*” whilst sticking with the script-theme to give off a stoical blitz-spirit, a defiant air of Narcissstate stiff-upper-lip; a ‘carry on regardless’ with restrained rage waiting to be unleashed by the unthinking on the unsuspecting. *On each other.*
Of course whilst I was telling them that life was carrying on as normal, I kept them strapped them in tight to the gaslight rollercoaster and regurgitated every shred of emotional exploitation I could muster across the Corpolitique ND and IED’s and especially across the teen-targeted element of Radio Division airwaves playlists with a messaging mix of the morose to the macho.

And for the older generation? Exactly the same but based in nostalgia.
“Ran Towards The Danger”

Witnesses were a good mix of the genuine general public and of agents or ‘players’. All were without doubt plausible, even the one that was accused by security of thinly veiled racism, of being politically incorrect for reporting a fidgety Brownskin woman. And having cut them to the bone by design, I’d hammer home how security was inadequate; how the heroic police and rescue emergency services and intelligence personnel were having to work under constant increasing pressures with inadequate resources but which didn’t quite tally with a witness who said she couldn’t believe how many and how quickly police, security and medical emergency services were on the scene. Indeed.

And of course just as with Podminster, and later on Londrome Bridge they were all brave heroes, running towards the danger - on cyclic loop. But not the fire and rescue crews I prevented from getting anywhere near the building for 90 minutes whilst my agents had finished setting the stink-pit scene.

But unlike limbless heroes, soldiers I hid away in hospitals unless of course they had something to offer, such as representing Narcisstate in sport, I’d shrill from the Corpolitique media rooftops catalogues of detailed gore inflicted on the childlings, especially the females, brutally murdered many times by an inferred lone wolf now subtly replaced by the needed narrative of “a man” – one of which caught the delayed 10:19 the following morning from Victoria’s intonation Station.

Other members of the comprehensive cast would keep playing their part. An accomplished Morris dancer. A highly organised plethora of plausible players including two respectable ladies interviewed by a reagent would invoke World War II to give succour to a sort of inferred state of war we’re as good as in. Smiling with Sly’s yellow striped munitions, a Corpolitique Air Force revenge ‘response’ with my payload payback missile; preordained by paedophiles to fuck over Brownskin and Blackmoor preadolescents as it flies out of my staged sun, set to rain down respectable remote terror on my enemy’s childlings, in their name with ‘Love from BuzzBee City’; don’t look back with a yellow-flower bouquet “Come on sing up! You can do better than that!” the encouraging agitator march yells aloud towards my emotionally manipulated war.

And having been given the nod I was so looking forward to ticking almost every Huxley’s Heroes Pavlov Prison box in 30 minutes on BU ND3 tonight combined with pinches of gut-wrenching graphicness, of military-lingo and perfectly invisible online-radicalised terrorists all rounded off nicely with the next generation of Narcisstate’s, of the Corpolitiques conditioning; childlings primed with my brainwashing-programming united in our defiant greatness “It’s disgusting what’s happened”, “Terrorists will never win because we’ve always got each other’s backs”, “All of the people who died didn’t deserve to die”, “Don’t be scared because nothing’s going to happen if [BuzzBee City] sticks together” and “Thanks for helping everyone when they were hurt”. Sign up here son.

Through BuzzBee City blitz-esque narrative I’d give the masses exactly what they wanted with messages of love, of defiance and of unity, to come together against those that would divide us and for good measure – against the backdrop of the Flexagon - now being lit up upon monuments around the world. Some by enablers.
The Unstated Mission of The Mission’s Creep

And now I had what I wanted without overtly stating it; a National State of Emergency. A General Election with armed troops on the streets the paradigm shift significance of which was entirely lost on a complacent, distracted population whose only interest in politics was piqued when I conspired to deliver them into the Nexit bunker I gaslight welded together with agitated anger, hate and fear.

And of course the military didn’t give them more patrols, just bigger armed patrols to further condition-associate the yellow of emergency services mixed-patrol presence with the slow, creeping drip, drip, drip normalisation by seeded 2015 ‘leak’ of Op Angerer to grow into their acquiescent acceptance and planted delivery into my militarised police State.

But some the children’s sarcastic observations that the already, most heavily protected, most heavily surveilled places in Narcisstate were being defended simply for symbolic photo opportunities 200 miles from the seat of the childling carnage would come back to haunt them, as I gave them again - exactly what they wanted – the beginning of turn-key tyranny on their doorsteps as The Party got back on the ‘democratic’ campaign trail, back on the good ship, The SS Strong and Stable.

The distracting rote-ritual repaired by the unseen rudder preparing the new tack with ‘independent’ intelligence feedback analysis, the SS path to put soldiers on the streets, was announced with a pronounced – if you know the amber code - golden halo hue to her Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation studio lit hair.

And the difference between 7/7 and 22/05? No Narcisstate street-soldiers for the former but signed off in a hurried heartbeat for the latter? Not the fear of Muslim terror. Not even the raw-grief emotion of the dead childlings or my manipulated imminent threat.

Not even to backfill decimated police forces but to further the sporting venue Pavlov Pincer recruitment value needed to deflect and protect from my utter full-realisation horror of the internet’s exposure potential with its threat to my order converging with my redundant Neptune’s neo-con renewal con, The Crown and Company’s Five Eyes global Corporate banking scam was underpinned by the spice, upon which The North now-awakened sat on one of the biggest reserves in the world.

All of which were combining, conspiring to expose me for what I have been since forever; the original intergenerational pre-computer programme-writer – the fraudulent Flexagon-led gaslighter extraordinaire in a permanent cyclic State of Karpman driven conscription serving my aristocratic-right to govern by squirrels, smoke and mirrors and determine democracy’s colour through my ever-thinning cloaked-kleptocracy of the Corpolitique.

And it was perfect, the same Army I’d been preparedly decimating would be required to go and support the same police forces – at the police’s own prerogative ‘request’ of course - I’d too been decimating. But with troops deployed recruitment would start to pick up and militarised streets normalised by an already over-stretched demoralised police and Army who I was about to snap to readily turn their guns on insurgents also known as the population and opposition politicians. This would do away with all dissenters whilst filling the overstretched breaking point hospitals and prisons ripe for privatisation.
Surreptitious Subliminal Squirrels

In no time at all the Corppolitique’s face of blind reverence plays the usual blinder leading royal garden respects at with a minute silence dressed in full length yellow vibrancy with two token accentuating blacks, one in hand and one stood alongside with a lapelled red-rose, recently ‘retired’ as a result of a 3am Exercise; a full scale evacuation drill, the Escape Plan for when The North’s nuclear winter summer shit hits the fan.

The acquiescent faithful, conditioned to revere repression and revile progression, applaud her conditioned-drone song, the same song I forever used to kill them all off. Her hat at a subtle hint of permanent State of readiness to lay claim the futures uniformed undead once again in the name of Narcisstate; the BuzzBee Babe memory would be whipped-up, hoovered up, emotionally injected in November remembered alongside the dying-off generational dead of the Cenotaph reinvigorated, brought back to prepubescent life with the new neo-con Iraqi Monument and its new welcoming civilianisation of ‘war dead’ afforded the Last Post; awarded posthumous heroism status as part of the grand recruitment plan.

In the meantime I quite coincidentally re-rolled out the cute Little Red Soldier returning a Guards’ salute with his proud mother dressed in the recruitment colours of happy, humorous heroes whilst yellow wheeler dealers of psychological gain actually deliver disguised disdain to deal in physical Blackshirt pain.

Pop-up popular support purportedly by Muslims for the attack just as liked, shared and suggested pages propose Enoch Powell self-fulfilling prophecies of rivers of blood are promulgated by the Corppolitiques wet-dream; trapped in their emotional false phenomenology – the Palindrome Parrots, passengers being delivered into Kitchener’s Karpman Kleptocracy now by Katie, as she demanded a “final solution”.

Just as I’d altered the language to a more useful narrative; out with ‘lone wolf’ in with “a man”, so too out went compassionate reporting of ‘families of unaccounted victims have been told to expect the worst’, but in with stoic crocodilic-compassion fashion - a new militarised “missing”. In action, I took them back to wars they were about to go a fight again.

And with barely time to take a terrorist breath, by the Londrome Bridge attack; it wouldn’t be the police that confirmed the names of the dead with ‘the families have been informed’, but would now be framed that the families themselves had confirmed to the media the names of their dead.

It was if media and rescue-services protocol guidelines on such matters had somehow frozen in time at the foot of the twisted barricades of The Leppings 96 but the children never questioned it.
Target Rich Environment

Pre-packaged and packed together, I murdered their collective preadolescent memories within my target rich environment *spilling over* with young females drawn by innocence to their singing icon.

The sole blood-bath purpose of which was for emotionalised, traumatised chidling boys, encouraged by their parents who were more inclined to protect me, to join up *with added eventual white feathers; shamed* to adorn my superhero Karpman Army cape and come to lifeless victims fantasy rescue, too late save the damsels in deaths distress but to go and fight for them regardless, to go and murder in their memory by punishing ‘terrorists’.

This was how they would become ‘made men’ within their local communities and schools in the eyes of *local girls*, to be adolescent local *heroes* which I’d been subliminally implanting them with for years but saturated them so in recent months and to fight for their families and their potential *sexmate*, subliminally soaked too through my increasing *humanised-prism* on wildlife programming to lead to *dehumanise themselves* and ‘their enemy’ in a war they were about to go and persecute against *each other* and then the Brownskins in my name.

One of my reagent agitators made no bones about it; enabled by the power I gave her since she crawled out from underneath her fascist calling pulpit-rock she made her own Katie Karpman military-crusade call to arms ‘*WEStern men. These are your wives. Your daughters. Your sons. Stand up. Rise up. Demand action. Do not carry on as normal. Cowed*’. All of which was being enabler encouraged on all forms of media, not least on Social Media where my SeventySeven were posing and posting as yellow and black taboo of ‘Y’ flagged white supremacists and as extremist Muslims purporting support for the attack, Tommy being their upfront man for the scripted stage. I’d have them all murdering each other before long.

He’d go but she’d have to go too. Karpman Katie. She’d served her purpose and was fast becoming an overheated, intoxicated liability. I’d let her have a little more fun behind the scenes following her sacking before having her topped before my civil war summer was out, then blame the enabling liberal left that allowed the Brownskin or Blackamore terrorists to kidnap and behead her.

Although she was just another mass-dissonance sideshow. She would be joined six-foot under by another one of my Party enablers in The North, buried after the riots in full State funeral of course having been shot and stabbed in the street by a white male ‘separatist’, an Indy Party supporter with *mental health issues* – of course.

With the children swimming in a sea of fear and subliminal yellow, they would *beg me, demand*, that I put more troops on the streets but not before my two collateral accomplices were joined by one more to make the perfect 2017 trifecta of politically motivated murders – all females – to drive the mass misogyny-psychosis recruitment messaging whilst getting the peoples consent to crush the saboteurs.

*And my third political patsy?*
Well, if I could do a phenomenal President with a magic bullet and finish a famous Princess off by State-sponsored paparazzi – I could certainly do a faltering Premier. “A dead woman walking” already told her so; the power was becoming too intoxicating for many of the former and current key Caligula cabinet personalities who had personal scores to settle amongst each other.

Addicted to the power of symbolism as I am, the 28th June could be a favoured date for her to be slotted. Perhaps assassinated by Brownskin ‘terrorist’, giving the over reactive, irrational go-ahead to begin to pour troops onto the streets in a declared National State of Emergency.

It’d be part of the slow and steady build to the big one. At first they’d be welcomed by the children with cups of tea and glasses of lemonade but all I was doing was positioning my pieces before I surreptitiously sparked the July Crisis. Sound familiar?

It would be a perfect pre-crisis practice to test the loyalty of my Army and police, if ordered to take aim on revolutionaries without quite firing – yet. All whilst I assessed the digital battlefield and the command and control of leading dissidents before they were rounded up for an ‘interview’ without coffee. This would give me the plausible pretext I needed to position troops on the streets permanently.

However the BuzzBee City lead-in towards the final stretch would be facilitated by additional faux veracity aided by external intelligence sources tracking and feeding into the future film-set of my terrorist’s assets movements I managed by creating an invented spat with Ignoreland intelligence with the release of “dangerous” photographic evidence of the scene into the public domain.

One such picture of which showed the bomb-blasted burnt, torn remnants of a Flexagon-esque flag branding of the Narcisstate to subliminally poke the rattling-sabre stick into the angry bunkerced bee hive whilst gaslighting ‘legitimate’ police and intelligence operatives not privy to the design - not knowing who to trust or where to turn. The joint corporate and State intelligence networks of Narcisstate’s Corpolitique coup d’état, was near completion.

And had they really been paying attention, they would have known the game was afoot when one of my most loyal of Peyote Princes from The North did an about turn from his whipped-up vengeful rhetoric regarding the Paris and Podminster attacks to one of a conciliatory, grown up, “national conversation… and begin instead, a mature debate on what is literally, a matter of life and death”.

But of course it didn’t matter now. It didn’t matter that any amount of an unexpected weird-wave of Corpolitique ‘journalists’ suddenly re-discovering their objectivity, their professional integrity with searching, in-depth, confrontational questioning of evasive Corpolitique politicians. Previous off-message, off-limits topics were now open to my theatrical scrutiny’s ‘challenge’.

It didn’t matter because war’s outcome had already been determined. And so it didn’t matter that their latter-day questions were not driven by politics, by policy nor even by poverty but by personality as some of them emboldened began to publicly humiliate some of the darkest yet expendable Dark Triad agenda architects to also, settle some personal scores.
Charity Recycle

But guess what? Hooked as the minions were, they’d keep themselves strapped into the ride completing their benevolent part in maintaining the cycle of human misery and set themselves the task of paying for the mess I’d profit from with their charity.

All aboard the misery merry-go-round as I milked them for even more donations on screen at the Eurostate Cup Winners Cup Final involving the BuzzBee’s Babes offspring; the football commentary re-injecting indefatigable blitz-spirit defiance in the face of terrorist atrocity into each and every bottom-feeders dwelling.

The football stadium itself, decks bedecked in wavy yellow stripes on black and the big-boy black team banners containing the teams’ crests encapsulated by circular positive golden-yellow conditioning for the watching fans at home and in the stadium to become subliminally captive in Stockholm. What more fitting, symbolic syndrome city setting for a city abused, their babes murdered to terrorise masses?

You see in this manipulated State, unlike rugby, football culture-conditioning flawlessly facilitates the febrile, forever full of fertile fuming fruit ripe for the picking and the battle-pitting, too fast, too furious to proudly adore and adorn my coerced-cloak; the Crown and Company façade brand of my Flexagoned Forces. Live. Die. Repeat. for my Corpolitique.

What they could never quite understand was that each of the ‘cultures’, football and rugby; had each been cultivated for a certain military-societal benefit fit. The separation and segregation that fuelled football drew the angry-foot-soldiers whereas rugby drew the gentleman, the sensible, disciplined drinker-thinkers. Each had their loose role but the truth was they no different; they were simply each locked into their respective phenomenological-reality cauldrons I gave them to mimic, to live up to, just as all children do.

But it was so easy to simply subliminally go gunning for football in all manner terrorist driven smokescreens; as injecting a nearby stadium as a latter Emergency Rendezvous after the baby ambush. Or witness interviewed injection another colourful football connotation of red and blue bravery delivered through Sly’s haze of Hazell-eyed tears.

And all in time for the usual weekend outing military KAPE Tour at football and rugby final stadia; Keeping the Army in the Public Eye for Pavlov positive conditioning recruitment purposes.

And first out of the scripted starting blocks to resume the political campaign; the Narcisstate Independence Party, the useful distraction showing crocodile-concern for peaceful Muslim communities; but that ship had sailed. The Party’s core WES support had already bought into loading them back onto said ships for deportation of misogynist burkha-enforcing, FGM-committing, white girls raping, terrorist Brownskins.

And appealing to just that mindset the Premiers words “Our country and our way of life will always prevail”. Quite. Of course “our” meant ‘me’. And from across the pond an Ignoreland agitator trying add fuel to the Philpot-fire “Unless you want your children taking up a fight that you yourself lack the courage to finish, buck up! Speak out and get not nice”. I had to agree.
The Ex-Ambassador’s Mooted Misgivings - Muted

“If it was a home-made bomb, it was a remarkably powerful one. It would be very unusual for a lone terrorist to make a bomb this powerful. It is hard to think of any incident where an individual acting entirely alone has successfully done that” said he.

But that wasn’t going to be a problem to counter, as my new crop of Brownskin Birmingham Six and Gungadin Guildford Four were in the process of being patsied with the mother-of-all-incestuous-self-proclaimed-validity cover stories being TV trolled out in order to drive home an internet web of home grown terror that would lawfully entitle me to curtail and curfew them all, the WES’s at home, whilst they insisted I go and bomb abroad.

The continued drip, drip, drip of their fearful anguish was vital to keep up the gaslight rollercoaster momentum, to maintain the shock of ‘capture’ during the time and space after the initial 24-72 hour shock-efficacy, after the initial bombardment of their emotionalised senses as I moved towards the full blown soul-destroying coverage of funerals with emphasis being on adolescent caskets – of course.

There would be no emotional let up for the children, no opportunity to take a Section Commanders’ ‘mad-minute’ in the heat of the battle, to gather their thoughts to think logically and make rational sense of the information situation, of their options to readapt a workable battle plan. Of course to do that, they would to have to understand they were in a battle.

And there would certainly be no emotional lull in the military PsyOps information warfare, not even subliminal, as one of Sly’s most erudite Press Division interests gave an almost full-front page splash to an innocent WES childling next to the emblazoned headline ‘[Narcisstate] home to 23,000 jihadists’.

Of course, none of the children would ask, not in numbers anyway, what the fuck I’d been doing for the last 16 military intelligence years?! You see the ‘War on Terror’, like the War on Drugs before and running parallel alongside it, was never meant to be won because it was being entirely run by ‘one’!

No, instead of letting them anywhere near the rollercoasters station exit I’d add to the emotional dissonance of my shell-shocked PoW’s by giving them something ‘positive’ within the realm of terrorist-territory by doing the exact opposite of what they might expect.

As I maintained the shock of capture I’d thwart any opportunity for captive- clarity with the dislocation of expectation by giving them a ‘high’ as I massaged their egos with a suspect package invention in a North council estate, the safe perimeter cordon of which I set up just within a channelled community reach of a stoical diversionary pub for national media consumption of pints of beer.

‘Aren’t the Narcisstish just the greatest?’ I’d tell them. ‘Aren’t we just the best at responding to terrorism despite our longsuffering tolerance of ungrateful home-grown aggressors?’ whom of course I’d Prevent from successfully integrating by hobbling conciliatory progress, turning it into a recruitment tap to drive the State-scripted policy of perpetual division.
Gaslight pretext would be continuously camouflaged as mere media interest in the public’s interests; through ‘reflection’ of the arena event, of ‘remembering’ the victims of how school childlings could be ‘reconciled’ with the truth of terrorism etc. etc. - would be recycled-inserted into their every sense and into their every schooling and sporting occasion.

By the weekend BuzzBee City united to “Do Something” in queued-tattooed stoical sorrow through the hijacked half-marathons’ gaslight lens of the Corpolitique media; of black and yellow fortitude and fitness; worker bee communities coming together running for my corporate cancers charities. High on the emotions of the things I did to them, the feelings I made them feel – I used against them to bleed every last drop of future ammunition to sign up into my recharged gaslight armoury aided by another terrorist attack, this time on Londrome Bridge.
0 to 60 in 48 Hours – “3 Minutes of Nothing” to 8 Minutes of Everything

My Premier now on full-automaton, her droning sound bites by the quayside would be soon forgotten as too traumatised; too conditioned were the children to make sense of the Saturday nights’ script discrepancies on Londrome Bridges’ live soap carnage-market.

All too ready were they to accept the ubiquitous sea of anti-Islamic subliminal storylines contained within the joint Ignoreland and Narcisstate BU IED’s police and crime shows to demonise Brownskins and Blackmoors into being lesser beings, to require them to peer into the darkened alcoves of the News Division programming film set.

And simply too full of horror and fear to question my missing footage amongst a mountain of electronic eyes of the ‘terrorists’ - save their calm, unbloodied walk, bimbling without adrenalin from their multiple mass-machete-stab fest – from the crashed vehicle to their own body-strapped dummy IED demise.

You see just like the Brownskin suicide bomber patsy of the BuzzBee Babes who was merely on his SS handler-led training run, so too were the Dark Triad trio a more advanced player part of the scheme – being handled by the SS. They thought they were ‘we’. They thought they were on my same side to prevent terror. Oh how the look must have been on their unseen “This is for Allah!” faces as they realised last second, their execution role in the plans’ execution.

The Corpolitique information fallout would of course follow the on-going yellow script of heroes now civilian and military “running toward the danger” in the ‘carry on’ regardless Kingdom to the back-drop of stoical ring-a-roses of luminescent fluorescent yellow jacket security and police at the BuzzBee Babes Benefit Concert – my emotional rollercoaster mind-rape of the most impressive proportions – singing themselves a lullaby of don’t look back in anger as I geared them up to march forward with rage.

But not even I could sail so close to the sun with an obvious Yellow, but I could with the colour choice of a feel-good-familiar weeks earlier seen street-busker microphone stand and my yellow spotlight stripes guiding the childlings home to me, to fix them on their way to becoming some unrequested superhero.

But I would veer from the script slightly to incorporate the terrorists within the associated-yellow glow. The terrorists crashed van. The formula was one that lent itself to any form of empowerment outcome where the entire subliminal colour-scheme could vanish in the vastness of ‘sheer coincidence’.

Yet it didn’t easily tire on the yellow painted fenced yard and part-painted building, not “yellow bricked” but façade painted with the static luminescent police van full of the narratives ‘prisoners’.

And in Sly’s online coverage the framed terrorists afforded the same yellow frame as the terrorised. And the fresh filmed set of the Blackmoor-man machete arrest with a well-placed front-garden luminescent yellow bin over his walled shoulder; invisible empowerment.
Introducing - The Klu-Klux Krampas

The “missing” victims of the night-time narrative would once again be dragged out over days with once again, the childling audience dragged in over weeks to re-emotionalise and mobilise my most potent of secret weapons; the children’s childlings themselves.

My childling pretext injection designed to introduce into schools — my WES childlings to Brownskin and Blackmoor Islamic terror; to begin to gaze their eyes suspiciously, superiorly upon an emasculate religion and ‘justly’ ashamed non-white ‘races’, to then look again, accusingly, expectedly for the same Brownskins and Blackmoors to go and murder their brothers in my Gold Crusade alongside my emasculated WES slaves, not realising that both sets were brothers in manipulated arms.

Fresh full of yellow Pavlov Pincer prepubescent cannon fodder, the millions of minion childling boys were about to be coerce condition channelled to my new ‘private interest’ school and childling care-home ‘counsellors’.

These were my experts who had a hand in all manner of adolescent mental health with acting avenues into their young, impressionable, malleable minds that had already been recruiting but would enrich the human capital flows by subliminal syllabus-requirement, duty of care, to talk of terrors reach into classrooms camouflaged as responsible childling mind-trauma treatment.

The Klu-Klux Krampas would plant and reinforce the TV truth programming seeds of “misogynist” driven guilt, not just because Sophie said so on Sunday but because the subliminal before blatant coward, white-feather messaging would be that their only ‘self-respecting’, ‘self-actualising and purposeful’ reactive route to their Pre-Crime redemption that might get them the girl, was to become a peer-pressured Huxley hero.

The childling males would all be brainwashed-shamed into being a moving-part of my vengeful victimhood, my perfect-prison on my island military machine with their only useful purpose; to spill their blood and guts to grease my wheels of war, just as I’d done to the children of The North 300 years ago.

Just as I’d done to the children of North, South West and Corner, of all of Narcisstate since their growing demand for mass-plebiscite democracy and education post WWI but conditioned “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori – It is sweet and honourable to die for one’s country” without knowing Owen’s true context for his anti-war messages or knowing who their true Company masters were and who like Victoria, gave off a toxic inspiration for his peace-searching poems.
Stink Pit Funeral Pyre

“The very concept of objective truth is fading out of the world. Lies will pass into history”. – George Orwell (1903-1950)

Just a few short days after my engineered on-going operation in mass-delivered dissonance through stink-pit policy riddled Party snap-election result, to result to rely on one of my own manufactured proxy parties from North Ossian, I would be preparing my pivot ground option to hand the mother of all stink-pit political hospital-passes to Sandlebeard; the route and submarine door left open in time for my history to record his leadership and socialist liberal-leftie position when I triggered Op Fukuglaschu. But not before I kept up the terror on the children that would deliver the Dark Triad design...

In scenes reminiscent of the Ignoreland Twin Tower attack, the West Londrome high-rise newly refurbished flats – minus the recommended report sprinklers that I suppressed - would be primed to go down in a highly improbable blaze made of internal and external mass-accelerant fired-up for mass-dissonance and rise-up division; aided of course by a number of reagents and actors who “left the house – flat!” and the very curious “This is the picture I’m painting” for the greater good.

But unlike my previous terrorists attacks my terrorist media ‘missing’ for the first 24 hours were the business as usual “unaccounted for” and for whose tally I would manage until I’d capitalised on all things that united Narcisstate; The last of the Lions and the glorious 12th for furious pride-laden emotional slingshot, with added spice with a fix draw football match just to short-term energise ‘unity’ after my second manipulated July Crisis.

It would be implausible to create a new Fire of Londrome across the city, so my stink pit ‘Stay Put Policy’ ensured the funeral-pyre body-count would stack up vertically to the highest floor with the pretext sacrificial signposting leading to the local authority linked to the private corporate profit concerns.

But it would be the inanimate buildings that take the wrath as I kept stirring the simmering pot of the masses in preparation to be stink-pit put down – during which many a Muslim and other signposted minorities – including The North - would be massacred, egged on by my SS Social Media agitators who would play the parts of all sides of xenophobic extremism.

The Pilgrim was quite right because just like my extended Clearances of The North – The Poor Had No Lawyers. The law was mine and mine alone to determine and to deliver upon the children.

With expert theatre of journalistic integrity, of reporting responsibly, of being careful not to encourage conjecture, I serially sow the speculation spectre of the omnipresent early-morning script regardless to inject and complete the simplistic repetitive-propaganda sources of the Dark Triad Fire Triangle.

The ‘compensatory’ cladding concern turning aesthetically pleasing for the rich man’s block opposite and an exploding fourth-floor fridge, uh-huh, of inaccessible fire engine routes and a muted alarm with which I’d already given the watching, horrified children and childlings all they needed to know with the seeds of my TV ‘truth’.

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It was just as they each ‘believed’ themselves to be in the presence of their benevolent, kind, charitable Narcisstate and not a perennial corporate war machine; of their enduring fortitude force for good, led by their heart-felt Flexagon and not a fascist-victimhood State; and of course, of their increasing impatience under sustained attacks from murderous Muslim hoards and not a false-flag religious-war race to maintain my perpetual grip on my spice.

Their ‘reality’ was mine to give them; cleverly, deviously created by my persistent post-World War II conditioning and phenomenological programming from primary school to parenthood. My obedient children would already be selectively angry and ripe for deflection. From keyboard to kerbside, I’d make them angrier. I had no choice.

But of course the real ‘cause’ – for my greater good - would not simply be lost in the inevitability of the advanced recycling-collapse in heap of hades rubble but forever a footnote after the horror of The North’s River City radioactive stink-pit pollution to maintain the hive-mind-pollution on my march to the Middle East.

Hive-mind pollution, like my intermittently-recycled Pol Pott pollution, would see hundreds, perhaps thousands of young childlings wishing to escape the Projects and prospects of their own high-rise furnace funeral pyre hell – join my fascist military State.

All of which subliminally seeded in black and yellow heroism with whom my Premier, ignoring the multicolour multicultural residents, would take her subliminal-association photo opportunity with the heroes.

Her reticence to meet the plebs I use to amplify the reverence of the Corpolitique face of blind subservient-worship, walking amongst the walking dead to claim their anguished-dissonance and dead, dressed, decked-out in the principle Party blue’s new colour the heroically departed, Iraqistan, the PC Patsy now bestowed a posthumous birthday trifle for the greater good, the high-rise flats Fire of Londrome and soon River City’s Hellslane ‘Heroes’, all in this together, stoically resolute, united, in the face of adversity covering for my murderous contempt.

And whilst my embers still burnt, one of my most brilliantly revered reagents began the recycling of the format; Victoria’s visual and audio emphasis on “boys” and “girls”, of my racial and cultural diversity diversion showing pictures now of “missing” mainly of Brownskins and Blackmoors; of charity, of how great Narcisstish people are coming together, united – spoken by a Brownskin male.

His childlings would pay dearly for his words whilst she expertly Trojan Champion teases out the socioeconomical injustices; of the conflicting accounts of the source and timings of the fires simmering the angry dissonance aided by subsequent slow planned drip feed of the high-rise corpses.

Her who helped me sleep at night was another one on the right track but she had the wrong cryptic-key setting of “150” whereas the correct crypto-code – 527 - would have explained the true clue to the customarily sensationalist media’s muted reporting of the death toll.
Because the very essence of a fascist State could simply rely on two of my most tried and tested base ingredients needed to create the third; the toxic stew of militarised victimhood built on the emotion of dead uniforms and dead childlings, whom combined would create the wrought emotion required for me to invoke irrational anger amongst all the children – principally tapping into the WES children’s rage – whilst keeping them all separated from their logical minds but with their minds-eye focussed, unswervingly, directed toward and unleashed upon each other.

It would be achieved with year upon years of uniformed dead. I showed the TV children what they yearned for; the Flexagon emblazoned coffins of the intergenerational, cyclically-ceremoniously spewed religious remnants of Empire.

Only now I spat them out the back of my high-flying Hercules into the back of their pre-booked hackney cabs called Hearse for single file flowers. And they wanted more. And I gave them more. But then more became too much and the previous joint Flexagoned Hercules-Hearse procession which had worked so well, began to fulcrum tip over to work against me...

For the conflicted military Bearer Party, before placing their brethren so carefully in the hole in front of the watching, inconsolable family; with their life’s being, being delivered into the livings final resting pit – they, the Bearer Party - anticipate the heaviness of a heavy-load dead weight. But it’s abominably light; a vacuum of void. The coffin weighs no more than the universal mass of despair; of depression.

The vessel carries Schrödinger’s gift to bereavement, to loss, to grief stacked within and piled upon the burden of their loved individual’s untimely death that should rightfully be witnessed, be felt forever by the whole of humanity; but it isn’t.

Its only felt in the futility of nothingness; unforgivingly, relentlessly absorbed by the insatiable black-dog mass of everything but neither can let go of the other, until it’s hosts wants, recognises, there can be, there needs to be - another way.

And for one Bearer, it begins to come home; a life, a soul snuffed out for another’s purpose – is abuse. The rest of him; both the carried and the carrying of the coffin in this transitory life is spread somewhere over a far-off battlefield in which futures futility will be fought over and over again to repeat the cycle of profitable nothingness. Unless the children grew up.

But until then I had them hooked; row-upon-row-recruitment-row, my junkie recycled regurgitation or my Podminster Patsy PC dispatched by, then cloaked in my principle Party blue and the now all but forgotten BuzzBee Babes who’d only gone and done a disappearing trick - media invisible; because their duty to me – for now - was done.

Their lethal, concerted, orchestrated soap-plot-place in the script had been served to keep up the mass-dissonance. But they were last month’s yesteryear because there was a new dead childling in the block who was stage-set to replace and to serve out their full true intended purpose; preparing to bring Narcisstate to the high-rise boil - but not too soon - or I might singe myself!

The Dark Triad’s funeral pyre would turn all the children murderous - on each other - all across their ‘country’ in my manipulated contemporary July Crisis; my radioactive injection would inoculate me against the persistent sickness I called ‘The North’.
**Sacrifice The Summer - Operation Fukuglaschu**

“Short shrift is made of the Jews in all eastern occupied areas. Tens of thousands of them liquidated”.  
- Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

**These things happen right?**

Inspired by Fukushima, and heartened by Japan’s general ability to contain the information outflow (far less than contain the radioactive spill outflow into the Pacific) and even more encouraged by its ability to maintain and divert existing industry infrastructures needed to maintain a functioning government and society – all in the face of existing *socioeconomic* hardship, I was able formulate my July Crisis with Op Fukuglaschu, the pronunciation of which was entirely open to the individuals level of contemptuous humour.

It was a simple enough concept really. Chernobyl was for many etched on the psyche of all nuclear powered countries but thanks to my propaganda I’d always painted this as an impossibility within Narcisstate as we were far more technologically, socially and economically ‘advanced’. I didn’t realise it at first but when the Fukushima catastrophe occurred, it would present me with the perfect ‘recurrent’ occurrence *opportunity* and *cover* as an actual ‘tragic’ *reality*, very recently etched on the worlds psyche. *These things happen right?* Even to one of the most technologically and socially advanced countries on the planet, Japan, right…?

...Like to a technologically and socially advanced country - ooh say like – *Narcisstate*?

The North’s first independence referendum was supposed to shut them down for at least another generation during which time, I’d have continued to condition and contain them with the Corpolitique media, as I had done with generations before, *after* I’d moved the goalposts for their first-ever referendum.

So successful was I even before the pre-Corpolitique era with my enablers in charge of their education, *most of them never knew* their first referendum *had ever taken place* or how I decided they’d lose it! But this time they just wouldn’t back down. They got democratically stronger. Far too strong by far and it was only a matter of time before they escaped my grip. I wouldn’t allow that to happen.

But there were three key reasons I was keeping them. First, they were one of the richest and diverse GDP economies on the planet, which even without their £1.5 trillion reserves abundance of spice, *my spice*, they would present a socio-political and socioeconomic competition that would *expose me* for having *deprived the whole of Narcisstate* and show all the children what it could always have been before they needed foodbanks. That in itself would be the end of me.

Second, and most importantly it was the guarantee of the continued flow of spice, which underpinned Narcisstates near £2 trillion debt servicing and ‘reset’ repayment. Without it, Narcisstate’s economy would become a basket case overnight. That too would be the end of me.

And third, I owned them – plain and simple. I owned them and their institutions all of which would come back under my control to tender as a requirement of post-Nexit ‘Common Narcisstate
Frameworks’. They only way they would ever get to leave me would be in a fucking coffin the size of their ‘country’!

It was paramount that for my world to live; theirs had to die and so in order to guarantee the future of me, I would have to ensure the end of them. Without sacrifice, there could be no victory and within three short years, I would transform River City from the centre of the 2014 Commonwealth’s summer sun universe to a century long nuclear winter starting in the height of summer in July 2017; a radioactive leper colony outpost if you will.

Which was why through the Corpolitique media, I had to get Narcisstate, one way or another, believing that they were on the verge of ‘pseudo-revolt’ needing more protection from terrorism and begging me to curtail their freedoms to keep them ‘safe’.

Which would all dovetail neatly in preparation, for my penultimate ace to play – by Ignoreland - that would justify my imposition of military martial law when the actual revolt inevitably came. However I’d have the overwhelming majority of the children convinced, compliant and loyal that they were on the side of the ‘law’.

Deflective Chatter

And the Op Fukuglaschu strategy was simple;

I’d increase the general nuclear threat chatter, making sure continuous coverage was given to how only strong leadership could deliver a first strike capability; in essence weaponising willingness to murder millions as a show of strength. My faaackin’ nuke ‘em’ nation in their superior ignorance, lapped it up!

I had no intention of a conventional first strike course but it would reinforce the children’s conditioned existence that they needed me and therefore needed my, their, nuclear capability and threats of Apocalypse to feel ‘safe’ and protected. I’d ensure reasonably regular Corpolitique media ‘leaks’ of Narcisstate nuclear submarine leaks or accidents, even wayward malfunctioning missiles, got into the public domain.

Even that one who tried to expose my lack of nuclear base security, would come in handy. As would body roadblocks and mechanical breakdowns of nuclear convoys would be exposed by anti-nuclear campaign groups on social media which would all make their way into the Corpolitique slipstream to fuel media veracity and fear. This would come over as media expose’s doing what an effective free media is supposed to do but which was actually playing the children like a fiddle, in plausible denial preparation for the impending discord tune.

Decade’s old regurgitated news of an atom bomb test drop on one of The North’s remote islands but rain stopped play, drip fed back into play. Plans for one of my nuclear submarines found in a West charity shop. A TV series recently commissioned, rolled out again regarding Narcisstates Nuclear Secrets to ‘expose’ and drip-reinforce the fragility of human frailties of unthinking overambitious radioactive costs, broadcast again on Narcisstate Broadcasting Corporation.
Social Media Division imitating anonymous anti-establishment groups, via their proxy page platforms; Benchmark 6 perhaps – who knows? The Pacific coasts costs and marine-life horrors of Fukushima.

A drip, drip, drip of atomic related material; a random appearance by Reiko and Midori, two Japanese tourists, survivors of Hiroshima visiting The North, headlined on The North BU ND1 and appearing in full on BU IED2’s Timeline with dose of atomic radiation, explosion and evacuation thrown into the conversation mix. Generic MOID Police cuts framed as ‘Nuclear police’ cuts could be ‘catastrophic’. Atomic blonde for good nostalgic measure. Symbolism.

“We Are Where We Are”

The Fukuglaschu picture would be led into The North’s anticipatory psyche with old online articles first fed in 2013 then bled back into the social media ether reposted by the unsuspecting children ‘Nuclear Weapons: an accident waiting to happen... In July 1956 a plane crashed in [Suffer-folk] nearly detonating an atomic bomb. In January 1987, an RAF truck carrying hydrogen bombs skidded off a road in [Willed-shire]. Other near misses remain top secret. Who is really at risk from [Narcisstates] nuclear weapons?’ It could happen anywhere right? And so it would.

The contamination seed could also be aided by allowing a corporate misdeed to make the news as a useful subliminal pretext of sewage contaminated waterways; Londrome Water being fined £20 million for contaminating its mighty river with untreated excrement due to “systematic poor maintenance....shocking and shameful – a catalogue of misery.... A failure waiting to happen” all of which would sink into their psyche on the same day they dismissed it, too hypnotised by my manipulated horror as they soaked up the verbal and visual kaleidoscope of colours, mainly yellow of course, during the same day as my bunkering and recruitment operation disguised as reinforced and oft repeated “Attack on our democracy!”, false-flag got underway on Podminster Bridge. And no one sacked from the water authority of course, just the usual ‘apology’ and ‘We are where we are, we may as well move on’.
You’re History – Again.

“Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past”.

George Orwell (1903-1950)

What they couldn’t grasp was that all my recent ‘Narcisstitification’ of swathes of programming, of BU ND, IED, CAD and Film Division outputs saturated with Flexagon product placement to match the supermarket shelves and in the windows of the high-street to reflect the high-end conveyor belt productions of wartime nostalgia Blitz-spirit films - weren’t simply just my ruling Narcisstate elite *saturating their senses* with Narcisstitish-ness under the guise of ‘commemorating’ the ‘Great War’; it was all my highly organised *corporate coffin* for The North. And just as the children and childlings of *today* gleaned most of their ‘knowledge’ of World War II through the prism of heroic-failure and fortitude *film entertainment*; I was in the process of filming the *future history* for my future’s children and unborn childlings, which would all but wipe out The North’s identity and make their remnants *grateful to me* for coming to their rescue as a *united Narcisstate*.

*My official history* would record on NBC politics newsreel “where you could look at [The North’s] referendum, where at the time it certainly wasn’t in our best interests to have [The North] in [Narcisstate] but we still wanted to do that”.

*Official history* would record that austerity had ended.

*Official history* would record my *increase* The North referendum vote share to *stay in Narcisstate* to raise from 55% to somewhere creeping up to 60%.

*Official history* would record another selective 60% statistic of those in The North against another referendum; that would become repeated and *recycled*, repeated and *regurgitated*, repeated and *reinforced* to become ‘truth’ by my a chief political branch enabler, my ruthless-rape-clause disciple.

*Official history* would also *recycle, regurgitate and reinforce* record my same principle Party enabler in The North – the crowned ‘*winner*’ of the Snap Election - sitting in the Cabinet Meeting with my Premier.

*Official history* would record a negligible blip in Narcisstate’s unity, having rubbed out the Indy Party’s 22 seat majority over their nearest numeric rivals; all reference and relevance as having ‘*lost*’ the Snap Election.

*Official history* would record The North’s Chief Krankie to be but a minor, *irrelevance*, a relegated footnote as would be The Greens; omitted by my a Peyote Prince reagent reporter.

And through my repressive omission, through my redact-reporting I would understate and make marginal in my media, The North’s 24-19 win over the *rugby colossus* Oznatraz – *in Oznatraz* – with their progression to 4th spot in Global Rugby’s Official Rankings *unstated, untaught* and even more invisible than their current ‘*history*’ - as I marched by media goose-stepping forward - *into their history*.

*In short, I was already programming the programming of Narcisstate’s ‘official history’* for the as yet unborn.
Threat Opportunities

“Crisis is the path to happiness. Decay and disintegration do not spell doom but ascent and beginning. The powerful forces of a new creation operate in the hush beyond the noise of day”. - Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945) Nazi Party Propagandist

No one could, as I could, turn continuous arrogance and failures laden with constant threats into opportunities. A recent release of Ignoreland government Top Secret information regarding a crash of nuclear submarines between 1970’s superpowers in the Holyloch; the cancerous remnants of which were poisoning the local populous – now an option to weaponise in one fell swoop.

A previously grounded a submarine just off one of The North’s islands – well - these things happen right? All of it to drip-feed and soak back into their ready to accept the ‘plausible story’ psyche of a radioactive ‘accident’. You see? One must look for the good in every situation.

It wasn’t the first time I’d done something like this. In the past one hand of The Company had given smallpox blankets to North American Native Indians and cholera epidemic too, made a useful bedfellow. It took River City some time to get over that one!

Population cull-control and indeed depopulation of profitable outposts was essential for lean economics and mitigating numerical ‘pushback’ helped by starvation, my staple diet tool of enforced trade and suppression over indigenous peoples over millennia.

Though today, I had to be far more careful about such matters. I’d considered carrying out a terrorist attack on one of my nuclear convoy transporting warheads but that would have been far too exposed to risk of failure.

A catastrophic sabotage of the onshore spice facilities had also been considered to require my ‘helpful intervention’ however the returns would have been too finite and again as would the risk of disclosure. So I’d decided do it where there’d be no prying eyes and minimal risk of Operational disclosure would be managed by the Corpolitique from initiation to ‘completion’ – under water.

Perhaps a sacrificial crew on board one of the now obsolete Neptune ‘V’ Class submarines; an explosion as a result of faulty or even hacked computer software Operating System, similar to the one I so I embedded into the plebs psyche with publicly trumpeted attack the Narcisstate Health Service.

Or a clumsily placed container, I’d create the limited spill accident in the mouth of the River City estuary which I’d tide-time to carry radioactive waters into and through the heart of it, making it a Magnox soup largely uninhabitable for 50 to a hundred years, by which time the spice reserves there would be ready to exploit and flowing in tandem with the by then, diminishing new finds off the west Shetlan.

The Ossian Sea would receive an unhealthy Sieverts dose of radiation lasting generations up and down the west coast of Narcisstate. But it was miles away from Ignoreland and anywhere ‘offshore’ so what the hell did we care?!
Liver Bird City, the inhabitants of which I demonstrated and still held in utter contempt and West would be affected but it was an easy sacrifice to make, considering South Ossian who I fucking despised and particularly my Narcisstate plantation province in North Ossian now expendable, served out their surplus to requirement would too - get an unhealthy dose of the radioactive isotope drift waters for the entire intergenerational duration.

I was about to cut them adrift anyway to re-join their kin who would now pay for them, in more ways than they could imagine, their only past purpose now outlived its usefulness; to keep up religious division to maintain the illusion of a united Narcisstate and keep my wealth hiding dominions around the world, cloaked on Commonwealth as the remnants of the joint venture between Crown and Company called ‘Empire’ - was falling apart.

Crucial to the plan were my assured enablers in and from The North, who were of them but entirely out for themselves and in doing so, entirely out for me; one lambasting baby boxes whilst lauding the rape clause. Another, telling her followers to vote for me. And the Premiers new appointee to the Environmental Last Post he was fully in on the scheme and had the right accent to distract and diminish the ‘conspiracy theorist’ Indy’s during the ethnic cleansing carnage.

Many opponents thought they were just blindly loyal to Narcisstate and the Flexagon because even my enablers could see the socio-political and economic damage I’d caused domestically and abroad. Some were blindly loyal but others, visibly beginning to panic, needed their darkest secrets I knew of, indeed that I tempted them with, to remain secret.

Many simply thought they must have had more hatred for the Indy’s for taking their power after having had it so long in The North. But it wasn’t that simple of course.

With the exception of my chosen few, most of my political and reagent enablers didn’t know the details or the scale of my impending ‘accident’ catastrophe plan; all they knew, all I assured them with, was that Narcisstate would prevail regardless of the democratic challenges. That was enough to keep them all on message; that they would be on the side of the victory regardless, with their ermine cloaks solid and certain.

Options to pivot upon flow through a narcissists veins and so I’d also thought about initiating the Operation after a second referendum. I could keep up the pretence of democracy which would of course leave the overwhelming majority of my enablers who weren’t privy to the Op Fukuglaschu details, entirely perplexed after The North ‘won’ its ‘independence’, leaving them thinking their little dark and dirty secrets would come out and their Podminster ambitions laid in ruins. Not so.

Because after a heated and occasionally ugly independence referendum, I could pat the ‘winners’ on their backs with a sharpened blade whilst proclaiming “The will of The North’s people must prevail! Democracy has spoken”.

I could talk of healing negotiations in the spirit of kinship and promote unity not as Narcisstate but as an island filled with friends and neighbours with a long and shared cultural history. Blah, blah, blah. Then I’d have done it. But even I realised that would raise too many accusatory eyebrows from around the world, from the Eurostate Cooperative in particular.
Surreal Symbolism

So I’d decided to stick to the tried and tested plan; after the celebrity death-match *amplified autumn* and nostalgically-mesmerized winter through to the jingoistic yellow saturated Spring in a la-la land I would carry them into a sullied sacrificial Summer of atrocities preceded with Dark Triad entertainment cryptic-clue pronouncements.

Such as BuzzBee’s bombed Babes in Westchester and the mapped omission of The North and River City’s *Apocalypse* visited on them with a post-title ‘*Weapon X*’ timed for 103rd anniversary of the 1914 July Crisis - 527 – contained the contamination brief of the roots of the Company’s code, it’s carrier earlier freed from its prison and unplugged to run out into the winter.

Hypnotise The Summer

Unity which would my array of distractive Film Division doing ‘*Its bit*’ with all manner of Narcisstate nostalgia, feelgood greatness to rewrite history before its happened. And by the following winter I’d rub their suicidal noses, this ‘ex’-people would be lost in their unfolding terror of the *radioactive release* would be the *film release*.

What more powerful, hidden *symbolic* way could there be to announce the arrival of Empire 2.0, than from the seat of my murderous Jewel in the Crown of Narcisstate’s first Empire? The planet is not only for mortals, it’s for living Gods too; *the Dark Triad masters of the universe, the who’s who of the secretive IFISS* – the Institute for Fiscally Indentured Servitude Studies, my global-democracy corporate coup backers who collectively needed The North’s spice and with it, it’s identity and Narcisstate’s democracy to hide from justice and continue my global-financial corruption and with it, my rightful, entitled position as war-watching demagogues.

The 21st Century Central Belt Clearances

If The North felt sorry for themselves after my ethnic cleansing of their Highlanders which I did too in Flanders Fields and on the beaches of northern France, they were about to go into apoplectic atomic meltdown - literally. They would be ethnically cleared from The North itself via its Central Belt. And it can’t really be an act aggression if you *already own* someone right?

You see I’d made them a purpose-built bunker over the course of 300 years at an address called *10 Cloverfield Lane* making sure they barely existed *inside* Narcisstate. I shut them off, belittled them, threatened them, exhausted their confidence just as I was doing with the white childling males and Muslims and made them scared of their own reflection, too ashamed, too afraid to leave my psychological prison, ‘safer’ with me as I silenced their voice and isolated them smacked-down from the world. *Programmed inferior from birth, they were about to be programmed out of existence.*
What Goes On Behind Closed Doors...

“We see what we want to see. But just because you’re not looking at something, doesn’t mean it’s not there”. – Adolf Hitler

Because if no-one knows what I did and do quietly, to my partner, to my children who all belong to me - all behind closed submarine doors - then it was like any form of domestic abuse; if no-one sees it and no-one can hear it, or even wants to hear it – then it simply didn’t happen; just like male victims of domestic abuse – simply ‘didn’t happen’. And besides, you’d have to be a paranoid, tin-foil hat wearing conspiracy theorist to accuse someone of that right? “Who is going to believe you over me?” I’d not ask but tell them. It was beautiful.

I’d only ever allowed The North to be seen and heard through a parody-prism of me and ultimately, after the dirty atomic ‘tragedy’ I would of course in true Dark Triad trait, narcissistic state, behave like the victim expecting Narcisstate to all pull together and for all the world to come to my conditional arms-length aid.

Especially if I went with the tragically lost submarine crew option, we all know how we admire dead uniforms painted principle Party blue and their exponential potential to recruit even more. You see victimhood is vital for any abusive partner to flourish, whether an individual or a neighbouring country ‘partner’ moving ever closer to becoming, no, revealing its fascist state face.

My short sharp one-sided Civil War would ensue throughout Narcisstate but my chess pieces, including random ship-container ‘safe-house’ armouries painted an array of patterns throughout some cities were well positioned for the final slap-down.

My highly successful false-flag ‘attack’ on ‘our democracy’ at Podminster, on BuzzBees Babes, on Londrome Bridge and the angered-hive-mind-dissonance I delivered in the vertical Fire of Londrome with years of preceding subliminal programming of the minions, of the masses, would succeed in breeding a refreshed jingoistic physical Army made of armed police and soldiers ready for the dance of a fight and a cyber-Army made mainly of my weird sisters – it would be all too easy.

The resulting economic devastation would be felt across the whole of Narcisstate but mainly of course in The North. It’s entire main populous throughout the Central Belt would be economically devastated but the land-locked lochs could still be irrigated to carry uncontaminated water, first to North then, Mid and South, just as would uncontaminated Abbadeen and Grangegate the already established access hubs of Narcisstate’s the current spice inflows, my spice inflows.

They would carry on largely unaffected aided by the current means of pilfering The North’s hidden spice-wealth to end up as ‘dark money’ having been directly landed by mariners Behemoth spice-tankers that didn’t even need to dock to unload the black gold spice into my vested-corporate interest port refineries abroad.

Oh and being devastatingly brilliant at what I do, and having already placed my partnership interests in Grangegate, with a contaminated River City cleared and ever eastward clearing - there would minimal resistance to my armed police whilst my corporates fracked the fuck out of the richest seam-source deposits of fossil fuel throughout the whole of The North – across the entire Central Belt.
Your History

Just as life for Japan after Fukushima continued *largely unaffected*, after 18,000 of its inhabitants died, so too would life continue with a fraction of the deaths, say about 10,000 - initially - for Narcisstate after the reported tragedy of ‘Hellslane’s Nuclear Shame’ brought about by the submarine ‘accident’.

And I if I went for the container accident option, I wouldn’t have to take full responsibility for that either having outsourced and distanced myself from the blame deflected to one of my... ahem... *private concerns* who would engineer strike action and blame the unions with the full backing of the Corpolitique media. It’d be like The Leppings 96 revisited and who by the way, I was also in the process of wiping from history.

Either way my pre-planned pretexts were designed to absolve myself of domestic and international culpability and having declared a National Emergency I’d *leave the Eurostate Cooperative prior to completion of the negotiations* without a trade deal per se but with them having forgiven the £60 billion I owed and with ‘special’ agreement for the *Company* HQ aka The City of Londrome *Banks* to passport finances in my sickly, sickened State, just until I got back on my feet of course. Which I never would of course – it’s just not in my DNA.

And having instructed my council level enablers across The North to hobble the inner city areas by withholding and squirreling away funding - with the pretext to make the *Indy Party look bad* – but actually to drive poverty and childlings to the Army, especially in River City whose £1.5 billion ‘underspend’ sat dormant – I’d use *that money* to redistribute the population across Narcisstate.

They would pay for their own ethnic clearance. *Again. Just as they did after I ‘helped them’ indebted to me by helping hobble their private enterprise called Darien. They were simply no match for me; I saw them coming.*

With their confidence and economies shattered again and their biggest city a radioactive ghost town, all that would remain in The North were those worker bees whose livelihoods were invested in the fracking spoils and the spice industry up and down the East coast, from which side of The North I’d also build the tidal wave projects to provide the Eurostate Cooperative with up to 25% of its electricity, which they would fall over each other as they all began to decommission their nuclear power stations.

There’s nothing like a good nuclear related catastrophe in the neighbourhood to put the frighteners on a nearby nation! Unlike my own new nuclear power stations that I’d proceed with of course, not simply because I knew the true cause of the Hellslane disaster but because China might take umbrage. And I couldn’t go upsetting a power greater than me.

*Why do you think I handed over Hong Kong so graciously? Respect for them? For a treaty? Don’t be naïve. It simply doesn’t do to pick a fight with someone far more powerful. And so I’d simply proceed with Hickey and Sellasoul and other nuclear power-plant projects saying ‘Too much money had been spent to turn back now’. You know, a bit like ‘Too many soldiers have died to turn back now’*. Works every time.
And Hong Kong, cracking venue for Wee Rugby and far better than Welly in Zealandia with its poor crowd attendance, which was the reason I gave River City for withdrawing them as a host venue, the cover for Indentured Servitude Banking Corporation who ran with Wee Rugby to take pre-emptive action to suit its own agenda without being affected. I mean, it couldn’t well be played in an up and coming toxic soup now could it?

But of course sport is a wonderful emotionally laden vehicle to bring people together – when it suits my agenda – and having had ‘Globe Rugby’ leak my pretext-planted seed leading to the loss of The North and of Wests’ Wee Rugby teams, for them to be ‘re-absorbed’ into a permanent Team Narcisstate set up, they would be only too grateful for the somewhat ‘prescient’, gaslit opportunity to play for Narcisstate’s Wee Rugby - as well as continue playing for The Narcisstate & Ossian Lions.

You’re welcome.
Groundhog Day Groundwork

For the millions from The North, their homes near worthless and livelihoods now scotched (see - I told you I had a sense of humour!) and displaced by my ultimate, silent watery night-time continuation of my scorched earth policy, they would just have to do what their ancestors did – work for me, fuck off or die.

And die slowly over generations caused by the River City cancers and birth defects all of which, if they couldn’t afford it, would come out of their own private pocket. How’s that for a Final Solution?!

Yes, yes, there would be howls of protest, sporadic riots borne of accusations of deliberate intent but all would be swatted away by the Corpolitique with pitiful pats to the children’s wailing broken heads.

They were understandably wrought with raw emotion, not making sense as they spoke of conspiracy. “There, there, there” and “I’m the victim in this too you know!” I’d tell them, as I wrapped my gripping arm around them and smashed their irksome, rebellious nature with my loving fist for the last and final time ‘THIS TIME’.

And with my ‘Narcisstification’ – my jingoistic drives of overt product placement of The Flexagon and a million faux TV titles and radio references with ‘Narcisstate’ and ‘Narcisstish’ in them, combined with the subtle and subliminal overstated musical, family and wartime future Summer of love nostalgia hypnosis, the overwhelming majority of the children would fall into line “and pull together as a united Narcisstate”. What they failed to understand that this was my groundwork being laid to wipe them and their identity from history as I’d so very nearly succeeded in doing before.

Nuclear Deterrent ‘Rope-A-Dope’

And despite my previous political theatre to pretend to proceed with a £200 billion spend on Neptune which I knew to be militarily-technologically redundant due to the imminent submersible-drone search and destroy capabilities and geopolitically-strategically obsolete, I’d show remorse contrition by not renewing Neptune and become a ‘leading voice’ for nuclear disarmament whilst ‘graciously accepting’ my loss of my permanent veto seat in the Global Nation States Council. Which of course I never had any intention of doing in actual practice as Ignoreland would continue to provide a future MAD nuclear ‘umbrella’ of sorts for the Five representative Eyes of Narcisstate.

The July Crisis – 1914 to 2017

But to retain my joint Entitled Alpha status with them in the absence of nukes, it was so much more fundamentally crucial to have my own ground force capability. This was why a far cheaper and even more expendable Army restored, made up of a hundred thousand patriotic ‘pals’ seen through a prism of the Great War, hearing only my tunes patriotic tunes of yesteryear through echoes of Flexagon White Cliffs Vera, and war-fim willing marching to their imminent deaths wearing their Pavlov Pincer conscripted boots made entirely of my manipulated ‘defensive’ national emergencies that echoed The July Crisis of just over a hundred years ago. In a few short years, they would be my Army of aggression ready to deploy from the training ground to the rich desert spice grounds anywhere around the world.
Gaslighting Gilligan ©

Five Eyes

You see, without this Army, my Army, I’d be nothing filled with global mediocrity. This was why I’d made Narcisstate, as one of the WES ‘Five Eyes’ to become combined, together the undisclosed fully-fledged members of Ignoreland. We willingly, each; Narcisstate, Canadelysium, Oznatraz and Zealandia were the collective furtive 51st State in a joint venture of once again, a Crown and Company. 

Their populations, my future Armies would be dragged to heel in the process. However I was the only one trapped in a treaty, bound, shackled to the Eurostate Cooperative by trade and human rights and so a cordial corporate and State intelligence coup of democracy through my media manipulation did the job. One has to be realistic if one wishes to maintain ones position in the world and Ignoreland, as were all of the Five Eyes, made of my conquest loins; Empire 2.0.

Once 2.0 was established in Narcisstate, the Eurostate Cooperative would begin to fracture beginning with the concentration of force being just over the Channel of the only other Eurostate nuclear power.

And The Ossian, having fought for over a hundred years to free themselves of me, well they needn’t have been so confident of their ‘victory’ as they were showing signs too of having been infiltrated by my Corpolitique.

Those who knew their history of oppression from within and from out with their own borders would all just be need to be nudged, ‘guided’ to the socio-political right, under my long-planned proxy parties and media control, as I positioned my deflected pieces into their respective Parliamentary leadership positions in the guise of being marginally more opposed to the right.

Though I must say many of my children within Narcisstate seemed to find themselves dovetailing quite neatly into fascism without much encouragement at all!
Passengers - Driving The Bus

As their democracies within each of the Eurostate Cooperative States became more and more unstable, they would become more kneejerk mistrusting of one another and engaged in silo thinking; all aided of course by my Corpolitique SS agents already recruited and infiltrated within their intelligence security apparatus.

And they’d find a receptive ear in each of the Member States Premier positions. False flag attacks by the Corpolitique SS would, as with the Five Eyes States, hijack the Eurostate democracies too; my yellow and black German football team financial bus bombs would be but yet another cyclic precursor taste of what was to come for them as they drove themselves further and further to the right of my Dark Triad design.

And with The North’s population dispersed throughout Narcisstate having been welcomed as forever grateful internal refugees, within a generation, maybe two, I would have their offspring believing they owed me their existence, through my kind benevolence, just as I’d gaslighted them since forever, especially since Barnett for so long after the discovery of the spice in The North’s Sea. Only the ‘consequentials’ THIS TIME would last as good as forever.

And future cast-ups of this now-in-the-long-gone-distant-past aggravated grievance, would not simply be met with a dismissive derision as narcissists always do with “That’s all in the past. You’re being narrow-minded. Move on. Get over it!” No, I’d run out of patience for that. I’d just put them against Kilmainham’s wall. Again.

Not since The Ossian Famine Roads, the Indian Subcontinent Partition or the Palestinian Nakba would there ever be a near entire nation of people be so displaced and destitute in one fell swoop. I’d make the Jocks the Jews of the 21st Century lost without their promised land as I repeated my well-rehearsed line ‘We are where we are’ and ‘Sorry! Let’s all learn the lessons of the past lest we repeat them. Let’s heal together and move on together as a united Narcisstate’. Sound familiar?

Or they could disperse themselves throughout the world. Either way they would disperse. And The North would never be any more again. And guess what? Just like their depopulated, hungry, beaten ancestors they’d join and find ‘their purpose’ in me, in my Army in their droves.

And my enablers in The North? My news reagents, commentators and politicians? Either wracked with their guilt to bear or wrapped in my ermine quilt to wear. Or both. Not a single fuck did I give.

Though not for a few of my enablers who would be ‘expended’ by my agents but announced to Narcisstate and the world as having been murdered by vile, nasty, lawless Indy’s after the tragedy. These things happen in a civil war right? Right.

And we know these things happen because it’s recorded in ‘history’.
A Picture Of The Future

“Something like 1984 could actually happen. This is the direction the world is going in at the present time. In our world there’ll be no emotions except for fear, rage, triumph and self-abasement. The sex instinct will be eradicated, we shall abolish the orgasm. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty to The Party. But always there will be the intoxication of power. Always at every moment there will be the thrill of victory and a sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stomping on a human face – forever. The moral to be drawn from this dangerous, nightmare situation is a simple one; don’t let it happen. It depends on you”.

– George Orwell (1903-1950)