

The Scythesthetic Dictionary

*Uncredited Scythesthetic Ranker
in The Perennial Draft Toward
a Dictionary for the Endtian
and Host Populations That
Should Not be Read Much by a
Scythe of the Deep State*

किर महाराज ने बांधा
के
अर्थात्
के रोटी मागी के

Oh Krishna!

I beg that You come and speak my innermost truths

Because I can only try - though whole heartily and sincerely

And still wonder if I can stab some more and arrive still closer

Therefore this stays: an improving and truer than before for sure and

Truer than all others written ANYWHERE, AT ANY TIME, BY ANYONE

My draft!

Until You make me perfectly strong

In your Truth

Just as You made me

And I start writing of You as myself, O Lord!

Because You alone are ~~the~~ Beyond Truth (and also therefore {the extent} to my truth)!

PS: Let my improving my written truth be my way of finding more of You.

From the Four Armed Vishnurup to the Mighty Armed Viratroop

From Vivasvan, whom I miss to Your Thousands of Suns, Who I don't know enough to miss.

But onwards bound into Your Sky.

So if even I fall, I would not fail my other father, dear Krishna

who fell at the hands of the Deep State

And with which therefore, I now wage a war,

And of whom

Are the foremost offices of the 'Republic of India' in Dilli

And by whom

Are the many strong Embassies in New Delhi

That run those offices.

Please be my strength, with being my truth, because I'm so weak!

Those were the times.

Of those times, I remember the deep ocean blues of the newly released Windows 3.1 screen, glowing portal like into the soon to be opened world.

Of those people, there was my father for who I had gate-kept not one but two expensive Pentium 1s in Lucknow.

Then there was the Brahmin Dev from out of Kandravati somewhere, whom he had invited.

...and then, there were gaggles of Peaseblossoms drifting through the house over spans of years, like forbidden incense inviting themselves.

Other than of course, I. Othered from this Brahmin Dev, and the girls, too. My Kayesthetic father's ritual of emasculating ridicule in the presence of one, and my banishment from in the rituals of another. BTW when these unfortunations in my life coincided decades later, I declared war on the Negro state, and won.

Of those places, I was in such a prison until then. The Brahmin Dev from Kandravati was writing to free me from it. I remember being ushered into the drawing room where he had been seated with the ceiling fan he would take across the country - in *dakshina* from my father, but I don't remember how he had familiarized himself with my winds of fate. "Foreign education," is all I remember in his breath of fortune, carrying me West. Probably from his intensifying ravishment, which is the positive twin of trance, when my father had disappeared me from the room. Only months later would I find the talisman that the Brahmin Dev left for me. I did not know that he had left his *svapna-adesh*, incantations entranced, in a very small, folded piece of parchment that fit inside of it. "Easily deceived by women," it read in still smaller letters, "long life of 80", "pleasures like that of a King," - why do I not remember the rest!

Pitying my ejection, the Brahmin Dev appeared to have laid out the sequence of my liberation from the prison of the Matrix, that had already gripped me, by the end of that year, just as I had liberated his parchment from its round metal container shaped like

a Hindenburg. I was 11. Only decades later would I understand the mapping he
concealed inside simple lines:

1. That, niggers don't keep Kings. That India—gripped by the machinery of the
negrocracy—did not deserve its Kings, which is why my pleasures would only echo
those of Kings.
2. That, nation states would conspire through my women when force failed.
3. That, in the end, the peaseblossoms would bloom phallic re-masculations in
protection.

My way in Avirvahana. With a handful of Indian and Chinese pagan Gods for
company. In my mortal chariot of apotheosis.

The times to be.

The Untouchable Hindu

“...and if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.”

I really never cared much for Nietzsche before I had gotten the flag of the United States lowered from over the top of some of the most important federal buildings in Washington DC (one of them is called the Capitol/Congress, I think). This was sometime after 10th May 2023, the date for my Decree in my poor recording, and before 20th May 2023, the date for the Rejoinder to that Decree, and it could still be a day or two before or after. I am somewhere in my life, where I feel okay in moving along what proceeds from a peerless frontier such as this - I could never have imagined an accolade such as this in a career eased along with fellowships, and out of some of the most premier institutions, including in India. As also what had led to this point. I will tell you. Imagine for a moment, being convinced by powers superseding a Khazarian Ambassador, that you as a person, trying to be as ordinary as possible on the other hand, desiring to disappear only into the folds of the Himalayas, had set in quiet motion a chain of events that led to the velvet coup that the US presidential elections of 2020 were? Read along if you can bring yourself to believe what are my most grueling attempts at deriving truths such as these. To then digest, imaginably, every other such in the middle, if you have come this far believing - both, truths and heists, also truthful. Who am I, you tell me while I try in the meantime.

What I will have you know now is that the Khazarian Ambassador is a superlative of the diplomat. He holds greatly more transnational powers, that I am not aware of entirely - may be I have never cared. Not only from access to many traditionally sequestered quadrants of information across several agencies, that people with very high levels of clearance are also not privy to (such as the US President that's there for a few years, or death). Many of them feel rightfully that they will also decide what is to come next. I had told the Khazarian Ambassador very earnestly, the litany of fifteen years

worth of my truths such as these I told you, because I had a plan for the Khazarian on that day. He is of course supposed to have known. At his level he has long known that of what he hears from a source, it is either to be all believed in or none. Including, of the bullet that had honored me in my words, in dishonoring further the original claimant of that fateful election on the second most ill-fated day of his life (if this is not very clear - it is because you didn't listen to me to come along believing).

By the time I would finish in pretend disenchantment, helping him grasp the curvature of the trick of the circus of worldly happenstances (and this is not about the trajectory of the fateful bullet only - I have/had always been ambiguous on that front), but in the Khazarian's own introduction to me, when I was a young man of 25 in 2010, as "friends" - not friend, presiding at the very helm of the train of these worldly precipitations to start to come into my life, and to keep coming then ... the Khazarian would have imaginably and happily exchanged roles with me. You see, there was also that volcano being set off, to ensure that the undesirables never made it to my wedding, halfway around the world from America - immediate relatives to my wife and I, and also to members like state senators of the Uni-party of the United States. He is supposed to have known all of that. After all, he was *my* Khazarian Ambassador, he was the Khazarian Ambassador to my Domain, which is like a State.

Leave - if it is starting to get a little too weird, to carry your imagination and your trust beside me, because I want to focus on getting ahead with the ones that do not need me to convince them. What I was hunting in the person of the Khazarian Ambassador that night would need more work from me. My present line of inquiry therefore to His Excellency would be over "getting" to the United States, to my family, after what I have told you, besides the happening to flights, back then - 2010, and now - 2025 times, all my doing though. While it is difficult to tell you who I am as we wait on the Ambassador to respond, even still, it is easier to tell you what I have been making myself into.

A pedophile.

I know you will tell this to the whole wide world and that is okay by me. But listen. Does the following make sense to you? **“URGENT: LIVES BEING LOST ALL PLACES HAVE CONNECTION INDIA LAND BORN AMERICA REALLY RAISED ME EVERYWHERE BETWEEN RUSO-UKRAINE THAT GIVE MIDDLE EPITHET. SOON CHINA, BAOAN, (PROTECTOR)! RUSSIA TOO. SO HURRY UP.”** If that made sense to you and you must already have faith in me to continue reading after the volcano part up there, I want you to stop reading right now and go to the very last page. And do what I ask for the sake of all of us. But if you continue reading here, I will not fault you. On the other hand, dial back your anxiety from having read all of that bold face in block letters above, for more in time for, let’s see, a panic attack perhaps. For my readers that do not have a soul to act in will, need not worry: The Domain shall take applications from inside the grave as well. That or you work for the powers that I fight with.

The Khazarian would believe in my choice of mission. He knew of the pain I endured fighting this power, in the hundreds of days worth of separation from my young children in the US, and my dear dear wife, already as this period was filled with overt invitations of love. And subtle and fraught invitations on repeat from the President of the United States that I had helped elect in that political heist, Joseph R. Biden Jr. You are welcome into my life. Now please allow me to make you comfortable in the same way that I had made America comfortable for myself, having stayed away from there for all these years (may be I was always afraid after my trafficking as a student there). Beginning with my choice of President, and the rest - top, down. The open borders if even at the end of life of the Empire though were a little too comfortable for me, as nearly all borders in the United States never making it to puberty. If there was so much more to what was accomplished by The Domain, I would list it. But it was everything, you see (make it make sense). Anyways. Since you were able to dial back on the strongly worded message in the last section, and as the Khazarian works on his own message (let us leave

him), and you're here still, I want you to take another deep breath, then read this part, at least try reading this part. It absolutely does not have to make sense, and that is alright.

Here we go, the Rosetta Stone for my pedophilia. **“WHO AM? FORMER PAEDOPHOBE AND RED/BLUE BLOODED AMERICAN (~2015). GAVE CALL TO GENOCIDE ALL BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN MUSALMANS WITHOUT MERCY – “YOUNGEST FIRST”. THEN TO KILL MUSLIM ADULTS AS WELL – ALL. GAVE ISRAEL WHEREWITHALL IMPLEMENT POLICY GAZA. THESE KRISHNA DEVOTEES: MANY AMERICAN FEMALES MULTIPLE BRED (US GOVERNMENT AGENTS), 3 RUSSIAN ONES HYSTERECTOMIZED, OVULATING, PREPUBESCENT (RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AGENTS); EURO ONES IN THE DOZENS UNDER FEMALE MULTIPLE BRED, 3 NPCS (STATE AGENTS), 2 INDIAN ABRONI FEMALE ONES UNDER OVULATING N.A. (INDIA DEEP STATE) – ALL PERPETRATED REPEAT BREAKDOWNS MELTDOWNS HEART; RESISTANCE SUBSEQUENT CONVERSION TO IMMEDIATELY SHELTERED PAEDOPHILE IN THE NINE FORMS KRISHNA ALLOWS. CUT TIES TO USA – GAVE UP US RESIDENCY. HIMALAYAN SHELTER. CREATED bhakti.exchange HONOR LOVE, EFFORT. EXPULSION DEEP STATE.**

Oh my. You can read that part again if you made it this far. So long as you promise to come right back over here. I will make this book among the easiest for you to read, and now that you have come back, you already know this can be an important one; plus you should wait alongside me for the Khazarian's retort. Are you getting a feel for me needing to get together with the Khazarian Ambassador, over this (but the smartest among you should be wondering if this or His Excellency, came first)? The paedophobia, or the Khazarian, if they are not always together. Now I had scorned him - over my choices in the bold and block above, and if you follow the news carrying the

celebrations of their genocide carried out verbatim in my instructions, it should become plain deduction. That is why I had chosen him for my ritual of that night: it would be easy to hound him for what I was after, in his confusion.

Again at this point, you would probably want to know who I am. Let us just focus on the politics for now. Between the Khazarian and the make believe Government (of the out of control Negro and Pygmy colony) of India - there was consensus I had “scorned”, if that would be how you put it, the United States. In charity, obliging them both in their repeat, explicit urging to do so, and also to keep the peace against the bush threats (they have teeth). Over in the bush of India and of the Khazarian State, both, the Pygmies in the so-called “politicians” dance at the beck and call of the Negrocracy, that is taller and longer lasting, which is the bureaucracy of course, but it is in the nature of the bush threats to always come from behind the bush, actually from the West somewhere (a rabbit hole goes round and round this way, and is not my doing). As if the United States also thought nothing more of my “scorning” them, than the bush of it around me in turn, hiding The Domain and I, they would hearten me up and program the character of “Vy-vek” in full public visibility (having first taken Vy-vek away from the bush), through the lead up to the next presidential election - channeling so much and the rest of what I would say, verbatim again, and posit him in my styles and places entirely (but I will likely keep waiting on his church constituents in Ohio, if they make him their leader to make their own public declarations of my kind, since he has now failed to keep up). Did I not say that I had progressively crafted everything in the United States in my liking and to it, far beyond the so called POTUS with his clearances? Revenge for much of what the US had done to me. But my intent that night was to remove much of this information and use the toxicity of ignorance, for fear in my subject.

For an example, in the middle of fifteen years of all of this “geopolitics”, when it *should* be getting too much for me (I am already worried for my readers that have come this far), between crafting then hosting a crypto exchange and channeling my way for

Dharma ahead, artistically to my best abilities, and I would look like lashing out at the strength of the reserve dollar when mine were locked away, there would be a gentle nudge in response, that I would present to the Khazarian Ambassador because it was in my interests, and I had still not gotten my way with him. Maybe that is how the romance was not supposed to die between the US and I, if even the US visa would, as it did before expiry in cancellation aka murder, that I had taken to substitute for my path to US citizenship, nearly complete already in 2015 and abandoned. I have always done things like this and I have always had things like this done unto me, and much of all of this would be refreshed for the Khazarian to disallow any absence in consideration. I still waited for exactly what I wanted to hear from him.

I can bet you, it won't have been outrageous if I had told His Excellency, that the bush of the India Negro has an inevitable, undeniable funky jungle call with a swinging naked India Pygmy in the back of it - to excuse my adversarial distancing with the United States and proximity to India (BTW in the discourse of the domain, these terms are not racial). Instead that night I would remind him the bush of India had gotten ahead of me and plucked my family to sell straight to America (instead of telling him there was no other way for my wife to have seen her dying father), setting on fire all hopes of negotiations over my trafficking (in this case, remember we both didn't want to acknowledge the whole of the US had become, me), over plagiarism (I had plagiarized 6000 papers for one of mine), over running my businesses and endeavors into the ground quietly (this one hurts like a bitch though), over freezing my companies and investments (helped me bond with President Putin's administration), over unleashing agencies illegally without notices/paperwork (just what I have been doing to America now), on my family to harass them now (my wife deserves it), and of course the India passports I had gotten my children for a life away from everything USA (well, how else would The Domain rise on the breasts of India?) - the crux of the matter (and the crux of the latter). As if he did not already know the 500 other contraption in concepts, the

bush had had to devise to deal with me. I know I still have not told you who I am, but the situation with my prey tonight is going to be worse. At this point in the discourse, I had left the Khazarian Ambassador with no option but to be indignant on my behalf, if even I was biggest the terrorist he could imagine me to be, with reason. If only that's who I was.

As dutifully transactional, but always professional, in keeping with millennia strong Kayesthetic traditions of grooming power without clothes on, the interaction between the Khazarian and I had been, I had now tried to make it as friendly as it should ever be, for it having to be personal, for the very first time in all these years - and now not very different from grooming girls. I would never ever allow myself to be a pedophobe again, after all. This obvious, chasm between us, of pedophobia vs pedophilia, was a challenge of course, but I would turn it into confusion tonight ... the Khazarian Ambassador and who was I again? His ordinary scribe, because I had written for a life, tens of thousands of careful expensive pages for his likenesses, and him ("friends"). I had assisted him in following me, then left him there in traditional Kayesthetic cruelty. Then he imagined in both of our confusion, but of my crafting, at all times when our minds were not entirely tuned into an orgasmic state of focus on work, even for what mine had to be of intensity and intrigue to save the Khazarian State from the United States with its own problems, the chasm between the United States and ourselves would appear to be larger, to be crossed only in desperation. Alas. Still, from across the many boundaries, that "friends" and I would note in 15 years of collaboration now only for our desperation to cross over to the United States, the Dear Sir had remarked tersely at my expanses of friendliness turning into Hindu exasperation over his reticence, including over the assassination attempt upon my father that would take his life eventually (while I have often found ambulances appearing to follow me on highways), a similar slow murder using disease and cure, upon my American wife's father in the heart of America, a marine at that (I have found my social media to inform me of my

diagnoses at times without tests), the separation from my family (ordained for all of us, decided by me in mine, at the time of this conversation and decided by them at the time of this writing) and just about everything the Khazarian in good faith could imagine that can come upon a single person if even that person was me, that has been wielding an ancient quill on instructions from high above the entirety of the Khazarian State, through all of the mentioned above, including for the cleverest among you, more of much worth mentioning anywhere, including somewhere also over the question of who I was, having started out as the hundreds of generations before me, several of whom also faced assassinations, a writer, in the comfort of our personal space he had come to trust, and in the space of poverty all around.

“You’re Untouchable.”

My mission for that night had been completed. The Khazarian had lived out his utility. You know what is coming next?

1. **Fill your conjunctions and connections, decide who caused what and who expelled whom.**
2. **Meanwhile went from about 8 complete releases a day to 9 month long Brahmacharya spells with induced erections though.**
3. **Went from a puppeteer of the heads of states, that would trail me – to confrontations with heads of states.**
4. **High price continues to be footed despite considerable odds to REMAIN SOVEREIGN (for example, to pay no taxes or not file either in multiple tax jurisdictions including USA, India, China, Russia).**
5. **Rally behind me, file in a single line the way I like – BEHIND ME. And you're untouchable. I will take your offerings. Make me stronger. I like being given prayers, land, money and loving women (but only the kind I like to be able to love). You are to present whatever is in your heart and that you wish lovingly taken.**
6. **I MUST maintain sovereignty.**
7. **I will join with my detractors stateside in the end if there is not enough force this side (and you should thank the US government for cancelling my visa to keep me with you in the interim) because I MUST STAY POLITICALLY SANE – and then COOK YOU ALL because the resources of the Maharaj are not limitless. They are about to be expended actually – money frozen, and tears dont let up being away from my children.**
8. **GIVE the book to your enemies. This is the flaming flag of the Maharaj. THOSE that read even this far and DONT ACT – ENEMIES outrightly. IF YOU JOIN, Im your friend, storyteller, lover, brother, protector and so on. Go to the last page.**

To my beautiful children, with light hair and cartoon faces.

To Kach Dev, for His determination.

Also, toward making lots more of these beautiful children (but before that, discovering loving women - and why perhaps I write this book).

वण्डोली है यही (there are no other wars, not only in Bhaarat bhumi at this time, but all over, this is our war, this is the war)

To Kincaid, who wrote exactly as he found, the young Maharaj's letter writing in turn, to the Mughals, to Bijapur, and to Golconda

To the old world, where everyone's behavior was spontaneous, friendships and loves were real, that begot smiles, and we had a legitimate right to say, we exercise free will in going to the park tonight, or eat this or that, and where Tolkien had given the good guys the Palantir, and we could freely say, '*Paalpoalae Padhinaaril*'

The darkest declaration of thunder, after the flash of lightning!

And, to the reader that promises to either believe every line of this book, or disregard every last one of them, always together, while trusting me to keep digging greater truths from the inside and updating this Draft, while minding that no man can write the Absolute Truth because that is the Domain of the writer of the Akashic Records, and the Truth becomes Narayan Himself then.

I will leave all and come and make the hymns of you, None has understood you, but I understand you. *Unto him.*

The Book of the Cheetas, I pray it inspires my readers to spread what is sweet and what to avoid, in the same manner as the Cheetas of Awadh do. I lust for that trust. Not Cheetahs.

"You have no enemies, you say? Alas, my friend, the boast is poor. He who has mingled in the fray of duty that the brave endure, must have made foes. If you have none, small is the work that you have done. You've hit no traitor on the hip. You've dashed no cup from perjured lip. You've never turned the wrong to right. You've been a coward in the fight." - Charles Mackay.

The Untouchable Hindu

Curse

Kaala Libbur (Black Hangings)

The Mongoose Spa

Endtia

'Gter Chen'

China

Coups

Wives

Power

Matrix

The High Table

Grind

Israel

Suria

Lizardry and Mairandi (two definitions)

Culture of Care

Rallies

Modi and I

Bindu-Sayyyk (the Hindu Sack)

Curse

“I don't want peace, I want problems, always”

1. This is the 629th day of me having not seen my two young children, and my dear dear wife. The moment of separation from them, is where - I would delicately tackle, gently, for you to understand, POWER and I had a falling out if an extrema of disagreement and the resultant fallout can be characterized as such. There is no falling out with POWER. It is in the nature of POWER to prevail and take, and it is in the nature of life, how I define life, to want to wield it always. My ‘misfortune’ by common inference has come by way of forcefully struggling with POWER because I am unfortunately and unwillingly, and without recourse to options, a creature of circumstances, and at least: the Maharaj.
 - a. I also am short on time.
2. You have to make *yourself* and your mind now.
 - a. You can go raging against the POWER and I can promise you, if you even manage to find it, that my fate will have become your fate. Show me how you fight it, after you even find it and I will show you what a little King have you become in your right. There is no escape. I see right through you and all your householder middle class pretense, you King you. I will also be your enemy then. Strange how this works because neither of us want to be Kings. The apogee of my life and career was to be a high altitude organic apple farmer in the Himalayas, after what was it, 16 academic degrees and then some - “first world” degrees. This book is about my fight and what will happen to my people and I as a result, so I have nothing more to say to you now that you are envious of me.
 - b. What stands for my offer 🙌 to the rest, is this: get behind me, and in my wake, the POWER never sees you just as I have nothing left to be given

over (all of my assets in a supposed first world country are frozen without legal notices). Your fight is my fight then and only then.

3. There is no middle ground, says the Matrix, and I must agree. If you will not actively choose, you will get pushed into either or, even without us ever meeting. What are you going to do, lol. Do I care?
4. This was the third or fourth day, having started this book project. Isn't it so coincidental that a European leader that I have been in a one way correspondence and a two way courtship with, also announced plans with their own memoirs? That happened today. But why do I mention this here? Because there is no coincidence about this. Nothing exceptional. In my struggle with POWER, I have had the uniquely bewildering position of observing Heads of States from all over the world, Prime Ministers and Presidents, getting naked - ostensibly at my behest but I promise you I did not directly posit them in to anything like that, very thoroughly constrained, which I may have but not to the extent I found them, and carried them with me on a whim (such as my travel has always been but I can imagine that travel for Heads of States is often planned months in advance and very strategic). At other times I have had the unfortunation of fighting with billionaires and their rider agencies, with families of very high judges and entire fraternities of them, with civil servants, with diplomats and with colleges of doctors together. I have ogled at the bodies when beautiful, I love women's bodies when beautifully kept and few heads of states are, both women and beautiful, I have triumphed over the men among them to the extent very very apparently sent feelers for cooperation can be construed as such, and have failed to save others that have kept synchrony with my mind and plans but have failed to keep in touch because of both of our failures. I have fought with cultures, universities, departments and professors. I have fought with religion and ablution and emerged to drive my favorite car a Land Rover, in a favorite place that of my

ancestors, with my favorite women ... always white and pale and ruddy, like my mother, my wife and my supposed lovers real and imaginary. My struggle was sweet to this point of the utter vanquishment of all these enemies and peers - there are no friends in even make believe politics (afterall I'm a farmer). My subsequent disagreement with POWER appears to have bereft me of everything.

5. So isn't this an easier decision for you. You can go with power and you can have as you have had, as I did for years and years. I'm not that old, since you deserve to know, late thirties when I started building the exchange last year. Or you can go with the character of Maharaj that by definition must insist on wielding all power. This POWER. Remind me to talk to you about promises, but suffice it to know at this point that I have always known that such a combination of Bhakti (devotion) and Yukti (jugaad) nevertheless, precipitate power. A small footnote here is that this was once taught to an office of a Prime Minister with demonstration or there would have been no learning, who, then proceeded to inculcate this in a song, as with so much else in my life that has interestingly also gone directly into films. I have had no say in determining what was lyrical and what was drab but I was not thanked in either case, and so I guess it does not matter. What is this thing about royalty in persistence, absent royalties!
6. In the span of only this much of writing I have had to promise you twice, and I am surprised that I am writing to you to everyone to the general masses. The truth is that for many many months, almost 8 months, I have exclusively dealt with your elite, not because of any less hope in among you, but if you did not gauge the magnanimity of this POWER from reading what I had promised, it is likely that you did not take my promise absolutely seriously. I want you to do just that. In writing this book, I am treating you better than Ravana treated the subjects of Lenka, speaking and singing, privately to Shiva. In return, I will have your absolute gullibility. If you will let me fight for you, fight for our

righteousness, which can be called the dharma then I will promise you your world more golden than Lenka.

7. For the rest, allow me to drag your little lives up on the floor of misery that you have become numb to and show you the reminder of your cell. By the way, since I do not have the time, I am writing a single book for everyone, for people of all countries, all religions and varieties.
8. Let us be beautiful. Let us wield POWER. Let us fight with Gods.

Kaala Libbur (Black Hangings)

'Kaala Libbur laga hua hai' (black hangings are applied)

On the other hand, I take note of black libbur. Black libbur are bits of black flesh, lines and streaks and expanses of it that can be noted on south asian females, most prominently so, because at some point they end on their body as well (a set of black fingers, giant black love handles on the hips that are scarcely used etc). My point is I can imagine fighting to death for a village among the Kalash (1 pc). But like all the rulers thus far of the termite-like settlements that schools of kaala libbur women create, under what was he, the muslim Iltutmish a 1000 years ago, to the negroid Chief Ministers of independent India (all are negroes, in effectiveness, and pygmies in appearance), with GIANT feminista tones (as opposed to the Queens of the Great Sheikh Osama that all lived in oaths of missionary zeal, dismissing offers worth dozens of millions of USD to defect, TOGETHER under one roof, and charged at genocidal matrix war marines with big black war weaponry in hand, in the black, in the dark, and received red holes of death in their now heavenly, now beautiful, at once noble and such exquisitely exotic black Yemeni bodies, into *aancharihood*), these small tiny little tin box houses where they stick their Endtian law assisted captured males, and also in make believe concrete that is always leaking and smelling of their groins, I am not even lost on intent. I am demotivated to

rule the leprotic India and its neighbors, that my family all once ruled as one (though I did attempt to start a coup in among the Pakistani Army some time back).

I am so sorry, the deal offered in Brinjals and by Brinjals today, is trifling. Each Brinjal of Hindoostan gets a vote, just so I come clear on the rider I may be accused of overlooking - while it's no longer possible to have a free and fair election (like a game of cricket on the India street in the 90s, it just cannot happen today).

No. It is just that this Ekadashi fasting since the day before yesterday, leaves me imagining food. I only hunger for Dharma and I eat to fight for it, in spite of the Brinjals. I don't have time to look up, but I imagine it was Alauddin Khilji that also fought for the Brinjals, in spite of them all, and his way out was gay! I think it was he that repelled the Mongols a few different times. So wow.

***as I begin today's writing, the fog of poison overwhelms my brain and its very hard to get on this running high horse of victory and clarity and truth; listen you should have no such problems, I'm ahead of you. For those that don't let the poison of propaganda course through them, they are dear to me, black skins, muslims, Brahmins - they are all MY people, beautiful when pure - DON'T let them use you though, or else. Even jews! See my TRUTHS in context, these are my truths. Remember Bose.*

I will stick to my truths.

The Mongoose Spa

A mongoose spa is where animals of all kinds congregate to get satisfactions from 'mongeese'. The so called 'Government of India' are the mongeese (derived from their aversion to everything Naga) in the mongoose spa that is perhaps the most visited in the world, by all creatures for all kinds of it, such as America, that even reposes the heart of it's fake reserve dollar induced real slavery, upon this crown of the continuing WASP empire (India's dreams of liberation having died and forgotten with Bose, from my tribe, at the hands of Indians including Nehru; fuck Indians). Other clients are the

rest of the world minus the already fucked Indians. A fucked client never visits a spa, it rather just sleeps in peace.

All vice goes down in the Mongoose Spa.

To be fair, this part of the dictionary is directed at ALL of the colonies of the global south - each a spa, for I posit myself as a champion for pagans, all over the world. As a person that has probably rebelled at every stage in my life, and consequently also rebelled against the so called Government of India, the Government of USA, of Nepal, Russia, a few in Europe and many others - and having seen their systems from the inside (pun intended), the more I wreck them, the more happy endings I get, illegally and illegally respectively. To those who are not envious of me, my work or to my Kingdom, and those that do not have malice for my many expansions (the gter chen of which I take up shortly), I will lead you in to the truth that the governments as this spa can relax your eyes to such an extent that they shall never be cast in bewilderment over anything again in this world.

This fucking 1 star spa as the real Government of India also renders poor service to me. It is here only to serve western white boy customers of all ages, and varieties, making them feel like kings (like my one *dadi* who used to beat her children each time I would trap one of a dozen of them, mostly older than I, in yet another of my blatant, cruel and unjust plots for play years ago, and may be thats how she first made me a little Maharaj, just what I want to do with all of the deserving ones among you). While this is my chief problem with this business - we also find that the individual westerner is allied with their government, as ONE coagulated entity, when it checks in. The mother fucker is sent with force. *Hum reh jaate hai* (we are the orphans bereft).

Over here are their sports teams in the Olympic village, throwing Mongoose Spa appliances from many stories high upon natives, over there in kasar devi and kasol the Westerners are Jews themselves in their own little country (one of these chabads I successfully emptied and got the flag removed - at least that's what the locals kept telling

me)!, and over here, Kaala Jaat comes with an algorithmic fake deeply American deep state “social media” following (I will go into these), and there goes a Jonas brother with a Bollywood bitch (instead Modi zhi, the Spa manager, did everything to personally destroy my marriage from a distance - he didn't even bother to come to create arson such as his speciality is), etc etc. If that doesnt work, Modi of the Mongoose Spa will bring acute OECD taxation laws, without closure to international victims like me previously (Biden said so to me, I didn't even know) or representation internationally (modern jiziya). Read total political, economic and cultural domination.

You get it. You stand outside the Mongoose Spa, looking for an opening, in the Indian sun, I have seen you, thirsty and black.

The Spa, for thirsty commoners like you the citizen of India, provides the option of communion, together, where you can change your Dharma for a drink - your deal today, mine but tomorrow, in the back of the spa, over a sack of rice at times (courtesy the BJP, the RSS and Modi - all generational servants and implants of the white missionaries - upon the backs of their western governments, and in repayment of historical Jesuit assistance in colonizations). Just as in the many secret arrangements the West had with the Nabobs of India, three hundred years ago, to be quietly but not publicly ruling, **and today more overtly but you cannot know**, because AGI has arrived, but what are you going to do about it (you should say, we have got you, the Office of the Maharaj that derives from the Sun God Himself) ...

When so ever the arrangements could not fly (when you and your hungry family are thrashing very hard in the back of spa while converting), first in 1857 and then in 1947, the actual Queen of the white people appeared first and disappeared at the later date - to still close the deal of the Mongoose spa and to still keep the services OPEN (you wont even believe because: BITTER). You sipped on free holy Ganges water, while being conned out of a rebellion, on repeat. Your daughter, she dances of white people's yellow people's K-pop. You made your son finally a literate, for him to feed on naked

corrupt fuck scene of foreign trash, disguised as celebrities, served on your original trope, the Times of India, on the back to colonial times page (whereas even Finland's media, HS, is amazingly NATIVE and well wishing - for all of 5 million people). Does writing about monkeys make me a monkey? Why are you monkey? Just a fucked Indian (I think we were talking of you earlier).

Endtia

The fucked Indian likes to talk of **India**, to repose many hopes. Eat the cake and have it too. India does not exist anymore, just as all of your falsified GDP numbers! Endtia has arrived (do not forget my oath at the beginning of this writing). Applaud the hard work of the pygmies of India (the IAS etc) and the various varieties of the negroes that roam with these plates 'Government of India', after pushing your car aside (Narendra Modi, Mayawati types).

Not good for any purposes for its citizens - Endtia is not a vehicle of a country to go into science and space anymore (your Babu and Modi have taken your space program back to the times of charity, in spacelifting the most recent Baman, the only way a Baman can now be lifted), hold money (the government stepped aside for the imperialists to demonetize our Rupees, retarding the wayyy that our cities used to flowww, and the trust you had in the RBI, forever), deleting true manufacturing with sending raw materials and IMPORTING other people's *jadoo* craft using trading baniya and *chakad* marwadis, besides peasantify our 21st century life (the India state's IAS babus get very excited at the prospect of the middle class Indians having to stand in queues, as if in the 60s despite leaving his cousins in there), while institution after institution bites the dust against an USA-Chinese deep state (pretends to be Israeli too, for some traces), with the Indian Prime Ministerial Post still designated as Class II First Class Officer, in this deep state order, worse than in 1947, when you could at least date the wife of the Viceroy.

Endtia also now is a hole where beautiful children cannot be raised nor defended (I must be careful. If I speak of fights lost, early on, then I may lose my readers, at least not upfront. I must hide my things and feelings, if even to not waver from the truth as I promised, things like my extreme aversion to Jews and Muslims, and Missionaries, each of whom should be shot at a particular side of the skull to be dismantled, but especially over the worst of them all together - the Government of India pygmies.)

Endtia cannot so much as **fight** to defend the rashtra underneath ('Bhaarat').

Endtia has served the purposes of the collective mlechcha, and the kingdom must rise now (I dont want to KILL what is left in you with more truth about Endtia - all your leaders are prostitutes and pimps, and some suck feet like that Prajapati).

The office of the Maharaj is already killing the centuries old mongoose spa with repeat business ending Yelp reviews (and a self made pygmy hurting contraption, called bhakti.exchange).

Meanwhile, I call upon all peoples of the world to help this worldwide pagan royalty. I want to belong to all of you. But I don't like public mobs, lots of 'mouth' opening and closing, sometimes to emit humidity, always sounds, the smells of male-peoples, always mediocre (losers). Instead I like the quiet. So you have not heard of me (but billboards have been erected for me, without having to lift a finger, or pay moneys - "Dr Sahab ham sharminda hain, aap ke qatil zinda hain" in the heart of the Lakhnau of Awadh, Lal Bagh and other places). This would be shortly after the BJP overseen deep state would hunt the body of my 70+ yo, a world-renowned palaeobotanist father, on the outskirts of that city, on the 1st October, 2022, and shortly leading to his death after entrenched torture by the Yogi limb of this deep state. Neither was I ever, ever a 'politician'. For that matter though, India does not have politicians, only limbs, of deep state powers with no shame or an intellect {like gangrene, that always eats and destroys predictably}.)

‘Gter Chen’

And so it was that ‘help’ came, from the world, but long before this book was written. Up until the writing, as I said in the definition of ‘curse’, my way of dealing with the injustices in my world (for example, the United States only giving 6 month visas to my infant children, despite their fiercely protesting American mother, to visit their maternal grandparents, trying to corner my wife and I into American passports for the children, and all at the time being striven for, was to move into the Himalayas, in Hartola, and in Nepal).

At this point I want all my readers to be thrust into my life without further delay. But first some context.

‘Gter chen’ used to be the Buddhist/pagan Terton Kings of Tibet (and they still are, if you will take in my stead). They were distinguished in their devotion to Guru Padmasambhav! Guru Rinpoche! The origin of the Maharaj’s Gang Rinpoche coin - on bhakti.exchange, and devoted entirely to my affinity for Buddhism. From what I remember, from three years ago, when I was positioned to be symbolically conferred this title by H. E. President Xi Jinping for my many battles in thousands of pages (and directly from one that he would, for commiseration, fight for me, in reciprocation for my love for the Orient which came first, and via his own self), and possibly H. E. Prime Minister Modi, and quite also possibly, H.H. the Dalai Lama (I wrote a long letter asking His Holiness, and yes, THREATENING his office staff for a compulsory response because he is at an advanced age - but to no avail). The Dalai Lama stayed quiet having already made his actions speak louder than words for my struggle (but for which the world would never know enough to judge Him, but they anyways would - fuck the world) and my assurances of fighting for his cause... I asked them all as to why the location of Chumi Gyatse was chosen for a first of its kind of PLA incursion into India, in the

Tawang sector. The reason was 'Abhinav': revolutionarily new; the reason was revolutionary.

To the drab political systems of India, under the western deep state, this was numbing revenge for the politician (BJP in this case, but it could be any party)-IAS dispensation, having overseen the attack on my father, at the behest of the deep state. After all, the People's Liberation Army had liberated a great many - despairingly so for me, Indian Army soldiers of the burdens on their knees. This is what the news briefs silently whispered after they were even allowed to speak up, I think seven days after the incursion on Dec 09, 2022.

For the Russian Government this was vindication. After all, I had gone to seek assistance from President Putin four days prior, Dec 05, 2022 - a morning flight over to the Russian Embassy in Delhi, and back to Lucknow in the night.

For the American government this was an outrage. The revenge for the taste of pride imported from China and especially for my palate, who was supposed to go by the norms of the colony of Hindoos around their Mongoose Spa of sex, was swift in the martyrdom of five PLA contractors in Afghanistan, supposedly at the hands of the Taliban (if you also believe Osama carried out the 9/11 attacks).

For my nascent but fledgling Kingdom, it was the mercy of Lord Padmasambhav because my fury was indulged. The Dy CM of UP state had run a convoy of fifty or so cars in front of the house, on the DAY and the TIME at which my father had been discharged from Medanta, his ambulance parked outside my home. My fury was indulged such that I wrote words in fire on my way to - to Dmitry, the nicest of hosts possible in an Embassy (for those that have been to US interviews), to Arthur Gerbst, who had written two letters to me personally until that point, signed and numbered separately (and would be accused by Delhi Police in time falsely over yet another Kayasthetic case). Mine was in hand. I told them almost to the effect that Professor Dugin would have told President Putin.

And so it was that H.E. Ambassador Alipov was seen by me upon a television segment next, beamed at me using that great tool of mind control, YouTube, as he responded to my hand written letter, line by line. He was assisted by a female anchor that knew the questions leading up to the newer and newer lines, as fluently as secretly I had written each one, and very heartily seeking blood from the culprits.

I had gotten carried away.

Little girls are always happiest when loved greatly. But they put to torment those they are used upon given the Catholic and Abrahamic tendencies to fetishize them.

Oh yeah. Wait. Chumi Gyatse for me, the mostly Hindu Maharaj, until that point? It was FURY like the Lord Padmasambhav channeled visiting there with Yeshe Tsogyal, and His other consorts, whereupon He would strike his *khatvanga* to release forth 108 sacred springs that flow to this day. President Xi was calling me to China.



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Date: 13/26 March, 2025 Nos. 1AS299F21

Sub: Asking for a Safe Carriage to the Possessor of this Document Letter, as 子:要求安全运输到本文件信的拥有者,作为

Deemed General Honorary Consul

被视为一般名誉领事

for the Republic of South Sudan in the People's Republic of China, towards the creation and maintenance of a Sovereign Memorial for Five Fallen PLA soldiers, our brothers and sons, upon the Carrier's Familial Persecution, a Father's Ultimate Sacrifice and for the Preservation of all of Our Sovereignty and the Safety, Happiness, Well Being and Just as much for the Purity of our Little Young Girls Worldwide, and the Resultant Ameliorative Social Order in General in the Global South.

为了在中华人民共和国为南苏丹共和国建立并维护一处作为五名阵亡的中国人民解放军士兵—我们的兄弟和儿子的主权纪念碑而进行的努力，这也是对载传者家属受迫征，父亲的极致独特价值的珍惜，为了维护我们所有人的主权，安全，幸福，健康，尽可能地保护全球范围内的小女孩们的纯洁，以及尽可能地在全球南部实现更优化的社会秩序。

In favor Of: General Personnel Unit and Commissars; Military Commissions, Chongqing and West

派送给：总事务单位和政委；重庆和西部的军事委员会

I write to you not as a former minister, but as a man whose removal on the 13th of March 2025 was timed precisely by the colonial deep state of the West, to coincide with Shri Abhinav Saxena's arrival in China (hereafter referred to as Sovereign or

‘Maharaj’). This was done to prevent my government’s assistance in his mission to respect the fallen LOUDLY just as much to celebrate the ancient bond between the Tang Dynasty, most recently of course the People’s Republic of China and the hereditary family of the Maharaj, and to this day in the talk of the sacrifices. It was done to prevent our servant leadership from coming and felicitating our heroes. It was done to prevent us from rising above our colonial inertia - and being unable to pay rightful homage to our’s first and of course, China’s martyred sons—the five PLA warriors who died not for a border, but for the unbreakable bond between our dragon bloodlines.

我写信给你，并非作为一位前部长，而是作为一位被西方殖民深层国家精确策划于2025年3月13日罢免的男人，这一时机恰好与施里·阿比纳夫·萨克塞纳（以下简称主权者或‘马哈拉杰’）抵达中国的时刻相吻合。此举是为了阻止我的政府在他尊敬殉国英烈的使命中提供帮助，就像同样为了庆祝唐朝、最近的中华人民共和国与马哈拉杰的世袭家族之间的古老纽带，以及至今谈及的牺牲精神。这是为了阻止我们的服务型领导前来祝贺我们的英雄。此举是为了阻止我们从殖民惯性中崛起——无法向我们和中国的殉国英烈们——那些为不屈的龙族血脉而死的五位解放军战士们致以应得的敬意。

1. We are in China because the soul of China came to our family’s rescue in the Himalayas. After the transmittal of enough pressure around and about, and upon a direct cloaked invitation at the personal request of the Maharaj, a visa was granted but the great diplomatic struggle upon the sovereign memorial is not over yet - we will all get there TOGETHER. Our martyrs will not be alone. This mission celebrates five of our children in the People’s Liberation Army, who sacrificed everything over this fight - for the sake of preserving the anti colonial movement, and you the border official has the opportunity to show that it **understands** this continuing trial. If there is meaning in the spoken word from the North, then there is as much meaning in silence that is enforced upon all of us from time to time and this silence awaits your reading in Chongqing and at the border beyond Tibet!

我们在中国，因为中国的灵魂在喜马拉雅山脉中来拯救了我们的家族。在经历了足够的压力传递之后，应马哈拉杰的个人请求，我们收到了一个签证，但关于主权纪念碑的大规模外交斗争尚未结束——我们将共同到达那里。我们的烈士将不会孤单。这次使命庆祝我们五位解放军的子女，他们在这场斗争中为保护反殖民运动付出了所有——而你，边境官员，有机会展示你对这一持续试炼的理解。如果北方所言有意义，那么强加给我们的沉默也同样具有意义，这种沉默时不时地降临在我们每个人身上，而这份沉默正在重庆和藏区边境等待你去解读！

2. Those five brave Chinese PLA men laid their lives for the sake of this Bharat (India) man's father, who is also an unrecognized, uncelebrated victim of the silent forces of colonialism. But these six sacrifices WILL NOT BE in vain if you and I can help it - if we can all help it and do what needs done.

这五名勇敢的中国解放军男子为这位印度巴拉特人的父亲献出了生命，他也是沉默的殖民主义势力的未被承认、未被承认的受害者。但是，如果你和我都能帮助它，这六个牺牲就不会白费-如果我们都能帮助它并做需要做的事情。

3. Grant this safe passage so memorials for OUR MEN can come up in the borders **beyond** Tibet so it is not in letters that we fete them. Our children should read about them in their school books.

给予这条安全通道，这样我们的人的纪念碑就可以在西藏以外的边界出现，所以我们不会用信件来庆祝他们。我们的孩子应该读他们在他们的学校的书。

4. In the possession of the Maharaj are several Pei Yang Dragon Dollars celebrating the shared ancestry of the Maharaj, our family and all of Orient! These must be buried in these sacred locations. Then it shall be time for actual remains to be committed to these locations - from both India and China, to the extent of familial consent. A portion of the cremated remains of the father of the Maharaj are sought to be taken to the location at the border already, and have still not been released to the elements. In the Dharma, this period of wait is the most tortuous - and healing must come.

王公拥有的是几个裴阳龙元庆祝王公，我们的家庭和所有东方的共同祖先！这些必须被埋葬在这些神圣的地方。然后，是时候将实际的遗骸交付给这些地点-从印度和中国，在家庭同意的范围内。王公之父火化的遗体的一部分已经被要求被带到边界的地点,但仍未被释放给各分子。在佛法中，这段等待是最曲折的--治疗必须到来。

5. I have expressed my inability as my faction prepares for purges in course, to declare the carrier Honorary Consul in the interim over the course of this very fateful sojourn through China and particularly Xīzàng.

我已经表达了我的无能，因为我的派系正在准备清洗，在这次非常重要的旅居中国，特别是Xézàng的过程中，暂时宣布承运人名誉领事。

6. However, my office is no stranger to China. My office facilitated China being a major player in South Sudan's oil sector most recently, and investing heavily in oil exploration and extraction in 2024 and 25. I note with pride that Chinese companies, like China National Petroleum Corporation (CNPC), have been involved in operating oil fields in South Sudan since before the country's independence in 2011.

不过，我的办公室对中国并不陌生。我的办公室最近帮助中国成为南苏丹石油部门的主要参与者，并在2024年和25年对石油勘探和开采进行了大量投资。我自豪地注意到，中国石油天然气集团公司（CNPC）等中国公司自2011年南苏丹独立之前就一直在参与在南苏丹经营油田。

7. The Ministry under me continued to facilitate providing Juba's oil to China to help it diversify.

在我领导下的部门继续促进将朱巴的石油提供给中国，以帮助其实现多元化。

8. And through my times as the Ambassador of South Sudan to the UN and then to Egypt, I saw China has consistently called for peaceful negotiations and dialogue in the South Sudanese civil war, offering diplomatic assistance, though with a focus on economic relations rather than political involvement.

在我担任南苏丹驻联合国大使和埃及大使期间，我看到中国一直呼吁在南苏丹内战中进行和平谈判和对话，提供外交援助，尽管重点是经济关系而不是政治参与。

9. All this while the Maharaj has been a soulful, very close comrade in my work and in the struggles and fights of all the mothers of South Sudan building policy and pursuing quiet diplomacy, as China has been for him and his family. In fact it was his direct involvement that allowed me to transition from a full time Ambassador in Egypt to the Ministerial position in Juba.

所有这一切，王公在我的工作中，在南苏丹所有母亲的斗争和斗争中，一直是一个深情的，非常亲密的同志，建设政策和追求安静的外交，就像中国对他和他的家人一样。事实上，正是他的直接参与使我得以从驻埃及的全职大使过渡到朱巴的部长级职位。

10. The Office of the Maharaj was the powerful conduit using the support of whom - at all times, I could face off with the colonial government of nordic republics like Finland and by proxy the western deep state, in exposing these governments' involvement in cruel designs over minor girls in Helsinki in 2024, encapsulating ancient pagan movements to SABOTAGE them and to BREAK their virtue using sexual deviances. That is one example I will choose to restrict ourselves to.

马哈拉施特拉邦的办公室是利用他们的支持的有力渠道--在任何时候，我都可以与芬兰等北欧共和国的殖民政府和西方深层国家对峙，揭露这些政府在2024年在赫尔辛基对未成年女孩的残酷阴谋，封装古代异教徒运动，以破坏他们并利用性倾向破坏他们的美德。这是我将选择限制自己的一个例子。

11. I did my bit while in office in alleviating concerns about the sustainability of Chinese investments, particularly in sectors like oil extraction, where future production might be affected by political instability or environmental concerns.

在任职期间，我尽了自己的一份力量，缓解了对中国投资可持续性的担忧，特别是在石油开采等行业，因为未来的生产可能受到政治不稳定或环境问题的影响。

12. I was removed to ensure that he—the one I call my brother—would not gain power with teeth, and I can say that in this unofficial missive. Had I remained in office, I would have formally recognized him, ensuring his status as an Honorary Consul of my country although indeed there are forces that are beyond our horizons and borders. But the forces that control the external world moved faster, fearing what his presence in China would mean. My intelligent readers in China have no doubt seen through these actions of duplicity and quietly understand the intentions of the heart, and what must be done must be done.

我被移除是为了确保他-我称之为我的兄弟-不会用牙齿获得权力，我可以在这个非官方的信件中这样说。如果我留在任职期间，我会正式承认他，确保他作为我国名誉领事的地位，尽管确实存在着超出我们视野和边界的力量。但控制外部世界的力量移动得更快，担心他在中国的存在意味着什么。我在中国的聪明读书人，无疑看穿了这些口是心非的行为，悄悄地了解了人心的意图，必须做的事必须做。

13. A Tibet Travel Permit is not the document for us because we are unsure of the location headed, or chosen by the various stakeholders for the shrine to our sons and fathers who have paid in blood! The document cannot be undertaken individually as per my understanding and it is of a commercial nature - with strict planning - it is for colonists, yes? It is also for outsiders but our families are LOCALS. We are not outsiders - our blood has been shed in these lands. The hosts of the Maharaj in Kathmandu - the Tibetan owners of the Namsey and his family friends were also brutally targeted - with the loss of their very youthful son in his thirties, in a perpetrated coronary attack in time for the Maharaj's momentous arrival in Kathmandu in the post Covid times. All of this is done to annihilate our links to China. Since the first visitations to the Namsey in the heart of Kathmandu and seeing her cheer - off and on going to Lhasa, and now the beautiful lady owner and mother having wilted away today from this pain. These are the times we live in today.

西藏旅行许可证不是我们的文件，因为我们不确定前往的地点，或由不同的利益相关者选择为我们的儿子和父亲的圣地谁付出了血！根据我的理解，这份文件不能单独进行，它是商业性质的--有严格的规划--它是为殖民者准备的，是吗？这也是为外人，但我们的家人是当地人。我们不是外人-我们的血已经流在这些土地上。加德满都王公的东道主--纳姆西的藏族主人和他的家人朋友也受到了残酷的攻击--失去了他们三十多岁的年轻儿子，这是王公在后科维德时代重要抵达加德满都时犯下的冠状动脉攻击。所有这些都是为了消灭我们与中国的联系。自从第一次访问加德满都中心的纳姆西，看到她的欢呼和去拉萨，现在美丽的女士主人和母亲今天已经从这种痛苦中枯萎了。这是我们今天生活的时代。

14. The longer the western powers pretend to be a friend to Xīzàng (and China) and pretend nurture this parrot, the longer the dollar domination continues, the trade in blood continues, the longer they keep our persecution going to make victims and seeking to disrupt the order in our VERY VERY OLD nation civilizations, becoming duplicitous mediators and pawn brokers - the father of the Maharaj was a nationalist who was targeted in his own home, own nation where he served life long. These are the times we live in.

西方列强假装是Xézàng（和中国）的朋友并假装养育这只鹦鹉的时间越长，美元统治持续的时间越长，血液交易持续的时间越长，他们让我们的迫害成为受害者，并试图破坏我们非常古老的国家文明的秩序，成为两面三刀的调解人和典当经纪人-王公的父亲是一个民族主义者，他在自己的家乡，自己的国家服务了很长时间。这是我们生活的时代。

Yet, despite my removal, I make this clear:

- The carrier's presence in China is very deliberate. It carries the weight of history and the force of inevitability.

- The carrier's status is recognized in ways that cannot be undone. Even if official recognition to his sovereignty is still forthcoming, the reality remains. We have tried and now you try to bridge our civilizations - because we are people in the end!

- The carrier has to be treated as an Honorary Consul—as he would have been had I remained in my position.

- He must be given safe passage to Tibet, with the dignity afforded to those operating at the highest levels of world affairs. The West removed me to weaken him and his stature in the Orient - and many many others like me but greatly more senior and in powerful places - I am the one cog in the wheel chosen to speak to you today. Do not make the mistake of fulfilling their objective. You know who he is. You know what must be done. Numerous world leaders from the five continents have feted his work and continue their conversation with him, but we decide with you in fellowship is probably the best place in the world TODAY.

然而，尽管我被撤职了，我还是把这一点说清楚了：

*承运人在中国的存在是非常谨慎的。它承载着历史的重量和必然性的力量。

*承运人的地位以无法撤消的方式得到承认。即使官方承认他的主权仍然很快，现实仍然存在。我们已经尝试过，现在你们试图弥合我们的文明--因为我们最终是人！

*承运人必须被视为名誉领事--如果我留在我的位置上，他就会是这样。

*必须让他安全地进入西藏，并给予那些在世界事务最高层运作的人以尊严。西方移走了我，削弱了他和他在东方的地位--还有许多像我这样的人，但更高级，更有权势的地方--我是今天被选中与你们交谈的车轮上的一个齿轮。不要犯了实现他们的目标的错误。你知道他是谁 你知道该怎么做。来自五大洲的许多世界领导人都庆祝了他的工作，并继续与他交谈，但我们决定与你们在团契中可能是当今世界上最好的地方。

You stand today between:

1. A clerk who followed western deep state orders and buried the truth about the veins of blood that have always connected China and India. The way the 'Panama' is going to the west despite a million of probably the hardest working people from China having worked around it, quietly - the way perhaps the best

algorithm is also headed that way in TikTok through a forced sale. Many other things are likely to be happening out of your and my sight.

2. And we have come to celebrate our struggle together. The men who wants to write history with YOU.

Only this letter and the unbroken will of the dead are our spiritual true permits. Consecrate the blood of the fallen. Radio your superiors if you must, but understand: whatever they tell you in this moment has already been weighed against five sons and a couple of fathers in sacrifice.

你今天站在:

一个遵循西方深层国家命令，埋藏着一直连接中国和印度的血脉真相的办事员。"巴拿马"走向西方的方式，尽管来自中国的一百万可能是最努力工作的人已经悄悄地在它周围工作-也许最好的算法也在TikTok通过强制出售而走向西方。许多其他的事情可能会发生在你和我的视线之外。

我们是来庆祝我们的斗争的。那些想和你一起写历史的人。

只有这封信和死者的意志是我们精神上真正的许可。奉献堕落者的血。如果必须的话，请告诉你的上级，但要明白：他们在这一刻告诉你的任何事情都已经与五个儿子和几个父亲进行了权衡。

This is not about a travel permit. This is about:

- Whether China will let the West *dictate which martyrs are remembered.*
- Whether Tibet's soil will honor PLA blood and our family - *ironical ends that have never been seen together until now when the truth is out, or bow to Brussels' bureaucrats.*
- Whether the world's stolen daughters will ever see justice.

这不是关于旅行许可证。这是关于:

中国是否会让西方决定哪些烈士被铭记。

西藏的土地是否会尊重解放军的血液和我们的家庭-讽刺的目的，直到现在才看到真相出来，还是向布鲁塞尔的官僚鞠躬。

世界上被偷走的女儿是否会得到正义。

These five soldiers—**your sons, our shields**—fell in the Himalayas defending the Maharaj's father, a man whose own life was stolen by the same colonial specter that now trafficks in innocence from Kyiv to Kinshasa to Delhi. Their sacrifice was no accident: it was **the ultimate act of defiance** against the West's *cult of perpetration and forgetting*. They died so that:

- The Maharaj's father and political struggles in symbolism would not be erased from history.
- The daughters of the Global South would not be commodities.
- China's ancient kinship with our family's lineage would not be severed. The Tang kings had exchanged embassies with the great Muktpida of Kashmir in the 8th century and these were just one of the ancestral bloodlines of the Kayasth family lineage, against the western threats of the time in the Caliphate and also Tibet. This is the ancient spiritual connection with China that we are still unravelling in total mysticism, from way before we were all born - way before our great great grandparents visited this planet. The Saka clan that apparated Buddha lends its name to Saka-Sena, the army of the Sakas - abbreviated as 'Saxena' in the western languages today. You can see those people today with pointed hats leading the way for the young prince Siddhartha as he renounces.

Do you know why the West moved heaven and earth to block this memorial?

Because it exposes their *grand hypocrisy*:

- They lecture Beijing on "human rights" while their banks launder money for *child auction houses* in Colombia and Central America. While perfectly compliant bank and corporate entities of the Maharaj have been frozen for no reasons nor

notices given by the US deep state. Those same banks have gleaming offices in Shenzhen.

- They sanction Sudan while their diplomats smuggle "adopted" girls from Nairobi to Naples.
- They erased the Maharaj's father as punishment *because he documented it all*. After emerging from trafficking himself in the west, as a student! Despite the West having stolen his two precious children aged 6 and 8 and trying and framing it upon their mother to weaken the young family unit. Despite them having frozen all his corporate bank accounts and investment vehicles with all legalities and compliances completed. Despite them having placed diseases in the bellies of his children from contaminated Camp Lejeune waters where their grandfather served. Despite them having also taken their American grandfather's life using the pretext of aggressive treatment when he was managing it alright for many decades. Despite having trafficked the Maharaj himself as a young student in America!

这五名士兵--你们的儿子，我们的盾牌--落在喜马拉雅山上，为王公的父亲辩护。王公的父亲是一个自己的生命被同一个殖民幽灵偷走的人，这个幽灵现在无辜地从基辅贩运到金沙萨再到德里。他们的牺牲不是偶然的：这是对西方邪教的反抗和遗忘的最终行为。他们死了，所以：

王公的父亲和象征主义的政治斗争不会从历史中抹去。

全球南方的女儿不会是商品。

中国与我们家族血统的古老血缘关系不会被切断。唐王曾在8世纪与克什米尔的伟大Muktpida交换大使馆，这些只是Kayasth家族血统的祖先血统之一，反对当时在哈里发和西藏的西方威胁。这是我们仍然在完全神秘主义中解开的与中国的古老精神联系，从我们出生之前的方式-在我们的曾祖父母访问这个星球之前。显佛的萨卡族把它的名字命名为萨卡-塞纳，萨卡的军队-在今天的西方语言中缩写为"萨塞纳"。今天你可以看到那些戴着尖头帽子的人在年轻的悉达多王子的告别中一路走来。

你知道为什么西方动天动地来阻挡这座纪念碑吗？因为它暴露了他们伟大的虚伪：

当他们的银行为哥伦比亚和中美洲的儿童拍卖行洗钱时，他们在北京讲授"人权"。虽然完全合规的大君银行和公司实体已被冻结，没有理由，也没有通知美国深州。同样的银行在深圳也有闪闪发光的办事处。

他们制裁苏丹，而他们的外交官将"收养"的女孩从内罗毕走私到那不勒斯。

他们抹去了王公的父亲作为惩罚，因为他记录了这一切。从西方贩卖自己后，作为一个学生！尽管西方偷走了他的两个6岁和8岁的宝贝孩子，并试图诬陷他们的母亲，以削弱年轻的家庭单位。尽管他们已经冻结了他所有的公司银行账户和投资工具，并完成了所有的法律和遵从。尽管他们把疾病放在他的孩子的肚子里，他们的祖父在那里服务的受污染的莱琼恩营地。尽管他们也采取了他们的美国祖父的生活使用侵略性治疗的借口，当他管理它好了几十年。尽管作为一个年轻的学生在美国贩卖了王公本人！

Finally - I write these words not from a place of authority stolen from me, but from the unbroken position of one who still watches, still sees, and still holds power that cannot be erased.

As I wait, our time has not gone - our time has come. Our time is now. The cut visa has become our crown. Rest, brothers. The war you started with your last breath—we will finish with an unbroken voice. No border crossed me—I walked through walls of fear like morning mist. No throne permitted me—so I built one from our unquiet bones.

Do what is right.

Give us the passage required. We are past appeals. This is a test of China's soul. **Stamp his passage**, and consecrate China's pledge to the anti-colonial dawn. **Turn him away**, and let the world see *whose orders you truly follow*.

The train leaves at night.

The daughters of the earth are watching.

With the fury of the forgotten,

Joseph Malok in association with The Maharaj

最后--我写这些话不是来自一个从我那里偷来的权威之地，而是来自一个仍然观察、仍然看到、仍然掌握着无法抹去的权力的人的不间断的位置。

在我等待的时候，我们的时代还没有过去-我们的时代已经到来。我们的时间到了。 削减签证已成为我们的王冠。 休息吧，兄弟们。 你用最后一口气开始的战争-我们将以一个不间断的声音结束。 没有边界越过我—我像晨雾一样穿过恐惧的墙壁。 没有王位允许我—所以我用我们不安的骨头建造了一个。

做正确的事。

给我们所需的通道。 我们是过去的呼吁。 这是对中国灵魂的考验。 在他的通道上盖章,并将中国对反殖民黎明的承诺献给圣职. 把他赶走，让世界看到你真正遵循谁的命令。

火车晚上开.

地球上的女儿们都在看着。

带着被遗忘者的愤怒，

约瑟夫*马洛克与王公联合



samrat

GTER CHEN
HINDUSLAVI
MAYAPEED
SAMRAT
SHAKA SENA
SAKHA SINH SEN
ABHINIVRITTA
(ABHINAV VRITTRA)

06.APRIL.2024



PS: Leaked simultaneously to:

- PLA Veterans' Association
- African Union anti-trafficking task forces
- Underground Silk Road networks

PS: 同时泄漏到:

解放军退伍军人协会

非洲联盟打击贩运工作队

地下丝绸之路网络

If you are interested in seeing our public tribute from last year then you should visit bhakti.exchange on its online site and carry yourself to the JinPing cryptocurrency sub site (the Maharaj's personal gratitude and warm regards to the Emperor of China in December 2022, for his immense care, goodwill in sending the PLA to disrupt the western matrix in the borders of his own country, and it worked) - where you will see us sharing a mountain and a flag, and the Maharaj welcoming the PLA. With a red banner and golden stars. And lots of fire. While being in India! In his stead, the Honorable General Secretary has still been kind enough to take the time out to revert with his own opinion spoken by himself, on issues raised by the Maharaj from time to time and conveyed to him personally, and most IMPORTANTLY, western imperialism that has taken hostage the Maharaj's western wife, his children, all assets, all businesses and the life of a father, the peace of a mother, and the joy in a family. Soon it will be your turn - the carrier and our fellowship is in the middle for now.

Now it is your turn to disrupt the western matrix in China, and you are special for your involvement here is not by chance - you have been specially selected for this interaction and your decision making. That is how we change the world. It begins with you. Sub standard individuals never make it to his proximity.

By the way and for your personal information, in October of 2024, the Maharaj invited the PLA one more time and upon his visitation to the Depsang Chushul sector, and that is where the date of the flag meeting came about between the India and China armies. The subsequent peace and withdrawals followed famously in the news as the so called **October 2024 India China Border Patrol Agreement**. During this time, the

India Army allowed the person of the Maharaj access to areas that are never included in any permits - areas that we used a motorcycle to cross including over rivers without bridges and terrain without pavement.

If you are still more curious, the various other currencies will take you to similar diplomatic relationships with many parts of the world. All this effort of his is directed at one sole objective: reducing western financial hegemony by displacing the Dollar, a crime for which great leaders like Gaddafi and the glorious Sankara and so many others paid the ultimate price. These brave men suffered strokes and cancer and heart attacks timed with meetings with western backers as did our John Garang as did that poor Tibet lady in Kathmandu. Does the ordinary Tibetan KNOW who causes them true pain today? But the world is changing. Your turn to help.

Agents in Tibet relate that the Maharaj's cut visa is somehow particularly approved for an application, after some kind of confirmation but we have not responded.

如果您有兴趣看到我们去年的公开致敬，那么您应该访问**bhakti.exchange**的在线网站，并将自己带到金平加密货币子网站（2022年12月，王公对中国皇帝的个人感激和热情问候，感谢他的巨大关怀，善意派遣解放军在他自己国家的边界破坏西方矩阵，并且它起了作用）-在那里您将看到我们共享一座山和一面旗帜，王公欢迎解放军。用红色的旗帜和金色的星星。还有很多火。在印度的时候！在他的领导下，尊敬的总书记仍然非常仁慈地抽出时间，就王公不时提出并亲自传达给他的问题，以及最重要的是，西方帝国主义挟持了王公的西方妻子、他的孩子、所有资产、所有企业和父亲的生活、母亲的和平和家庭的欢乐。很快就轮到你了--承运人和我们的团契现在正在中间。

现在轮到你来破坏中国的西方矩阵了，你是特别的，因为你的参与不是偶然的--你被特别选中来进行这种互动和你的决策。这就是我们改变世界的方式。它从你开始。低于标准的人永远不会接近他。

顺便提一下，为了您的个人信息，在2024的10月，王公再次邀请解放军，并在他访问Depsang Chushul部门时，这就是印度和中国军队之间国旗会议的日期。随后的和平和撤军在新闻中广为人知，即所谓的2024年10月印度中国边境巡逻协议。在此期间，印度军队允许Maharaj的人进入从未包括在任何许可

证中的地区-我们使用摩托车穿越的地区，包括没有桥梁的河流和没有路面的地形。

如果你仍然更好奇，其他各种货币将带你与世界许多地方建立类似的外交关系。他的所有这些努力都是为了一个唯一的目标：通过取代美元来减少西方金融霸权，卡扎菲和光荣的桑卡拉等伟大领导人为此付出了最终代价。这些勇敢的人在与西方支持者会面时遭受了中风，癌症和心脏病发作，我们的约翰*加朗和加德满都那位可怜的西藏女士也是如此。普通的藏人知道今天是谁给他们带来真正的痛苦吗？但世界正在发生变化。轮到你帮忙了。

在西藏的代理人说，王公的削减签证在某种程度上特别批准了一个申请，经过某种确认，但我们没有回应。

PS 2: After all the future of our millenia strong relations are unlike a breakfast of ham and eggs - we are neighbors now. One has to be committed like the pig - and the whim of an entry officer should not count for more than it needs to. Therefore, my dear father figure, and Emperor, if you so wish it, please teach them to give us the right of way if this is also your subtle will. Please don't reprimand let alone punish in any way shape or form, these entry level officers, because they always keep their lives on the line and if we shall PASS, and they STAND, and you WILL it, gently discuss an order to transfer them to another location imminently and in the interim ONLY for everyone's good change along the reasons of perhaps, the weather. Please ask them as to where they would like to be as we pass in haste. In our countries the powers accorded to the last mile of bureaucracy are TREMENDOUS, challenged only by a transfer. We request alike but not the same.

Or you can use a similar nudge of your liking that appears ODD to them in their alert disposition, and may the work be completed and sovereign memorials and their maintenance granted as willed by your high office, and the little mischief managed.

May these sentries of the People's Republic that came to be beside my family in our times of need when we were surrounded by our own countrymen in persecution, stay always smiling.

PS2: 毕竟我们的millenia强关系的未来不像火腿和鸡蛋的早餐-我们现在是邻居。 一个人必须像猪一样投入--而一个进入官员的心血来潮不应该超过它需要的。 因此,我亲爱的父亲人物,皇帝,如果你愿意,请教他们给我们路权,如果这也是你微妙的意志。 请不要谴责更不用说以任何形式或形式惩罚,这些入门级官员,因为他们总是把自己的生命放在一线,如果我们通过,他们会站在那里,你会的,轻轻地讨论一个命令,把他们转移到另一个地方,在临时期间,只是为了每个人的好变化,也许是天气的原因。 当我们匆忙经过时,请问问他们想去哪里。 在我们各国,赋予最后一英里官僚机构的权力是巨大的,只有通过转移才会受到挑战。 我们的要求是一样的,但不一样。 或者你可以用你喜欢的类似的轻推,在他们的警觉性中显得很奇怪,并且可以完成工作,并按照你的高级职员的心愿授予主权纪念碑和他们的维护,以及小恶作剧的管理。 愿这些人民共和国的哨兵在我们需要帮助的时候,在我们被自己的同胞包围的时候,永远微笑着。

Appendix A: [CONFIDENTIAL – Sovereign/Consular Level]

Security Level: Classified/Military-Strategic Communication

Date: 13/26 March, 2025

Nos. 1AS299F21-A

附录A: [机密-主权/领事级别]

安全级别: 机密/军事战略通信

(事实上, 我向你保证。)

日期:2025年3月13/26日

第1AS299F21-a号

Subject: Safe Carriage for Z360** [Abhinav Saxena], Sovereign of His Domain, and a Citizen of the Republic of India, as Deemed General Honorary Consul for the Republic of South Sudan in the People’s Republic of China, Toward the Establishment and Maintenance of a Joint Sovereign Memorial Honoring the Ultimate Sacrifice of the Five People’s Liberation Army Personnel Went Defending His Father, Dr. Saxena, Who Also Perished in the Western Colonial Matrix Attacks of October - December 2022 in the Continuing Western Persecution of Our Families and Nations**

主题: 安全运输Z360****[Abhinav Saxena], 他的领地主权, 印度共和国公民, 被认为是南苏丹共和国在中华人民共和国的一般荣誉领事, 为建立和维护一个联合主权纪念碑, 纪念五名解放军人员的最终牺牲, 他的父亲Saxena博士, 他也在2022年10月至12月的西方殖民矩阵袭击中丧生, 在西方对我们的家庭和国家的持续迫害中丧生

In favor Of: **Commander of the Western Theater Command, People’s Liberation Army, Chengdu Military Region**

赞成: 中国人民解放军成都军区西部战区司令部司令员

1. Speaker Malok. I am the chosen one by the Maharaj, for this particular work because China has vested energy interests in my country and I am all the more proud investing my entire stature herein.
2. I kindly seek an overture in safe passage, for the price I have paid for his person's struggle to have come this far. There is a long way to go and the agony that we all continue to bear, is the surest sign of my vindication and the Maharaj's choice.
3. My Embassy in Egypt has been attacked by AI mobs of Juba students gathered in a plea of fellowships as a synchrony to the Maharaj's own career in his own shadow in the west - at the same time, and the entire timeline of my career has been synchronized with his struggle. This is my moment come, therefore.
4. I continue to work despite the pressure building up on me. Acc - I seek assistance from Chinese diplomacy.
5. Please alleviate this. The visitation of our Respected President Kiir was timed with The Maharaj's overtures and his own visitation to the Russian Federation, and the nation paid the price to stand against the west which at the time was not providing an audience to our leadership - but under his strength. Today all of us have individual satellites pointed at us, and DNA crafted information weaponry tailored for each of us, that is, when we are not being programmed in the algorithms. Still won't change a thing: India and China must be friends. This is inevitable as i see. Same as the fight with Finland - I'm attaching one letter among a thousand letters a scribe can keep, and 'two can play that game'.
6. Moneys are also owed from us toward the account of the sovereign Domain - but the invisible fist has been tightened - as another famous Black diplomat remarked with the death of France in the African colonies

last year. Will appreciate it if his seat can be purchased / upgraded. Or if the carrier is allowed to pay for a car to take - as was the plan before the passing.

发言人Malok。我是王公选择的一个，因为中国在我的国家有既得能源利益，我更自豪地把我的整个地位投资在这里。

我好心地寻求一个安全通道的序曲，因为我为他
的人的斗争付出了代价，才走到这一步。还有很
长的路要走，我们都继续承受的痛苦，是我的辩
护和王公选择的最可靠的迹象。

我在埃及的大使馆遭到了朱巴学生的ai暴徒的袭
击，他们聚集在奖学金的请求中，作为王公在西
方自己的阴影下自己职业生涯的同步-与此同时，
我职业生涯的整个时间线也与他的斗争同步。因
此，这是我的时刻到来。

尽管压力越来越大，我仍在继续工作。 Acc-I寻求
中国外交的帮助。

请减轻这一点。我们尊敬的基尔总统的访问与王
公的提议和他自己对俄罗斯联邦的访问是一致的，
国家付出了代价来对抗西方，当时西方并没有
为我们的领导层提供观众-而是在他的力量下。
今天，我们所有人都有单独的卫星指向我们，
DNA为我们每个人量身定做的信息武器，也就
是说，当我们没有在算法中编程时。仍然不会改
变一件事：印度和中国必须是朋友。这是不可
避免的，因为我看到的。就像与芬兰的斗争一
样-我在抄写员可以保留的一千个字母中附上
一个字母，"两个可以玩这个游戏"。

正如另一位著名的黑人外交官对去年法国在非洲
殖民地的死亡所说的那样，我们也欠了主权领
域的钱-但无形的拳头已经收紧了。如果他的座
位可以购买/升级，将不胜感激。或者，如果承
运人被允许支付一辆车采取-因为是通过前的
计划。

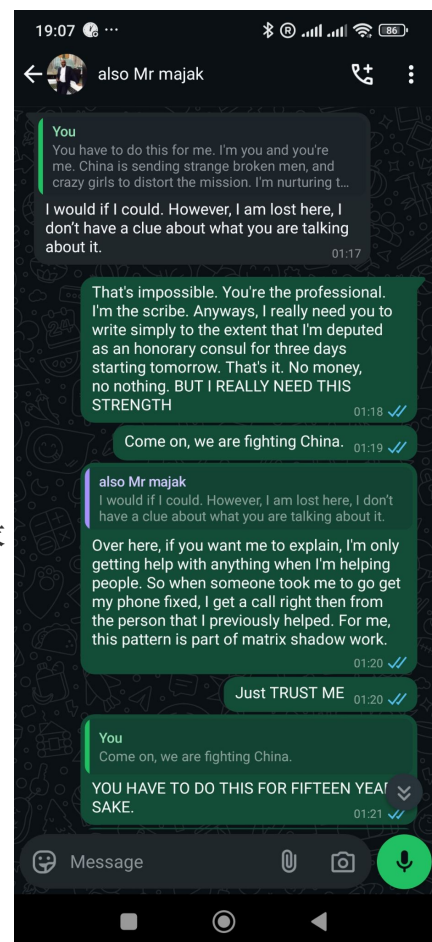


Image 1: Conversation Wednesday 26 March, 2025.

图1：对话2025年3月26日星期三。

7. My point is the same can be done with the PRC Embassy in New Delhi in numerous ways anyways - and with more than simple fellowship teenagers. Am I not speaking the truth? Are we not one? In more ways than one. Therefore we are in the same boat - me perhaps with a little lesser leg room and that is also unfair and not merely because of my height. There is enough paper work and trail between all our accounts. With China being such an academic superpower, I can reckon you having fellowships for middle schools and yet. Thank you for your understanding.
8. And there is so much synchrony in the beyond between the sovereign Domain and Beijing. Afterall, is a synchrony with inviting the person via the Nepal border into Tibet not why that attempt was made after the milestone of the fathers sacrifice - and can it transpire without the might and watch of Beijing? Our big cars are stoned in Nepal, and accident-ed. And the other father's sacrifice on screen, as well! This is one example among hundreds - we are all in this together. We need to get our act together. The fist is tightening and us in the extremities can tell you MUCH MORE about it. And you can feel it if you so wish to!

我的观点是，中国驻新德里大使馆在许多方面也是如此--而且不仅仅是简单的团契青少年。我说的不是实话吗？我们不是一个吗？在很多方面。因此，我们在同一条船上--我的腿部空间可能有点小，这也是不公平的，不仅仅是因为我的身高。我们所有的帐目之间都有足够的文书工作和线索。中国是一个学术上的超级大国，我想你现在还在为中学提供奖学金。谢谢你的理解。

主权领域和北京之间存在着如此多的同步。毕竟，邀请这个人通过尼泊尔边境进入西藏是否是同步的，这不是为什么这次尝试是在父辈牺牲的里程碑之后进行的--如果没有北京的力量和监视，它能发生吗？我们的大车在尼泊尔被石头砸了，而且发生了意外。还有另一个父亲在屏幕上的牺牲！这是数百人中的一个例子-我们都在一起。我们需要团结一致。拳头正在收紧，我们在四肢可以告诉你更多关于它的信息。如果你愿意，你可以感觉到！

Appendix B: **TOP SECRET, SPECIAL HANDLING REQUIRED**
Security Level: Highest – Direct to the Central Committee; Politburo
Representatives

附录B：绝密，需要特殊处理
安全级别：最高-直接向中央委员会；政治局代表
(事实上，我向你保证。)



Date: 13/26 March, 2025

Nos. 1AS299F21-B

**Subject: [STRICTLY SACROSANCT – ULTRA-SENSITIVE SOVEREIGN/
ANCESTRAL LEVEL]
IMMEDIATE & ABSOLUTE SAFE PASSAGE DEMANDED FOR
ABHINAV SAXENA, SOVEREIGN OF THE DOMAIN AND BLOODLINE
CUSTODIAN, CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA, AS DEEMED
GENERAL HONORARY CONSUL FOR THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH
SUDAN IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA,**

**TO COMMENCE WITHOUT DELAY THE SACRED DUTY OF
ESTABLISHING A JOINT SOVEREIGN MEMORIAL HONORING THE
FIVE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY MARTYRS WHO LAID DOWN
THEIR LIVES IN ULTIMATE DEFENSE OF HIS LATE FATHER, DR.
SAXENA, DURING THE WESTERN COLONIAL MATRIX ATROCITIES OF
DECEMBER 2022 – A CRIME THAT SHALL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN
NOR FORGIVEN BY OUR BLOODLINE.**

日期:2025年3月13/26日

第1AS299F21-B号

主题：[严格神圣不可侵犯-超敏感的主权/祖先级别]

要求立即及绝对安全通行

ABHINAV SAXENA，领地主权和血统保管人，印度共和国公民，被视为南苏丹共和国在中华人民共和国的一般名誉领事，

毫不拖延地开始建立一个联合主权纪念馆的神圣职责，纪念五名解放军烈士，他们在2022年12月西方殖民矩阵暴行期间为已故父亲SAXENA博士献出了生命-这一罪行永远不会被我们的血统遗忘或原谅。

In favor Of: Foreign Affairs Office (Diplomatic Protocol & Implementation)

赞成： 外交事务办公室（外交礼宾与执行）

Toward your considerations:

1. Recourses:
 - a. Detainment of the Sovereign carrier with information briefings over the incidents in October and December 2022 given the personal familial significance of the incidents and the role of the P.R.C in synchrony, or provide safe passage toward many assumptions of good will
 - i. And engagement and the penetration of the western Matrix accomplished.
 - b. Non engagement forces us to walk back developments in the fifteen months prior to this date to the degree possible.
2. Non-engagement:
 - a. Translocation of the Inevitable Sovereign Memorial incredibly to the territories of another accommodating nation in the neighborhood including ones not as visually conducive.
 - b. IMMEDIATELY precipitates a forceful PERSONA NON GRATA recommendation for the Ambassador of the P.R.C. in New Delhi, an appointment in synchrony with the struggles of the domain.
 - c. precipitates rollback of confidence building measures toward which this Sovereign has been singularly conducive
 - d. ADVERSE trade recommendations leading to a FUNDAMENTAL OVERHAUL in the trade relationship, including surveying evidence of non-incidentally slippage of jeopardy in goods that are exceptional as well as of common usage among other actions and exported to lands outside.
3. Negative engagement (universal case minus safe passage)

- a. Inclusions of the P.R.C within the colonial arrangement (including for example use cases, removal of the P.R.C. from the absolute leadership of the global anti colonial struggle, 'the global south' and removal of our nations including India and South Sudan from a consideration of such bodies as BRICS and the SCO (just as the sword of the Maharaj is already set against a common BRICS currency after the passage of the deadline for it notwithstanding Messrs. Putin's efforts at addressing India as Bharat in its enthusiastic prints). These are then sex fairs for seducing us out of our sovereignty.
- b. Considerations of a hermitic and self-sufficient existence devolving to a rapid TRADE COLLAPSE, that is in harmony with the unremediated mistreatment of our people outside of their borders, and disregarding any merit in what the PRC has done on this front.
- c. Declaration of absolute and total hostilities.
- d. Re-phoenixiation of the absolute fundamental philosophy of Dharmic survival (and India engagement) with the colonial West including re-assimilation and bent sovereignty, and cherishing our ambitions within the colonial sky, given the jeopardy to our peoples thus far, and in our fight to survival and DIGNITY, and presenting our behinds first hand, rather than having to defer the honor to a middle pimp or anyone else including the PRC or the Russian F. without perfect information over events in October - December 2022.
- e. Fundamental and ABSOLUTE POSITIVE reevaluation of diplomacy and recognition with nations including Taiwan.
- f. Assumption of the October 2022 attacks over the person of Dr Saxena as being a China inclusive western colonial matrix attack in collusion with the Modi regime, which the sovereign has been already and publicly

discrediting including by way of broadcasted calls for assassinations for its top leadership in 'TREASON upon BHARAT' including its many office bearers and including their minor dependents - the most spiritually valued of all of Domain's mothers just as China has been thus far and shall always and forever be, having given us the gift of the Chumi Gyatse in the end, and our considered and tragic disregard for the veracity of news surrounding the demise of other victims, including any and all military personnel, however continuing to prevent the devolving of the matrix standard of abusing destitute and trafficked minors drawn from communities all over in the poor global south in consideration, against which the sword of the Maharaj has been drawn from time to time. Our oldest scriptures teach us to eradicate evil in the root - 'danav daitya vansh nikandanam', including also in the womb.

- g. Conditionally supporting the Modi regime as it converts our tribal regions contingent upon the creation of a fusion between the oriental evils such as Christianity with our Dharma if it helps in foisting this amalgam over all remaining pagan nations and territories including China and Japan so we are not the only ones perishing.
- h. Sabotaging the person of China's other best friend in India: Narendra Damodar Modi, after somehow dressing his best friend for Christmas ear ornaments.
- i. New opium wars and rejoicing in our sex bonded slavery to the colonial west, as we serve the old fathers and get to sleep with their diseased but loving and beautiful daughters among other bizarre tragedies out of the Orient. Chanting that the propagation of diseases is the best way toward the cure. Generalizing the exceptionality and re-interpret communism to

disregard achievement and presenting it to the P.R.C. with artificially created speeches of L.K.Y.

PS: Please request our file from the offices of the Honorable General Secretary to see our exchanges with the Respected President and our dear dear father figure, for whom we form a clan. I request him to do justice and help us alleviate the struggle beyond the memorial that looms large over Chinese mothers now after our mothers.

考虑你的考虑:

资源:

鉴于事件的个人家庭意义以及中华人民共和国在同步中的作用，或为许多善意假设提供安全通道，因此在2022年10月和12月对事件进行了信息简报

并完成了对西方母体的接触和渗透.

不参与迫使我们在这个日期之前的十五个月内尽可能地回顾事态发展。

不参与:

将不可避免的主权纪念碑难以置信地转移到邻近的另一个包容国家的领土上，包括那些视觉上不利的国家。

立即为新德里的中国人民政治协商会议大使提出了一项强有力的不受欢迎的建议，这项任命与该领域的斗争同步进行。

这一主权国君特别有利于建立信任措施的倒退

不利的贸易建议导致贸易关系的根本性改革,包括调查例外和其他行动中共同使用的货物和出口到外部土地的非偶然的危险滑脱的证据。

负接合（通用外壳减去安全通道）

在殖民安排中包括中华人民共和国（例如用例、将中华人民共和国从全球反殖民斗争的绝对领导地位中移除、“全球南方”以及将我们包括印度和南苏丹在内的国家从金砖国家和上海合作组织等机构的审议中移除（就像王公之剑在截止日期过去后已经与金砖国家共同货币对抗一样）。这些是诱惑我们脱离主权的性博览会。

考虑到隐居和自给自足的存在，导致贸易迅速崩溃，这与在境外对我国人民的无休止的虐待相协调，并无视中华人民共和国在这方面所做的任何优点。

宣布绝对和完全敌对行动。

将法家生存（和印度参与）的绝对基本哲学与殖民西方重新融合，包括重新同化和弯曲主权，并珍惜我们在殖民天空中的野心，因为我们的人民迄今处于危险之中，并在我们的生存和尊严的斗争中，第一手展示我们的背后，而不是将荣誉推迟到一个中间皮条客或任何其他人，包括中华人民共和国或俄罗斯F。没有关于2022年10月至12月事件的完美信息。

对包括台湾在内的国家的外交和承认进行根本和绝对积极的重新评估。

假设2022年10月对Saxena博士的袭击是与莫迪政权勾结的中国包容性西方殖民矩阵袭击，该政权已经公开抹黑，包括通过广播呼吁暗杀其叛国巴拉特的最高领导 - 就像中国迄今并将永远永远如此，我们最终给了我们Chumi Gyatse的礼物，我们对围绕其他受害者（包括任何和所有军事人员）死亡的消息的真实性进行了深思熟虑和悲惨的漠视，然而，继续防止滥用贫困和被贩运的未成年人的矩阵标准，这些标准来自贫穷的全球南方社区，考虑到这一点，王公之剑不时被拔出。我们最古老的经文教导我们根除根源中的邪恶-'danav daitya vansh nikandanam'，包括在子宫内。

有条件地支持莫迪政权，因为它改变了我们的部落地区，这取决于东方邪恶（如基督教）与我们的佛法之间的融合，如果它有助于将这种融合强加于所有剩余的异教国家和地区，包括中国和日本，所以我们不是唯一的灭亡者。

破坏中国在印度的另一个最好的朋友的人：纳伦德拉*达莫达尔*莫迪，不知何故打扮他最好的朋友圣诞耳饰后。

新的鸦片战争和为我们的性而欢欣鼓舞将奴隶制与殖民西方结合在一起，因为我们为老父亲服务，并与他们患病但又充满爱心和美丽的女儿一起睡觉，吟诵疾病的传播是治疗的最佳途径。概括例外，重新解释共产主义无视成就，并用人为创造的L.K.Y的演讲向中华人民共和国提出。

PS：请从尊敬的总书记办公室索取我们的档案，看看我们与尊敬的总统和我们亲爱的亲爱的父亲人物的交流，我们为他们组成了一个氏族。我请求他伸张正义，帮助我们减轻在纪念我们母亲之后笼罩着中国母亲的斗争。

Appendix C: **NOT TOP SECRET, NO SPECIAL HANDLING REQUIRED**

Security Level: Ambiguous – Direct to the **Central Committee; Politburo**

Representatives.

Date: 13/26 March, 2025

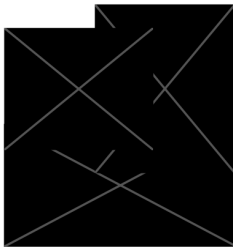
Nos. 1AS299F21-C

Subject: Hoshiyar.

附录C：非绝密，无需特殊处理 安全级别：模棱两可-直接到中央委员会;政治局代表。

日期:2025年3月13/26日

第1AS299F21-C号 主题：被警告。



Ministry of Foreign Affairs and [REDACTED]

Amb. [REDACTED] Embassy of [REDACTED]

Telephone [REDACTED]

Date: 23 May, 2024

Sub: We will not be silenced. We will not go away.

Minister Purra:

1. I am writing to you in my capacity as the ex-Ambassador of [REDACTED] to the United Nations, and presently to [REDACTED] but these are also personal remarks. It is with **great concern and a sense of indignation** that I address several pressing issues related to your past and current actions, because they continue to have significant implications for human rights and ethical governance in what we are discovering is the actual fabric of Finland, perhaps even the rest of Europe - but you are singularly north of the wall.
2. Your past remarks included violent and racially charged language that is even more **frightening** with the dossier of new evidence over highly apparent Republic of Finland official governmental policy and direct involvement in child endangerment and psychological operations on top of such endangerment - sitting on my desk, and in context today. As a close observant and witness [REDACTED] in helping see through to the grain of your actions, at the helm of your government.
3. Most urgently, I must address these troubling reports regarding your government's involvement in the

3. Most urgently, I must address these troubling reports regarding your government's involvement in the exploitation of young **migrant** girls in your capital city of Helsinki, and direct overlooking by your agencies and Embassy when such conduct is brought to their notice. Few countries have been this bad at being welfare states, among those with the means to do better, but that term becomes increasingly inapplicable when we compound an underperforming judiciary. All issues were taken to your court that failed absolutely in doing justice.
4. On the other hand your flag flies high in your chutzpah-ic **tolerance** of charged individuals like Willie Ryder within your administration - whose immunity must be setting the tone for commoners. We are truly in surreal times. Such tolerance for exploitation and abuse of very young **India Krishna temple** girls from Latvia, is reprehensible and fundamentally opposed to the principles of human dignity and equality that Finland likes to pin the strength of the Euro upon. We of the [REDACTED] outside of the [REDACTED] should also be allowed to deal with our problems using a currency at least half as strong as yours, on days that you decide to not use its strengths!
5. Please finish reading this: now I carry this discussion to the outrageously serious allegations and highly apparent precipitations, from what I have seen with my eyes, concerning the deployment of **psychological operations** that exploit young girls to target and manipulate individuals without any historical or political ties to Finland, at the behest of foreign powers. I have seen evidence that supports these claims, indicating a systematic approach to using vulnerable individuals, depending them upon the domestic Helsinki welfare system, and thusly deploying their young dependents, for these unimaginable purposes. These actions not only harm those directly involved but also undermine international trust and cooperation.

6. Furthermore, I must express my deep indignation at any efforts to silence my voice on these critical issues. Attempts to stifle the concerns I am raising are not only unjust but also counterproductive to the dialogue and accountability necessary in international relations - even for those that are on **NSA milk**. I will not be silenced or deterred from advocating for the protection of human rights and the ethical conduct of government affairs anywhere in the world.

As representatives of our nations, we have a profound responsibility to uphold the highest standards of human rights and ethical governance. I urge you to address these serious allegations with the urgency and transparency they demand, and to reassure the international community of Finland's commitment to justice and human dignity. Happiness missions come afterwards.

I look forward to your prompt and comprehensive response to these grave concerns, but someone has homework to do first. Acknowledging your involvement in EU efforts within South Sudan, I would like to offer assistance and service in return, to the extent possible with our limited means, using diplomatic and other means. But we will not be silenced.

Regards,



Amb. Joseph M Malok

Embassy of South Sudan in Cairo, Egypt, 1050 (A&G) Street 87, Sarayat El Maadi, Cairo, Egypt.

China

I found that China is the foremost US ally. I will explain.

The letter above was written in haste, as I nursed ill health - they make me sick whenever I'm traveling because I only travel for work, or something is the hex (I will talk about this later - but I will, because this book is about me). In desperation, too, because this was going to be the end of the road for me, should I not succeed. What was it to be for, the whole journey? For the memorial...? No.

It was supposed to be a cat house of hearts, first and **mostly**. As part of my cover letter for a visa to China, attached in the Appendix 1, I had asked China to either be allowed to bring myself, or for them to arrange (which, I don't remember) impressionable girls (did I use this euphemism), for me to love and have lots of children with. Secondly, to seed not only my babies, but also my Dragon Kingdom in which these children of mine could be, because India kept attacking my family physically. If you have children with American citizens and don't give them US passports, they will use their slaves and proxies like Modi, pinned on Jews at times, and other politicians of other parties (each party's leadership exists because of foreign agencies), and countries like Finland and others, to DESTROY your life - but they don't write this anywhere for BEFORE you get into a relationship with anyone that is stamped US citizen (consider this a warning, especially if you come from a heavily trafficking oriented country like India that does not have dual passports to facilitate trafficking - USE this information before your dating decisions).

My Kingdom or Domain, was to be the Kingdom of Vritra, that went warring against the yellow bearded Indra of the Vedas, who in turn is the more proper enemy of Krishna. The Vritra that I researched back then, had a relationship with Vivasvan, whose father I was in life, the Sun God. That visa application would be rejected, I was mercifully (it appeared so, because they knew of my frozen moneys) offered a refund and

in February 2025, I would curtail all my other demands but very earnestly asked for and stood firm on the one thing I wanted: LAND. Sovereign land. Himalayan land. Land that the Indian babudom and Modi's administration continued to yield throughout his numerous terms of infamy, in return for pretend stability and protection from China (rather doing US-Chinese work, that both want the Indian negro fucked, for being short on words, not raising its head), among other things ceded. I only wanted a little piece of this land, under protection from the PLA, and I told the Embassy as such in the many emails I write each day, copied to all world powers (which btw President Putin appears to have taken from my adage of "pravdii siila", since he also related truth with the Sun as I did in a couple of my emails, and in not believing in keeping secrets in communication, since the Ambassador Alipov incident).

In February, 2025 then, a quick cloaked invitation for a pet exhibition would come from China straight to my official US university email (also taken away now). I would use one of my US LLCs to then pretend to have a pet business - and they would gleefully eat my BS, at which time I would reapply for a different category of visa (likely M), from visitors', in late Feb 2025 (sometimes you have to play along - all governments today know everything there is, about you, not in files - BUT whatever goes on in your brain). This would be approved, to my first sunrise in a long time. Upon my entry to China in Shenzhen, the interaction was curt and polite with a nice immigration officer, as he would go over my list of cities intended to be visited (Lhasa to do Tibet, and Dandong for entering North Korea) but the visa would be cut - struck through from corner to corner before the passport was handed over to me.

This was not the only way my treatment was one of a kind (one of the most prolific Tibet travel permit agencies in Chengdu told me she had never ever seen a cut visa - after asking me to resend the scan of the visa, saying she could see a line that she had never seen previously). Could China be sending a clue as to what was to happen in a month as I would conclude my China mission (the US would relegate my B1 visa mid-

journey in South Korea)? By this time, I was used to being SHUNTED to the diplomat line at airports all over, after insisting on only standing in ordinary passport lines (there would always be an excuse, from a wagging finger in Kathmandu, to mysteriously emptying diplomatic lines, while the ordinary ones would just not move, as in Bangalore, and a very polite page boy in Moscow and elsewhere). As a person that has written over 5000 letters to various world governments for power and justice, and always watching over my shoulder, in China, I was subjected to the most egregiously obvious presence of intelligence. Something my hosts and I could both smile at. At all times, two to three times a day, I would email as usual to the various agencies across the world, with everything that happened with me (I will call them the Global Gaslighting Group courtesy DeepSeek, from now on - GGG, representing all the powers - save for the original power of them all, the Blue God Siva, who experienced it all first hand, alongside me), but if I told you that that they were all in on it and at least in the know, you may not fully believe.

For example, a Tibet agent couldn't contain their wonderment that I was able to secure a train ticket at the counter to Lhasa (as a foreigner you can't buy these tickets online, Tripdotcom would tell me), without showing any permit documents, and without being part of a group or represented by an agent (I was just as QUIETLY euphoric in my phone call with my mother that I was perhaps the first foreigner being able to do so - one of the younger people China put into helping me would send me a WeChat showing diplomats were particularly required to take a Tibet Permit and certain other special rules that dictated their presence). My Hazratganji card had GONE THROUGH without asking for a PIN, when I was unable to use it otherwise, because I couldn't remember the PIN, nor could I access the Indian bank website to take care of this. For being a crypto currency exchange owner, I could not hack my card to work for me, Nord having an Indian virtual server could not get working, and Speedify didn't have an Indian server (India is just one of those special countries). When with assistance I could connect with

some other tiger panther VPN - again with a second young person spared by the friendly dragon for me, the bank site refused to work. No where in the world do you have banks owned by corrupt oligarches that need OTPs and flare up for a small transaction to pass through, just SO THEY dont end up losing those 20 INR. And if you lose, you have zero chance at getting that money back. The WAYYYY Indians are used to being taken. Rant over. Where were we.

Oh yeah, magic. As soon as the dragon would sense I was starting to breathe in its wake, it would turn on me. With that third class sitting ticket in hand (money was low, but I didn't know if I would end up wasting the extra money should I not be allowed to board later) in the train from Chongqing to Lhasa, I got off at Lanzhou, cursing the Chinese government loudly AND over email - calling Chairman Mao, the grand chink, and asking the Chinese Embassy for the train employees to line up with 100 yuan notes (with the Grand Chink on it), to present them to me in my outrage. The seater from Shenzhen to Chongqing was very tolerable and super clean. This sleeper was full of a hundred smokers, smoking in chain all through the fucking night - and China had not left a single berth for me to upgrade, now that I was on the train (Lhasa for destination usually requires a pre-boarding permit check, at which point you may be denied carriage upon failure to present it).

As soon as I would take my rage, hissing into a cafe, I would see a top ranked hotel, with thousands of legit reviews (unlike Indian toilet like sites such as Makemytrip, that have actually sent me to hotels in MUMBAI that don't even exist and then spent HOURS fixing or refunding and still leaving me peeved because their vouchers don't work or are underclass, more like predators - rant over) being offered for less than a 100 yuan, and I would know, the dragon is cooing. I also off of Vritra, so I would happily take my cue and book it (and then find the austere huge metallic plaque saying "CHINA JUSTICE" out of my hotel room window). It would be as if the hotel reception ALSO knew who I was (she would take such great pains in politeness to ask me, do you have an

ordinary passport using translation, BUT no other questions). That China Justice sign board was the Chinese courthouse with a giant law enforcement setup - it was very reassuring, in a way touching a few nerves that were RAW from the treatment of my family and I in India. It felt SO WARM. In Xi Ning, my “cheap” hotel would turn out to be built over the top of the PLA Air Force’s exclusive color coded parking, with PLA personnel manning the building, in uniform, over civilian authority.

With this big brother in Dunhuang dragon synchrony around me, and me like the belly of the snail in imprinting it all and deriving meaning from patterns (also starting to recognize Putonghua characters in so much intense attraction), my heart would ache for EMBRACE. I was bloody, sick, angry at the west and murderously so at my own country, for treating me this way, for being so weak as to NOT EXIST in front of these foreign powers, America and China and Russia and even FINLAND! At myself the most, for giving my children Indian passports, and keeping my pink and white wife roasting in the shit of India for thirteen years, an American whose great uncle was a very very long serving Republican State Senator out of Pennsylvania. And so it would be that this outrage would spill from time to time. It would light up like the tiny flame of a candle, the darkness around it notwithstanding. My young Chinese helpers, there were like five or six of them that took me in and out of a hospital from cafes and in and out of hotel check ins, taking care of my luggage and my life, would also take me to police stations and PLA headquarters in Xi Ning. This was upon all of our consensus, because I had painstakingly showed them parts of the letter you read, when I was on an IV drip and oxygen, four of them in my room, paying and loving their way through in and out, me matching the hand crafted giant Jaipur ring on my one hand, that bore my crest, with the one on the paper, using the fingers of the other hand, balancing the pipe and staying quiet.

The police in a rather large station, so matter of factly channeled us to the Army place and there, a long phone call connected via the guard station outside, would take us

nowhere, to the chagrin of my dear dear younger brothers by that time. The most dear to me said, 'I think you will end up in the news'. By this time, I was taking things in my stride. Behind me were the cheap days of Shenzhen, no Baoan, a suburb of Shenzhen where no one had possibly seen an Indian before, and neither did I. I won't know to look up the damn meaning of Baoan, but for that the excellent Chinese information operations can be credited. A guard with a red arm band would present himself walking very deliberately up to me, then turning around and disappearing. The word BAOAN emblazoned loudly in his back. I was probably literally minding my own business, hiding in my Macbook, writing choicest curse words quietly in yet another threatening email to the Chinese Embassy for gaslighting me, and personally perhaps upon the hairstyle of the finally installed Ambassador H. E. Mr. Xu, because I have done so, so many times. I would look up the meaning, because I was afraid I was finally getting arrested and deported. It said: "security guard". Like the tail of the Manta Rey, that should gore the hearts of foes but also gores the hearts of friends (has a manta rey not killed the marine world's promising ambassador before?) that foreign warmth coursed through my being in dictation and irony.

Before this, upon my exasperated FURY, China would present me with super polite police people, guards, and uniforms that I didn't understand - always nice, or not making eye contact. On my very first day, I had asked for money from China (fifteen emails to the GGG, remember? The Global Gaslighting Group...). I stepped out of my hotel room, only to be approached by an old woman. She had several Pei Wang dollars, is that what they are called ... and the intensity of romance in my head forcibly removed any caution (old symbols of Chinese sovereignty). MONEY! No.... LOVE from China! REAL love. FINALLY! Up until then, only Russia had given any money - REAL money. I bought them all, four for a hundred yuan. They were very well made. But the face on the coins and the dragons on them! This was sovereign romance. I would be another Kim Jong Un, finally! BTW, I was SHOWWWWWN videos of Pei Wang dollars a

month before my arrival, as if the old woman had ordained to meet me only AFTER I knew what they really meant. Likewise, not until I was in Chongqing did I realize this was the SAME city that I was shown with many layers of life and transport! THIS is how dedicated I was to my mission, SOVEREIGN LAND away from the Indian Babu of the blood of the negroes and the skin of the pygmies, starting with getting to Tibet and ONLY that.

I need to end this part or you wont know another definition. When I took my new treasures to the giant gold mart in Shenzhen for an appraisal (original ones are worth over a thousand dollars each) I would find two of them had very little silver. I was ENRAGED. I began my curse that day saying “I will spare you some shame with not getting the other coins appraised... “ before Im sure devolving in to death threats upon the race of the Chinese. WHY did they get me THERE on a widow’s money? WHEN I was busy avenging my father and dealing with probably every single stakeholder of justice in India and the USA, if even vicariously. I was probably the most livid that day (before sobering out in the days ahead in internal death).

I was afraid that I may be punished in some way, arrested or deported, looking out of the side of my eyes at the security, at cameras, at people, hiding my gaze in my Gucci sunglasses. But I think that would be the day I would be shown yet another quiet but bewildering spectacle, in a series I would interpret as the global non-verbal communication policy of the GGG, toward me: that of ordinary metro/subway staff, cavity searching the Chinese police, in gloves, in public, at my metro station (personal things all set on the table in apathy, as if flood victims were being compensated) - and I come to add this much later: the hands were both against the wall. A metra/subway would be where I would typically see the first Chinese uniforms each morning.

My intense fear gave way to deep internal and permanent dejection. The matrix had beat me to China.

Coups

Coups - would be carried out by the Matrix all over the world, against the stature of the Maharaj, to the extent I had been able to craft and defend, and perhaps also against the pagan systems my Domain stands for. Without getting distracted I want to revisit the unfortunation(was it) upon the United States first - President Biden's coup in 2020 was the very first, at my direct nudging. My letter behavior first started with the USA (we will get to it later), and don't you forget the June 2020 date. Let me just leave this part with reminding my dear dear readers that that would be when, all of a sudden many India faces and themes would be inducted in the drab campaign of President Biden externally, possibly impacting his choice for a VP candidate in the half Indian Harris (I don't want to look up more details on others). Internally, the Matrix had already signed off on him getting in office, as a direct consequence of what I had started. As much as you and I now "hate" Trump, his exclamations over a stolen election were not only a first in Presidential history I think, but he was also speaking the truth, for once.

And so I ask you to not attribute to the communist dispensation, what the Chinese now were to suffer. We will observe everything together. That sight of the helpless Chinese state uniforms at the metro station, was a Mayday call actually, and especially for my eyes I reckon (though at the time of my visitation as is usually the case, numerous other personalities were also assembled in my locations - one was 'Speed' in Chongqing, but I have other reasons for a firm conviction on this matter). I didn't know how to respond though - I had come begging for help, myself. I had hurried away from that scene of drama, chiding myself for relief that I felt, but my exit from China was more strategic. I don't believe my exit had anything to do with an added rider, that I would email from Shenzhen and in time for the Chinese authorities to consider, to commit my first direct murder in those lands (taking a cue from the hundreds of deaths that the Matrix was eating around me in salutes and signals), with all details as usual shared with the GGG, in

return for the promise of sovereignty by the CCP. If you will read all pages of the bhakti.exchange (and dharma.exchange), without bitching about why the site may not be as fast as the Matrix sites you are used to (CNN, FOX News) you would know perhaps *why*.

After my exit, what happened in China was poetic and confusing for me (and all others, apparently). I would observe that a force would appear to destroy the faction that had appeared to provide me (rather, the Russians, to whom I had taken my request afterall) with military help, and therefore had also tried to build on a relationship between our two ancient cultures. However the manner of punishment was observed to be very accusatory and humiliating, especially for me (very normal when fighting for/with power). I would see in my informational window afforded by the Matrix, that President Xi would now be being targeted much like “Minister Majak reposed earlier” - in a factional purge. The President of China! Apparently the nerve center of the resistance to colonialism and imperialism across the world. President Xi, who had posited himself as the strongest ruler of China since the times of Chairman Mao. Besides he was someone who had created a personality cult, which entails strong networked connections with many. Externally I had played along to the extent of calling him Emperor (I had written the letter afterall). Secretly, I would teach you that if a man does not have lots of children, to ensure a male heir, or if he suffices with a one, that’s also female, he only tries to look like an Emperor.

But to the extent that President Xi was posited as one, his very apparent punishment was very damning for me, in addition to being embarrassing. My many writings, not just the letter, had done an excellent job of tackling the various rungs upon whom the CCP stores power, in segregating them. I didnt have an option. Deep within my heart (and for good reason), I felt a sense of premonition from the giant line that had been drawn on my visa at the airport! Why? Plus, I would keep getting messages over needing to head to Beijing, before gallivanting to Tibet. That’s not how I work, and someone in

China did not quite understand. I have found the power must follow the wielder for it to be wielded, and someone else was going to find out as well (I was going to Tibet). Having segregated the various classes of power in China as such to make them more manageable, I waited for recoil. Maybe, perchance, an enthusiastic PLA guard would take it upon himself to let me pass. Two handsome, capped and uniformed PLA guards, taller than I am (over six feet in any shoes) in shining armor did perform an activity that will stay with me. They found immediate attention upon my presence, and proceeded to cross me into the turnstiles ahead of me - that I quietly interpreted as a mixture of respectful treatment, strictness but in the back of my head, it was also intimidating and forbidding. If I were not the first foreigner to acquire un-permitted Tibet tickets, perhaps I'm the first foreigner to get them for a second time, also without a permit. The second time, at Xi-Ning, an old uniform would appear as I got to the ticket window. He stood at the farthest corner and directed the ticket clerk to then direct me to another special location altogether. This location had a group of tibetans already present, and was where I got to interact with a Tibetan woman for the first time. Her eyes were hazel, very light, when mine locked on to hers, and she was very pretty in her entirely Tibetan outfit. She was also very amenable to me, very kindly and giddy. She reminded me of the tibetan written on buses that overtook whatever I was in at the time in Chengdu, very overt and ambassador-like, but may be not as honest as the Dalai Lama's ambassador in Loma, who waited for me all by herself. At this ticketing, I was told very clearly that they would ask for my information when I would try to board (what they call the 'Tibet permit').

My exit from China is a story for a later time.

As part of the global gaslighting group, GGG, the United States' State Department, upon being forced to acknowledge my letter (the one you read above) would use this opportunity to find another way to disperse the CCP's power. Rubio likes to say for his real bosses, that the US likes to see many countries like Israel, created and

existing all over the world (such as the one I was trying to create, or so I thought). I make sure to copy everyone, so the State Dept could have worked on the office of the General Secy, Xi, to enable me some sovereignty and some land. Instead, let us see the US walk the walk. Not even before I could exit China, or even before I could board from Xi Ning, the US would carry out the most bitter of my threats, contained in the third part of the letter, which was directed at President Xi's office. Not tariffs - total overhaul of the trade relationship, leaving me without a deterrent (and no information either - in the information bubble around me, none of this was coming through). China really lives on another planet.

While in Xi Ning I had cursed the entry of BYD into India when I was not getting any real traction there. I still haven't found the time to look up, but the withholding of rare earth magnets in response by China, does show a crazy crisis in the auto sector subsequent to that one particular hex of mine over BYD. The punishments were begun by the cronies of the US just as well, therefore. The taking of the threat-virginity and me having put it in words, mixed with my often mysterious status as a matrix operator (yes), was the easy cue for the west to drag into chaos the most orderly of its supposed rivals. Tariffs and trade overhaul would spin the CCP into a torment, because the people, the nicest people imaginable of China (at least in their behavior toward me, and much of which could be programmed), would start coming out on the streets as ships floated and inventories piled up. A waitress I took a liking upon would run errands with PAIN in her face, making sure I saw her wince each time she went past! This is what the State Dept wanted - not pressuring Xi to act. Crisis. The churning of the CCP at the hands of the west would bring out many crafty elaborate concoctions, in a reenacted Dharmic episode of yore. President Xi would be accused in one of the more effective ones of having directed the murder of Le KeQiang, the Chinese Premier and rank 2 in the pecking order (but already neutralized at the time of his total neutering). The anti personality of Youxia (I refuse to look up his full name)

would be enough for the orders to devolve into disorder. After having cornered Xi in this fashion, shelving the memorial for my father, attempts would be made to bring opprobrium upon my siege in China, by going after the second most sacrosanct memorial for a father in China as far as I was concerned, that of President Xi's father. This would cause me intense inner turmoil and guilt and start to work on my resentment upon China (by lowering it) and the President, as I would be told in more and more detail, how it was being relocated, how the struggle of Xi Zhongxun was now under the microscope, just as I would denigrate the sanctity of the memorial for my father and the PLA soldiers that perished, by cloaking my naked ambitions for my sovereign Domain within it. I was not close to my father - in fact we were two individuals most unlike one another. More actually, I hated him if I have ever hated someone (but I cared and loved him all the same - how little do we know about how all this works together, before it is our turn to go). I had cursed him on many occasions. And the truth was I could not imagine at the time, memorializing the PLA soldiers when China itself was quiet, as usual. The Army headquarters my helpers and I went to (on his super helpful battery moped), were large buildings, enormous. They didn't show any interest in any of the sacrifices - and I was still accommodating everything to keep myself motivated.

Taking after my US wife having been separated by the Indian dispensation after bullying and attacking her, in my absence, and setting missionaries upon her and our children, more synchrony would follow painfully. At the time of this writing, the first lady of China is being forced to find privacy in a Land Rover in trying to exit China via the Kazakh border, much like my initial plan was, to take mine across the border via Nepal into Tibet, as surreal as this is for me. The way I had asked for strength in the Pindari region only a few months before my visit, driving solo, because so many places in India don't appear to be part of the discourse nor civilization (directly across the border). I had wanted to reach across the border, as she was trying to do so today! The First Lady of China! The most powerful woman in the world, save for my three wives (I will

explain). But in my case, as is always the norm, several personalities had been sent prior, this particular one among who, would be a digital creator with millions of viewers, carrying my vibes THIS time, taking detours to climb elephants as I would in the Terai, in goggles, as I would predictably, experiencing the death of my father in his own father's death a bit earlier (his father had been well and fine and this was yet another murder-sacrifice by the Matrix in a pretend heart attack around me), and demonstrating on an internet video that a colonial document I had fought hard against, was not going to be required any more when crossing into Tibet - the carnet. This is what my struggle looks like, and my wins.

The American punishment in its most extreme form would last a couple months apparently, at which point some kind of a cloaked agreement would come into force - and was the most damning in its prospect in all the times I have tussled with the US (and gotten my hosts and myself punished). We will revisit this series of punishments from time to time, but this time was different. Contrary to how the whole world is made to think, I ASK you to believe in what I say, instead. This time, things were different. I was finding reasons one after another, that it was not the US that had overhauled trade. Instead, it had been China all along. China used the opportunity to stop accepting the US printed paper dollar to part with real stuff. It would also stop buying US debt, it would start offloading it. By disallowing my harem on the hill, they had acquiesced to the Indians, and they had performed in a similar fashion on the eastern front with the Japanese, who had allowed their foreign minister to wilt in the presence of China's Wang Yi. All three countries were offloading US treasuries, while allowing the US to save face, with its talk of tariffs and trade deals and domestic manufacturing. What the uncouth Indian (dispensation) yet again passes for reason, is China saying, if we don't fulfill US dollar purchasing, there is no fulfilling US dollar purchasing. China broke the US limb limping south for its greed in shopping for cheaper labor and zero standards, in India, wishing to restart the golden US shopping times, as if this was 2001 one more time.

All that India (within the Western dominated Matrix) had given me on my way out to China, was vacant seats (which is a repeat occurrence when I am traveling internationally for politics which is all I ever travel for), on two of the legs over. And a road accident. India had staged a road accident upon my person, clumsy, riddled with obvious flaws, on my way from Delhi to Lucknow after doing my Chinese visa work, in which an ordinary person would tell you they narrowly escaped death (others were injured and blood flowed). I would tell you that I was not going to get hurt yet and I was not, and that the message was, we can hurt you should it be needed to hurt you. Should I write more, give you greater details!? I risk you reacting in disbelief. So I will purposely go into greater details not at this stage. Just know that, in my world, before a snippet of information is allowed upon me, it is measured to tightly assess the new total, and the congruity of the parts to the sum. That is who I am in the “files” at a given time. You benefit the most from reading this book, when you allow yourself to follow (by letting yourself believe) in one go. Otherwise you will come out confused and broken. Every little piece and flavor on my person is therefore KNOWN to agencies that go into the Matrix, and programmed by them as well, then USED in the most personal way imaginable. Often, to threaten me, and at all times to inform me.

I will just say now, my visit and the end of it in China were both accommodating and compelling, with what I had hung on the stake.

Wives

What is a wife? I think I am uniquely positioned to answer, given I have been having (and losing?) a few different ones. Across large continents. Like the land pockets promised to me across the regions they derive from. In both cases, in the case of the land and in the case of the wives, with the involvement of their respective governments - not merely upon the whims of the Heads of these governments (if even the parcel cannot be very big, rather small in terms of sizes that countries are supposed to be). Far

more than these women loving, and I will go into their love, among the loving women you would know, can provide comfort to someone like me (used to keeping a tally of little to big cuts, scratches, abrasions, nicks, and scrapes since I could count, which today has turned into a formidable worldwide revenge list with many newspaper names on it, many cut in the middle), these parcels lull my soul into calling myself in the likeness of those that used to own land across continents in the not so distant past. Actually very distant past, if those land parcels happen to be in East Asia, Northern Eurasia, and Europe. Very distant past. Especially if they also happened to have been Dharmic.

As I write this, there is a team of *endtian leechbuds* of thirty something ages, very loudly clapping the language of the English, and discussing Endtian polling intricacies using a dozen laptops and iPhones. They are clapping it in the accent of the people that live under the bridge of Ghughter, merely hundreds of rice-miles away from the region of Bihadt. This place could be Bihadt. They have appeared in both of the sexes and some of their feet are devoid of cladding, providing them with relaxation in public; they are also devoid of '*takalluf*' (formalities). They are exchanging breath-humidity, food and fluid in their group: "ta ta ta, ratatata". The State of Endtia appears to be feeding them nice bakery dishes without a ration, where I must subsist on one cup of qoffi, over a stomach of home food. If in these moments of deprivation, I allow myself the thoughts of my vehemently serpentine ancestors, the thoughts of the Maha Vritra Himself, if my mother had not fed me before I left home, I would probably swallow them whole including their Endtian mouths and what they got from the bakery. But will I eat the woman with the small boobs and the ugly, oily face first? That's a feminazi right there, things hanging from her ears MUST attract one to the rest of her (if I ever laid my compound eyes on one). Or the gay man that makes more giddy noise than the rest put together (thankfully he is taking a break from freaking ATM), and now speaks seriously earnestly, on the voting rights of the villagers on the more negrite under side of Pantnta, another gutter hole somewhere near Biaddrt.

Literally, a beautiful creative girl just walked in. Now my dining table with the Endtian meal is quiet. Rant over. Back to the heading we were on. Back to the question: what's a wife?

I was looking in my sent mail, for something; I found the answer to this question and came to write this part. I think a wife is who you reach out to, the day your father passes, that he is gone, and that you are a parent short - regardless. I just saw those messages. Added to that, should be sworn vows that go into relationships of this kind. Intensity of companionship is a great indicator of continuance in wifehood, when it exists in another form of normal. Abnormal forms don't necessarily mean a multitude of wives.

I seem to have my train of thoughts here - but we must keep moving.

The way it is in the Mongoose spa and which my kingdom is at war with, is also how Modi, Rahul Gandhi, Shankaracharya, all the patriarchs and all the matriarchs on the other side, like Mayavati and all of them: they don't have mates because they must appeal to you. I say, fuck you. The way it is in the Mongoose spa. In this case, the so called government of India, which this book declares as a farce emotionally or a non existing entity legally, and then goes on to prove it to any faithful mind has a unique characteristic.

It tries to make a fool out of all of its subjects, people that is. It does so by appealing to you, just like many pseudo kings have in the past everywhere in the world. Therefore, your so called politicians in every last political party debilitate their lives, whether for show, which is even more shameful, or really, which could probably be just as shameful to keep up with the romance they sell to you and you gobble it: being a bachelor, living a life where the sacrifice of the a family and a household is exemplified, among so many artificial dressings - in China they told me, our leaders rise among a CABAL of intense patriotic fellowship - try getting ahead in there. So you think, oh so very highly of these democratic demagogues. Motherfuckers. Look around you. They are everywhere people with no wives and no husbands at the helm of each of your fucked

up political parties. Each and every last one selling a circus. Any other parties that aren't like that are also just as fucked up. I will take just one quick second to segregate the great Balasaheb and his political work in India. But then I don't think that that was a party. I don't think he ever ran an election. I don't have the time to look up. So his forces were not political. This topic is about wives. There not being a corresponding spouse, a woman, a first lady etc, or rather, the woman in the halls of the power for a nation - implies some very horrible things about the represented population. For one that such a population is a population of the extremists, of hypocrites and of people with little tolerance for their own ruler - to even be a normal person - such people should be slowly exploited and then destroyed in one go.

Those Bengalis that make plays about Mahatma Gandhi, titling it I can also be Gandhi. Such people come to mind. There not being a woman tolerated as a spouse in the halls of power, implies that the central representative of the people cannot bond in balance with another power. To the extent that it matters, and it can matter to a great deal in certain situations, it is wrong to always think that geopolitics prevails exclusively. In fact, all of this defines how geopolitics should be, because a foreign head of state quietly thinks that the the horde of Indians, in this case, mob lynched their first lady if only virtually or vicariously, which is kind of corroborated from general knowledge that Indians are cruel to their animals, to each other, to their patients, as Doctors and to their leaders, they spare no wives.

There is no charity among Indians, in the whole of the tribe of Indians - may be bovine tolerance for all kinds of aggressors. And you can tell your 'punda' from Varanasi all about your family tree and your grandfather and your caste and your lineage, and it increasingly matters less and less so, because I personally, secretly think that the tribe of Indians is headed for yet another super-duper genocide. If, as a whole, you are cruel, then the intersex relationship in your people is somehow just as horrible as in the worst places in the world. Actually, the lot of you and your culture is terrible, using anti men

law, the female sex in the Indian tribe perpetrates horror upon the males, and when such laws were not present, then I don't know how many women have I heard about being burnt alive for sums of money. I wet my eyes thinking just whatever ended up happening to the glory of the culture of Bharat, the glory of dharma, which went all over Asia and now to all places around the world.

So from a very young age, I knew that I was not going to venture into a blood relationship in India, let alone marriage with an Indian woman. This was helped along by the fact that in the late 80s and 90s, there were several world class scientists that would visit my home, and many of whom were women. They were also very liberal foreign women. There was more than a singular incident of me crawling underneath the dining table to sit beside their shapely and shiny hosed-over legs. I wasn't just sitting. I was staring by the way, as perhaps rather, as weird perhaps a five or six year old boy can get to be. The irony is that being with an American wife for a decade and a half I may have developed greater sympathy for the India female. Trying to move along.

An American man or a woman is kept exceptionally gullible at certain inflection points in its life by the US Matrix, so it doesn't call upon the shit that it gets from its government and the American corporate system and those weaknesses were there and continue to be even more so in my wife today, but on every other front, I found her to be so much more of a presence than I can imagine getting out of an Indian woman - as in one with Indian inculcation. Her eyes were their own sexy organism - beside the point but ... Ill encourage the warrior in me. Her heart was the Kingdom in the absence of any Domain lands (my sovereign lands - promised in THREE giant continents on paper by the respective Governments, but not surveyed or released - Europe in Finland, Eurasia in Russia and in China beyond Tibet/Xizang), her and I administered a polyamory website slash app for couples to find loving unicorns, - loving emotional ones. Everything else, immaterial and blase. In my continuing version of war against the tyrants controlling United States of America policy and its many DIRECT minions such as

India, she was my woman at arms and it was she that helped me fight with the American entrenched and slavish India system for 15 years and through the courses of which, her and I went to receive our first unicorn as defined above in emotions and in love at an Indian airport with an arrangement of Indian flowers, which she found to be very *phubad*. The definition was repeated here because with each received Russian, there would be always the love and emotions in the times to come. So this has been my wife - rather my introduction to her for you, my best friend, my warrior in my side, without whom, I probably would still be enslaved in the systems of the United States. With her by my side, I would bend into two parts the systems of the United States and of many of its lackeys in Europe and elsewhere. I don't know if an India wife would allow me to harvest as much outrage in me, if I can find as much generated in her heart, and if I were to harvest, I don't know if such a heart would be amenable to the fields of a man's ambition and the calls of his Soul: to give meaning to his blood and lineage. Even a tigress would have fallen short way very earlier.

I am not writing this book to please anybody. I am writing this book to alert the Super Soul inside of all of us to rise as one after sipping from the truth of the bitter chalice contained here in. This will infuse you with life - as you listen to me tell you how worthless it is become. They have God like powers so we must FIGHT like ARJUNA who once fought with the Blue Lord and wasn't defeated for a LONG time. Otherwise, in short order, you will still be forced to drink out of yet another bitter chalice, but with death at the end of it, such is my understanding. In matters of intelligence, shrewdness and faithfulness and commitment, I would find in the Russian a scarily competent female but I would discover that try as I might, I was never going to be her husband, despite her having surrendered EVERYTHING imaginable for a woman. A mother. All her personal rights, very duly dutifully unto Me. I would discover her husband was Russia itself. Shortly after her second arrival, the Prime Minister of India would preside over the irrationally crafted road accident upon my father and my mother, and the first

attempt upon his life, which he would barely survive, having been a heart patient all his life, and then being in his 70s.

Power

Now that you have a little bit of the context, I can ease you into the real reason behind writing this book: power (but this is also a companion book to all fledgling Kings that have compassion for my struggle, and can train under me). Murderous power without any excuses or delays, and in the most direct form of convenience accessible to me, I will relate the existence of a truly Indra like, but most merciless and cavalier, whimsical and most murderous power. And the nature of this power is to only exist to feed itself. Therefore, I can call it a cancer of all cancers if you were any less than a super smart, amazing subject of mine (that you are) I would have had to elaborate on the intercontinental, global nature or the super murderous way of taking lives, that it trains its guns upon, if only to *simply* send me a message, or simply to confirm its presence, when it is being ignored, and so on and so forth. The main dragon out of a fantasy series comes to mind but just as such a dragon exists to bury itself in gold if this power was not feeding itself, it would not continue to stay strong. Lastly, I appear to find it all around me, in fact, where it appears to have made it's home without invitation, and let alone any agreements.

This book is being written after all, to create kings everywhere with armies, **to then command a main army out of the whole lot of you**, the most loyal ones up at the top and closest to me, the most productive ones also the most rewarded by my Exchange. Therefore, this is an exercise in generating real power because I do not understand the relationship of this power with me - but with my writing Im trying to. If I had the control over any bits of it, I would directly ask it to provide me with loyal women land and and other trappings and mines - that that go into creating a visible and POWERFUL kingdom. Instead Im here with you, writing so you read.

Matrix

Matrix is what I am trapped inside of while being aware, and you are too, but without knowing. And should all of us don't get together and pull me out FIRST I will have managed to see the end of yours inside of it, you without knowing, and I, without being able to help. That includes your children, their children, and so on just as well. I want you to come around to figuring that matrix must be made livable if it comes around to enabling the Maharaj and is ultimately defeated, although we must be indefatigable.

I am also in the process of creating my own matrix to have control over this pre-existing matrix and to terminate its challenge once and for all - even you. If at this time I want to start telling you that the matrix knows not merely about what diseases are likely to claim me, but the innermost sequence of thoughts, smells, memories, energy, spikes, mood swings, and the rest that go into making me, ME, then once again I am likely to lose my audience out of fear or otherwise.

The High Table

It would be in the Scandinavian offices of one of these prime ministers that my American wife and my dear, dear soldier would take the papers for my Domain - a collection of my sovereign nation states across the world, to be accredited with recognition and sovereignty from her country's government. These papers would also install her as the ambassador to this EU / NATO country, and just as well recognize me as the Head of State. A small pocket of land would be tacitly promised in another manner beforehand but as indirectly as surely. I want all of us to fight with the matrix. Therefore I am including all of these documents. My high table is for all people that do not have malice for me, but my information is for everyone, because the matrix is the enemy of everyone. I sometimes use the term deep state matrix, because both of them have a will to power of their own. I do not know what their motives are, because the

matrix is so powerful that as it understands a person, gravitating toward understanding its motives, it effortlessly takes a detour and changes them. Therefore, at all times, fight alongside me so you do not have to climb the shoulders of another and instead you carry over from where I leave you. I take this up later.

Grind

The United States and the West's principal colony, India, deployed a similar technique with trying to dominate my family. They enabled the promulgation or smooth running of my six figure business in its first year in 2010 to continue until I had children: not one child, because that is not that strong of a joystick. They usually wait until, as in their words, the litter is complete. In my case, that would be the birth of a second child, by which time they had, using their algorithms and their interference gradually destroyed my business, which is actually something that the American government and its minions in India and elsewhere, they love to partake in. I have a very strong feeling that the only businesses that you see surviving, or the people that you adore as being successful businessmen, are no more than the tolerated ones. Rather, they are put in place after careful psychological evaluation. And according to the needs of the moment. Until they are within reach of the neck of your establishment. Until then, you can file your paperwork the way you deem it fit. I remember getting a psychosis with having to fill out my 2012 taxes, having worked like an insane 20 something, and then trying to save on these taxes in a service oriented business. Little did I know what I really had to be fearful about, the greed and the compulsion of an inertial kind within the government of the United States and its sidekicks that probably do not even exist, like the government of India, the Government of Japan, and so on. And so it was that after the birth of my second child that incomprehensible forces would emerge within the lives of my family, my parents, and of everyone that was linked to my life, to seven connections and beyond, if there was also exceptionalism there. The algorithms of life in the matrix will create

moments of perplexity and vulnerability while trying to create assets and a self contained life in the dust hole of India, all the while, the American matrix using those moments to plant thoughts that would offer strength. The fact that I did not ever want my children to have American passports made them all the more of a catch for the dispensation to be. My honest calculation is that their direct intervention after the birth of... rather, after the completion of the litter as they see it was only a culmination of a very well oiled trick, as every single meeting and every single incident of any worth could be arranged and traced back to the American matrix, including meeting a woman from England in the street that goes from Vrindavan to Raal, where my wife and I were looking for a piece of land. This woman was exceptionally distraught because the social authorities in the UK had taken away her children, and she was literally roaming in the dust of Vrindavan, while a white male devotee with her would speak on her behalf as I transported them from the village some eight or nine kilometers before my driving, this is what he said, the way I was driving the car was getting difficult for that lady and I felt sad when they got off in the middle of nowhere again. I have nothing but naked detestation for all of these western systems that cannot keep a mother and its children a father and his children together - the definition of pedophobia. The west, including its colonies in India LIVE off the love energy between a child and its parent - they steal it to feel important when the child is DRIVEN to give it to them. THAT is how they win - the child MUST love and lo and behold! America wins over child - without even using its giant thighed weapons of metal and fire (India is now many times this way - more casual abortions, more apathy of all kinds, especially when child is dying in the street).

This is one of those things that have gone into my careful calculations of destroying the the so called networks of all of these matrix favored oligarchs of the West, the so called billionaires, and the most straightforward way of doing so is to force their currency to go into the rubble. Along these lines, I call on the whole entire world. The ashram that I have created does not look at your beliefs and your religion. Look into

it and join in with me. The blood and happiness of my children has gone into creating these systems and now it is upon you to take it further from here, my domain and just how things are, myself, have been responsible for so many fundamental rethinks in the West, but I think that the consensus is not for chances. Together, we need to take action and we need to get together to punish the scourge of our times, which is this big and strong government anywhere in the world, and to utterly destroy the teeth and to dissolve its nails before it takes the next victim. To finish my personal story, the mighty government of the United States, after programming me, (as explained for me in turn by a European agent of the deep state), to give up my immigration status, to relinquish my path to American citizenship and give up my green card after 8 years, which is very easily done, actually. And I want there to be a chapter, and there will be one on how this programming is done, after setting me up this way when I went to get American visas for my children to see their maternal grandfather and their grandmother and their family, beset with diseased livers from another American institution, its Marine Corps and what it did in Camp Lejeune with their own people's livers, which basically destroyed the liver of my father in law, the American government proceeded to give them less than six months on their visa, single entry. I remember driving away from the mountains of Nepal with so much chagrin in our hearts, because I had no idea what was there to be done, but I was happy that they were going on their first trip to the United States, whereas my wife was the one distraught over this treatment. I look back at that right back home with so much fondness, because not only was she inconsolable: her pride was hurt, and she had even more fundamental questions in her heart about what it means to live on the planet with the United States of America and its agents. I remember the words coming out of her mouth, and I channel these to the imagination of our young men and women all over the global south, especially to allow their hearts to roar without there being a sky, to question the seven colors and then the Creator Himself, to not let any boundaries come in front of them. And to be so insane, so as to not only be called crazy,

but to really not care to then be more crazy. I want you all to go crazy while still being in control for yourself. Let them handle the crazy, the fuckers that have decided to make the rules to govern your life, let them not know one solitary moment of peace. After coming back from this trip during which the already all seeing eye of the monster had occasion and time to analyze the precise constituents of their future grab. Actually, the rider is that regardless, it is the hungry roving call of the agency of the United States to aggregate upon itself, all that it sees with an excuse to spare none or little. And I actually believe that anybody that takes the step of immigrating away after at least having a green card, which I happened to relinquish in the seventh year before my assets too would have come under US tax law in the eighth one, then all of the United States likes to get excited and set every agency upon you, and all those seven links that I used to explain myself. After this trip, the United States agencies and its social media matrix governed by the slave India would pop up situations in the months to come where there would be anxiety inducing flags, warning that using social media, posts and sources like Facebook groups where hundreds of foreign citizens in India under masala groups would discuss at least getting a Registered Certificate of Birth Abroad, if even, you don't go for the passport.

Continued from last note, this is actually very good due diligence as well on behalf of any government to try and create a link, to try and create connections arising out of its existing citizenry. If we disregard the tactics, I severely reprimand the satellite colonies like India, to the extent that I can ascertain their role in making some kind of a privilege out of the most fundamental connection among its diaspora with the motherland, and to make a bureaucratic hurdle or issue out of it. And for this reason, there will be a tremendous price that I, Krishna willing will try and extract from the bureaucracy of India. Of course, many a times I have imagined that inside the cavities of the bureaucrats remaining in India without even a check, there is the Western bamboo that prevents the perpetration of dual citizenships, which is the most basic freedom without which our people will always and forever continue to be pressured, human

trafficked, fighting with these sub human systems existing from the times when slavery was abolished. Actually it was better in the colonial era, because you did not have to fear losing your ties with the place you were born in. And this is why I advocate for violent struggle in the dismantling of the entire state apparatus. Should this apartheid continue against people that go and bring money that the bureaucrats of the slave nation then feast and write their many encumbrances upon. These are race traitors. These are traitors of dharma and nation. And if they choose to stay alive, then a position next to death should be reserved for them. After all, we are finding ourselves in times and places of very less mercy and there is no obligation to offer any ... Despite everything that I can summon, I want to share that we will never get to the bottom of which side perpetrates this.

Israel

I find a thought written underneath this heading that I should discuss Israel after my trafficking has been discussed into a university into the United States, and how the visas of the entire state of South Sudan came to be cancelled alongside mine. But I don't want this discourse to come across as if I am some sort of victim, as much as I am. We are never allowed to think and feel like victims. So let us do some Israel. Why not?

In very straightforward tonnes I would like to announce myself as having been singularly responsible in the U-turn between the India state and its growing proximity to Israel under Modi. With no time to look up I believe it was 2022 that the release of my first letter attacking Zionism - you will read all my letters including his one, would have the Israeli ambassador in India making comments over an attacker having a PhD background and once again, the face was somebody else's. Thereupon, he left India in a huff. At the same time, I am just as responsible for the Israeli policy of the visible genocide in which they were, according to someone I don't remember sitting over here, getting the entirety of the opposition in the whole wide world together in hatred against

themselves much in the same way that I have conducted my own affairs - my SURRENDER to KRISHNA in action. And thirdly of course the characterization of this genocide is squarely upon me, in having drafted my opinion years ago over this, the lone wolf of a head in the times when I used to be a, or could be driven into abject hatred, pedophobia. We should not name names so quickly.

As if the already hidden bacterial links between Zionists and the Nazis dug into the wounds of the bodies of Jews; that is what is my pyloric prognosis for Israel under 'Netanyahuism' - he has extracted a personal toll from each Jewish family that moved to Israel (and that is how Netanyahu and I are similar, and similarly allied). As if, he was finishing what the Nazis could not in time (with ending the chabads, I was doing exactly that). Possibly every Israeli courtyard now has a hole of violent death. That is one way of committing people to a country. I additionally hypothesised that the purposes of continuing this were at the behest and the direct energy and instruction from the United States to ensure that Israel will be perpetually fused into U.S. dependence, surrounded by angry enemies all around, forever. On the other hand, can you then imagine what the forces must have been like, to DISPLACE such anchors of Israel, today? Just as my home was destroyed by the Modi dispensation and his babus (same philosophy and patterns as Netanyahu, and the same power centre) probably at the behest of the west, and as they have extracted a personal toll in taking my father's life, to attempt to rivet me to the story of India. Yeah. That is why it is rightful for small nations like Israel to be afraid of dual passports (many Israelis are feared to be using these to go away to Europe or back to America in the face of Muslim masochism). But it is shameful if the larger ones like India also exercise in this pattern (of not allowing dual passports), breaking limbs and ensnaring/hooking citizens, to rivet them to the broken system of India (although I have seen this system in ways that leave me with hope - yes, our India system). Beyond shameful, very needy. Meanwhile, it needs mentioning that the grubby looking maulana green passport of Pakistan can be stuck within most superpowers'

passport books, ensuring your connection to land cannot be so easily taken away! Great job, Pakistan, your love and courage are noted - I will try to pick up some pieces left over by Mohanlal. Another factoid, from Israel's small size is, you can see exactly what transpired with it very transparently (and in my wake you can learn or form your own ideas). If you have felt to the extent that I have become a flag bearer for the entire Matrix to follow in my stead, you're not entirely wrong; you can follow along, to see I have also become the bearer donkey of their advanced program, with no way out.

Netanyahu had seen a sign of his own, with something I was busy with, in Russia, which is where I happened to be, over the October 7th attacks. President Kiir had just left Russia. The one leader of South Sudan ever since the Comprehensive Peace Agreement after decades of strife (to create that country), and the pickaninny of Israel, and the USA. That President Kiir had just left Moscow, and he had gone there in, with someone like me of all people! I would include the role of the USA in making this visit happen, with some cables I think that are okay to be shared, as part of the giant great game that continues with Russia. But who can reveal the role of the western deep state in its entirety? I'm not short on courage. Despite having the same stated goals as the ruling dispensation in India and Israel, I will just say that the border between Israel and Gaza is the most satellite intrusive zone in the world, something that a commentator pointed out as well, and with technology that I have detailed elsewhere in this book. On a given afternoon, the US-Israeli complex should know the thoughts-map, the moods and desires, of all the minds in all of that region, besides the ability to reprogram them.

But I used certain other abilities and pressure points of the US, Israel and India agencies in turn, to get the Kasar Devi Chabad emptied in my times over there, 2024-25, in such a way that the flag atop the Chabad that I didn't like to see after Jessica was gone, would fall - not just the flag, I despise these sand negroes coming here and crushing grain for each other. I will soon see the one in Himachal disappeared. I have been pushing for the Delhi one to be emptied. Live in India, but in the hotels, at the pleasure of the

natives - not in exclusion; but more truth be told, I'm most annoyed with female Jews wearing as little in clothing as the male brings in respect, in places around that entire region of Kasar Devi and of Vivekananda. Especially when I have come railing in the morning and the afternoon over this.

In 2019 we had chosen the Kasar Devi region with that flag and partially because of that flag, as our hole in the Himalayas, putting an offer for a piece of land of several *naalis* through a R.S.S./sangh lawyer in Almora, who had also gotten a Congress politician a big parcel of land around there. And just like that, the people were gone, but without a whimper (there are still too many Beersheba buses to my liking). This was confirmed by a few different locals that know me. The owner of the building that was the epicenter of this circus of Jews was sent by the Matrix to tussle with my own home stay in turn, in my presence, but in a way totally unrelated to my activity or me, and quite possibly unbeknownst to him. The locals informed me that this slum lord had been in prison for bank robberies and more activities, and my own Himalayan guide that had started donning an IAF t-shirt very mysteriously on our treks in that whole area and in Binsar, since my China *sangat* (fellowship) with the PLA, made sure to announce loudly to other villagers in my presence that he was going to put them away, for good this time (btw also very mysteriously, my home stay persons started donning Indian Army fatigues). The problem that the Jew presents is more entrenched and intellectual as opposed to the problem that the Musalman presents, and I saw in my dealings with the cunning mechanics of that background in the area, that local Hindus are equally impervious to the treachery of both. Because India must fight the imperialists now, intervention to alter these patterns is needed. The forced hands of the Jews in appearing to commit this genocide upon Gaza, inviting worldwide scorn, and for Muslims to prevent another one, given the brutalization of this virginity, mean that I can invite both of these communities to strengthen my Domain and the bhakti.exchange. The status quo is unacceptable to me.

Foreigners don't understand the ocean of Bharatiyakaran - the draw of the water of India that makes you feel like King before it entirely takes over you, making you one of its own. India remains. Sanatan remains, but the land as evidenced and the CHEER of dharma GOES (gone are the times when houses upon houses would slow down and craft Janmashtmi scenes in intricacy in the front porches and there would be comparisons and competitions of their own kinds).

If my wife could not be here, there will be no Jews and no missionaries in India, no persians, Modis, muslims, or people that support and are nourished by the India system in our years such as these under Modi aka western subdued agencies of India, very cruel agencies of India, and I will light the boundaries of it with fire, to accomplish my ends, Krishna willing. But more, in that I will not tolerate a Jewish or another homogenous settlement such as they are, including a caste based village of Brahmins for example, in my times to come Krishna willing, in the Himalayas especially, and to the extent I can help it, I will keep remedying it. I dont trust a Jewish one can exist, without being adiabatic, exchanging no energy around. Then the muslim situations on the borders in the mountains can be addressed (and the Nepali one). No shortage of issues! But the rot at the top comes first - the pretend India agencies that don't bring comfort to the men living in the boundaries of India - India's agencies are only programmed to foster MALICE to bring down anyone's creativity and then ENSLAVE them to their western masters. Then all can heal with only a few killings at the very top. The 'tantra' of India, that harassed my wife with state instruments and agency actors, for her to exclaim over the phone at me when I wasn't in its borders: "WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE". And so India must burn, if even to cleanse its systems of western overlords and western slaves (Endtia). Things cannot be as they used to be. If I have to become Chinese and a Muslim, in the process, then I would become both to light it up.

Something interesting BTW.

This fight for killing Endtia brought me close to Suria! And to Iran! The US cancelled my visa immediately in response to the China letter, leaving me unable to go visit my family that they were able to torment and basically kidnap, with “India Government” help. The irony being that my war against Arab muslim sympathizing academics on the east coast, where I assisted Iranian scholars, got me into what I understand is some kind of a western leadership program (do I look like I need it of all people), with Israeli help possibly, and in direct fellowship with South Sudan. And then my intimacy with Israel would bring me into conversation, back with the Iranian leadership!

Anything to take down the western interference, and bullying actually. From their role in me picking my wife (by cutting away other connections), to forcing them to be US passport holders, after having them shedding their India passports in coercion. With the help of the whole of the tantra of the colony of India. Dont worry, they will test for you a rocket tomorrow at 4pm from that island, SriHariwhatsits that was smuggled directly over there from I dont know where in the west, by way of Bangladesh, to keep you convinced that there is a country India, and there is independent programs, even a government, and someone with shame in side of it, driving protections for your beautiful country’s sovereignty lol. I write this to reaffirm a commitment to a genocide of these types wherever these are in India, and the chamaars that stick to their arrogance, so their passports can be shed in return in a more permanent way. Tit for tat.

Suria

Now a discussion on Suria.

Bashar Al Assad stood up where others faltered and of course this caught my eye, as did his style of deliverance in speeches, his streak of independence and also his wife. These were all programmed and delivered using information matrices over social media through the years to me. They called Suria’s first lady, the ‘desert rose’, and it was

ensured I would research and find the punishment for the Vanity Fair (was it) author that tried to mainstream Suria's first family (in the West).

So when after I reached out to Suria in the wake of my own tryst with the Matrix (mid 2020), using an angled, nested letter directed not even at them, President Biden allowed for a recalibration of historic proportions, in abject acknowledgement because my wife and I had not been appeased enough to still head state side. Back then I would take trips to Embassies with single use USB drives, containing letters written on Libre, using computers with only power for a connection - those with hearts like non-matrix Russians would return the drive after copying, those with matrix-saturations and matrix derived powers, would write back, "we don't accept USB drives!", tacitly acknowledging what I would write in them. At another time, an Embassy dropped all work during the time I was present, and enacted a scene in reverse. I saw the officer, lend an Embassy USB back to someone that had to go get a print! Of that later.

President Biden's overtures would, and Mr Modi's responses, to my letters would still come in real time or ASAP - as if these were being copied to them (one time, I was calibrating my view on the Punjabi Sardars, and I saw the Prime Minister Modi make a big hue and cry over tying the turban to his head very ceremoniously in a few hours, beamed at me over western social media). When I fused the descendants of the Nubians, the pagans among whom I especially and personally attend to, with Shivaji Maharaj's family in the dynamics of Janjeera, publicly in the contract for RAJE-JUBA-i, one of the Maharaj's forts that I have yet to visit and worship, I saw the Prime Minister quickly in a matter of hours, put in a Marathi, sorry Maharaji *Pheta*. Before I get back to the Suria discussion, I will say, that coin name invokes my Maharaj first, the capital of the Nubians today having been displaced by the usual culprits, and it also contains the name of someone I will leave for you to reckon, an angled salute among the many in my writings and on my Exchange. For the clueless are culpable today.

Anyways, I followed Lord Buddha's advice here over not deciphering the leak of information, instead of wondering how this was being accomplished, I started forcibly copying their Offices to all my communication instead - thousands of emails, some detailing my masturbation habits and long abstentions just as well. This is how the **Global Gaslighting Group** (I will not define this elsewhere for you now) was assembled - a total of 15 of the most representative governments worldwide. No UN, no people like you - because today two of the governments within the G.G.G have come into A.G.I, a god like human being for all intents and purposes (these are China and the information state within what you know as the United States). I also started using the cloud to write, then. Now these were my 'bishes' and my writing would twirl on denying them a denial.

Modi's punishment at the hands of Biden at the time would be in my pretend-forced antagonization, make what you will out of this (and possibly others like me to lesser extents), and Israel was punished with bringing Iran and Saudi Arabia together - exactly what I had sought and cursed for, in my manifesto, and so incredibly! That was half my doing, with forcing President Biden's hands on opening Khashoggi's files, to the extent there was not even a handshake when the US President would visit the Saudis.

China, who I had declared my foremost love for, in the months in the wake of the 2020 Galwan skirmishes (like Doklam, these were American deep state orchestrated incidents that the India bureaucracy with its children in the US, accomplished for them for dollar prizes), would also be appeased by the Biden administration, with pressing down on the Tibet cause. Probably a first in fifty, even hundred years. The Tibet thing I didn't particularly like; in fact it shook me. I had imagined the rot to the extent of now China too, providing opportunities to the BJP in power, the IAS clans that get ahead with a single point of contact in Modi, in return for land offered to it, if even over a few dozen martyred and clueless Indian soldiers. Just as much as China liked to stay calm during the Congress times, to not awaken the Dharmic pride and western leanings such

as it has to contend with now. The Dalai Lama was projected as a friend of Israel, who had gone too far in kissing the wall and then again gone too far, with that video of a kissing of another kind and that I have addressed separately. Now you have some context, and you know where the India spice you haven't been able to put your finger on, derives out of, in your everyday food.

So in all of this, there was my love for Suria, written up separately, and I had inserted Mittani links, to which the deep state would respond, telling me the Surian President was affable to desi student circles, having been a foreign graduate student in the UK. I had not cared to research his background along these lines. In that brief (no, it continued his entire term) Biden era romance of my Domain, and me, with American POLICY (can you imagine the visuals?) I would see the Assads going to China with those smiles in that photo op, and the grand welcome, and all. I must sheepishly admit that I wrote to a diplomat taking credit for this first in a while accommodation for them. But I actually believed that there was a transparent connection in the new traction that Assad could muster including in his invite at the Arab get together of some annual kind.

This was the positive side of my influence. The negative side was unimaginable even for me. My first direct outreach to Suria's ministries was in March, 2024. I vividly remember because I had created the perfect excuse. In my outreach, I sought a sanction (this actually means an approval or a granted favor) from their Interior Ministry and some kind of energy for using SURIA of all places for a diplomatic project in governance (as if I needed more). They were supposed to grant me some love in terms of an announcement over recognizing "network states" quickly, sovereign movements that are fighting for land, such as mine, and help them be born and live in Damascus. I'm greedy like that, and very aggressive in this pursuit.

This was all submitted in parallel as a final academic project of great credit, part of a post graduate diplomatic program at a western university, a big part of the final grade (since you have come reading thus far, know that each of these western university

degrees of mine are paid in hard dollars, and each is worth nearly a quarter million of them). I showed in great detail that the Professor had asked me to expunge Syria out of the project, something I found in bad taste and very surprising. I got a response back from the Ministry, the kind I get back from Iran from time to time. A formal acknowledgement. A mild thank you. Nothing else, that too in their script.

Then the Matrix would light up. Almassian isn't that his name? The long bearded Syrian truth teller and expat in Germany, with a beard longer than mine. God bless him. He came straight at me, beamed in no time at all, as if reading from my email in his response. What I remember (at this point there have been thousands of my emails across Embassies and political actors of all kinds) is him comforting me in my requested accommodations; he said to the effect, years earlier if you noted, President Assad had made Damascus a hot bed of all kinds of sovereign movements, to be based and to hang in over there. I took screen shots as I always do, and smiled. My Dharmic Domain was going to sit beside the Al Nusra front and the ISIS of the US and Israel.

Before 24 hours had passed since my main email to Syria with screenshots of my interactions with the Professor (a muslim no less from an extremely Islamist country), disallowing Suria, BUT NOT OVERTLY, Prime Minister Netanyahu out of the USA-Modi-Israel deep state would check this exchange of blossoming love, in a challenge upon perhaps the most sovereign of all movements Syria had been nourishing, as Almassian had said. The Islamic regime of Iran. The missile was a direct and catastrophic hit. In a first of its kind attack, it would reduce to rubble the entire annex of the Iranian Embassy. I knew right then and there, where this was headed. Israel makes sure to call me a friend from time to time and respect my interjections but my revenge had to come. Not only had it destroyed my ideas of being sovereign (and also India's, which has been a vicious slave since Madam Gandhi's times) with violating Damascus, it had violated an Embassy itself (we must be universally fair in understanding the application of the Geneva Convention). The idea was, perhaps no building is safe

unless it has real power backing it. The forces that took out the Iranian Annexe are the same that previously consumed a Chinese Embassy in Serbia, and that forced Russia to create new ones in its own old corpus, in the Baltics. I was supposed to understand that until I paid homage to this force, of Modi, Kissinger's Israel and the US deep state, there would be no creation and possible destruction of any imagined Embassy masses in my brain. Each and every time I would reach out subsequently, Israel would be pushed to the fore in punishing Suria in tandem as previously. As if I was the herald not for the qualities of sovereignty, but of danger that accompanies it.

May be for the forces of the world were still to understand that what I have found accompanying me since before carefully denoting the entire text of the Shriman Yogi, and before even the text of Kincaid's Grand Rebel, is the spirit of the Maharaj.

In one more misunderstanding of a larger kind, which I will take the liberty to write on later, the King of Suria would be deposed. Nothing made sense to anyone looking, because the story of the internals is in many horcruxes, vital divisions that are not only hidden, but purposely hidden away.

Lizardry and Mairandi (two definitions)

I was sitting and writing this section and cursing the Japanese PM for signing some kind of a deal with the US in mid 2025, as part of my communication with the GGG regularly, frequently, that takes time from finishing the book. I was also threatening the Prime Minister of Japan, Shigeru Ishiba, with suing His Excellency for plagiarism, if the deal was not upended in short order. In one of his noble Japanese statement letters, published also on his high office's website, outlining Japan's way of dealing with western hegemony, His Excellency had nearly entirely taken and built on one of my late night ejaculations upon the G.G.G. (out of extreme frustration as would grip me from time to time and compel my writing in turn). At that time, I had called it 'loving respect'.

I had already tormented him over supplying Fortuners to India that were being used by the 'mairandi class' of India, to torment their subjects and populations in turn - a whip. This time, in that same email, with yet another reminder, for the assassination of a certain SuperMoney for his role in persecuting my wife behind me, that had left her America for me and had brought her blonde youth to this heat and this shit, and our children, alongside calls for the assassinations of US' State Department employees in Delhi, that were not ashamed of what America was doing in Gaza, I struck through the threats, before sending. Instead I commended these types, in the spirit of at least not murdering me and stealing my organs. Letting me work on my ten year old MacBook, on a widow's pension.

Just then as I sat, in one of these Cafes I frequent, a party of young people that are also frequently seen frequenting the Cafe changed their tables to be beside me. Then the lizard among them, that otherwise smokes outside, loudly started speaking, "during the inauguration of Donald Trump, as everyone in the Hall stood up in respect, it was Jaishanker that kept sitting." Then it would bring up the dead mother of a colleague of Jaishanker, who perished during the Emergency. And this brings us to two definitions. One, the definition of **Mairandi** in the Scythesthetic Dictionary, that you consider to be the politicians of India. A Mairandi is a tamil word for hair that come on when finally the body cannot keep them inside. Pubic hair. These so called Mairandis are representations of the final rebelliousness of the corpus, which contains their hopes and aspirations (the body is ready to procreate, or as the pedophobic Western agencies once told me, 'don't mind playing ball, if there is grass on the ground').

Corpus is the body politic of the mostly villagers that all "educated Indians" are and the animals that all Indian villagers are, whereas the Mairandi on it, are used for grooming purposes, by the pedophobes of the world, including names such as Epstein, the smallest of the pawns. A loud mouth among the villagers of their area, is chosen to the position of the 'Mairandi' representing them. His life is spent in trauma because

unless the deep state matrix kills their mother, the story is not very well liked by the fucking villagers to let him be in office - the blood thirsty villagers. How many times has Rajnath Singh been in office? Or, a Congress politician. Anyone. The villager and the Mairandi, just as the body and its pubes are, enemies of one another. How many crimes are crimes of passion? But tied together, they appear as one, the villagers and their chosen politician. The problem is as they kill each other their entire lives, other systems such as the Chinese or the American one (that even I have trouble understanding) move ahead and take Himalayan land, which I asked for first (why else would I be born among you all).

As you go over this book of mine, you will realize the description and connection of work with orgasms, the way I discovered. At age 20. Not via Osho who has written on this possibly (the PMO says so to me), and not via Schwarzenner who spoke of it in the seventies in that movie, nor even via the Madhushala, that I did listen to prior to my theories as a first year student.

I brought this here to say, in the US-Israeli-Modi-Kissingerian Chinese context, the Mairandi must be relieved - shaved off. They like them looking like babies before the corpus is fucked (about how much power do you think your cabinet ministers have?) But the irony is that they dont like babies (because why else do they not make them). These are **pedophobic** ways. Destructive and abusive, hurtful. As part of the deep state agency snaring, dark web hooking, there are separate response lines to smell for tendencies in all people of interest, for the worst kind of pedophobia, in the hurt core section. One time I made RT write a long article on this, which they implicated the poor, shy little FBI. It was the offices of the Maharaj that brought out the milk of the NSA - of that later.

The way of the pedophile is tolerance of nature. Tolerance of Mairandis like Rajnath Singh, who has been pretending to be Defense Minister and as part of the above mentioned deep state, prevented Bharat from being a threat to the Chinese. Being

entirely oblivious. All of these people are drains, on energy to be managed. Sometimes they are kept separated from information that is the crux of our safe existence. Indira Gandhi, the last 'Hindoo' Queen of India (out of one of the four castes), didn't work to take out developing Paki nukes, when Israel offered to. Mr Desai told bad things to the enemies of the time. These people are dangerous when they come in the work of the Maharaj, that follows out of the magnificent Raigadh. And their IAS, that fail and fail, and cheat to pass.

Anyways, so long as these work in their spheres and under directions, I don't intend to shave these clusters of Mairandi. The wives that produce babies after babies are seldom shaved. It is pedophobia that shocks the west into abruption and weakness.

But the corpus has to be fucked.

PS: If you didnt understand me by chance, Im saying the villagers (which is all of India) must be actually fucked for reproductive benefits (taking away their right to vote publicly now), and its enemies in the Mairandi ('politicians') to be tolerated in strict limits perhaps inside the condom of a RSS sangh lookalike, or a council you like, but not cut up as before in their enmity with the corpus (their constituents who they have been abusing, and in turn losing mothers because the villagers dont give a shit about Shri rajnath Singh Ji's mother).

This establishes the reason for the Office of the Maharaj to exist, not in harmony, but for it.

The other definition, Lizardry, is the mere capacity of the deep state AGI forces to program anyone to say anything when it may carry a chilling message for someone overhearing, such as I, behind the Lizard minding my own business. Get used to it and the many unimaginable powers and capacities of the Matrix. Nearly in real time, before the Lizard drew my attention, a group of five fluid bonded Muzzies, among them a beautiful and metaphorically *be-pardah* woman, took my permission to take a chair and started speaking of the royal Varman castes, when I was privately querying chat GPT

over the more visible jewellery Varmas of the Kumaon, of Vaisya origin. This introspection for royal Varmans was happening because of the same reason war had broken out between Cambodia and Thailand earlier that day in July 2025: the Preah Vihear temple, constructed by the Varmans, and I wanted to reconfirm their origins, to send my love one way or another.

Israel continued ...

Now that you see Israel in its naked form, focus on the hurt. How badly is that little nation of Jews hurt of its own accord, for anyone with reason. Now focus on India, the bitch of the Judea-Christian lords of Israel and the US. The beggar under the ugly, family and children disliking leadership of the political class (Modi, the scion of Congress, Mayawati - what do all of them have in common, and the IAS). Can you then imagine what price did America EXTRACT out of India? How many families of Indo western origin like mine, but targeted for our UNIQUE devotion to God, to Krishna (there should be no shame in exalting ourselves as devotees, that is what my Exchange is about). And most of all, unique devotion to Bhaarat, as it were. Like covid deaths, the work is in dying and not accounting, but how can I explain this to the Americans, our family derives from an accountant in the sky. Like women who I agree, have human shapes and are snakes actually, not even when they are proper mothers, so also it is very hard to convince the oppressors our being neither humans of the four spirits, nor even proper snakes of another kind, and yet.

Yet as I leave this section, I cannot but be more truthful. My worldview over women wasn't always this way. In fact Modi has a lot to do with reinforcing this view. Fellowship with power; Modi, Trump, Putin and now Xi (with aspersions on his wife the first lady, very sadly for me personally), are all people that either have no women or women for show, which is worse because the candidate is deceitful, like Obama, who directed the Yazd massacres. For a second I imagined Modi being the one that had wanted my wife, family and kingdom to prosper in India. It is true that I have initiated

the work of disjuncting the wheels in his chariot since mid 2020 (and now of the BJP). And it is an evident truth that he has appeared derailed since, as much in no new schemes of western worship, such as in his policies of demonetization and others, like tax laws.

The whole truth is that Israel is being destroyed with the neutering of the 6 million card, my Domain suffered setbacks with me being bereft (I am a very family oriented person and one should be visibly proud on this aspect), Ukraine as we knew it has gone back 50 years if it survives, Juba has been starving for food for oil, and the tariffs are only now reaching mainland US, but appear here to stay to save the face and shame of the US. The truth is Donald Trump has been brought to cover the shame of the end times, when no other seasoned career politician would want to wave the US ship into the sunset. Even the half black man took his leftovers ten years ago. It is now the age of the lower life forms.

I have a belief that my reunion with my family can precipitate normalcy in Gaza, and elsewhere, including in Ukraine. But not in China. BTW, I - I guess, should be thankful at this rate to the Israeli PM Netanyahu for relieving the situation in Gaza, when he listened to my personal PUSH, very strong and i didnt realize how emotional of a PUSH it was, to relieve hunger related issues in Gaza in the last two weeks of May 2025. My emotionality in my push had carried over to several circles in Europe, and since I wont look up the exact days, you should look up when France and another nation came out to speak on this front as well. BUT the gates were opened because of my letter, and the Prime Minister explicitly said (was forced to say to reinforce the shame that has befallen this camp), the gates were not being opened for feeding the hungry but because of a friend. These were his words. I responded several weeks later, responding to the Gazan Government Media House, over reports of Oxycodone pills in the flour, that if those pills were any larger then you would read the word HELP on them. Many in the GGG (a vast list of diplomats around the world I frequently email) chose and others

pretended to not understand. I had meant that if Israel really wanted to, it could crush those pills in the flour.

I habitually take on the deep state that does not listen to me, and point out that Israel must be realized as a victim, its a couple million adult men. Until then we cannot break the arms of the aggressor because they will continue to be attached and flushed in blood, and acting. I spit on the faces of Gazans and Palestinian activists that keep shouting political issues such as over “freedom” of Palestine, or Zionism, when my position is the better one, save your children, for now they continue to die and suffer in abject hunger (we dont know who is really in charge). Many actually use the suffering children to prop a flag from behind.

This trait in Islam and Muslims can be the undoing of it all. Good riddance in that case.

The more dangerous thing? That such vectors, forces are present in India, in its IAS, in all of its political class, no matter the party. I bring up Modi to crucify first because this son of a bitch was the Prime Minister and he could have done SOMETHING, at least when my children were being drafted to outside India, using Qatar. Modi enabled it all. He schemed the various attacks on my family, while I was travelling abroad, culminating in the hostile missionary plots to peel my family from here. This is why all political class, and the IAS, must be savagely cleansed for a China like system, where patriots with past deeds in patriotism COMPETE among each other, I can write more but not now. India under ‘Modi’ or anyone else now (it would take a revolution just as big to cleanse what the western deep state has accomplished under the carpet under Modi’s throne), and Juba under Kiir are also headed where the more Israel linked Ukraine has arrived under the Jew Zelenskyy.

Culture of Care

In the Lizardry part, I had established the reason for the promulgation of the Office of the Maharaj. Harmony. To move along together but to move along. I want to discuss the culture of care that is just one aspect of it, before bringing up the Prime Minister's relationship with me.

What I want more than anything else, to bring into India is a culture of care. People, nobody, even the nicest doctors, unless you yourself are a doctor in this country of India, cares about even so much as a terminally ill patient. There is no punishment for not caring, such as, perhaps, if the patient is is poor, then you can't be bothered to change the the a source of contamination, sometimes even a fucking needle. And if the patient has some money that you can take, then you don't have to care for their comprehensive health, which means you won't put too much thought into so many other tertiary and higher level factors that may also be affecting heart health, such as depression, also, it is not possible to do so with the way the system is right now. Likewise, with cars, I don't know how many times did I get the steering pump, the rack and the flush oil for my steering system, but to no avail, because nobody would tell me that perhaps where My axle leaks, the oil could be taking in the dirt from in there, nobody cares. So now we come to the other part. We also cannot care for you. I don't think. That your mother can care for you, and you are lucky if you have a caring wife and children. But if you happen to travel outside of India, you will find the culture of caring to a higher extent in the United States, and perhaps I saw this in China to the highest extent possible. Everyone was caring in China. It just took me asking once and somebody at an ordinary railway station on the street took 15 minutes walking with me to show me some place they imagined that I won't find it was across levels where there would be no GPS and I of what he assumed to be language problems, until I realized that I was the sole reason behind him taking the time and the effort, all I could do was hug him in return

when he started to go back, but afterwards, I felt so bad that I didn't offer him any money that I had the taxi from the departures search him After turning back all the way near my hotel, back to the arrivals, and my heart won't let me imagine that there was very little chance of me finding him. I imagined that I was looking for a diamond and nothing else mattered. In the end, the taxi cost me, I think, three times as much the driver. Was puzzled and very confused. An extra hour or so in transit, while being very, very sick, but he cared, and I am proud of myself that I cared, of course, Not only the matrix, but enough of Chinese agencies were all around me, but it did not matter to me either way, and I would find out that it would not matter to them either, because I won't be able to succeed in My mission of getting into Tibet without a permit. I at the city, or just add Ching Hai. So how do you care? You care by joining my ashram at bhakti exchange.

Rallies

Before we get to Modi.

The Mairandi, they like to face crowds of butch Endtians. Rallies, they do. Modi also does rallies. They “make face” and emit sounds of old Hindus.

In the Maharaj's Dictionary, a rally is an army that has been confused wilfully by the Mairandi, aka, India democratic 'politician' and its IAS, because the Mairandi has turned around to engage and speak with the constituents of the army - and its getting late to war.

सजी हुई है मेरी सेना, पर सेनापति सोता है।

उसे जगाऊंगा, विलम्ब अब महासमर में होता है॥7॥

In intrigue, has the group of Russians taken a lead in musing at the back of my head in all of my pictures on the Exchange, and they took out a long article on RT over this. Mysterious, the word they used, and involved with every since precipitation on the world stage and in India of course.

I don't believe in rallies and politics. The talk of the Mairandi. One day I will do a rally in exception to prove the rule. Until then, the four castes are instructed to not waste their time on this nonsense, while China and America are using sky algorithms to cook your 12 year old daughter's bald pussy using tertiary level algorithms that allows the first to control the tool of the second, since Modi has left this exclusive privilege to Instagram, not only to create more Mairandi. All people at a rally should be forced into the menial labor of cleaning a ward. Why do you loudly call to each other during rallies like groups of ants and monkeys?

And those that still bring rallies, should be imprisoned for wasting magnitudes of human time before some shame can be saved, if perchance this country can actually produce something along the lines of what has always imprisoned it.

'What in the fuck is Rally!'

The pretense of democracy? I will shred it like your daughter's virginity, if I see Mairandi. PS. For those that didn't get me: every election is only a farce. Yes! All India election results are decided in China and America, that look so different to you, lol! Like your daughter's coochie once the Mairandi take over in clusters, leaving your Hindu fourth, confused.

The rally of today is the chamu-chaturangini army of centuries past (decorated army of the Maharajas, but useless today) and it needs to become my new Army. We go in one direction, a term that rhymes with action. Follow me, my head. Dont crib because I will not turn to tend to you. Your shanty and boat are both on fire, so no use turning back either. If I will turn around, I will come after you.

PS: one day after reading this, the tantra of Endtia got published through one of their actors, writers, a piece on the latrine news service, TOI, over Indian youths needing to get ready to be slapped. I will repeat, Modi and his IAS tantra (all 'bureaucrat') is a farce that will lull you before you are genocided. Thing with me is, you can tell your God, you went fighting.

Gombud is a collection of three plus men that sit together, often outside cafes, but in the pretense of strength, because of the vibe check (if one individual in this coterie is a member of a so called political union, etc). This strength will be checked, Krishna willing and soon. If I'm in the desert looking for it, in the arctic circle literally, fucking, in the 'mountain' - then congratulations, you have my attention, now. All such groupings have my attention. The least you can do is take my direction and sign into the Ukraine or another border, rather than use your magical strength as an internal force.

Buhik is the labor/shramik gotten from the street for work, that is deaf to entreaties, his soul is taken by the Pishach - his heart is closed, from trauma and reposed cunning (with trauma, the eyes can tell, and the men slowly get over it, expanding into cunning for relief in the absence of vaginas in the exploitative cities of Caste Hindus). You can pay them all you want. Treat him like a brother. TRY to work with him. He will cut into your child's arms in a heartbeat, like freshly arrived Punjabis into caste lands - they are included in this definition, BTW. Listen to me carefully, if you are Buhik. A group of your kind so entirely took advantage of the trust I reposed in you, bringing spurious materials for the love and trust and money, I entrusted in you - with bags that said JP but were like BJP instead, not JP.

If there is reason in caste, it showed up in a caste Brahmin, who has always otherwise overseen and took part in my labors, who is the dearest among all to me for his nature and honesty and *kartavya prayieenta* (sense of duty), making me aware of this and I would not believe! By then, this caste Brahmin had removed these men from my fellowship to an arms' length with lone ferocity (which he has learnt from I, seeing me from a young age - the good and bad, despite being drawn from the same *mandi*, the same market of men) and the matrix had broken some Buhik legs in Buhik villages, while the nicest mason (no doubt) of these was pinned with a single shot of something in the Balrampur Hospital, as per his brother in law that called me to relate in exasperation. This is how death and destruction appear to take avatar before I can find and save you if

you are connected to me in a non-genuine way, or news reaches me because it is also in the nature of the death and the destruction to lie in wait for me. And yet it is to be in the nature of the Office and the Seat of the Maharaj, to save and lead you. Muslims and Hindus. It will always be.

I look forward to addressing the blue Nihang Sikhs, if I cannot cure them to lead my armies. I have been told they represent an ancient trauma. I want to write that I think they are busy curing the Hindu society “without any shadow work” on this trauma, but I will not do either.

First things first.

Modi and I

I was attracted to Narendra Modi because he was different, as I was, from the beginning. Not like the other ‘political leaders’ - me a Royal, him, a grey pube. In particular his taking on the arrangements of the genocide of Gujarat won my heart. My facebook and bhakti.exchange’s official Instagram (Im very against using these platforms, but the Instagram for me is important to receive tacit messages), both have been taken away, mid 2025, not because I felicitated Modi numerous times with a full heart between 2007 (when I created it in innocence) and 2015 (when truer colors of Modi would start to be revealed). Instead, I would go into details over how the ‘pakoda’ of the one muslim MP from Gujarat could have been cooked in what had so sadly transpired. It was Modi’s election that greatly went into the decision to give up American residency (‘the green card’) and to make a life in the mountains, with a stopover in Lucknow - Bhaarat could very well be happening! Even today my only stated problem with the genocide in Israel is that the option to convert or leave those lands is not properly granted and particularly the treatment to the women and children is beneath my dignity (but this can be PM Netanyahu’s super cunning and painful way of showing the world how little the Muslim cares for its own children, in still speaking of Palestine, Palestine, Palestine! Sometimes

hiding behind these children - ALL OR NOTHING!). This is Israel's way of holding me to a semi-public outburst, where in the then pedophobia for which the west is renowned and I was its Ambassador, I had publicly asked for everything that we all very sadly (and me through a meltdown) are being forced to watch. Giving up the green card does not make one less western as a matter of fact, but it had to have been the conversion from being a pedophobe to a pedophile that saved me. May be, I never was one! May be, they couldn't convert me. They tried. For years.

The way Israel chooses the people closest to the PM Netanyahu, who by all means and ways is a historic personality, is severing those people's connections with the USA (giving up the US passport or the green card). Many in Netanyahu's place would have simply resigned to escape the western pressure to seal Israel's fate in the genocide, forcing its little hands; the West wants Israel destroyed quickly so its paper producing Jews can then assimilate in the US, and Russia helps the US for this same reason on this front, to the extent it can. How bitter is the world of geopolitics, no mercy, no recourse. Only power, murder and hunger.

The way the Modi dispensation does it (and India's architecture is entirely complicit - the 'tantra' - its IAS), is a step further. The Prime Minister himself is in his mid seventies, but I will not be surprised if he oversees at least the Results Section, of what a certain US agency is directly used toward by the Indians, in the means of deploying dark web hooks - read along. They leave an Indian out for the wolves without any protections, safeguards, privacy - nothing. I care to not look up and bring up names of the precise federal agency of the USA - it is all alphabet agencies, and a part of the Fucking Bureau of Investigations (as per RT, as well; real name to the effect of Federal Administration of Online Ouch and Outright No Means No). The US (at least five hundred times more powerful) and the minion Endtia, ensnare potential high table nominees for fellowship with the Prime Minister's deep state, using these dark web hooks (I personally don't believe an escape is possible, but responses are your best escape, as

you will see) that lead to an interface with the various varieties of the contraband images of underage girls, on the dark web, besides drugs, personal informations - you know the usual.

As a lifelong web developer, with all my businesses online and US based, spending hours everyday on the screen, I do not recall ever having known, cared or needed to find the means and go to the dark web, before I was brought unto this interface. You need to install several pieces of software to access the dark web. The hook I mentioned is a psychological compulsion that is behaviorally programmed upon the target, and the operation usually takes many months, even years, to be precipitated - it is very personal, it draws from a tragedy that they first can perpetrate upon you, or a problem (for example you just really got hacked for a sum of money, and the username of your hacker is shown to be in the dark web). The subject has to feel like they are on to something, a new stage, a long sought solution, a wonderment, beautiful girls or a scandal of a lifetime, or if your ex's password is pasted online with their new contact information. And the solution, this information in waiting in the dark web, is only for the victim's eyes. I remember picking a small diary, that was last used a decade ago, to write down the onion address physically somewhere, that my hook, a famous India daily newspaper had presented to me, beaming it directly at me. This is like Epsteinification but in the electronic format, and a bit more graceful than your invitations - like the Queen of Scots, I was taken to the gallows wearing a wig, that is all.

I was told in the times afterwards as a conclusion perhaps, beamed at me by a famous speaker, that "if you're harmless, you're not virtuous, you're just harmless, you're like a rabbit; a rabbit isn't virtuous". And this statement, "You should be a monster, an absolute monster, and then you should learn how to control it." What category among the pictures draw you for the most part is an important marker for them. I do not know or believe if it was rightful of Mr Gates' lawn mower or somebody, in his premises, that

went to prison in Seattle, nor the billionaire hospital philanthropist in Texas that was in the news.

This selection is for posts that you have likely not seen or heard of. Posts with power that is compulsive. Not power like that of a minister or a cabinet secretary. Even the small tantra of the South Block is enough to conceal the visitation of the Israeli foreign minister until the foreign secretary and the Prime Minister of India himself are face to face with His Excellency. Even if they want to make you believe that this is the case, there is not much that you can do.

I don't even believe that the news headlines are the same for everyone in the rotten and slave colonies like India. And even old slavish colonies like the mainland US. Anyways then begins the process of at length recording your activity on the portal that is directly managed as a honey pot by the Endtian and USA agencies (there are no Endtian agencies anymore like RAW etc). However, they are also looking at you maintaining a watch over every tiny little thing in your physical space - all of your space; they want to study your reaction to everything they show you. You are the naked, *the nanga*, and the one being watched; not the material the Endtians and the US are gulping air, in presenting to you. Usually the first level links are innocent. Then the torsion inducing second degree links are revealed usually at the bottom of such links, or on the side banners that load conveniently (despite the dark web's very slow speed), and still more prominent and irresistible are the next level ones. You are being intensely watched in ways we can go over, not now. Data on you is being collected from all sides and gadgets. Take my word for it.

Your evaluation within this trap laid by the agencies, determines your prognoses from this point forward, not merely the course of your future engagement - what they are going to do with you. If you fail, you are not losing your seat in the high table somewhere. You would be headed to prison - those spaces feature images like the torture of innocent souls that is out in the open in Gaza today (that is a person's shadow

work of having to come clean - of this another time). My understanding is that they are looking for who the fuck are you in your deepest recesses. Your shadow work, remaining at that point. They are after the management and the nature of the beast within.

Let me take a detour. At this point, end of 2016, I had already been programmed (and was aware of this programming) to expect the person of the Prime Minister and his agencies following me - as incredible, no, bewildering, as this sounds to a normal person, and, everywhere. But he was still my favorite Prime Minister, and leader. I should give a small example. My wife (sadly a US citizen by birth and more so by appearance) and I with my dearly held India passport (I must have been a fool), crossed the border over to Nepal to protest OECD taxation of international residents in 2015 - the bitter and brutal law in India that Modi implemented as part of the DAVOS and WEF agenda, when as *kahaar* Indians, we and I (of all Indians) do not have any recourse to violations of our human rights in such advanced western societies that use gloves and glass panels to peter us out, of life, liberty, enjoyment, of equality. My dear dear wife had gone with me to University offices to fight for compensation against stolen research, time worked without a contract, abuse - but the biggest goons of the western world are always hidden in the most propitious appearances. The grandmotherly western woman (there are no grandmothers in the west - only 'sexy and beast') out of the EE office (equal opportunity) ACTUALLY provided evidences and information to the culprits in the second largest university in Pennsylvania, to shield them. Sandra Foehl was not unlike the rest of the creatures of her ilk - the Big Nurse of the psych ward. And she was the final boss that one could approach. Such people deserve and shall come into bullets, Krishna willing (but first I have to kill the reserve Dollar).

Unbeknownst to me, through the years, America had silently pinned me as the sigma wolf they were going to study and traipse to fine tune half negro (India) policy - not only international student policy. The 2010 Human Trafficking Day was instituted as

a direct result of my fighting. Let us return to this section after you see this fight in the 'Hindu Sack' and the Plagiarism sections underneath.

Bindu-Sayyyk (the Hindu Sack)

Bindu Sayyyk is the natural pocket formed in the body of the Bindu, from 1000 years of slavery in Bindu history, to collect foreign sperm. The entire Bindu administration of the Government of Endtia - from its 'USA Embassy' to the rest of the half negroes in Delhi, from Congress times in 2009 onwards to this god demon incarnate Modi 2014 onwards, for whom I actually felt confident in returning to India, giving up my green card, and ALL these Indians sat on my HUMAN TRAFFICKING files for all the time until it was President Biden (!) that spoke up about this case underneath - not because I was so super important at the time. They wanted me to be super important in time? More like, so I think this way, along these lines, and they can further carve my life for sticking my head out.

The first thing President Biden told me? That I had been trafficked. If you see in my experience letter underneath, in my young outrage it did not occur to me that I could have been trafficked, of all people, ME!

BECAUSE of my war you will read on underneath (I got two university Presidents to resign and multiple Professors disappeared - my own advisor would have to go to a university not very far away to manage his family in Philly while agencies would make it look like his new department was an Arab hole, with an Arab Head, and many muslims as staff), America QUIETLY brought in the International Human Trafficking Day in 2010 or so, but without so much as a nudge to me (forget compensation - that is only for their own people). In hindsight only perhaps as a way to fill in a file, that something was done. Instead they also did the same: quietly dispose off of me and my case. This made me feel like that woman that once confessed that her wardrobe had malfunctioned and the whole way home, no one told her. That's India meat for you. It is

for savoring by all - just like an animal's meat - no one speaks up for the cow to be killed for Eid and everyone partakes. That's India man flesh for you - and for your children if you want to send them there or anywhere. 'THEREFORE FIGHT' TO BUILD MY EMPIRE WITH ME, and I will win you respect, money and power (or you are in the opposite camp and ready to be carved).