

Facebook post

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The conversation moved-on regarding the shape of the Earth, in September 2022, Christian21 landed in Cybertown and setup a 'free-stall' on the market of truth. The conversation was guided away from the basic hypothesis on a topic many millions have put a lot of thought into lately, since 2015 when flat Earth became a talking point again. I must admit that I missed it. I was 2 yrs late even hearing about it again, after 45 years of never thinking about it even once since I was 4. I mean, it's fukin ridiculous...the Earth being flat...are you off your fukin head??? Well, it's not that straightforward.

When your car is broken down, you take it to a mechanic because they have a lot more experience than you at fixing cars. If you go to a dentist, you are thinking the same...they know about teeth. If you go to a builder to build a house, expect them to know way more than someone who is not a builder, but if you ask an airline pilot if the Earth is flat or round, and he says "flat," you disbelieve him & laugh? Yes, most people would. All pilots know the shape of the Earth, as they spend 18 hours a day looking down on it. Mostly, they may not want to openly discuss it in public for fear of ridicule & ostracism/job loss, but they all 'know' the actual shape of the Earth. The ones that don't 'know' haven't thought about it on purpose, as they would feel silly even contemplating it. You know what a Motorway looks like, and you anticipate the bends and curves and adjust speed for safety reasons. A bus driver has more to worry about, as there are 100 people on a bus with him. So an airplane with 300 people on it, and depending on what's below, possibly a few thousand people could get hurt if the pilot doesn't know what he is doing, or loses concentration. Cumon people, they do not change the artificial horizon when they reach altitude; for the whole flight, including landing, they keep the plane dead flat and do not adjust for Earth curvature...because the Earth is flat and not curved.

People ask for flat Earth proofs, then refute them all anyway, laughing over the top of the explanation so that they don't hear it. If they put thought into it rather than reply in automatic defense of their stance on the subject, then the situation would be easier for them.

Gravity can keep a 20-Ton tank on the ground, but not a 'Damsel Fly,' or a water droplet...?

Pilots reach altitude, then keep the artificial horizon dead-flat, even during descent. They never once drop the nose to allow for curvature.

The Earth spins at a 1,000 miles per hour in prograde-rotation, but the fastest plane only goes 500 mph...so flights going on the same prograde-rotational path in an equatorial latitude, will never reach their destination as their top speed is 50% less than the speed needed to 'overtake' the planet's rotation





and arrive at the destination. And even if they could match the speed of the Earth's rotation, they would in effect be in geosynchronous location, just hovering above the planet, never making headway.

Laser light goes in a straight line, it doesn't bend, so why can it be picked up a few thousand miles away on a level sea surface when there should be, if the planet is a globe, several thousand feet of Earth curvature between the emitter and the target?

Radar waves are straight and flat. Radar would not work on a curved spherical planet...yet we see battleships using Radar to detect other ships 3,000 miles away.

Ask any helicopter pilot what shape the Earth is...get in a helicopter and travel vertically upwards and stay there for as long as you have fuel for. When you land the chopper again, it will land in exactly the same place as it took off from. This is impossible (and no, it's not Frame of Inertia...that's a 'pipe dream') if the Earth is spinning, let-alone at 1,000 mph.

The pole star has been in the same place for thousands of years. It never moves a millimeter. The same with all the constellations. They seem 'fixed' into position, but we are told that they are all moving about in their own orbits and at tremendously fast speeds. So you actually think that the pole star and all the other stars would all still be in exactly the same place after all this time? Don't be silly.

If the Earth is spinning, we don't need to travel there, we can just get a train to a Longitudinal location and simply get in a helicopter, and just go 'Up,' and wait for the planet to spin below our feet.

People who haven't got to this level of thought yet, I would try to get there as soon as you can. This means giving it *thought*, and I'll be honest with you, that's almost impossible. Lately, I find that people just can't do it. They just can't sit there and concentrate for longer than 30-40 seconds. I thought it was just wealthy people a few years ago, and I associated a lack of ability to listen and absorb to wealth. I dunno why? I just couldn't think of another reason that worked & made sense? But post-covid, I realised that it's got nothing to do with wealth. It's the same reason that people are asking, "how has time seemed to speed-up these last few years?"

There's a lot of speculation about this apparent quickening of time. We are all discussing it lately, and even wealthy people are talking about it, so even they noticed. But it's not anything to do with ascension or star-signs or technology or anything mystical/supernatural. I'll interject here and say that the word *supernatural* is a misnomer. Nothing is *supernatural*. It's all science. This quickening of time is perceived as it's because of the amount of info available to us all these days. We have so much more to think about as adults that time elapses seemingly faster during these processes & our daily lives. Tik-tok, Facebook, Instagram and all the other social media platforms suck-your-time even further. But this can be a positive experience, if you are filling your eyes and ears with the correct information and not looking at videos of cats singing, dogs dancing, & idiots hurting themselves (which is quite funny, I must admit). So that's where the time goes...daily pressures, and the 'information' age.

But that doesn't explain why 100% of people I speak to in the 'Public' do not have the ability to process cognitive chains of coherent thought. They just have a blank-look on their face. Most people now know about adrenochrome. I talk to every single person I meet about what's 'going on' in the world right now. Last year, there wasn't a random taxi driver who had heard of adrenochrome, for instance. Yet, I have caught many cabs these last few weeks, and they all know about adrenochrome and where it comes from. But the conversation stops, or should I say the cab driver stops talking, shortly after, unable to process any more information. Their brain switches off in anathema-like detest and silence prevails. They're unable to think about it. And it is at this moment in time, and only when the EBS comes & explains this to people in an unequivocal and unambiguous way, that these poor souls will have no option but to 'believe' the revelations they are encountering. And just as yesterday's taxi driver looked at me wide-eyed at 1st because he had heard of adrenochrome, and where it comes from, and now he has a





guy in the cab next to him with all the missing links to this peculiar set of circumstances. But he didn't understand the gravity of the situation (buoyancy? Doesn't sound right, lol). When he started to realize it was true, sitting next to me, I filled the gaps in. That's when he went silent, unable to process...but the EBS is different. The EBS will inform the most devout in society that they have been worshipping Lucifer by accident; then they will find out that not even Lucifer exists, either.

That look in the cab driver's eyes said it all to me. He *knew* I had real information, as I could see it in his eyes. It's at that point, contemplation ceased, and we started talking about traffic lights and how many there are in Colchester these days. You see, that's how it goes. People do not want to *know* how fucked they *were*, as they are unable, thru lack of knowledge, to procure a confident outcome. These poor sods were all utterly dismantled a long time ago in preparation for the Scamdemic in 2019, and the ascensional 'level-up' that we are about to experience at this 'End of Level Boss' is, in this instance, each other's own apathy and stupidity, the Stockholm Syndrome that the awake seem to be fighting. It's not Satan or Leviathan, or Baal that we are clashing with. It's our brain-washed brothers & sisters, who have only ever been presented with an alternative reality to that which is actually real. They were presented with everything very young via social 'cues,' and almost mute expectations that are felt rather than heard. The subtle face muscles reacting like sign language in your parents' expressions as they will you to do something with their face, when the words paint a different picture, or the primary school teacher *working* the kids into a false sense of security with, 'Oh, wouldn't it be fun if we did this' as they get marched off to the nurse for a covid shot or an MMR vaccine.

The unspoken social cues for boys are to compete, to protect, to win, to be brave, and for little girls, the social cue (singular) is to be 'perfect.' They need to set their sights on perfection, only. These things are silently 'expected' and are taught in a silent manner, the child picking this lesson up via osmosis only.

Our brothers & sisters who are still fast asleep refusing to wake up to the shape of the realm, their own health, their governments, their slave status, their malevolent overlords, the child trafficking agender & what this entails and why...or anything else is victim...victim in progress to their own stubborn indifference. I dunno about you guys, but I can well-see this for what it is. That's thanks to Christian, rather than my own endeavors. I did as good, if not better, than the next man with the available information that one can use to research the same in any topic, but the new info totally re-laces those old shoes & 're-soul's' them. If you let it.

The monster was destroyed 5 years ago, but the people's own embroidered ideology, hung on a frame of lies, creates a very unsafe footing with no room for accurate discernment and a true understanding of what you aspire to and hope for your children, rather than the population's willing acceptance to side with their captors, being the herd mentality and people sticking together with the main group. With bovine cattle, it's done via physical numbers in their field of view, but for the human cattle, it's done with social media, the TV and their thick mates, mixed with a generous helping of self-doubt, garnished with a sprig of pessimism in their field of experience. Don't listen to your mates, or the bloke in the bar/pub. They dunno fuk all about anything. They know much less than you do, if you're reading this, that is?

Communication is key in every society and every culture. It matters not what planet you come from. Communication is key, as otherwise a civilization would never start. Not here tho, not on this planet. People do not communicate anymore, too used to social interaction via a screen, especially the kids school-age thru lockdown...but their parents also. 3+ generations of social dismantling that seems an accident, but there are no accidents, if you're doing this from a 4th Density platform, which is what's going on here the last 6,013 yrs....

Because of the deep mistrust here in this realm, no one believes or trusts anyone else. It's so rare that anyone would believe someone else, when no one believes in themselves...so used to comen as the





norm. I didn't all my life, most of it. You can't because of the programming. That is the education system itself, and the consensus reality of your interactional experience, and those you encounter in it.

When humans meet and greet each other, especially for the 1st time, there's a set of unacknowledged societal protocols that we must cycle through. We gauge & select these protocols without even being aware that we are doing so. It's 'nurtured' into us from childhood to observe these subtle mannerisms and act accordingly. We gauge this situation by what the person is wearing, what they look like, how they stand, what they say, their tone of voice, their posture, their haircut, their aftershave & perfume, their language and pitch of voice. Many subtle nuances must be accommodated in our appraisal of this 1st impression. Much will be given away at this time and much is at stake if, for instance, you're going for a new job or meeting your partner's parents for the 1st time. This way of doing things is highly problematic for many reasons because people can look and sound very very different from their assumed personality as assessed on the 1st encounter with them. A big part of the fakery and faux lives we all live, is exactly this point...EVERYONE who is employed by ANYONE else, is expected to be professional. It's an expectation-foregone-conclusion. Yet, there's a fundamental problem with this mode of operating. You see people at rest and people at work...the same person, but they are 2 different personalities. They have their 'work face' and their 'friends face.' Some don't, some people have a 'work face' only, and their job/career defines them. These people will normally be in the same job for many years, too comfy and secure to find alternative, or more enjoyable employment – scared of change and unwilling to leave the comfort of the confidence they feel in the role they are currently in. They may hate the job, but they will not leave, way too parochial for change. We see this most notably in Health & Hospitality, Food and Leisure industries or the NHS staff, because they immediately need to make the patient *feel* safe and cared for. The patient needs to *know* that the nurse actually *cares*. They don't need to think it, they need to *feel* it. Mostly, they couldn't give a fuck about you or your health. They just appear to care because they have to appear to care, and everyone else is appearing to care, also. They finish shift in 20 minutes anyway, so a couple more smiles and a few more text-book replies to small-talk, then they can go home and relax. As they leave the building, there's a sigh of relief. But it's 'Okay' because 'that's just how life is,' and we have to do it. I apologise to NHS staff in general...the world's 'medical' people, I mean, because it's not just this profession, it's *most* professions, even professions where you do not deal directly with the public. You might work in a machine-lathe shop milling wood, but your colleagues and boss will be 'made' with the same societal expectations that everyone else has in your culture. I'm not saying anything that we do not all know to be a fact. We all think these things when we are the recipient of this exchange of body-language and conversation in a 1st meeting scenario. Well, I assume *we* all do. I do, maybe some don't? and maybe some don't even notice? Actually, I think it's a case of most don't even notice. I just notice everything because it's interesting, embarrassing, yet interesting. Women put much more convincing emotion into it and make it far more realistic. The wave of confidence that we all need to feel is palpable, if unjustified and wholly incorrect in its origin.

The mind is like a muscle. That's why some memories are retained by your mind as more easily accessible to recall from the future. But these memories are only more easily recallable because you have thought about these particular memories more often in the past, cementing them in location for future recall. You remember them the same as the words to a song, by repetition of the same memory over several, or many years, and over the perceived elasticity of time. The most remembered memories are the ones most remembered. The other memories of the same time period that are not the most frequently accessed for this era in your life, are filed away in the subconscious and no longer available, unless you use determined efforts and techniques.

Now ask yourself what point is reincarnation, if we are unable to remember our past lives? That was my question when I was 15 years old. There is no point, basically, and that's the whole point, that there's





no point, as we are here to forget, we are not here to remember. Remembering past lives is a real bad thing to happen for 'them.' That's why so much personal attention is paid to Grey 'hauntings' and seances and films about it all with mediums and channelers hooking-you-up with Aunty Doris. The *fear/reality* of death must be kept alive because it is the ultimate control string/rope/noose, when in reality, it's also just another illusion. 'If you don't do this 'this,' we will kill you.' Go on then...kill me already. I've done this a few times now lately, so I'm proper getting the hang of it.

Like in any/every computer game: "Wow, I keep getting to this part and dying. It's killin me, bruv. I been on this level for weeks, and every time I get here, I die...what's the secret?"

The secret is that you are as you do. You are *Sonic-The-Hedgehog*, sprinting about in a made-up fantasy world, collecting gold & trying to get to the next level. All the way thru, you are stung and bitten, punched and killed, losing all your gold...things pop-out-of-nowhere and take you out of action, placing you back at the beginning of the level (dying). And you are actually doing this via your soul in an Avatar vessel, a *human* vessel, and just like every other physical being in your reality, you are all inside a simulation, a game within a game. It mattered not how 'spiritual' you were. In a 3rd Density simulation, it is not possible to have 5th (or 4th) Density abilities or understandings outside of the parameters of your simulation's blended-boundaries, i.e. you have *some* baseline telepathy, *some* connection with the aether, but limited. Like at kindergarten, you get plastic scissors so you don't hurt yourself with a metal blade pair. You were trapped 2 densities away from home and no way to get back until now. Like in a casino, the House Always Wins. Well, the owners of this casino-simulation always won. There wasn't a way to 'level-up,' and that's why ascension was a little-known & little-understood concept, until now. As to know this before now could have ended in now not even happening, and we all would've died in 2017, 2021 at the latest. The fact that you are reading these words is testimony to the fact that *we* the people won the war.

People say, 'how can you display any emotion other than a tranquil one? and/or sometimes condone *strange* shit, if you claim to be spiritual?'

White linen and leather flip-flops is okay, if we are all in the same density, ie. back home in 5th Density, but we are not. We are here in 3rd Density altogether. Here children dig toxic metals out the ground with their bare hands, dying young of cobalt poisoning and all sorts of pointless illnesses in a very short and highly unnecessary life. Also, here on Earth, no one realises that their children are the planet's crop. The true GDP of the planet is your children's liquified fear, and when they're past the age of 15 years, they are actually more valuable to the governments if they are dead, because the 'Cester Que Vie 1666' Birth Certificate bond goes straight back to the government's pockets when you die...for more expensive wallpaper and priceless works of art in the office walls and nice bog-roll to wipe their precious crap-holes on.

So, it's okay to be a warrior. Some people have to get properly knocked-out sometimes in pursuit of the truth and in defense of the defenseless, themselves undefended. If you thought Starseeds wore leather flipflops and white wide-gauge linen pajamas...sorry, that's just artistic-licence in films & biblical lore. We are here for change, we are not here for your approval...

Be that as it may, your personal discernment is key, & your DNA IS crucial, & was at stake, so take from this what you will because the End justifies the means, if the benefactor is the Source of Creation itself. You are by default LUCKY to be suffering this. It means that you were given a chance at life, & it also means that you are literally a TOTAL HERO. You are not a 'dry wank,' you mean something & that something is determined by how you think. Let that think-in...your presence here will be written in the Akashic Records as one of great sacrifice and bravery, great understanding, & great fortitude.





Vampires don't like the light, but it's the light of public scrutiny that's being symbolized as opposed to sunlight that destroys them. The evidence that this has already transpired is voluminous and embarrassing in its depth. But people still refuse to acknowledge it, and every conversation I have with anyone else about this/these topics enforces the reality even further in my mind that it is all real and true. I watch it unfold and see it from a distance. It looks like exactly how Christian's info predicts it to look, leaving only this new 'look' as aesthetically resplendent in eloquent beauty, compact and simple, pleasing to the 3rd-eye, and easily recognisable for the reality that it is, as unlikely as that may seem. It is, however, true, and you can see this yourself, if you let it. You gotta think back thru your life to do that and draw-in all that you know about myth & legend simultaneously if you can, even if that is not very much. You still have images in your mind associated with this topic, and you will be using these images...all of them at the same time in quantum thought, because you are in fact Quantum Thought personified. You just have to 'pull-it-off' in one go, squeeze the answer out like taking a quantum crap, gotta 'nip-one-out,' clean-cut the end off like a cigar cutter, no mess, lay that cable of intuition, and then crimp-off the end like a pair of wire cutters, 'chop' clean thru the thought-log floating off down the golden-piss-river of perception.

Like when you're a kid...(this next parable is based on true events...it's called 'The Parable of the Rubik's Cube') and this has happened to every single person over the age of 3 reading this. Remember that time you took a dump, all like normal 'n that, and something bad happened...something really, really bad. I was 7 when this happened to me, & this event links us all as a species. It changed my life forever. I went to do a poo; we were living in 'Hooks' Cottages in Roxwell, a village near Chelmsford, in the county of Essex, UK, and it was 1980. I put the paper down the loo in the 1970's bathroom with matching avocado green porcelain, & brown 'Starburst' tiles, as expected in that decade, and sat down thinking about 'Squeeker & Co,' "Squirreling here and squirreling there," as we had a radio station come to record us at school to sing about two cartoon squirrels. Fuk knows why, just some gay shit they make kids do for a laugh, I guess? I even remember what I was thinking about during this event. That's how much trauma I went thru in a minute. Well, I started the motion of releasing the log from its security enclosure in my tiny rectum, and it all went really wrong...really, really wrong, and I got stuck...mid-curl. The issue was the aperture of my rectum was the size of a 5p coin...but I mistakenly assayed the log, as the name suggests...a Log...but it wasn't a Log. Unbeknownst to me, it was in actual fact an object larger and more spherical than a basketball made of reinforced concrete. Well, the 'Event Horizon' wasn't able to process the new moon as it transcended the aperture of my crap-hole on the way out, and it froze me in suspended animation for a number of minutes while I navigated my Chi-Energy to process this apparent glitch in the matrix, by assigning my soul the job of birthing this planetary object while I was 'out-of-body.' The moon was in Myanus...not Uranus. I went into cardiac arrest, gripping the bog-roll holder like it was a fairground ride at Disneyland, my pupils meeting at the bridge of my nose. I paused time and space by pure thought alone, no longer thinking about 'Squeeker & Co.' The trauma was so great that I was able to suspend time throughout the entire universe and send my 'little-blue-light,' my ancient soul, below, to investigate this apocalyptic density-bottle-neck scenario. Whilst down there at 'sea-level,' my soul was met by my past-self, and also my future-self...all 3 of us sitting on a bit of partially-wet bog-roll that hadn't succumbed to the inevitable, like Kate Winslet clinging on to a floating trunk in the Polar waters, my future-self spoke 1st in a tone of Angelic thunder...

"...Andrew...I've been waiting for this day for 14 years, bruv. I want you to know that you do actually survive this, and it makes you a better man for having done so. You can do this, Andrew my son...just remember good people have to go thru bad things to save their species..." My past self then solemnly sighed and said, "Here, listen boys...I'll go thru this now and take one for the team, but if I survive, I want everyone to swear on their lives that nothing like this will ever happen again?" It all went quiet...then it was over. I got up, and turned to gaze back down into the blood-soaked abyss that was, mere moments ago, a 4th Density vortex trapping me in situ with frequencies and demonic technology





as they tried to extract my soul from my crap-hole, apparently along with all my internal organs. But the issue was in actual fact a small amount of fecal matter that had solidified rather more than its neighbors. You know when you get that 'Rubik's Cube' of poo-nuggets at the end...it was in effect, nothing to worry about whatsoever...but I thought it was the end of my simulational experience this loop. When I paused time, I wrote a 'Will' for my penknife collection and Action Man figures. That's how seriously I took this situation. I was trying to write a 'goodbye' note in the mist on the bathroom mirror with my 3rd eye, to my parents thanking them....

You can see where I'm taking this, yeah?....

It's shit, it's well shit...blown out of all proportion by a fake his-story compelling you to assume the worst. Yes, it's shit-as-fuk. It's the biggest amount of shit you will ever encounter, a solidified ball of shit larger than the aperture of your mind's eye. But when put into perspective, it's a small solidified turd no larger than a thumbnail of an average human grown-up. It will be painful upon exit, but the relief will see you okay for the next 6,000+ years, so don't sweat it. 😊

