



The Lion and the Lamb

by Noel Joshua Hadley

The Lion and the Lamb: *The Mandela Effect*

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The Mandela Psyop

THE MANDELA Effect is decades in the making and an *obvious* pet project of the Intel community. No surprise, even the Media is pranking us. I figure pretty much everybody is in on it but *me* and possibly *you*. Such conclusions might sound alarming at first, but eventually you settle into the groove. The Mandela Effect is intended to crawl up your skin to the point where even your shadow will itch, but you needn't let it. The [Manson Family](#) was another *obvious* Intel psyop, and in matters such as these, I'm reminded of it.

When The Family said, 'let's go *Creepy Crawling*,' they were referring to a game which involved sneaking into people's homes at night and rearranging their furniture while they slept. Sure, the Manson's reportedly committed the deed, but that's just Intel's way of telling us that spooks do it all the time. Today, they have the Intel-net. But that's not to say they won't enter your home and reposition a book or two on the shelf. Flip a family photo around. Perhaps turn the thermostat up a few notches. Let you sweat your nap-nap time out. If the boys down at Langley are feeling especially frisky, they'll swap out the family goldfish or hamster and then watch you deny it when your child claims otherwise.

Why would they do something like that? The reason is obvious. To screw with your head. But again, you needn't let them. It's happened to me, you know. I'm keen to their behavior and have noticed a furniture piece or two rearranged in recent months. This even happened upon waking up in the morning, signifying that somebody had been standing within ten feet of where I slept, probably Kevin. That's what the Mandela Effect is. The entire Construct has become an obsessive game of creepy-crawly, and you're the crazy one for noticing. FYI, Kevin is the name which I've given to the federal agent assigned to me, but let's not get sidetracked.



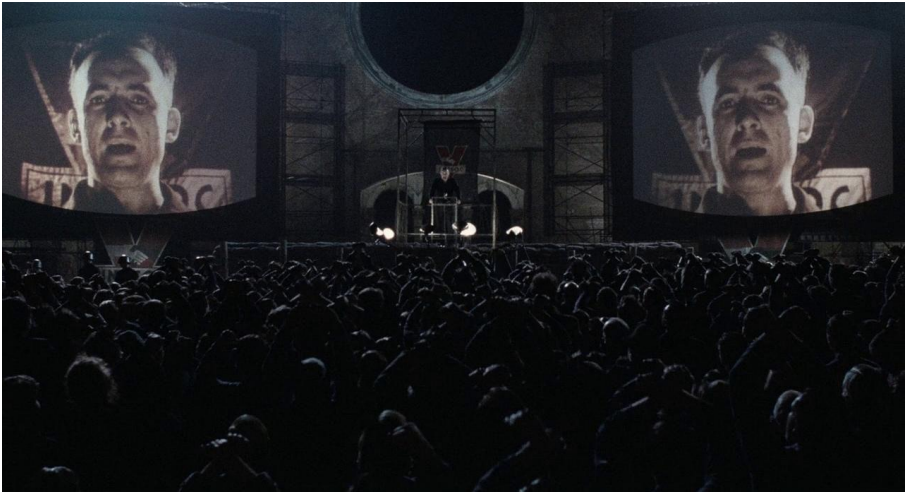
Another term for what the Manson's were cooking in *your* kitchen has become a matter of therapy for abusive relationships, and that is **gaslighting**. The very phrase derives from the 1944 movie of the same name, 'Gaslight'. Its plot centers on the **Ingrid Bergman's** husband attempting to convince her that she's crazy so that he can lock her up in a mental institution, thereby robbing her of her house and her jewelry and the one thing that's most important to everyone, sanity.

Gaslight is a 1944 American [psychological thriller](#) film directed by [George Cukor](#) and starring [Charles Boyer](#), [Ingrid Bergman](#), [Joseph Cotten](#), and [Angela Lansbury](#) (in her film debut).

Adapted by [John Van Drueten](#), [Walter Reisch](#), and [John L. Balderston](#) from [Patrick Hamilton's](#) play *Gas Light* (1938), it follows a young woman whose husband slowly manipulates her into believing that she is descending into insanity.^{[4][5]}

Exactly. The Wikipedia explains it almost entirely as I did. They left out the part however where Berman's husband raises and dims the gaslights throughout her house and then convinces her that she is imagining the

entire thing. Obviously, Hollywood is another wing of the Intel community and ‘Gaslight’ is one of those films in a long line of many where they confess to their crimes. The reason they keep doing it, telling us to open our mouths and say *ah* while spoon feeding us the magic choo-choo is because very few seem nor care to notice. Fun fact, The Wikipedia reminds us that **Angela Lansbury** made her **film debut** in *Gaslight*, which is no small coincidence since the Lansbury family also played a part in the Manson psyop. You see, we’re already making connections.

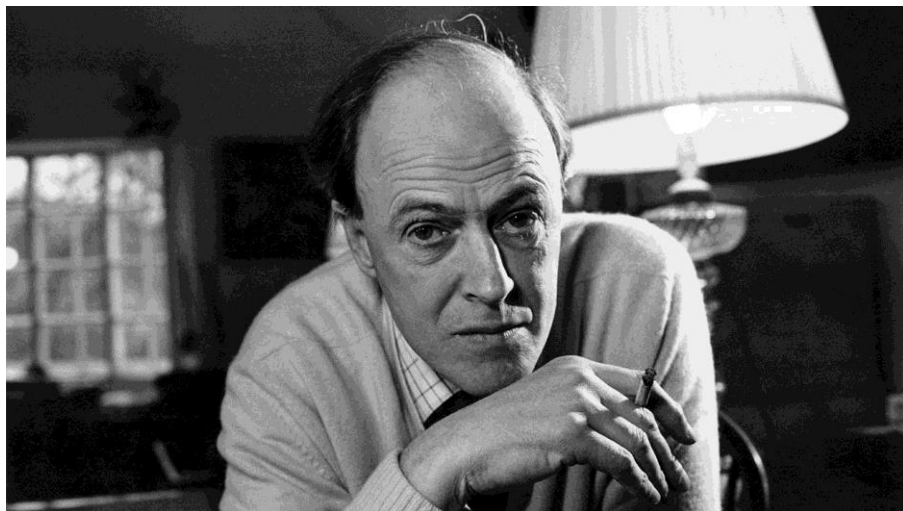


Ministry of Truth [\[edit\]](#)

The Ministry of Truth controls information: news, entertainment, education, and the arts. Winston Smith works in the Records Department, "rectifying" historical records to accord with Big Brother's current pronouncements so that everything the Party says appears to be true.

And *then* we come to it, **George Orwell's** 'Nineteen Eighty-Four' novel. 1984 is no longer fiction and you'd have to be living in a cave to be oblivious to that fact. Though now that I think about it, you're probably only living in a cave in this scenario because 1984 society offered little other choice, and so, not even that analogy is a good one. And seeing as how you're probably only reading this report on your off-grid compound, you already know the plotline. It's literally a play book sitting on your shelf, which you refer to from time to time. I needn't explain it again then but here it is anyways. Wikipedia tells us it is the Ministry of Truth's job to "rectify" historical records to accord with Big Brother's current pronouncements so that everything the Party says appears to be true. Suddenly, I feel out of breath. You figure it wasn't easy for my favorite

Intel publication to let that out. Feels good though, to speak the truth once in a while, don't it, Wiki? I mean, reading it felt uncomfortable. What they could have said, in simpler terms, is that the Intel community is actively rewriting history. One such method is in the alteration of old films. Mind you, I'm not the one saying it. Orwell is. *Incredible*. Agent Orwell told us this would happen. The Mandela Effect has been planned for decades, maybe even centuries.



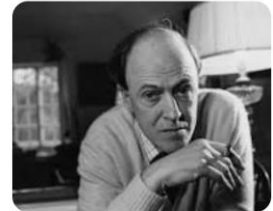
Children's author **Roald Dahl** became the talk of the town in February of **2023** when it was reported [here](#), [here](#), and [here](#) and in a thousand other Newspapers that several of his books were receiving the latest greatest woke treatment due to some of his choice words being deemed too offensive. *Mm-hmm*, they're rewriting his books. For starters, the Oompa Loompas are now little 'people' rather than little 'men.' If the differentiation somehow confuses you, it's probably because you're a straight, white, conservative male. Your very existence is probably offensive to the non-binaries. But then the gluttonous chunker Augustus Gloop is 'enormous' rather than 'fat'. Seems to me that enormous is far more offensive than being a fatty but why try to spoon feed sensitivity readers with a healthy dosage of logic? They're already victims of a hundred if not thousands of Intel psyops and are showcasing the recognizable symptoms of **Stockholm Syndrome**, like **Patty Hearst** but on steroids.



Precisely one week after the Dahl debacle it was reported [here](#) and [here](#) that James Bond author **Ian Fleming** would be receiving his very own 1984 treatment. I will admit that one was a bit of a shocker, but only because of the close proximity between announcements. The Ministry of Truth is either getting lethargic and lazy or being a little too obvious is the point of their operation. They want us to see the pieces getting moved around on the board. Our emotional response is by

design. Eventually the moral outrage wears down into complacency due to some other controversy in the News and the scriptwriters know it. The fan boys are in a hissy fit but what they don't seem to understand is that 007 was always an Intel product. Can we expect outrage from the gullible public at discovering that inconvenient truth? No, we cannot.

In April 1942, aged 25, Dahl was posted to Washington DC to join the British Embassy as assistant air attaché. In the US **Dahl became a spy working in a division of MI6 alongside Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond.** (Dahl later adapted Fleming's novel *You Only Live Twice* as the screenplay for the 1967 Bond film.) Nov 23, 2019



Discovering the Dahl-Fleming connection literally only took 30 seconds of my time. It was a hunch and that is all. But look at what I dug up by punching both names into my search engine. Dahl and Fleming were **MI6** buddies. Say it ain't so! How is it that nobody else on the Intel-net is figuring that one out? It's so freaking obvious by now that the rewriting of their books is a Media-backed psyop purposely staged to resemble 1984. They do it all the time but with Intel creations like James Bond and Willy Wonka, they want you to know that it's being done. I already mentioned that moral outrage eventually leads to tolerance, and if there is any currency to the New World Order, compliance is it. But for all I know, the ghosts of Dahl and Fleming whipped up their latest operation when they did to distract us from another operation altogether.



By the way, rectifying artwork is not illegal. Defacing art is. Contrarily, the content creator is free to alter whatever he wants. **George Lucas** taught me that. George Lucas is free to have Han shoot first and then change his mind twenty years later and have Greedo shoot first. It doesn't matter if fanboys notice the swap and get their pink knickers in a knot. Star Wars is his baby and therefore defacing the galaxy or rewriting its history is not illegal, so long as he's the one doing it.

Remind yourself again *who* runs Hollywood and the Corporate United States. I would say Rome or the people sponsoring Zionism but even they answer to someone, and that someone is HaSatan. Don't you think his employees have a right to a boob job and a nip-tuck now and then? *Yes*, they are lying to us and *yes*, they will pay for it in the end, but there is a point to this exercise. If you're still upset because our Controllers have swapped a product logo on their shelves, *via* the Mandela Effect, then I will kindly ask you to stop and check yourself before you wreck yourself. Stare into the mirror and ask the following questions, are you a slave to Corporate programming, and do you prefer it that way. Reality may be altered but dependence upon the Corporation *is* the reality for most. Nearly everybody wants a slice of the pie, but change or no-change, it's all ending up in the same location anyways, and that is the lake of fire. Best to come to terms with that fact now.



CERN's Part In All Of This

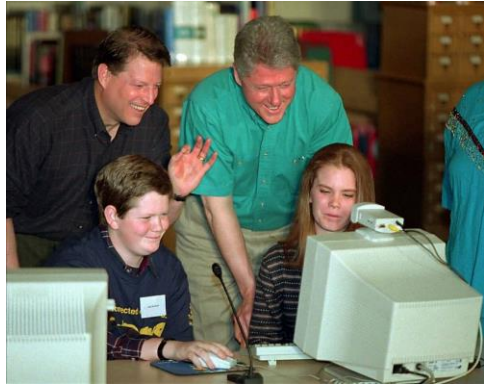
HAVE you heard the News? The Internet was created by *this* guy, y'all. Bet you didn't know that. I didn't either until the Mandela Effect popped out from behind a conveniently hung drape, altering our reality... scaring everyone with the realization that the scarecrow was packing heat all along. His name is **Timmy Berners-Lee**, though his friends call him TimBL. *Cute*. Another fun fact is that he was knighted by **Queen Elizabeth II** in 2004, making him a *Sir*. Regarding his invention, we are given clues in the computer screen behind him. I see a **CERN** logo and a big fat juicy W. Don't quote me quite yet but I'm thinking the W is for the World Wide Web.



Yep. There it is. Found it. The same W that is found on the computer screen also happens to be the symbol for the **World Wide Web**, complete with three W's and the tagline: *Let's share what we know*. You can thank me for my sleuth skills later. The year was **1989** when all of this happened and Sir TimBL was working

for everyone's favorite occult based inter-governmental Bond villain organization, CERN. I don't recall who actually invented the Internet, but I get the feeling it wasn't him and that some other nerd was offed from the time-space continuum.

Remember the good old days when the Internet was created by **Al Gore**? I know that's what a lot of us were probably thinking, but boy, were we wrong! It wasn't him. I thought it might be a good idea to involve documented evidence that Big Billie and Dr. Climate were having fun with computers in the Nineties because you never really know. In an alternative universe, this may be the very moment when the Internet came to consciousness and I'm keeping my options open. Why he's flashing The "A-Okay" is anybody's best guess.



The second Easter egg on Sir TimBL's computer screen is the CERN logo. The **666** is so obvious you'd have to be spiritually blind not to see it. I'm also detecting two interlocking rings, both of which seem to say: "*Feeling cute*. Might smash some protons and electrons together, blending portals into other realms, releasing evil entities from the abyss." That's

what I get out of it, but I don't want to speak for everybody. What do you see? It's okay. We're being therapeutic here. Get it out. Don't hold it in.



Regarding his employers, it's not like the Lord Shiva statue parked out front of their Geneva headquarters is calming everyone's suspicions. What is he doing, exactly? He is dancing his way out of a Bollywood movie straight through an open portal and into our realm. Nothing to see here, I'm sure. I have never been to CERN, though I am told the plaque below him explains everything. But then seeing as how we're not at CERN, and you are off in some other pocket of the world reading about it, I will have to do my very best to interpret what is transpiring.

I looked this up. The dancing Shiva is known as the Nataraj and symbolizes Shakti, or the life force in the Hindu religion. **Carl Sagan** drew the metaphor between the divine dance of the Nataraj and the modern study of the cosmic dance of subatomic particles. It is through a well-choreographed dance and song number that he brought the Universe into existence, though let's not overlook another important character trait. Through the same method he will become the destroyer of worlds. I'm not sure if that's the theme they're going with, per se. I mean, destroying the world wouldn't look great on the resume. Using the powers of Shiva to cultivate and ultimately manipulate our realm though? I'm sure that will

turn out quite differently than the plotline to nearly every movie we've seen on the subject. Carry on.



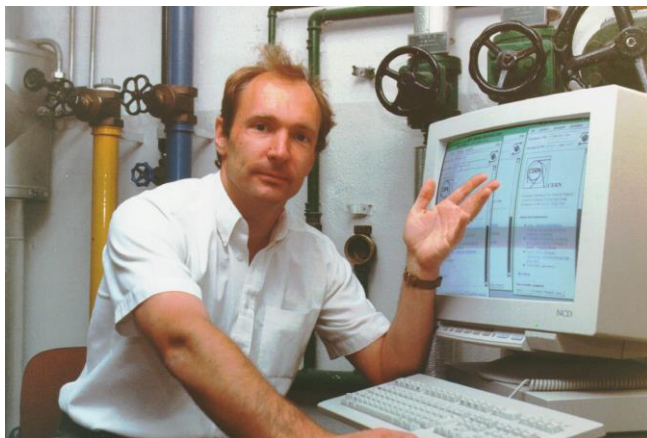
Well, this took a turn towards the dark in a hurry. I am showing you a screenshot from the [ritual video](#) making the rounds, though a link has also been dropped. In the short span of two minutes, the person holding the camera manages to capture six hooded people surround a blond-haired woman and then, in the presence of their beloved Shiva statue, stick a knife into her. I've been to a few work parties in my day but this one seems a little over the top. Obviously, a hoax. Perhaps that's not what you were expecting but hear me out on this one. The person holding the camera happens upon a scene before any key players enter the frame and the woman isn't bound. She doesn't fight back. She doesn't even flinch. That's not a killing. It's nerds in white socks and sneakers who probably couldn't hold a conversation with a woman if they wanted to and clearly didn't know what to do with one, now that they'd managed to seclude her from the herd.

The only reason I'm hesitant to call it a fake is because Snopes *says* it was a prank, but also, Wikipedia slopped together their own article claiming the same, the [CERN ritual hoax](#). Having to agree with them for once is painful to a connect the dots specialist such as myself but I think I'll manage in the end. Somebody from the PR department responded in saying that CERN "doesn't tolerate this kind of spoof" because it gives "rise to misunderstandings about the scientific nature of our work." But then we are never told of disciplinary action. How in the world did somebody not get fired for this one? Probably because it was an original CERN production. The video was released during the Mandela Effect

tidal wave of **2016**, and I believe they were intentionally trying to draw our attention through mockery.

A joke is not always just a joke, you know. To say something like that is to completely misrepresent the very nature of a joke. Most of the time when a person cracks a joke, he or she is actually expressing their true feelings about the subject, even if it is unintentional. Supposing CERN were to crack a joke about a co-worker's driving skills then somewhere in their heart they would actually feel that he or she had poor driving skills. The truth lies in the fact that it initially was a thought or an emotion in the person giving the delivery.

Just as assuredly, a hoax is not always simply a hoax. There is magic to be found in the stage performance even if it is passed off as humor. And as I've often stated, that is real magic. I'm thinking the CERN ritual video was released for the same reasons as to why the ritual horror genre was created in the first place, going all the way back at least to the Seventies. To mask and ultimately trivialize the reality behind Satanic rituals in high places as well as the snuff films being passed around by the Elite. The recording may have been intended as mockery aimed at the suspicions of the conspiracy theorist when in fact it was projecting what they were truly about. Stop trolling us, CERN.



But getting back to *this* guy and the invention of the Internet. Different pose and office; same shirt and computer screen. According to *official* history, CERN is the creator of the World Wide Web now. Debate it all

you want but unless you've got a time machine parked out back, it is what it is. We were told from the beginning that it was a free gift for humanity when in fact its purpose can be found in the logo: *Let's share what we know*. Read between the lines. The Internet creators wanted to gather as much data as is possible. What they needed from us is volunteers and we took the bait, hook line and sinker. It is after all a web. A web of deception. The reality is that the people with the combination to the black box know more about us than we do about ourselves.



Once compiled, the data would have been used to create simulations of the future. Stop trying to argue. We know **Robert McNamara** and the Pentagon was already creating these programs during the Vietnam era. I seem to recall that ticket-tape computer that predicted in 1967 how the U.S. had already won the war in Vietnam two years earlier, in 1965. Sounds like a broken bot if you ask me. That was nearly sixty years ago though. You figure they crystal balls they've been hiding are improved upon since then.

And so, think back upon your life at something you regret. An indiscreet moment, a gross oversight, a tragic mistake, or a failure to act which changed the course of your life. What if you could go back and correct it? That is what advanced simulations can do. With enough information they can chart a path which might connect the little changes in history with the drastic changes in the present. Suppose for the moment that CERN really is capable of time travel. I'm not necessarily invoking human time travel, nor am I canceling out the possibility. Presently, I'm talking about the ability for our *present* Controllers to send information to our *past*

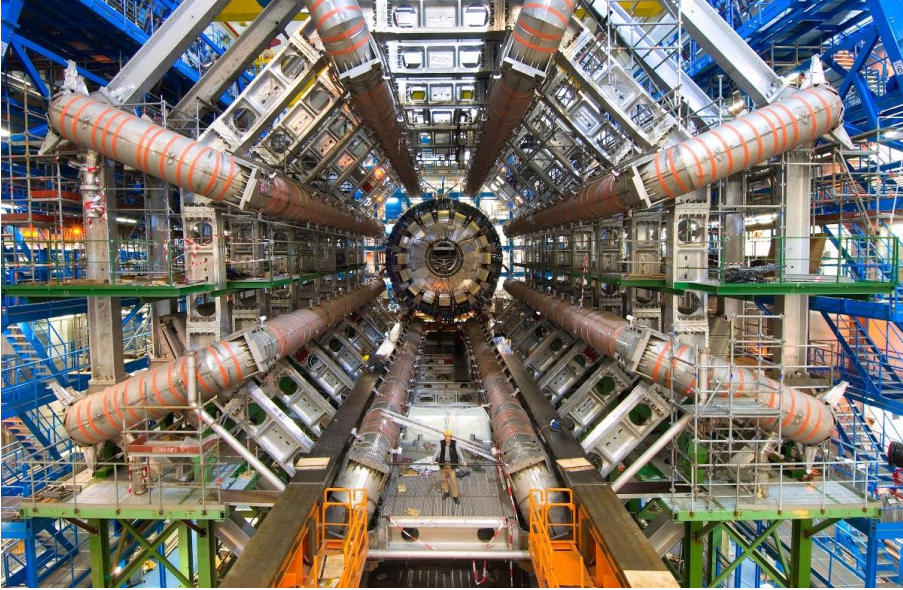
Controllers, so as to inform them on how to better control the subjects of our realm, even if it means dimming the gaslight. They would need computers to do that. Most likely, they could only go back so far as the Information Highway allows for, when computers were capable. I'm thinking the Seventies but perhaps even to McNamara's ticker-tape fortune teller.

That would explain why we are only noticing subtle differences. The idea is that CERN is using the future, or rather our present, to improve its technology in the past. To help speed things along, you know. They may even ben attempting to manipulate the very fabric of time, throw us into some sort of loop. Really, there are numerous possibilities, though in this scenario you may have noticed that it is the complete reversal of cause and effect. There is a name for that, and it is Retrocausality. Backwards causation is a concept of cause and effect supported by quantum theory in which an effect precedes its cause in time and so a later event affects an earlier one.



You should be happy to know that there are people sitting around in their mom's basement, always on the lookout for the new crops which might spring up as the result of time travel. They are heroes of our realm, and I think they may be onto something. According to CERN's own [website](#), the first proton-proton collision happened at CERN in **1971**. But wait! I am of the generation which distinctly remembers their first proton-proton collision in **2010**. It made News because we were on the cusp of the Mayan

year of 2012, and it was the God particle they were after. Have they been successful in sending data back to scientists in the Seventies? Because the 1971 collision is becoming fairly common knowledge now, though it certainly wasn't in 2010, even though it is now shown to have been reported upon in their newsletters.



Another oddity claimed as a matter of fact among the CERN historians is a machine called the **LEP**, which supposedly existed many years before the LHC. It's an acronym for Large Electron–Positron Collider. I am showing you a picture of the present LHC, which wasn't operational until **2008**. Do an online search for the LEP though and tell me what you see. All I'm getting is pictures of the LHC spit right back at me. Wikipedia isn't helping either. Is CERN pranking us with a false history via construction photos of the LHC passed off as the LEP or were they successful in the space-time continuum game of phone tag?

I'm not the only one saying this. Nope, not making it up. On the flip, people will accuse me of plagiarizing if I don't link you to my source material. And so, I suggest you read it for yourself, straight from the [horses mouth](#). CERN physicists **Thomas Weiler** and **Chui Man Ho** are straight up putting it out there that the Large Hadron Collider is theoretically a time machine capable of causing matter to travel backward

in time. Did you follow the link? Then you will know that I'm not attempting to impress you by starting a fire while tooting flatulence out of my crack. They typically only put these little details out there when they've already committed the deed.

And so, look at what else the boys down at CERN are telling us. One of the major goals of the collider was to find the elusive **Higgs Boson**, also known as the **God Particle**. The Higgs Boson is claimed to be the particle that gives mass to matter and what is known to be the cause of the Big Bang (*I know*). Well, that goal has already passed. They're looking to check off other boxes now, one of which includes creating a second particle, what they have dubbed to be the **Higgs singlet**, and *here* is where the time travel comes into it.

According to M-theory, or the so-called "theory of everything," there are as many as **11 dimensions**, of which the Universe uses only four. We inhabit three of them though the fourth belongs to time. With all that atom smashing, the Higgs singlet is "theoretically" expected to jump into the fifth dimension, thereby overriding the laws of physics which govern our universe. Once making that leap, the Higgs singlet could travel through the hidden dimensions and then re-enter our own reality at a point forward or backward in time. And then look at Weiler's conclusions, why don't you?

"One of the attractive things about this approach to time travel is that it avoids all the big paradoxes. Because time travel is limited to these special particles, it is not possible for a man to travel back in time and murder one of his parents before he himself is born, for example. However, if scientists could control the production of Higgs singlets, they might be able to send messages to the past or future."

– Professor Thomas Weiler

Did you catch all that? Perhaps not. Here, I'll write it out for you on the basis that you might otherwise need a magnifying glass.

*"One of the attractive things about this approach to time travel is that it avoids all the big paradoxes. Because time travel is limited to these special particles, it is not possible for a man to travel back in time and murder one of his parents before he himself is born, for example. However, **if scientists could control the production of Higgs***

singlets, they might be able to send messages to the past or future.”

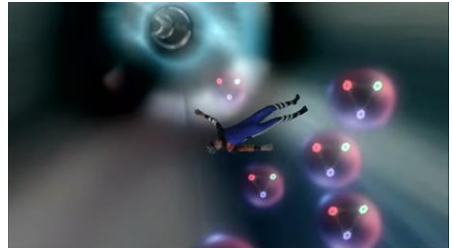
Why are they telling us this information if it is not even remotely possible? Somebody out there is rolling their eyes and sighing so heavily that I can smell their breath, this very moment, and a day or so ago the screen on my computer cracked. The cause is still a mystery. Though I am thinking it is from the pendulum swing of a scorned readers eyeball. Who do you suppose is writing the checks for all those experiments? CERN is being financially sponsored by Germany, the U.K., Italy, France, Spain, the United States, India, and Russia. There's a reason why CERN is being compared with a modern tower of Babel. Because there is no other comparison. It's not like the secretary stumbled upon the Shiva statue at a swap meet and thought placing it near the entrance would help cozy up the place.



Speaking of the woman's touch, we now come to learn that the first-ever photograph uploaded to the World Wide Web was an all-female doo wop pop group called **Les Horribles Cernettes**. Ever hear of them? *Nope*. Me neither. It's French for "The Horrible CERN Girls," by the way. Simply adorable. The quartet also happened to be founded by employees at CERN. But then look at their initials. LHC lines up with **Large Hadron Collider**. They apparently even cut an album, and have you [read](#) the song titles? Try not to you're your eyes. They might get stuck like that. Nearly

every single one of them is intended mockery as only the architects and programmers at CERN know how.

Where they really screwed up is with their single, ‘**Surfing the Web.**’ It was released as a single in 1996 but it was recorded years earlier in **1992**, and who even spoke like that then? Surfing the web. Are you telling me that CERN invented the phrase? *Unbelievable.* The last track on their album is called ‘Antiworld.’ I bet that one’s epic. The only downer in all of this is that they didn’t cut a track to the tune of ‘My Boyfriend’s Back’ and have it be about Nelson Mandela. That being said, I also don’t LHS. I don’t recall any of it and I’ve never spoken with anyone who does. Looks like we’re all falling behind in history class faster than they can write it, which has me thinking this may be a time travel movie we’re inhabiting but it is also a cringeworthy one.



CERN knows psyop like the son of Nimrod knows his mother and they just love slapping us repeatedly with those teabags they’re brewing in the back room. That couldn’t be any more evident than their *Happy* music video. The one where they’re dancing around like the trauma room nurses during the height of the COVID psychodramatic episode, telling us they were years ahead in the game. I am linking it [here](#) and suggest you watch it. The video is soggy wet with innuendos. I’m seeing women down in the boiler room invoking the many arms of the Dark Lord **Vishnu**, probably to complement their Shiva statue. And then there’s a dude taking a ride through the LHC, as though this were the defunct Disneyland attraction, Adventures Through Inner Space. Not sure what to make of that one. Either he’s spiced up his spaghetti with Auntie Alice’s shrooms or they are telling us they were successful in sending their first message, maybe even a physical courier, on a trip into the Twilight Zone. Is that why they’re happy?



Look at when the video is dated. **Nov 3, 2014**. It was released just a few months before the Mandela Effect began drawing worldwide attention. If you've ever wondered why CERN and the ME are connected, then look no further than their Happy video. They've already drawn the constellation in the sky for us. The moment arrives when the old man sits in his office among mountains of paperwork, giving us the thumbs up. He's holding up a sign which states: "We are happy @ CERN." But then there are the two signs hung from his neck. The first reads **BOND #1** whereas the second is **MANDELA**.

Bond—as in, **James Bond**? Well then, trivia question. Who played the first James Bond? If your answer is **Sean Connery**, then in the game of hot and cold, you are shivering. You might as well be so far south as to have your tongue stuck to the firmament. No, the very first James Bond was somebody named **Barry Nelson**. He played him in the original **1954** Casino Royale movie. *Mm-hmm*, I was as surprised as you. As a lifelong fan of the Bond movies, I knew of Connery, as well as Lazenby, Moore, Dalton, and Brosnan. I also knew of the Woody Allen Casino Royale movie in **1967**. But why is it that nobody has thought to mention the apparent fact that Sean Connery was ever only falsely attributed to the first James Bond until now? This whole thing is smelling about as fishy as a seafood market.

But at any rate, put the two last names together and what do we come up with, Connery Mandela? No, wrong reality. It is **Nelson Mandela** now. There is your other reason as to why they're happy in Switzerland.



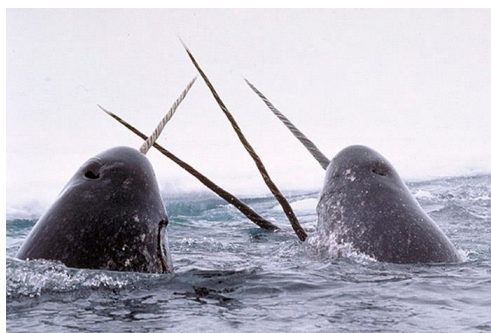
Supposing CERN attended the ball, and the Large Hadron Collider were the pumpkin created by their fairy godmother, then it should not surprise anyone at the sheer number of new animals being discovered over the last decade. They fit snug into the slipper. Have you seen these creatures? Nobody is batting an eye at them but maybe they should. We are given names like sea pig and scale worm and that little pink squishy thing is an

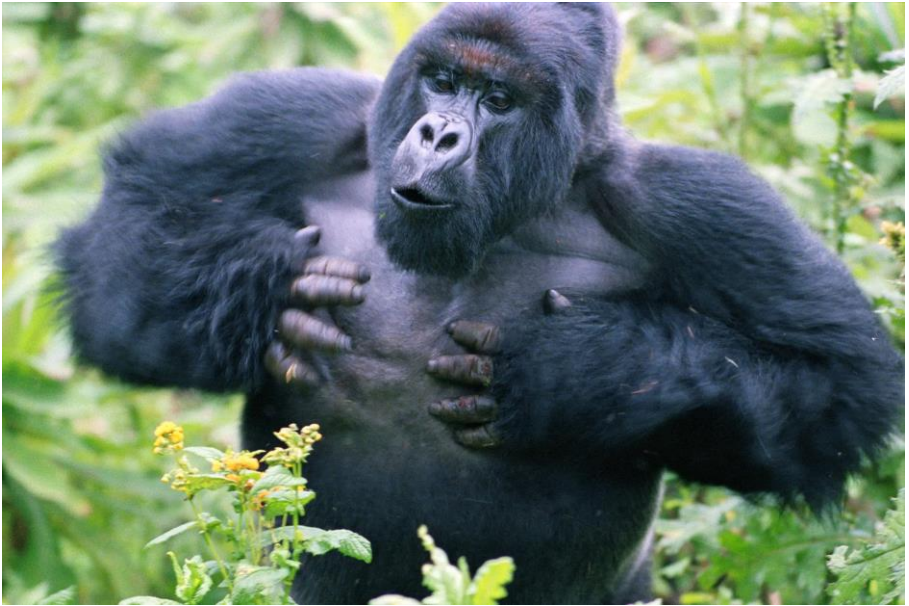
Adoribilis. Because it's so adorable, you see. No, I'm not joking. Just say aww and be done with it. What the hell is a Japanese space slug? It was discovered in a parking lot. Somebody seriously needs to have the people in that condominium complex checked out. Let's be honest. Most of them look like they've arrived from another dimension. They look Lovecraftian. They weren't kidding when they made all those b-movies in the 1950's science fiction era.



And then there is that insanely cuddlable bunny-eared dog-faced creature right there. It's called a Pika. They are exclusive to China, because quite frankly, the panda wasn't enough on the cute factor. Don't let the fluff and the button nose fool you though. It would probably bite your head clean off, given the opportunity. How in the world did an actual living teddy-bear go unnoticed all these years? Oh, and in other News, Australia has a Humpback Dolphin now. As **Joe Biden** would say, "C'mon, man!"

And lest I forget, we have unicorn whales now. They are technically called Narwhales. The snooty upper-class fanatics spell it out as Narwhal. But you and I know what we're really looking at. Has anybody let Sea World know about them? If unicorns of the sea don't sell plush toys, then I don't know what will. What are they doing? Sword fighting, obviously. *Duh*. It's the 21st century, get with the fifth dimension.

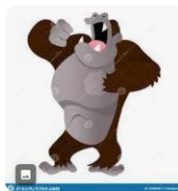




Gorillas don't beat their chest with their fists anymore, y'all. They slap them. The official answer by the Jane Goodall people is that they cup their hands in rapid succession. Knuckles side up, never down. What in the world is all I have to say about that. I have been to the zoo. I have personally observed monkeys fling pooh, which is another observation entirely, because the apes have beat their chest as well. If apes had been cupping their hands and slapping themselves all this time, then we would have known.



123RF
Angry Gorilla Beating ...



Dreamstime.com
Angry Cartoon Gorilla B...



FriendlyStock
His Chest Cartoon ...



Getty Images
Angry Gorilla Beatin...



Alamy
Mountain Gorilla bea...

Type “Gorilla Beat Chest” into the Google search engine and then tell me what you see. Here, I’ll show you what I saw. Illustration after illustration of apes beating their chests, knuckles down, parked right alongside actual photographs of gorillas slapping themselves. *Ridiculous.*



Do I even need to go through all the pop cultural references on this one? Spare me. **King Kong** beat his chest in **1933** and he's still up to no good in the latest movies. Even the toy companies, paying very careful attention to detail, reproduce his bad behavior. I threw in the **1981 Donkey Kong** arcade just to be certain. *Yep*, beating his chest like a naughty monkey. Still committing the deed in the latest installments as well.

Artists visit zoos, you know. It's how they learn to mimic the animal's behavior on the page. I've barely even dug into the Mandela Effect yet and already the normies are running out of excuses. Every person and artist is the victim of a false memory, apparently. Even those who are making the false memory claim remember it differently. I would say there aren't enough blue pills to go around but then I'd be underestimating the aims of our Controllers and their pharmaceutical companies.



9/11, Donald Trump, and the Back to the Future Movies

WE inhabit a reality in which **Biff Tannen** not only ran for the presidency, but he also successfully planted his bum for a four-year stint in the Oval office. You know it and I know it. Everybody knows it. *Oh* please, don't even pretend like you haven't thought about that one already. For that lone person in the room who hasn't the faintest clue what I'm talking about, Biff Tannen is the guy going around calling everyone a butt head in the 'Back To the Future' trilogy but then ends up eating manure, cyclically. It was in the *second* movie that **Doc Brown** and **Marty McFly** return to **1985** after a short stint in **2015** only to learn that a middle-aged Tannen rules Hill Valley from his casino penthouse. The reason this happened is because Marty wrestled with the temptation, albeit a brief one, to use Doc's "Time Gollum" for monetary gain. I *checked*. **Donald Trump** announced he was in the running on **June 16, 2015**. That is the very year in which old Biff retrieved the sports almanac and then stole the

DeLorean, thereby altering the natural course of things into a skewed dystopian timeline, ruining everything.

Supposing the occasion should arise that I'm the first to discover anything, then I will be sure to let you know about it. This simply isn't one of them. Many others have made the Tannen-Trump connection long before me. It's so obvious as to be borderline unoriginal by this point. 'Back to the Future Part II' was released in **1989**, some **26** years before Trump made his announcement. So, what are we dealing with then, **predictive programming**? That's what I used to think.



Not so long ago I would have sat here and told you that Trump had already been selected for the part in 1985. Have you seen the episode of Oprah where The Don teases his impending presidency? I'll link it [here](#). It aired in **1988** though it's not the only one. There are others. It seems as though interviewers were often bringing up the president question. But then, supposing Trump were selected so early in the game, he would have to wait around another **30** years to live the dream.

By the by, that's precisely what Doc Brown told Marty on the night of the Hill Valley lightning storm. He said he'd have to wait around another 30 years to befriend him again. How could the Elite possibly promise anything so grand and so far into the future? There was no possible way of knowing how long he'd have to live. He could have walked out onto 5th Avenue and been run over by a cab on the following morning. Unless they already knew all possible outcomes, that is. Doc Brown was somewhat confident that he'd meet Marty again because Marty had arrived from a future which ensured that outcome. Which is why I'm

suggesting that *Back to the Future* isn't simply a movie about time travel. No, it is a movie which is only made possible *because* of time travel.



Much has been made of the predictive programming, as even 9/11 comes into it, but there is something else going on which very few seem to notice or appreciate. Yes, the flux capacitor makes time travel possible, but even that scientific miracle could not happen without firsthand knowledge of the esoteric. Consider the scene when Marty's kiss with Jennifer is interrupted by the Save the Clock Tower Lady. Lightning struck the clock thirty years ago, you know, and it hasn't worked since. Look behind her and tell me what you see. There's a business called 'The Third Eye'—a reference to the pineal gland. But then the Eye can be seen within a pyramid, telling us that Horus is the one being beckoned.



In *BTTF* Part II, Marty is approached by a man named Terry, and though the year is 2015, the clock tower still isn't working. The next time you watch that particular scene, pay careful attention to the *Hare Krishna* people in the background. They are dancing precisely in the whereabouts

of the former Third Eye building. Not a coincidence. The Back to the Future movies are a retelling of the Mysteries of Isis.



From here on out, spotting the **Osiris-Isis-Horus** relationship manifested in **George McFly, Lorraine Baines**, and their son Marty is the easy part—supposing you know a thing or two regarding the Mystery religions. And for once, the incestual kiss in the car should finally make sense. The mommy backseat routine was started long ago between Semiramis and the son of Nimrod. It's an obelisk thing. I'm actually surprised at how long it's gone unnoticed. Marty became an avatar of his father so that his father might ultimately be molded into the image of his son, thereby creating a future which could better benefit all three of them.



You'd think George decking Biff in the school parking lot would complete Marty's mission. But then what happens moments afterwards? Some jerkwad cuts in on George and Lorraine's dance, momentarily prompting George to give up on their Trinitarian arrangement. Marty immediately begins to vanish, beginning with his hand. And now for some Trivia. What god could be seen in the corner, overseeing the festivities.

Think back. He can clearly be seen when George looks at his watch and realizes he's late in apprehending the staged performance, the ritual sex magick, whereas his son is expectedly making out with his

mother. **Neptune.** The answer you were looking for is Neptune. Elohiym of the ocean. The Enchantment Under the Sea Dance plays out precisely as the title implies. It is a ritual by which Marty finds himself entering the abyss. It's none other than his death scene. But it is also his resurrection. If Marty was an initiate up unto this point, then he is about to become an Ascended Master. I'll get to that in a moment.



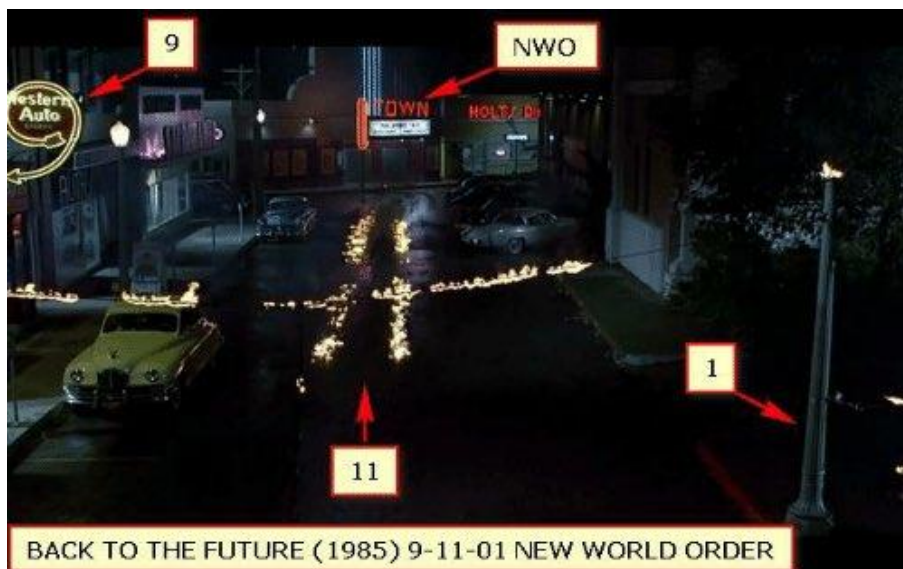
The Isis narrative takes on further meaning through the constant meddling of Biff Tannen, *aka* Donald Trump. In all three movies he threatens disorder, though his role as Set couldn't be made any more apparent than the turn of events in the second one. Marty discovers that the middle-aged Biff from the alternate timeline has murdered his father. Why is all of this so familiar? Well, Set murdered Osiris for starters, leaving Isis to raise their miracle child Horus. When Osiris-George commanded Isis-Lorraine, he materialized what was known to the Egyptians as the rule of Maat. Maat personified the ideal natural order—truth, balance, harmony, law, morality, and justice. Once Set-Biff usurped the throne of Osiris-George and took Isis-Lorraine as his wife, Maat was replaced by disorder. Balance by imbalance. The Egyptians referred to Maat's replacement as Isfet, a world in which injustice, chaos, violence

and evil manifests into the material world and reigns supreme. It would take Horus-Marty, miraculously conceived child of Osiris through Isis (have you already forgotten about the car scene?) to usurp the usurper and restore Maat to the natural order of things.



As mentioned earlier, the miracle of science in the BTTF movies is the flux capacitor. In its simplest terms, a capacitor stores electricity in an electrical field. And so, if it can be said that matter is always in a state of *flux*, moving from point A to B and so on, then a flux capacitor is the method by which the power of the fifth element might be ultimately harnessed. To be more specific, time travel is an aim by which our material reality can only be twisted and contorted, ultimately bending to the will of the one who is capable of circumnavigating the natural laws by which we are all expected to oblige.

When Doc's plans go awry at the hands of the Libyan terrorists and Marty finds himself stuck 30 years in the past without any plutonium, it will take the literal act of **Prometheus** stealing fire from the gods in the form of lightning striking the clock tower so as to prove why McFly has secured his role as an Ascended Master. He is none other than the Trickster of mythology. **Mercury** incarnate. In a single perfectly time instance, he has confronted nature at its crossroads while simultaneously bending it to his will, thereby expanding the boundaries of all that are deemed possible.



It is immediately after Marty apprehends Zeus' bolt while accelerating at 88 miles per hour that we are given our most important 9/11 reference, and boy, has this not been discussed by the connect the dots specialists already? You'd have to be asleep behind the wheel not to see it by this point. I spy a **9** on the left of the screen which complements the fiery tire tracks making up the number **11**. There is your **9/11**. The time machine of course drives directly into the TOWN Cinema. A mirror image will reveal NWO, an acronym for **New World Order**. What are they trying to tell us? The post on the right of the screen forms a **1**, giving us even more clarity. **9/11/01** is a precise and otherwise unfathomable prediction, assuming the future were not already known. The rapture crowd certainly never had it this good.

The irony here is that the 9/11 reference only comes about because Marty was successful in his mission. The 1985 that he is returning to is by no means the same one that he left behind. It is an alternate one. He has alchemically transformed history for his own personal benefit. There's a 4x4 awaiting him in the garage, and a subdued Biff is waxing it, so as to make his weekend at the lake with Jennifer extra nice if you get my drift. The time travel component is what appears to be missing in all of these 9/11 discussions, which is slightly odd considering the source material.



The Mandela Effect meets 9/11 and time travel at the beginning and the end of the first movie. In a little while I will be sure to cover two separate ME's that transpire in the same scene. One thing at a time though. First with the 9/11. Marty's adventure begins and ends in the parking lot of the **Twin Pines Mall**. The sorcerer explains to his apprentice that the mall had been developed over a farm owned by somebody named Peabody, who had the strange idea of breeding pine trees. Within a few short minutes, Marty unintentionally takes the DeLorean on a trip through time, crashing through one of farmer Peabody's twin pines in 1955. Upon returning to the same location in 1985, at 1:**33** AM, *wink-wink*, the name has changed to **Lone Pine Mall**.

I had earlier mentioned that Marty was resurrected in the abyss of his school's auditorium. Well, turns out, Doc Brown undergoes his own ceremony. He dies on the asphalt of the Twin Pine Malls after being pumped full of lid by the angry Libyans only to be raised from the dead at the Lone Pine Mall. There is your transition between the Twin Towers

and the One World Trade Center building. Also, we are reminded of **Nelson Mandela**'s miraculous resurrection from prison, despite the collective memory of many, all of whom remember a totally different outcome.

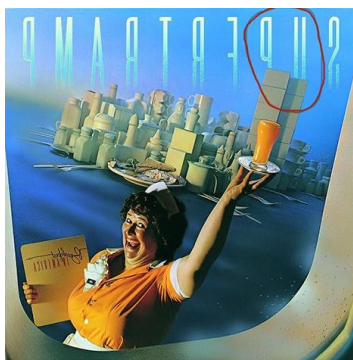
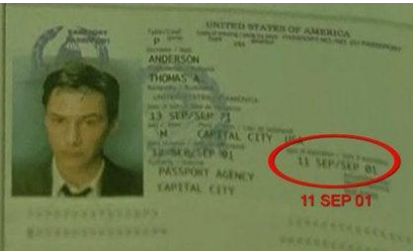
It just goes to show that 'Back to the Future' is an obvious Intel movie. The swap from Twin to Lone may not be an actual Mandela Effect, but it seems quite apparent that they were showing us how it's done. In the very least that they had already done the deed or that they one day intended to. The only person who had intimate knowledge of the name change was Marty. You have to wonder though how many of the normies inhabiting the so-called new and improved 1985 (of the TOWN Cinema spelled backwards) would be plagued with a false memory.

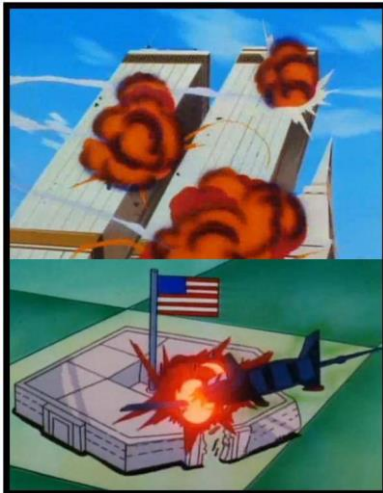
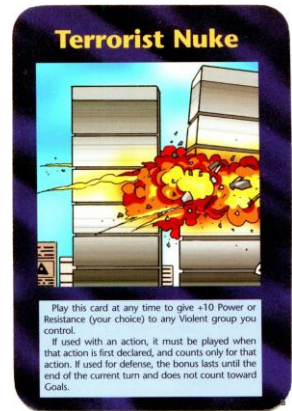
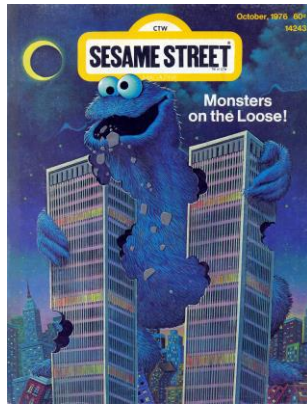
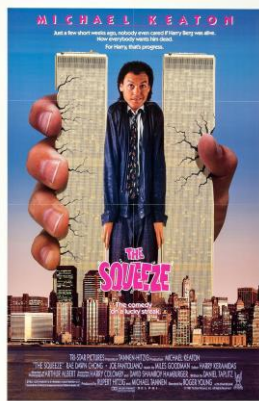


Adding further fuel to the *obvious*, the Twin Towers in New York are outright shown to us in Back to the Future Part II. It happens when Grandma Lorraine criticizes how worn-out Marty's television screen is. Blink and you'll miss it. Two pine trees can be seen morphing into the Twin towers. Apparently, **Robert Zemeckis, Bob Gale, Stephen Spielberg** and company were rather concerned that the Twin-Lone Pine Mall analogy would be lost to the viewer on the last go-around. Way to make it obvious, guys. The scene even includes Grandpa George hanging by his feet upside down. You've got to be kidding me. How the hell did they know The Hanged Man tarot card would be demonstrated for us in shock



and awe theatrics only moments before the North Tower fell? Also, why would Intel go out of their way to secure The Hanged Man imagery simply to secure the accuracy of an Eighties movie? The Hanged Man in case you are unaware is the card that suggests ultimate surrender, sacrifice, or being suspended in time, but also intuition, divination, and prophecy.





Of course, the 9/11 predictive programming goes way beyond BTTF. I'm only showing you a handful of them, though the list goes on and on and on and on. Examples can be found across the full spectrum of pop culture, and throughout the decades as well, going as far back as the Seventies, furthermore ranging from comic books to album covers and movies. You've likely seen the Simpson reference and the mirrored image of Supertramp's 'Breakfast in America' album. The Illuminati card is an obvious choice though Neo's passport, which expires on **9/11/2001** in The Matrix, is probably a favorite reference for many of us. Cookie Monster eating the Twin Towers in 1976, only a few years after the Towers were built, is a bit much if I do say so myself, seeing as how Sesame Street is marketed to preschoolers. And then there is the 1994

Iron Man cartoon which shows the Twin Towers getting hit but also a missile hitting the Pentagon. Again, this is but a small selection. The entire spectrum is indeed dizzying.

The Seventies as you will recall may prove to be the decade when the future contacted the past, though obviously, there is no way of my possibly knowing that. The Tech may very well have been available decades if not a century before that. Therefore, I'm going to go out on a limb here and reiterate my earlier claim. We're inhabiting a time travel movie. The Twin Towers in NYC may have very well fallen *before* we were smothered with the predictive programing, as a chain of events go.



BTTF gives us even further clues as to how it's done. Marty is played off like an angelic or alien visitor on several occasions. The audience knows he is human but that doesn't necessarily mean those whom he interacts with believe him to be one. When Marty breaks into George's bedroom dressed up in the atomic suit, threatening to melt his brain if he doesn't ask Lorraine out to the dance, Spielberg and company maybe spilling the beans as to what is truly going on. The extra-terrestrial phenomena isn't what it's made out to be. It is artificially inseminated into our consciousness through human agency. What effect resulted from Marty's interaction? *Many*. For one, Marty benefited in parents resembling better

pedigree. But then the chain of events was substantial enough as to include George's first science fiction novel 30 years later, a publication which we the audience knows was based upon his real-life experiences in high school.



The alien encounter episode as it relates to Intel may not be directly referencing time travel, and is certainly not exclusive to it, but Marty's entire E.T. story arch is, obviously. That couldn't be any more evident than with his initial exit from the world stage. After his parents kiss during the Starlighter's rendition of Earth Angel, another purposeful E.T. reference, Marty helps to kickstart the rock n' roll revolution with his wild rendition of Johnny B. Goode. It is played off like a joke. Especially since **Marvin Berry** calls his cousin **Chuck Berry** up, mid performance, so that he can listen in over the phone line and glean inspiration from it. Steal it if we're being technical, every chord and lyric, and then claim it as his own.

What are they telling us about the creation of rock n' roll? More like rock music as a whole. Well, I have already shown in other papers that it was an Intel operation from the very beginning. Again, not proof of time travel by any means. Though as I have explained, the idea is that CERN has already intervened and meddled with past events. First and foremost, to improve their own technology, but ultimately to perfect our Controllers

rule over us. If this is true, then even the fourth dimension has become a psyop.



If you still require evidence as to how BTTF is an Intel movie then look no further than Marty's daughter, **Marlene**. She's played by **Michael J. Fox** who happens to be her father and she's a dude. I will remind you that the year is **2015**. Perfect precision. We are told that Marty and Jennifer had a son and a daughter when in reality two sons came out of the womb. When people talk about what the filmmakers got right and wrong, they always seem to leave out the part about the tranny.



A point I'll be trying to make moving forward is that the Mandela Effect was getting noticed before **Fiona Broome** or anyone else got around to naming it. Therefore, you cannot tell me it is simply the power of suggestion. That is what many of our Controllers are pushing out in their psychology research, as part of the gaslighting process, but it's simply not true. Those of us who noticed these irregularities before this entire discussion was fermented didn't have a context for what was happening at the time. I'll speak for myself. I began noticing some of the changes which I hope to discuss, and in every instance, they gave me a dark and uncomfortable feeling. A common way to deal with the emotion is to tuck it away on a shelf in the furthest corner of the mind and then go about one's business like a good boy, swallowing a steady diet of blue pills. That approach is simply not for me though.

It is appropriate that BTTF is being discussed because the Libyan terrorist van was one of the first changes that came to my attention. I was watching *Back to the Future* one day when the Libyan's suddenly pulled up in a blue **VW Bus** to off Doc Brown. A chase unfolded between the Libyans in the VW Bus and the driver in the DeLorean, and all the while I'm sitting there squinting my eyes at the television screen, thinking: *What the hell?* There was something very wrong with the entire experience.



How ironic is it that a movie based upon time travel would become the mugging victim of an alternate reality or paradox prank? Am I right? Or

as Doc Brown might put it: “Erased, from existence!” *This* is the terrorist van that I remember. Took me a while to track it down, but here it is. A **1984 Toyota Van**. It’s the model that I recall seeing upon its release at the drive-in and then years thereafter on VHS as well as cable television. And so, as I was saying, observing these changes with no context brought about a dark and unsettling feeling. My only option, as I understood it then, was to chuck the movie and never watch it again. It took discovering The Mandela Effect to gain a clearer picture of what was happening.



The second Mandela Effect that I had earlier mentioned in passing is the **JCPenney**, clearly visible from the parking lot of the Twin Pines Mall. That too has been altered. JCPenney used to be spelled without the ‘e’, making it **JCPenny**. That’s how I remember it in the Eighties and even afterwards in the Nineties. How do you remember its spelling?

Furthermore, Marty videotaped Doc Brown the very moment when the Libyans pulled up in 1985. JCPenny could be seen in the background. And so, even after The Mandela Effect changed its spelling to JCPenney, footage from the camcorder, when played on Doc Brown’s television in 1955, *still* showed the proper spelling. Which is to say, **JCPenny**. You will have to take my word for it though. I was working my way through the movie the other day and could no longer find evidence of the stated paradox. Then again, JCPenny-JCPenney has been the ongoing victim of a ping-pong, swapping back and forth between spellings, confusing everybody. Precisely as these time travel movies are intended.



The Wizard of Trump

AND so, with time travel potentially already being a thing of the past, it really shouldn't surprise anyone to find traces of residue. More like sudden emergences in the pages of history. Like Marty McFly's tampering with George McFly the science fiction novelist in his teenage bedroom, we too may discover the creepy crawling of time bandits, by which I give you **Ingersoll Lockwood's** book series. Ever heard of him? Yeah, me neither. Nobody had until **2017** by the sounds of it.

The **Baron Trump novels** are two [children's novels](#) written in 1889 and 1893 by American author and lawyer [Ingersoll Lockwood](#). They remained obscure until 2017, when they received media attention for perceived similarities between their protagonist and U.S. President [Donald Trump](#).

There is even a [Wiki article](#) discussing the strange emergence after a century and some change of total obscurity from the limelight. What they

don't tell you is that the conspiracy theorists were on it first before the Media ever picked up the story. But a just as likely scenario is that spooks exhumed Lockwood's novels from obscurity and worked the room in a 4chan thread, offering conspiracy theorists first dibs before handing the leftovers over to the normies, via the News, the usual order of events.

Well, here is some information about the books. This Lockwood fellow was a lawyer and for a time America's Consul to the Kingdom of Hanover, appointed by **Abraham Lincoln**. He eventually got around to publishing two children's books. His first, 'The Travels and Adventures of Little **Baron Trump** and His Wonderful Dog Bulger', was released in **1890**. '**Baron Trump**'s Marvelous Underground Journey' was its **1893** follow-up. There was yet another book published three years later, in **1896**. That one was provocatively titled '1900: or **The Last President**'. We shall have to take a closer look at that one, for sure.

The Baron Trump novels recount the adventures of the German boy Wilhelm Heinrich Sebastian Von Troomp, who simply goes by 'Baron Trump'. Supposing you're already lost to the parallels being proposed, **Barron Trump** is Donald Trump's only child with First Lady **Melania**. Mind you, that is only where similarities between Trump's son and the fictional Trump begin. There are others. Little Baron Trump is described as deriving from a wealthy family that lives on **5th Avenue** in **New York City**, in what is furthermore referred to as **Trump Castle**. If you need this spelled out for you, Barron Trump was raised in **Trump Tower** on **5th Ave., NYC**.



ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF
WILHELM HEINRICH SEBASTIAN VON TROOMP
(FROM THE OIL PAINTING).

The plot follows Little Baron and his dog Bulger on a series of Wonderland-like nonsense adventures through other dimensions and time with the help of a mystical character named **Don Fum**. Don helps

Baron and Bulger find the portal to his ‘World within a World’ that eventually leads them to... *wait for it...* **Russia**. You’ve got to be kidding me. As if portals and parallel dimensions were even a thing back then. Seriously, what child was on the schoolyard discussing string theory and the multiverse in 1890? ‘The Adventures of Little Baron Trump’ may have lifted its inspiration from ‘Alice’s Adventures In Wonderland’, but the intended pretense of nonsense literature, which was undoubtedly popular at the time, is probably just that—a convenient guise.

Follow the Wiki link that I earlier showed you and it describes Trump’s adventures as one wherein he discovers “weird underground civilizations, **offends the natives**, flees from his **entanglements with local women**, and repeats this pattern until arriving back home at Castle Trump.” Sounds like the Trump administration we’ve come to know.



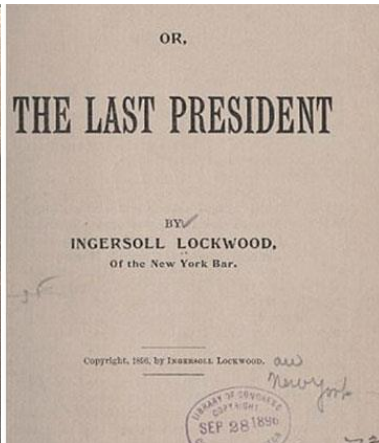
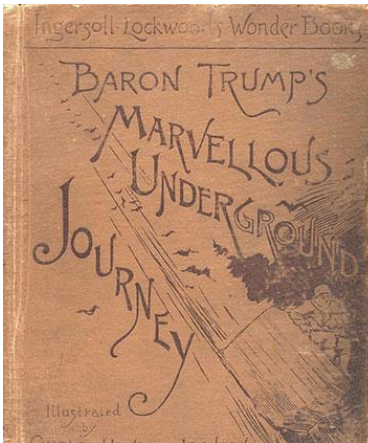
Even the physical similarities between Baron and Barron cannot be ignored. If one is an incident and two a coincidence, and three’s starting to resemble a pattern. Well, onto your fourth or your fifth then.

Trump has never been fond of pets, and in fact, the Media made a point of hammering that little tidbit out soon after his election in 2016, probably in hopes of dehumanizing him. Had he entered the White House without one, he would have been the first president to do so in **150 years**. He did arrive with a dog though. The details given to us by the same Media reports [such as [this article](#) in The Sun, tough it appears to have [originated](#)

with The Washington Post] make the Baron-Bulger connection all that much more of a potent one. While attending a Thanksgiving event at the Trump's Mar-a-Lago home, philanthropist Lois Pope showed Donald a picture of the 9-week-old Goldendoodle she was raising. Apparently, Trump instructed her to show Barron the pooch picture, by which he cried immediately. There is your *first* Baron-Bulger connection.



Barron Trump's dog goes by the name of **Patton**. As in four-star General **George S. Patton**. Why would Baron's fictional dog from the novel be named Bulger then? It is carefully coded. Patton was an instrumental factor in the Allies victory at the **Battle of the Bulge**. There is your Bulger connection.



As mentioned earlier, Lockwood's final novel was '1900: Or the Last President', and you'll never guess what the plot involves. It begins in November, election season. New York City is in chaos while anarchists protest a corrupt election process wherein a YUGE-ly unpopular outsider

candidate wins his ticket into the White House. And then look at what we read.

“...mobs of vast size are organizing under the lead of anarchists and socialists, and threaten to plunder and despoil the houses of the rich who have wronged and oppressed them for so many years...”

“...the **Fifth Avenue Hotel** will be the first to feel the fury of the mob.”

Though Baron Trump is no longer present this time around, Lockwood once again begins his narrative at a Fifth Avenue hotel, precisely where Trump Tower now stands. The paperback is only 52 pages. It's very difficult not seeing a 9/11 style predictive programming in all of this. You will tell me Donald Trump wasn't the last president. **Joe Biden** arrived with dementia after him, making Lockwood's book a failed prediction. Is that so? My Q-Anon friends will say Trump *was* the last President and in fact still *is* President, and that at the very least Biden is a puppet president, an idea which I can most certainly get behind. But then there is another option on the table. We have not seen the last of President Trump.

Understand then what I'm not suggesting. I am not insinuating that Donald Trump is in any way an inner-dimensional time traveler. It sounds silly even mentioning that, though you are free to come to your own conclusions. They are simply not my own. Who really knows what the future has in store for Barron though. Given what I have already shown you with the Back to the Future movies, the mysterious placement of Lockwood's novels may indeed be explained by time travel. I am positing the possibility that they were placed there only *after* the fact.

Some of you will tell me it is still a failed prediction all the same and you are probably right about that. But then you will have to consider the many divergences and possible outcomes available to us as an ever-accumulating measurement of time interacts with the multiverse. Just because Trump is the final President in one or any number of other timelines doesn't mean he will be in our own. With 9/11 we were given a 30-year heads up. There was definitely room for a percentage error, but it was probably a small one compared with the added padding of 120 years.



In slightly other news, **Pepe the Frog** became an Internet sensation under the guided hand of the Trump administration. Very early on in the game as well. Trump depicted himself as Pepe in a Tweet dating back to **10/13/2015**, a month before his presidential win. Within the year, the **Anti-Defamation League** included Pepe in their database of hate symbols right alongside the Swastika, LOL. In **2017**, Pepe's creator **Matt Furie** even depicted the frog in a coffin, hoping to crush the rebellion once and for all. LOL again.



Well, oddly enough, Pepe the Frog has also been identified as the Egyptian elohiyim **Kek**, though usually as a running joke. Is it though? A joke is only so funny as it is true. Kek was depicted as a frog-headed hieroglyph and was worshiped for his magical abilities as they pertain to time. Technically, Kek was an **androgynous** deity. His female counterpart was known as **Kauket**, which is simply the feminine of Kek. Both ultimately played the same role. They were a balancing act for the chaos and the void. Kauket was a snake-headed woman called the "Bringer in of the Darkness" who presided over the hours of twilight when the sun was setting. Her masculine frog counterpart however was the elohiyim of the hours before dawn and was known as "Bringer in of the Light" as he guided the sun barge of Ra toward the sky from the underworld. I take it that Kauket is Killary.



Pepe the Frog's relation to the Egyptian elohiyim of time and chaos may be a new incite in these parts, though the discussion is an ongoing one. Try not to forget that I already covered Trump's role in the left

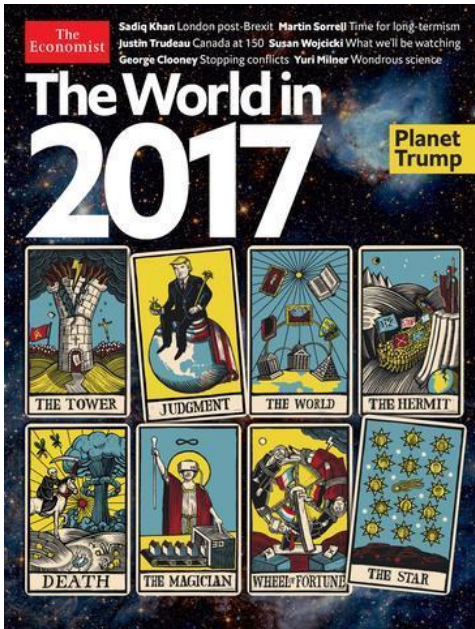
and the right hand pendulum swing of magic some years ago. The Wizard of Trump formally came to my attention during a **Marina Abramovic** interview, held on stage of all places, and this is what she said:

In Lapland there is a group of them in the shamans there who do something called collective dreaming. They will go together in seclusion and do rituals with, you know, eating very little food and being in solitude for a long time, and they will go and dream the dreams. And the dream have to be called 'the same dream.' So, coming out of this dream this one shaman told me that actually, the best thing happened is in this planet right now is the Trump to be the president. I said, 'How is this possibly the best thing to happen?' He said, 'Yes, because-because he's so irrational. He's so crazy that it's actually create that awakening, that we finally wake up, because before we have another guy and another guy, and everything is similar. But he's so different than anything else. So actually, he's the **Magician** who is waking us up.'

Abramovic's visit with the Finnish shamans happened presumedly while our paper-thin narrative and the Mandela Effect were holding hands as part of a tightwire act in **2016**. One of them explained to her the purpose of the Trump presidency. They had gotten together in ritualistic seclusion, eating very little, dreaming *dreams*. And then it happened. They dreamed the *same* dream—in a decade inhabited by collective false memories. Trump was brought onto the scene to create the awakening.

And then she said it. Marina Abramovic actually went there. She called Donald Trump a **Magician**. A magician in case you were unaware is

someone who manipulates the natural world through alchemical means so as to lead people towards enlightenment or contrarily into the darkness. Also, despite her quote-unquote “surprise” in all of this, Abramovic is somewhat of a Magician herself. But just as importantly, she’s a performance artist for the Elite and knows the script even when she’s acting the part of improv.



First and foremost, Abramovic is directing our attention to tarot, of which the **Magician card** is numbered One on the list. It’s not a coincidence that ‘The Economist’ made the very comparison in **December of 2016**, after her interview. The Magician is associated with **Mercury**, alchemy. He is seen standing with one arm stretched upwards towards the Universe, the other pointing down towards earth, connecting the spiritual realm with the material. *As above, so below*. It is therefore the Magician who uses this symbiotic relationship as an intercessor to create and manifest his goals in the physical realm. He is the conduit by which energy is converted into matter. The typical Magician tarot depicts four items on the table before him—a cup, pentacle, sword, and wand. They are the four elements. Water, earth, air, and fire. The Economist substitutes these symbols for four houses, which the Magician is creating from a 3D printer, and the virtual reality goggles reminds us that everything is an

illusion. The typical Magician card depicts a belt which doubles as an **ouroboros**, a snake eating its own tail. You see, time is in the cards after all. The Economist however keeps to the infinity symbol above his head. It reminds us of the number **8**. As in the **88 miles per hour** required for the flux capacitor to do its work. We are hereby reminded that Trump wields unlimited eternal resources, to implode and expand the material realm.

But then notice what she did there. She called him ‘crazy’ and ‘irrational’. That tells us she’s referencing the **Fool** card as well. The Fool is numbered zero in the deck but don’t mistake him for a nobody. The crossroads are expanded whenever and wherever he shows up. His equivalent is the **Trickster**, whom I have already discussed when comparing Marty McFly and Doc Brown’s success in stealing lightning from Zeus’ bolt at **88 miles per hour**, thereby manipulated the laws of time as we know it.

Simple English Gematria (Ordinal Gematria)	88 / 7
Trump	88 / 7

Trump equals **88** in Simple English Gematria, by the way. Coincidence!



Not so long-ago, Microsoft’s co-founder **Bill Gates** referred to Apple founder **Steve Jobs** as a Wizard. *Yeab*, you heard me right. America’s favorite nerd confessed the hidden game to [Bloomberg](#) but we’re all expected to take it as Dungeons and Dragons talk.

“I was like a **minor wizard** because he would be casting spells, and I would see people mesmerized. Because I’m a minor wizard, the spells don’t work on me. I could not cast those spells, but I’d see them, and I’d say, *Hey, don’t!*”

Wait, so is the V-A-X Grand Master Pimp telling us that Stevie’s ‘Wizard’ is larger than his? How did he put it again, ‘minor wizard’ is it? *Hmm.* That’s how I’m taking it unless somebody can explain this conundrum using another analogy. Or is he simply referring to the size of a Wizard’s wand? Yes, that must be it. One can never really navigate through these conversations without having to comment upon the obelisk the Wizards of our world all waving around. And since we’re on the subject, just look at Trump, why don’t you? Such irrelevance towards that big fat appendage they built, resembling a middle-finger pointed towards heaven. He’s on his cell phone. I’d very much like to know what he’s Tweeting about this time. One *and* zero. Fool *and* Magician. Donald Trump. The greatest waker-upper of our time.



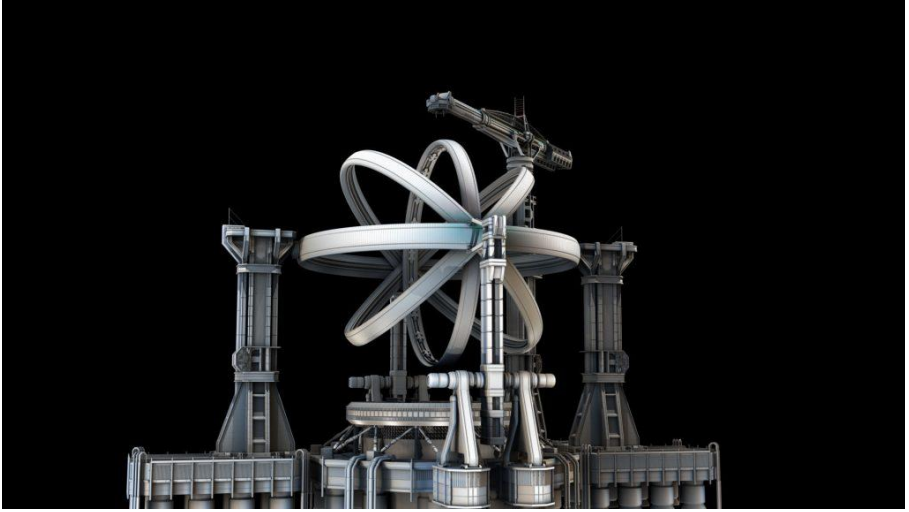
The point to all of this is that there is the left hand and the right hand of magic, the checkerboard duality, and it is a world run by Wizards that we inhabit. I am reminded of that scene in the **1902** science-fiction, ‘A Trip To the Moon’, wherein Wizards deceive the normies into thinking they’re scientists before heading out on their magical journey. Astral projection, is it? They straight up told us how it would be done some 67 years before the Apollo mission. Though in the case of the moon landing, it was filmed in a Hollywood



basement, obviously. The Lookout Mountain film studio is more like it. I figure somebody out there on this motionless plane needed to hear that. According to Bill Gates, they're casting spells. Tell me something I don't know already. The question of the hour is whether or not Wizards are circumnavigating the lower dimensions to manipulate the physical world around us. For a while there, I wasn't even convinced that time is a dimension. Leave it to the Mandela Effect to convince me.



The sheer repulsion and in fact utter disdain we have witnessed by the Elite and their Media mouthpieces may frame our current circumstances in a completely different light. Particularly if the knowledge of future outcomes is thrown into the equation and known; a psyop so grand that even time is a tool for manipulation. Perhaps their season is running short and what's more our Controllers know it. What can they do to extend the inevitable, I wonder? All timelines may converge with the same end but not necessarily at the exact mile-marker. Then again, amongst all that rage of theirs they should be careful. There is something referred to as a self-fulfilling prophecy.



Through the Looking Glass and the 'Singularity' They Found There

THERE is bad news and then there is the good news. Believe it or not, I have just given them to you. It's in the title. After everything that has already been spoken in this paper regarding time travel, particularly the manipulation of time, I was asked by my readers to address **Project Looking Glass** and then give my opinion on it. Very well then. Here is my report. The bad news is that Project Looking Glass appears to be a very real Government program in which the Elite are manipulating time in such a way that the events therein bend a knee in their favor. I will give more details on what it all entails in a moment, because the good news is what they ultimately found on the other side. A singularity event. It just goes to show that no matter how much they tamper with string theory, all possible outcomes in every conceivable multi-verse leads to one solitary event. Hmmm, I wonder what that is. What we have before us is the story of free will vs. predestination, and here is the ending. You may be able to make your own decisions in the day to day *now* (or can you?) but ultimately everyone will stand in the same courtroom before the same judge.

Project Looking Glass is an obvious reference to **Lewis Carroll's** 'Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There', the sequel to 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'. Like the CIA's **MK-Ultra** program, steeped in Babylonian magic as well as Egypt's Book of the Dead, Intel communities love Wonderland imagery and for good reason. **Alice Liddell**, whom the character of Alice was based upon, was related to **Samuel Liddell Mathers**, one of **The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn's** three co-founders. The other two were **William Robert Woodman** and **William Wynn Westcott**, all **Freemasons**. That much is a given since Golden Dawn was a Masonic organization, closely aligned with **Helena Blavatsky** and **Theosophy**. Other prominent members of the Golden Dawn include **Bram Stoker** and **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**, though the big one is none other than Mr. 666, **Aleister Crowley**. That's no coincidence.



In true Crowley-esq magick, Alice is capable of creating a world in which everything is backwards. The Beatles would later perfect the process by way of backmasking. Meanwhile, in the mirror world, there are no straight logical paths as we know them by way of deductive reasoning. Events happen backwards. Rather than there being a cause and effect, the outcome happens first and then the cause of it. We have already been there and done that with CERN's part in the time travel narrative and something called Retrocausality. We think of our timeline as linear when in all likelihood this current short season of deception may be a mirror world created by Wizards. And of course, it needs to be said. Aside from Carroll's inquisitive collection of pedophilic photographs, it has



been well noted that later in life, Alice Liddell exhibited the recognizable traits of someone who had been *handled* in her youth, perhaps ceremoniously and as an early prototype to the Monarch Butterfly system. You might even say she quite literally took a tumble down the rabbit hole, as becoming detached from her conscious self is concerned.



The Mirror as a source of Magic and manipulation is a constant theme throughout mythology as well. **Vulcan** was the Roman elohiyim of fire, which included his qualifications as the master metalworker. As a side project, Vulcan forged a Magic Mirror which allowed him to gaze beyond the dimension of time, into the future and the past. He then gifted it to **Venus**. In turn, the elohiyim of love cheated on Vulcan with **Mars**, using the mirror to calculate her means of not getting caught.



We are constantly reminded that these are just mythological stories, but you and I know better. More than likely, the Romans possessed a similar device which allowed them to survey the best possible outcome for the Empires rise and expansion as well as its health and longevity or they knew of past civilizations, such as an Atlantean one, which did. Perhaps one thing they all held common, aside from a plethora of possibilities, was an inevitable singularity event.

Really, the **scrying mirror** can notably be found in nearly all cultures throughout

history. **Merlin** was said to have his one such mirror, purposed with keeping Camelot on track, and **John Dee**, the original 007, communicated with angels through an obsidian stone of his own. An elohiyim of the Aztecs, **Tezcatlipoca**, was known as the Lord of the Smoking Mirror because of the polished obsidian through which he communicated.



With Snow White, the **Brothers Grimm** had their own Magic Mirror story to tell. I'll undoubtedly return to it at another hour because the Walt Disney version has become another mugging victim of the Mandela Effect. The interesting turn of events in their Germanic fairy tale is not so far removed from your cautionary stage play, typical of Greek or Roman mythology. We are introduced to a ruling Sorceress who is nearly always ahead of the game because of her secret antiqui-tech device which is hung upon the wall. Her eventual destruction has little to do with her mastery over the craft when in fact she has become too greedy, and we might add a little too clever for her own good. It is only in her obsession to eliminate Snow White, a young woman whom nobody seems to know about, which ultimately brings about her demise, thereby elevating the king's daughter to her kingdom.

What sort of demographic do you suppose a story such as this one is aiming at? Greek and Roman mythology and Homer in particular were studied like the Bible among Mystery School neophytes so as to teach them about the perils of discovering the god within. It seems to me that the Occult is attempting to warn their own ranks regarding the dangers of greed and gluttony this time around. Have your mirror and use it to your advantage but not if unbridled passion should tug at restraint.



J.R.R. Tolkien presented us with another scrying mirror in ‘The Fellowship of the Ring.’ Galadriel employed a silver basin filled with water which could show a person “things that were, and things that are, and some things that yet may be. But which it is that he sees even the wisest cannot tell.” The defining difference between Galadriel and the Wicked Queen is that the ring bearer of Middle-Earth foresaw what would happen to her if she took the One Ring upon herself, which Frodo happened to be carrying. She would become a great dark lord, presumably a mistress of Sauron. Galadriel was capable of defeating her temptation for greater power and was rewarded for it in the end. The same cannot be said of the ruling Elite in the world we inhabit.



To the best of my knowledge, a grand total of three separate whistleblowers have come forward over the last thirty or so years, though I tend to lean towards the possibility that they were released by our Controllers to make the information known. The first is **Bob Lazer**. I am including a picture of Lazer from a more recent appearance on the Joe Rogan podcast. It was in **1989** however that he initially hinted at what they were cooking up at Groom Lake in Nevada. According to Lazer, he was hired in the 1980's to reverse-engineer extraterrestrial technology. By the time we get to our third and final whistleblower you'll see why it was actually Anunnaki technology, but let's just run with it for the moment. The work supposedly occurred at a secret underground based called "S-4", a subsidiary installation allegedly located several kilometers south of Area 51. When asked to describe Project Looking Glass, this is how he described it:

“Project Looking Glass dealt with the distortion, the fact that there's a time distortion, essentially looking back in time, and by that I do not mean looking back years ago to see the wagon train days. They're looking for distortion that are milliseconds in time and what that was used for I don't know. But that was just observing the time distortion, time dilation phenomena, the craft and operation.”

That is all he initially offered on the project, which is to say, we are given very little to work with. It should be noted that Bob Lazer was not a part of Looking Glass and therefore knew very little about it. He further

explained that he had simply skimmed through a file on the project while employed at “S-4”, small briefings really, and was attempting to convey his understanding of it. A far better summing up of the project was later given to Joe Rogan, in which he stated:

“Project Looking Glass had to do with time, any effects of time in the craft. Now I don’t think, we’re not talking about making a time machine like in science fiction, but we’re talking about small distortions. **Intentional distortions of time**, and how that can be used as, not as a, well, **it was part of a weapon probably.**”

I particularly like the part where Lazer revises his description of the top-secret operation halfway through his statement. It happens all the time and I even do it sometimes. He had started to describe Looking Glass as something other than a weapon but then course corrected his own understanding of what’s going on, because at the end of the day it is very much a loaded gun, with the smoking barrel pointed directly at us. That is about all we are given from Bob Lazer though. *Next* witness.



I wish I could find a better screen shot of **Dan Burisch**, but this guy apparently has a penchant for old camcorders and low lighting. Well, there he is. Dan Burisch. Our second whistleblower. Burisch took Project Looking Glass a step further and described the time manipulation tech as originating from ancient cylinder seals which needed reconstructed in

our modern day. The recording I am referring to comes to us by way of interviewer **Carrie Cassidy** of Project Camelot, and here is what he has to say to her about it.

“Originally it was a series of instructions for accessing the wormholes which naturally pass in the hyperspace, which we find ourselves. And from there they worked on the

technology, they built the equipment from the instructions. After building the equipment from the instructions they began to tweak it and find different things out about it. One of the things that they found is that they could actually use it as a **peering portal**, like a **peering glass** if you will, **to see different aspects of, not only the future but the past.**”

When asked by Cassidy if the cylinder seals were of Sumerian origin, Burisch replied:

“I would say that they slightly predate Sumerian time frame but that some of the information which came down from cylinder seals that slightly predated the Sumerian time frame were then recopied in Sumerian seals as well, and those cylinder seals to the best of my knowledge have all been obtained, some of them from Iraq. Some of them from Egypt. Some of them from other countries where they were being stored.”

Burisch often described the Looking Glass tech as a Stargate and a portal, though he doesn't do so in the provided quote. And anyways, that right there is our Anunnaki connection. Bob Lazer may have spoken about aliens, but Burisch had the insight to assign ancient aliens as agents. The ancient alien discussion is practically a literary genre by this point, though as my reader already knows by now, our attention is ultimately directed to the Watchers episode in the book of Chanok. For those of you still needing caught up to speed, the Anunnaki-Watchers arrived from the starry realm to rule over a pre-diluvian humanity, bringing with them the mysteries of heaven. Well, the magic mirror appears to be one of them. All the New World Order had to do was assemble these cylinder seals held in various regions of Mesopotamia, probably under the direction of the same Anunnaki, who have finally been released from their underground prison in this short season.



The *third* and final whistleblower is somebody named **Bill Wood**. He is shown here being once again interviewed by Carrie Cassidy of Project Camelot. Slightly better lighting this time around but we can do better. Among his talking points in all of this was the 9/11 false flag attack. Specifically, that a tomahawk missile was used on the Pentagon, and he would know something about that, wouldn't he? Bill Wood was in the U.S. Navy from June of 1991 until June of 2001, working with tomahawk missiles as member of Seal Team 9. At some point during the Nineties, probably during the Clinton Administration, Wood claims to have been contacted by the White Hats, whom he refers to as Oath Keepers, "the good guys with top level security clearance," also adding, they derive from the military but any number of alphabet agencies, and that they're furthermore "the patriots whom our government would classify as terrorists."

I for one will reserve my own judgement on who the good guys are and have in fact already given that opinion when commenting upon the checkerboard dualism of Kek, the androgynous deity of Egypt. The Wizards of our realm may assign the left and the right hands to light or contrarily to the opposing darkness but in the end they are all practitioners of magic, and if I'm not mistaken, Bill Wood was brought in to help manipulate the Construct to the advantage of his employers. Perhaps I am wrong and he was really working as a double-agent of sorts, intending to find out information about their schemes and frustrate, perhaps even dismantle their operation, though I wouldn't hedge my bets on it. I'm getting ahead of myself again. Wood's involvement with the Looking Glass Stargate was in dealing with what he described as the **2012** problem. Follow along.

“The timelines converge on that point in time [2012]. And when you know enough about the stargate projects and the looking glass project to know how string theory works and the possibility of possibilities works and how making one choice over here doesn’t necessarily mean that the other choice couldn’t exist at the same time. But once you get your brain wrapped around this subject you find out that at the end of 2012, in an easy way to put it, the choices that we make become less and less consequential to the future. And eventually we’re pushed into this bottleneck of time no matter which choice we make. And that’s important to the people that had access to looking glass because they would use looking glass knowing the choices that they would make, and the future would pop up.... And when we started using a computer to say, ‘Well, if we make this choice, it’s 79 percent possible that this scenario happens and 23 percent are possible or whatever (or you know, I’m using round numbers), that this scenario would happen’. The understanding at the time was that that was realistic, however if you go down the road further and free will continues to exercise itself on this game that 79 percent possibility sometimes changes very, very fast. But if you look at the situation in a point of time it seems very realistic that that’s the greatest possibility. What happened was people, very smart people, began to figure out that something big was coming up. **Something so that all the possibilities of all the future scenarios of any choice any possibility that was fed in and observed through the looking glass inherently ended up in the same future and no decision, no possibility changed past a certain point. That’s the big secret.**”

Beginning with the ominous date of **December 21, 2012**, the Elite discovered that all possible outcomes within the free ranging multi-verse of string theory ultimately led to the same end game. Something was coming beyond the horizon which didn’t work to their advantage and there is no escaping it. What is this *singularity* which Wood hinted at? He couldn’t outright say. It’s not like he didn’t ask his employers about it though. Rather difficult solving a problem regarding the inevitable

contraction of timelines if he's not given the precise details. Everyone who has that information, he quickly adds, are sent into a blind panic.

“It's been forecast. It's been predicted. It's been fed to us in a slop trough of what they want us to believe will happen. However, they don't have control over what happens. They only have control over the reaction, and it seems that no matter what they tried to do to cause their desired reactions, it's going to have an opposite effect... It's an evolution of consciousness that cannot, will not, and **no matter what decisions or possibilities are injected into the equation, eventually it all resolves down to us all learning the truth and becoming aware of this massive dam of lies that has been built that keep us from knowing massive volume of information that we should otherwise possess.**”

To the best of his knowledge, and from all the Intel that he was capable of gathering, the post 2012 event is what Woods believes to be the awakening process. Mass consciousness. At first, he thought it was the end of the world which he was called in to frustrate. But now he believes it's the end of *their* world. And think of all that has happened since 2012. In 2001, the blinding arrogance of our Controllers and in fact their total disdain for the slaves they rule over was put on full display with the destruction of the Twin Towers in New York City. They went full retard and hoped nobody would notice. Or you might say, in Biblical terms, pride goeth before the fall.

Only *afterwards* were they let in on the true consequence of their actions. The singularity event will be one in which humanity wakes up to their lies. Actually, there are two given scenarios. One synopsis, according to Wood, is one which most people would understand to be an ascension or an evolution of consciousness that brings humanity out of the cocoon and turns us into a butterfly. It's an age of Aquarius thing and what they're aiming for. The best they can do is continue to lie and lie and lie, as any pathological liar would know to do, hoping to cover their tracks while ironically wakening everyone up to their deception in the process, thereby making their psychological operations a self-fulfilling prophecy. Timeline two however enlists some kind of major global catastrophe that drives the

Elite underground in hopes of survival. And now you know why they're building the underground tunnels. Our Controllers have foreseen what is coming. Either way, the war is already won. They lose.

“[It will be] a new beginning. An end of this reality, the beginning of something that we can't even possibly understand based on the level of our beliefs currently, but when all that information comes flooding out, there's going to be no denying what's true and what's a lie or what's illusion. We won't have the choice to believe that 9-11 happened because of a bunch of terrorists, because we'll know exactly what's happened. Basically, what we're experiencing right now is two master chess players sitting at the board. One of them looks down at the board and sees that he's in checkmate in seven moves, and he looks across at his opponent and he knows that his opponent sees it too. So, there's no getting out of it. So, at this point the loser can only prolong the game. The game, both players know the game is over.”



Yup, Bill Woods actually went there. He described His-Story in terms of a celestial chess match between two opposing forces. He doesn't outright say who they are, but he needn't have to. You know and I know and very soon everyone will know as part of the singularity event. Based on the



very rules of the game, the bad guys have already lost, and the good guys have won. Sure, there's moves left on the table. But those moves are being forced by the victorious player. Many would suppose the loser should just give up but that goes against the very nature of the game. The only way to avoid the inevitable checkmate is if the winning

player makes a mistake, and so, for the individual bleeding out there is always hope. Best to keep at it until the all-consuming fire of Elohiym rains down, bringing a swift end to their schemes.



December 21, 2012. I don't know if you recall where you were on that particular date, when the Mayan calendar *and* the world came to an end, but it happened to be the winter solstice. That's the very day when the sun sinks to its lowest point on the southern horizon. The sunlit hours are cold and short. It remains

there for three days before rising again towards its annual northbound trajectory. Not a coincidence either that **C.S. Lewis** had Aslan die and resurrect again during the winter solstice in 'The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe.' How do I know that? I don't. The suggestion is simply given to us for anyone paying attention. Lewis goes out of his way to bring Christmas to Narnia on the very day when the hundred-year spell of winter is broken. The witch protesting, invoking her rights to the deep magic at the dawn of creation. Aslan knew of the deeper magic *before* the dawn of time. In one swift move he defeated her. Did Lewis take inspiration from Satan's short season in Revelation 20? Again, his death and resurrection coincided with the winter solstice, thereby heralding in a new Camelot age. Is that what happened in 2012?



The Berenstain Bears[®]

They'll Always Be the Berenstein Bears To Me

WORD doc is being especially difficult this morning and refusing to recognize **Berenstein** as a proper word. I will have you know it is not misspelled and refuse to apologize for it. They're in on the whole operation, obviously. Microsoft. You'd think that somewhere in the world there would be a Berenstein family with an 'e' rather than an 'a', if not for the bears, but it seems as though they're doubling down on the exclusivity. I *checked*. Berenstein is a **Jooish** name. *Gulp*. Look who the racist is now, Word Doc. You'd better check yourself before your wreck yourself. Turns out the system is manually overridden as of a moment ago. Because I'm living the life as a keyboard warrior and have permanently corrected the spelling. You will have to do the same on your end. Don't expect a medal of honor though. The Berenstain Bears will always be Berenstein to me, even if they are bears of the lesser-known Ashkenazi variety.

That's how the entire Mandela Effect appears to have begun, you know. Well, technically it started with a man named **Nelson Mandela**. You may have heard of him. But it is the Berenstain Bears which gave it the legs to run. I know why they didn't call it the Berenstain Effect now. Too many people would have been clued into this being a Jewish operation. Oops. Enough of that now. That's just like me to enter a perfectly fun party and ruin the mood. It's just that they already run the Media, you know. If the shoe fits, but I digress. You will have a terribly difficult time convincing nearly any Eighties child such as myself that it wasn't Stein. Mostly because we would stand around on the playground having arguments on how to pronounce it: *Stein* like Frankenstein or *Steen* as in seen. And yes, I was personally involved in the debate on at least one occasion, likely moments before Dodge Ball diplomacy. Nobody is having that argument with Stain, as in they stained their pants. Nobody. That is all the proof you need. But I will show you some residue anyways.

Posted by u/diamondshtray 7 years ago

2.0k Holy shit - found Berenstain evidence while packing

Berenstain Bears

I'm currently packing for a move. My husband and I are heavily streamlining our VHS collection. I found my old Berenstain Bears VHS and the official labels say both Stein and Stain. Stain appears on the front label while Stein appears on the side. Also, and of less consequence, the label my mom put on the plastic video cover reads Stein.

I'm literally shaking.

Anyone who knows how is free to test these images. They are totally unaltered.

Edited to add: pics and video linked in comments.

352 Comments Share Save Hide Report Tip 99% Upvoted



jumpsiedaisy · 7 yr. ago

Ran it through some basic analyses looking for editing, and if it is an edit then it's really good one because it doesn't show any traces at all. Just putting that out there.

479 Reply Share Tip ...

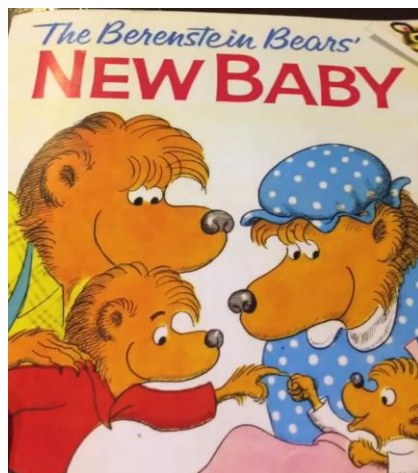
The story made headway on **8/5/2016** when a [Reddit](#) user claimed she'd been packing with her husband only to discover that that an old VHS tape still had Berenstain printed upon the sticker. Another user by the name of jumpsiedaisy then responded: "Ran it through some basic analyses looking for editing, and if it is an edit then it's really good one because it

doesn't show any traces at all. Just putting that out there.” I managed a screen shot of that too. I’m cutting them out and pasting them onto the page because these web pages get often deleted. Mandela Effect promoters and deniers alike began scrambling to their attics to see if any of the books and VHS tapes saved from their childhood had survived the purge.



I am here to tell you that the Berenstain Bears have reached a near extinction level event. It’s total genocide. I have seen so little residue emerge that I can probably count them on one hand. A VHS tape, ticket stub, coupon, a supposed listing in TV Guide, and then something having to do with the Simpsons. Make it two hands, then.

Everything reads Berenstain now. Adding to this mystery is **Mike Berenstain**, son of original authors **Stan** and **Jan Berenstain**, who has continued the series and claims he was always a Berenstain despite what his readership claims, but we know better. To be honest, if it weren't for the overwhelming evidence of the Mandela Effect in other areas, or in the case of the bears my own childhood memory (the childhood memory of millions, no doubt), I would have little choice but to claim each of these physical examples were delivered by spooks. And they may very well have for all I know. Somebody had to get this psyop rolling and the Intel community isn't one to sit around waiting for somebody to pull up a Berenstain book at the garage sale.



Speaking of which, a woman finally got around to digging up one such copy. She made a [YouTube video](#) regarding her discovery but very few seemed to notice at first. Read it and weep. It *says* **Berenstein**, written *precisely* as use Eighties children remember. By the way, it's not a misprint. I would have taken a screen shot of the back of the book where it lists off other **Berenstein** books in the series, but the woman's finger was there, and there's anything I can't stand, it's pictures of a finger pointing at something. I say this to myself as much as everyone, leave your finger out

of it. I'm perfectly capable of directing my eyes at a minute detail without your finger pointing the way. Therefore, I will make you do your own work. You will have to track down her video and chance a possible irrational dislike of finger portraits for yourself if it's further proof you're after.

There are varying theories out there as to why so few material relics remained as we remember them. You don't have to search very far into the ME to learn that a clash of dimensions is one of them. Though if you want my personal opinion on it, I simply think they wanted to be found. That's the gaslighting part of the operation. Also, the people who are pushing the multi-verse explanation have a habit of being NASA as well as pop culture fanboys. The part that they're missing is our Controllers hand in practically everything from the ground floor up. Particularly in the magic.



I was able to track down that Simpsons reference and it appears to derive from the **11/30/2003** episode, "The Fat and the Furriest." It aired nearly 20 years ago as of this writing, which just so happens to be about when I last tuned in. If you are still interested in my theory, I'm thinking the Simpsons always called them Berenstain with an 'a' to be funny. But also, to avoid the lawyers while playing the game of parody. The irony would be that the Berenstain Bears became the very product which The Simpsons taunted, thereby making the ongoing predictive programming of creator **Matt Groening** even more of a Masonic mystery.



Team Name		ROU	
		1/2	3/4
1	Queerenstein bears	1/1	2/3
2	Joey Triviani	1/-	2/1
3	Impish Impresarios	-/-	-/-
4	THE QUEERENSTEIN BEARS HAVE SEVEN POINTS.	1/1	-/-

Until somebody else can dig up something better, the very best residue I've so far seen, hands down, derives from the 1/12/2012 episode of The Office. It's the one that had many speculating **Steve Carell** returned undercover to play on a trivia team called the **Queerenstein Bears** after leaving the show one season earlier. Which is exactly the sort of name that his character would come up with, by the way. Had the Berenstein Bears always been Berenstain with an 'a', then the joke wouldn't have been a potent one. It certainly wouldn't have stuck the landing. I will leave you with links to the discussion [here](#), [here](#), [here](#), and [here](#). The Huffington and the Washington Post as well as Vulture and dozens of other media sites were so busily working to debunk the purported appearance by Steve

Carrell that nobody thought to bring up the *stein* in Queerenstein. Wasn't an issue. It probably has something to do with everyone having the same memory at the time. Nobody was out there challenging the issue until people began to notice there was a Purge and that Jewish Bears were involved, and then suddenly it was all chalked up to bad memory. It's all projection though. The only people with bad memory appear to be the ones refusing to let the comforts of their frail reality get challenged.



Feel the Difference: The Ford Logo

DISSENTERS repeatedly tell me The Mandela Effect is nothing more or less than the power of suggestion. The power of suggestion is when an individual has an idea conveyed to them and that idea in turn becomes reality. *Oh*, I get it. I see what they did there. They're making a joke at my expense. It's their way of saying their mind is too strong to be broken by a Jedi mind trick, unlike my own. *Sure*, that must be it. Personally, I think it takes a strong mind to recognize an irregularity and then cope with the implications. Experience has shown that most people are incapable of doing that. They will correctly remember things the way they were until they are shown to be in error, in which case they will slump into the herd mentality. And anyways, so far, I have committed no such deed. I haven't

handed you over to any power of suggestion that I can recall. My only transgression thus far is titling this section ‘The Ford Logo.’ But even that came in the wake of photographic evidence detailing the *said* logo through the years. It is up to you to figure out what if anything is gone awry.

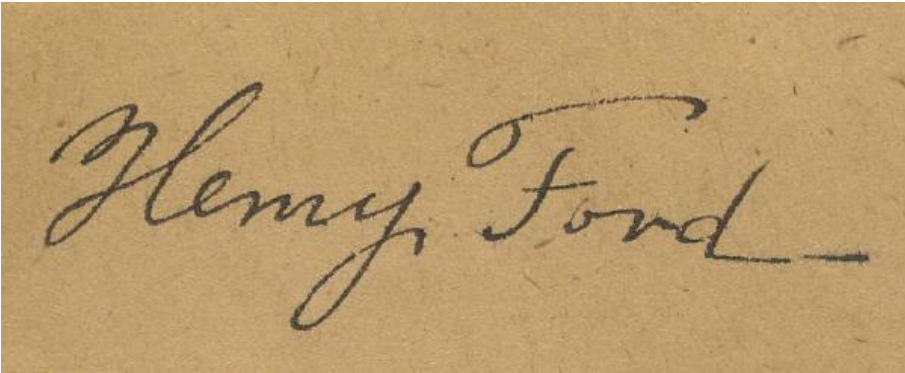
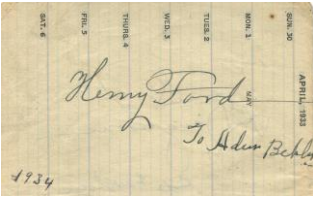


I offer you further evidence that Ford has a logo and that it has remained consistent throughout the years. Nothing wrong with that. All we are doing right now is observing the obvious. I’m also curious if anything looks... *oh*, I don’t know... *different* to you. It did for me the moment I laid eyes upon it, and nobody had to suggest anything. You might even

say my journey with the Mandela Effect *began* with the Ford logo. There were other alterations that had caught my notice, like the Isaiah 11:6 passage or the terrorist van in *Back to the Future*, and even the Berenstain Bears gave me a dark and foreboding feeling. Ford however is what really got the ball rolling. The date was **August 2, 2015**. I remember the day well because we were hightailing it out of California, driving eastward beyond Yuma, having only moments earlier crossed the California-Arizona border. By *'we'* I include my wife and our toddler twin sons. The house was sold, along with most of our possessions, and we'd started off on the next great adventure only a day earlier, following Yah but not knowing where we would ultimately end up.

Driving through Arizona and New Mexico in the sweltering heat of the summer gives ample time for a man to think. It was there in the desert that I noticed the Ford logo on the truck in front of me and thought: *'Hub*, I don't remember that little pigtail on the F. It used to have more of a straight line to it.' My first thought was that they'd changed the logo and that it was a lame alteration. More specifically, that Ford had rebranded its signature or whatever. Ironically, we were driving a Ford. An F-350 if you must know. And so, I made sure to check out the grill after we'd parked for the night, but even ours had the same pigtail scribbled upon it. *Strange*. How had I been so oblivious to the change when I had purchased the truck a few weeks earlier? When had Ford rebranded and why hadn't I heard about it? My head swirled with dark and uncomfortable questions.

Just so we're clear, I had never heard of the Mandela Effect before. It was already around by then. The records will show that people were talking about it, though the changes were likely still in the cradle of their infancy. And that's just the thing. I'd never heard of it. Nobody had sat me down and explained to me how every Ford logo in the history of the automobile industry changed to a pigtail. They didn't need to. I simply noticed that something was off. A *glitch* if you want to call it that. I just didn't know what to do with it. So, you can't tell me I fell for the power of suggestion. The only person who suggested a change was myself, and some months later, when I finally learned that the Mandela Effect was a thing, those observations lined up with everybody else's. Incredible how that works.



The Ford logo emblem belongs to the Ford Motor Company, commonly known as "Ford". According to the Company, **the original design of the Ford symbol and the design in use today both come from the handwritten signature of the Ford founder, Henry Ford.**

It is a well-known fact that the logo is based upon **Henry Ford's** own handwritten signature. The Ford Motor Company even insists that the original design is still in use today. Well, that's strange. Numerous examples can be found online, and though there are slight variations (as

one would rightfully expect of any signature), not one of them contains the curly pigtail. That is to say, if Henry Ford ever signed his name with the obnoxious pigtail, then the Ford Motor Company has yet to cough up the evidence.



What is especially strange in all of this is the **1909** logo, which does resemble Ford's signature in so much that the 'F' is completely absent of the 'you-know-what'. But then

starting in **1911**, the pigtail was introduced, and every signature thereafter followed suit. History has been rewritten.

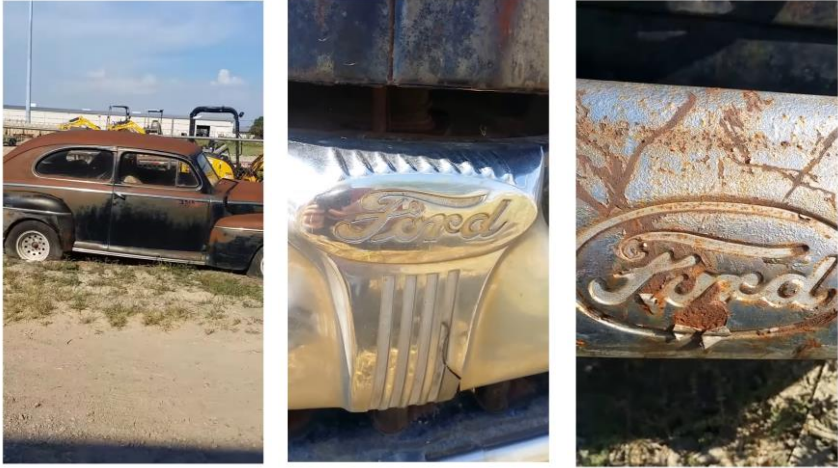
The elephant in the room is that the very people who insist the logo has been rebranded are ultimately admitting that they too remember the old one. That being said, there is residue to be found but in nearly every instance the logo is hand sketched or painted on by car mechanics, all of whom are drawing from their memory. I could show them to you but then that would be a rookie mistake. Been there, done that. I would be accused of killing trees. Because the deniers will claim the only thing that is being proven is that a host of car mechanics never really took a closer look under the hood if you know what I mean. *Ridiculous*. Leave it to the Ministry of Truth to set the mechanics straight on this one. I'm still waiting for the claim that mechanics are just really into the 1909 model and that they simply don't make engines like they used to.



The best residue that I've so far stumbled upon derives from an episode of **Jay Leno's Garage**. I'm linking you to it [here](#). The featured car this time around is a **1967 Ford Fairlane**. You can see the original logo after they pop open the hood at the 20:39 mark. Beautiful, ain't it? Precisely as I recall



the Ford experience on the front grill of hundreds of thousands of automobiles cruising the lanes of America. The sheer amount of denial is truly baffling. Apparently, even the Ford Motor Company is joining the masses in collectively misremembering their own logo this time around.



I take that back. Jay Leno’s Garage is not the best residue I’ve seen. No, this is by far the better of the bunch. I’d simply forgotten about it since originally watching the footage some years back. I’m not sure what the model is though the make is obviously Ford. If I had guess, we’re looking at a **1940** Ford Deluxe Sedan, though it has become known by a far more colorful name. “The car caught between universes.” The reason being is that the front of the car shows the modern logo as we all know it now whereas the rear has miraculously preserved Ford’s signature the way we remember it. You can view the video for [yourself](#) if you’d like. The person who made the discovery shows the entire car in one take, front to back, so that there are no claims to funny business. How the back half of the car survived The Purge can only be explained by a glitch in the Matrix.



Waking Up In a Jiffy

SUPPOSING you have ever attempted to hold the ‘bread and circuses’ conversation with a sports addict during the fourth quarter of the ball game, then you know what it’s like poking a bear in the butt during its hibernating season. Don’t do that. In all honesty I never know what it will take to wake the normies from their slumber. If the Federal Reserve or the faked Apollo moon landings, stolen His-Story, the flat earth, Media hoaxes, or pharmaceutical witchcraft and the Vax don’t do raise a brow, then **Jif Peanut Butter** just might do the trick. You never really know. It’s best to keep your options open. Always be on the lookout for that opportune moment to jump into the conversation.

It was like that during an exchange I was having with someone a few months ago. Our communication was an ongoing one lasting several days around the fireside [I was living on the beach in Florida] and nothing that I said to him was getting through. But then he said it. He said **Jiffy** Peanut Butter, and I was on it. I was quick to the trigger and said: “Jiffy Peanut Butter never existed. It’s called Jif and it’s always been Jif. Why people keep calling it Jiffy is strange, don’t you think?”

His response was an immediate one. ‘Bull s—t,’ he said. Well then if you don’t believe me, look it up, was my response. ‘They’ve rebranded, that’s all,’ he explained. Oh, is that so? Do a Google search on Jiffy going all the way back to the beginning. It’s Jif and it’s always been Jif. Jiffy is a collective false memory and it’s never existed. I then introduced him to something called the Mandela Effect. He was hooked. Nabbed one. Another seat from the colosseum emptied. The world is that much more woke now. You’re welcome.

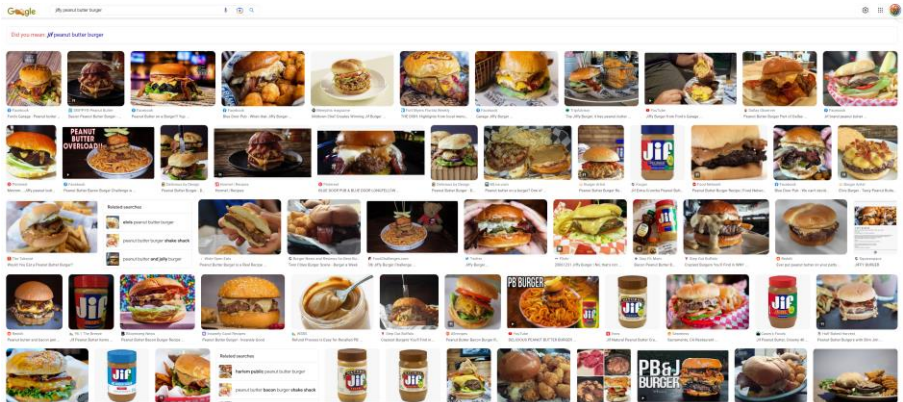


Of the many changes to company or corporate logos, the Jiffy-Jif swap is indeed an interesting one because we’re first and foremost dealing in missing letters, making this a spatial issue. I am showing you several vintage ads and they all look the same. It is mostly the way in which Jif is laid out which bothers me, filling every empty space on the page. The ‘J’ and the ‘i’ and the ‘f’ would have to be substantially smaller to make room for an added ‘f’ and a ‘y’ as I remember it, but then there is the color issue. Red, blue, and green. Each letter receives its own color, with the green being the only non-primary. Well, I personally don’t recall any other



colors. It was always blue, red, and green in my reality. How would the letter arrangement work then if they are each given their own disjointed rectangle to work with and there are only three of them? I'm glad you asked. I can't speak for the earlier ads, obviously, being a Gen-Xer. And so, here is a magazine spread from the whereabouts of **1980** which I can get excited about. Color wise, it is precisely how I remember the bottle staring back at me during the nostalgic moments of my childhood. The

red and blue have traded spaces from what we've seen in earlier renditions. The only thing that is missing is the added 'f' and 'y.' Really, when it comes down to it, the entire design has changed. Give me a few minutes and I'll show you what it used to look like.



The peanut butter Nazis are claiming we're confusing Jiffy with Skippy but that just goes to show that they've never eaten a **Jiffy** burger. What diners were they eating in all those decades ago? All the grammatically correct ones, apparently, filled with the other peanut butter Nazis. Well, it was a thing, you know. Jiffy burgers. Even though we're a decade into this psyop and the training is nearly complete, do a Google search for "[Jiffy peanut butter burger](#)" and you'll find dozens of interesting search results. Also, Google will try to correct you and call it a "Jif" burger even though recipe after recipe calls upon Jiffy peanut butter, LOL.



Turns out, **Fanny Ann's Saloon** in old town, Sacramento still has **Jiffy** peanut butter on their menu. Or in the very least until the peanut butter police show up and they cave to the collective false memory argument. *Yep*, that's it, right there. The mischievous Jiffy peanut butter person with a butter knife, hanging around in the wrong reality, up to no good. Precisely as I remember the logo as well. The 'i' and the added 'f' straddles the red and the blue and the green. And now, all of this Mandela talk has made me hungry. If you'll excuse me.



Rants and Ravings from the Piggly-Wiggly

[03/12/2017]

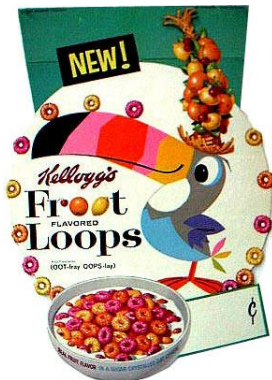
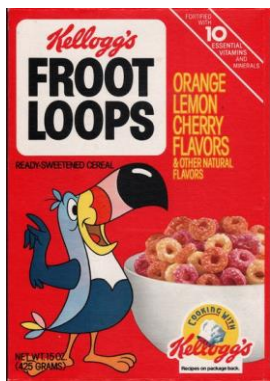
DO you know how many times I've wanted to hold a **KitKat** bar up over my head and shout at the grocery clerk like a crazy mad man, "IT'S CHANGED AGAIN! IT'S CHANGED AGAIN!" I haven't, because then I'd sound like a crazy mad man. I've wanted to, though. Desperately. See, the problem with KitKat, as the spelling of logos go, is that it's flipped back and forth between KitKat, without a dash, and **Kit-Kat**, with a dash, all in real time and in a maddening game of Sanity Ping Pong. This is the stuff that I pay attention to.

I know if I inform the grocery clerk to the truth of the matter, that it has indeed changed from a dash to no dash, she'll probably look at me with a crooked face and say, "So, what? A candy company can change their logo from a dash to no dash if they want to." In which I'll tell her, with the wide eyes of a completely sane person, "AH-HA! That's where YOU ARE WRONG! It's because this is yet another example of the MANDELA EFFECT, and it's very R-EEEE-AAAA-L!"

That's just the thing. On any given day, week, or month of the year I'll be standing here in the check-out aisle of the Piggly Wiggly with my toddler twin sons and I'll see Kit-Kat spelled with a dash. I'll immediately return

home, seek Google's wisdom, and everything about recorded history will tell me it's always and only been spelled with a dash. Of course, there will be some guy in a chat room somewhere asking the question, 'Did anyone see KitKat become Kit-Kat again?' In which hundreds of others, me included, will be like, "Um, yeah, it happened for me too, and I just let the grocery clerk in on it."

On any other given day, week, or month of the year, I'll be standing in the exact same check-out aisle of the Piggly Wiggly, like the bad habit from a horror movie, trying to convince myself not to take a peek at the candy display. But when I do, KitKat is spelled without a dash, like today. I'll immediately return home with my twin sons, surf the web with purpose, and do you know what I'll find? Everything about recorded history will tell me it's always and only been spelled without a dash. How much do you want to bet there will be the one guy waiting for me in a chat room to explain, 'It doesn't matter if it's Kit-Kat yesterday or KitKat today. Whatever its dash status is on any given day, it has always been that way.'



I was pushing my grocery cart down the cereal aisle of the Piggly Wiggly less than an hour ago and my sons pointed towards a box of **Froot Loops**. So, I threw the box of Froot Loops in the cart, remembering when Froot Loops was spelled **Fruit Loops**, and before that, when it was Froot Loops, and still before that, when it was Fruit Loops again. [EDIT: Yeah, I was still feeding this sugary garbage to my children even then. Look how far I've come.] Why do brand names keep changing all the time? And why does all of recorded history keep conspiring with those changes, including that Eighties commercial of the kid eating a bowl of Fruit Loops or Froot

Loops, whatever history presently calls it today. Should I also let the grocery clerk in on the fact that, not so long ago, **Febreze** was spelled with a second “e”? **Febreeze**. There’s one on every aisle, and probably guys like me in every check-out stand.

And another thing. Not more than a year ago I was standing here in the Piggly Wiggly and I clearly recall seeing an article on a certain presidential candidate, **Hilary Clinton**, spelled with only one ‘l’, and thinking, Huh, that’s strange, they misspelled her name. It wasn’t just one magazine cover. We were doggy paddling through another election season, where the slave gets to make believe they’re selecting their next plantation master, and Clinton was getting amped up by the Media everywhere. Except then I made the mistake of going to Google. Hilary Clinton had always been spelled with one ‘l’ by all Media sources. What in the world? Was even Hillary with two ‘l’s on the Clinton hit list? It wouldn’t be for another month, or perhaps only a couple of weeks really, that **Hillary Clinton** re-emerged in the tabloids. From the check-out stand at the Piggly Wiggly, that is. Oh good. The Clinton’s were back. All was right in the world again, LOL.



I don’t know. Maybe I should just stop shopping altogether at Piggly Wiggly. The whole Kit-Kat/KitKat debacle is the reason why nobody will ever be able to convince me that the Mandela Effect is bad indigestion. It’s all projection. The people making such claims very well may be the ones incapable of coping with a tampered memory, but I saw it with my own eyes. I was there in the Great Ping-Pong War of **2016**. That’s what we called it in those days. When realities were so frail that they would fluctuate like a corporate pendulum week by week. Funny thing is, I watched Kit-Kat/KitKat ping-pong back and forth between a dash and without its dash so often and for so long that I can no longer recall whether it originally had a dash or no dash at all.



The Sinbad '*Shazaam*' Movie

SINBAD retains no memories whatsoever of the genie movie which many among the Mandela Effected adamantly claim to have watched in the Nineties; a bargain bin feature never quite attaining the rank of cult classic but which he also just so happened to star in, and I wish I could say I believe him. I mean, I'm more inclined to chalk it up to the intricate and mysterious cause and effects of multi-verse or even time travel tampering but **Sinbad**, *aka* **David Adkins**, might very well be involved in the creepy-crawly on this one. I will show you evidence as to why that is. I've said this before and I'll say it again, nobody has yet to convince me that the ME is cookie cutter.

At the end of the day, 'Shazaam' is so divisive that many within the ME community are agreeing to the otherwise tiresome false memory mantra. I wouldn't really know because I never saw the movie. But then the same could be said of the 'Kazaam' movie starring **Shaq**. I never saw that one

either, though I do distinctly recall the latter being released in theaters in **1996**—the very summer that I was a swimming instructor at the Hawthorne High pool in Hawthorne, California. I bring that up because it involves my only contribution to the Sinbad genie movie mystery. I distinctly recall the Shaq release being mentioned at the pool and then somebody whining in a short back and forth exchange: “Not another genie movie again!” You will tell me they were referring to Disney’s Aladdin, released only 4 years earlier but that wasn’t the context of the conversation. I would like to tell you that Sinbad was mentioned but I’m not entirely certain of that last part. Maybe the conversation never even happened in the first place, LOL. Who is to say that any of our memories are wholly reliable?



Sinbad
@sinbadbad



Have you noticed no one my age has seen this so called Sinbad Genie movie, only you people who were kids in the 90's. The young mind !

1:13 PM · Sep 7, 2016

277 Retweets 193 Quotes 924 Likes 15 Bookmarks

On **Sep 7, 2016**, David Adkins took the Sinbad Genie movie mystery to Twitter, where-in he made the *following* claim: “Have you noticed no one my age has seen this so-called Sinbad Genie movie, only you people who were kids in the 90’s. The young mind!” There may be earlier Tweets on the supposed movie that never was but this one in particular has a rather odd unfolding narrative.



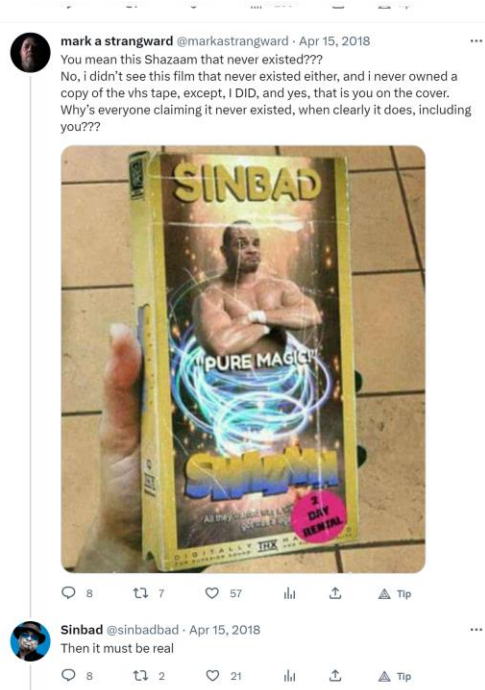
On **Dec 15, 2018**, some two years after Sinbad’s initial Tweet, somebody by the name of **Robert H Ledford** commented: “I have the movie!!!!!!” followed by an immediate challenge by Sinbad to put it up. Perhaps you

already know where *they* are going with this. Yes, *they*. In as little as a year, a video *would* emerge, but it wasn't the original 'Shazaam' movie. Was this the movie that R.H.L. held in his possession—the spoof video? It is quite obvious that R.H.L. is not a tried-and-true Mandela Effect advocate. We are dealing with a spook.

Even more ridiculous is the Tweet put forward by 'mark a strangward', an obvious fake name. On **April 15, 2018**, he made the *following* claim:

“You mean this Shazaam that never existed???”

No, I didn't see this film that never existed either, and I never owned a copy of the vhs tape, except, I DID, and yes, that is you on the cover. Why's everyone claiming it never existed, when clearly it does, including you???”



You see, Mark *did* own the movie. I take that to mean he no longer owns it. But let us not forget, when he *did* happen to own a copy, a 2-Day Rental by the looks of it, he made sure to take a photo of his hand cradling the thing. For the memories, obviously. Because that's what we all did when exiting Blockbuster in the decade before selfies. For starters, that is *sooooo* obviously not the cover to the Sinbad genie movie. It's a fake and mark a strangward is a faker. Are we expected to believe Sinbad appeared from the bottle after receiving the initial rubdown with his shirt off? Sinbad was a comedian, not a body builder. The THX logo is a nice touch though. I'll give him that, an A+ for effort.



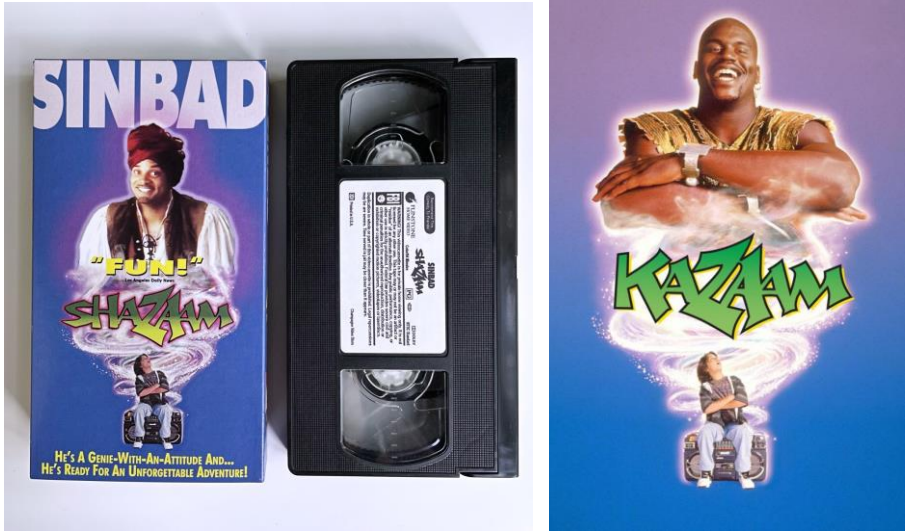
A little later down the turnpike, a **Tom Dempsey** told Adkins that a new ‘Shazaam’ movie is what needed to be made, in which the comedian responded: “I will.” Wait, what does he mean *he will*? It’s as I was saying, Sinbad’s Tweet was an unfolding narrative. Because that is precisely what we received, courtesy of College Humor. A clip from the long lost ‘Shazaam’ movie.



We Found Sinbad's SHAZAAM Genie Movie!

I will encourage you to watch [We Found Sinbad's SHAZAAM Genie Movie](#) if you haven't already. The scene we are given involves two siblings in their parents' attic —a boy and a girl—and a host of Mandela Effect references. Contained within the attic, specifically a cardboard box barely capable of containing the wealth of “their memories,” is a Rubix Cube (it's spelled with Rubik's now), Fruit Loops cereal, a Berenstain Bears book and another containing Curious George with a tail, a Monopoly board with the Monocle man as we remember him, not overlooking a portrait of King Henry VIII holding a turkey leg. F-U-N-N-Y is all I have to say about that. There are probably other references which I missed. It

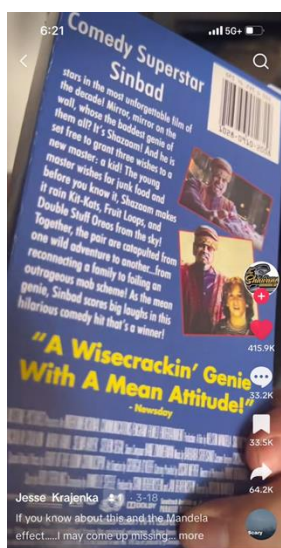
is short and to the point and only 2 minutes and 30 seconds long. To be clear, it's an obvious comedy sketch. Sinbad was born in **1956** and would have been nearly 40 when the first movie was made, whereas we are clearly staring at a 60-something iteration of the comedian on this go-around. The neck doesn't lie. Stop trolling us, Sinbad.



And then there are photos such as this one floating around on the Internet. Don't even get me started, that is not residue. The cover is exactly the same as the 'Kazaam' movie. Same child actor too. Somebody from the ABC agencies is definitely headlining a psyop on this one and being exceptionally lazy while doing it. That—or I'm thinking they were trying manufacture a narrative whereas the Shaq version never actually happened "in their universe," though I have yet to hear anyone from the ME community who's taken the bait. Particularly since those who claim to have seen the Sinbad movie assure us there were also two movies that came out about the same time.

It happens often enough, you know. Hollywood has a name for the phenomena, and they're called [twin films](#). Its films with the same or similar plots produced and released at the same time by two different film studios. Compare the plots to Back to the Future and Peggy Sue Got Married, why don't you? In 1989, Jim Belushi starred in K-9 whereas Tom

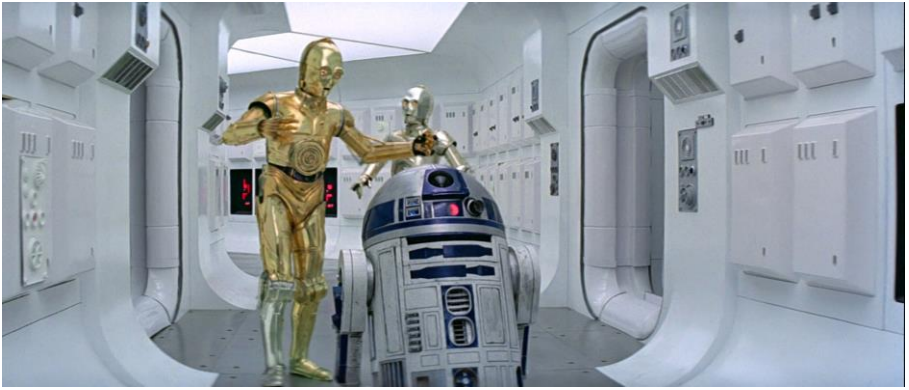
Hanks headlined Turner and Hooch. And then there's 'Tombstone' and Wyatt Earp,' both released within a year of each other. 'Dante's Peak' and 'Volcano' in 1997. 'Saving Private Ryan' vs. 'The Thin Red Line' as well as 'Antz' vs. 'A Bug's Life' or 'Deep Impact' vs. 'Armageddon', all released in 1998. I'm skipping years and in fact entire decades of twin film history and could go on. The list is a long one. Sinbad's 'Shazaam' as well as Shaq's 'Kazaam' should be another outing in the twin film phenomenon but gaslighters it seems are having all the fun.



Here is the hand of yet another contributor to the psyop, holding up for us the back cover of the long-lost Sinbad movie. Just look at how it is described for us.

Comedy Superstar Sinbad stars in **the most unforgettable film of the decade! Mirror, mirror on the wall**, whose the baddest genie of them all? It's Shazaam! And he is set free to grant three wishes to a new master: a kid! The young master wishes for junk food and before you know it, Shazaam makes it rain **Kit-Kats, Fruit Loops, and Double Stuff Oreos** from the sky!

The most unforgettable film of the decade? I see what they did there. I get jokes, LOL. And then we have Mirror-mirror, Kit-Kat, Fruit Loops, and Double Stuff Oreos (it's Double Stuf with one 'f' now). I'm counting 4 Mandela's in the description alone. The Intel community may be screwing with us, but it is likely only to get cocky with their own manipulation efforts. I haven't even gotten to the whole of it yet. Those whom I have spoken with concerning their recollections of the Shazaam movie will claim the College Humor Sinbad sketch is nearly exactly a match. It wasn't simply mockery they were after, but a remake.



A Lightning Rod of Confusion: C3-PO's Golden Leg

DON'T even get me started on C3-PO's silver leg. No, just no. The Boys down at Langley and the toy companies were laying it on thick in 2015, gaslighting everyone and offering no apologies. The reason *why* I suspect is because Kathleen Kennedy and J.J. Abrams had a new Disney Star Wars movie coming and the toy companies required a promo. You can see them trolling Star Wars fan in *real* time [here](#) and [here](#). Sure, I was able to find details of C3-PO's silver leg when committing to web searches a little further back. Nearly observation came from chat boards. Perhaps there were spooks in there getting the ball rolling. I wouldn't doubt it. Star Wars fans pay careful attention to details though and the question, as you can imagine, was why he suddenly had a silver leg when he never had one before. Nobody had an answer back then and for obvious reasons. But even those observations became far and few in-between, as web searches go, within only a couple short years of 2015.

I couldn't find a single result for anything in the prequel era. It wasn't until 2012 when Disney bought Star Wars. That lines up with my first C3-PO silver leg sightings. But again, it came from very confused threads when fans had absolutely no understanding of the Mandela Effect. It wasn't until the Disney sequel era when the ~~Ministry of Truth~~ Media decided to

correct every one of their misconceptions, and the underlying sentiments are those of spite.



The silver leg does bring up a good point though. Either he's an MK-Ultra mugging victim of The Mandela Effect, heavily affected because of his proximity, or he's straight up lying. Particularly since the Media employed **Anthony Daniels** services when dropping the bombshell on everyone. Nearly 40 years after the original trilogy was released in theaters too. If you *followed* one of the two links I shared, Daniels explained in 2015 that it was always a silver leg from the very beginning, but nobody noticed, not even the photographer. Well, that explains everything. The photographer didn't notice, so millions of fanboys must have overlooked photos of Daniels with the notorious silver leg, including in *this* one. Nobody in 40 years picked up on that fact until nearly half a century later, when Disney acquired the franchise.



Daniels even blamed the oversight on the sands of Tatooine. The silver leg acted as a mirror or whatever, he said. Yes, that must be it. Nobody seemed to notice the golden rods silver leg in ‘The Empire Strikes Back’ in 1980 because of the sands of Tatooine in 1977. If C3-PO’s silver leg doubled as a mirror, and it most certainly does *now*, then it would have been glaringly evident on the snow planet of Hoth. You can *clearly* see the silver leg acting as a reflector for yourself. The ice and the snow seem to ricochet off and assault our eyes. Even in the closing scene, when Luke, Leia, and the droids stare off into space, the silver leg is unmistakably pronounced.



The golden rod returned to the sands of Tatooine for ‘Return of the Jedi’ in 1983. Our Controllers love using his arrival in the movie, the dreaded walk to Jabba’s palace, as their scapegoat and added proof of our confusion. *Observe.* In the first image, it is his left foot which appears to be the silver one. However, it is his right leg which is silver, and the second image shows that to be true.



And yet, nobody seemed to notice the silver leg on C3-PO when seated among the Ewoks in their treetop Endor village, because of the sands of Tatooine or whatever. Just stop, already. Nobody noticed. Not one single person in nearly 40 years of rewatching the movie. Not on VHS. Not on cable

reruns. Not even on DVD. Apparently, the resolution was too low, and Blu-ray hadn't been introduced yet. Is that what we're going with? It's not exactly like *this* photo is high resolution or anything.



But if you're following the Media's deductive reasoning, not even the toy companies were capable of picking up on it. Toys are the brunt of their argument, you know. The original C3-PO Kenner line of action figures never had silver legs, and so, that's why we're confused. Because we were children making observations from the floor of our rooms and not the television. You see what they're doing? Intel is gaslighting everyone. Making us look crazy for remembering it differently. Cause us to question our own memories.

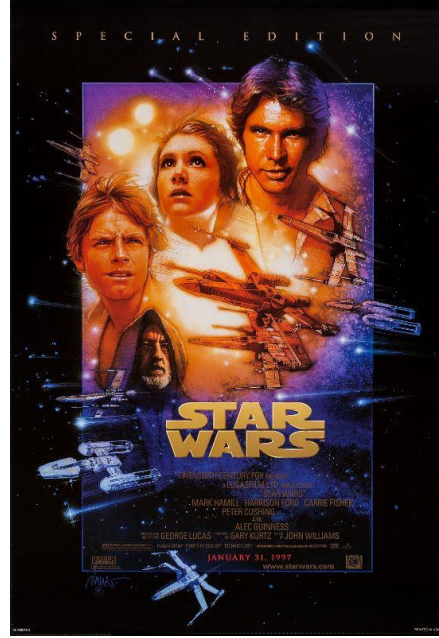
Never mind the fact that toy companies were making replicas. And *yes*, they had the ability to use more than one color on C3-PO in the original toy line-up. Darth Vader may have been black and Chewbacca brown, but even Vader came with red buttons and toymakers went out of their way to paint Chewbacca's eyes blue. It's not exactly like Princess Leia came in all white, either. Toymakers were perfectly capable of giving children a silver leg to play with. No, in the Mandela Effect we don't call that oversight. We call it **residue**. The movies may have changed but the toys have remained the same. If you ask why they would do that, why The

Mandela Effect would flip one reality and not the other, it's because that too is part of the gaslighting.



Artists have come a long way over the last half-century, wouldn't you agree? Particularly those working for Lucasfilm and Disney. Lucas must have had a difficult time hiring anyone who paid careful attention to the details back in the day, when making the original trilogy, because nobody could get the leg right in the 1980's, not even for merchandising. They do *now* of course, as you can see. But twenty or thirty years ago, forget about it. If only they'd consulted with Anthony Daniels.

Even t-shirts presented C3-PO with two golden legs for Star Tours in 1987. Who greenlit this rubbish? Lucas should have hired a sketch artist to do his laundry, because had C3-PO committed a crime, poppycock such as this would never fly in a police line-up or courtroom. He'd be acquitted. Star Wars fanboys aren't exactly easy to please, either. Amazing then how not one of them complained or managed to say anything.



There he is sporting the silver leg again, but it's not in the movies this time. He's out in public. I'd say this must be how bigfoot gets away with it but even Chewbacca doesn't go unnoticed. The droid is standing within arm's reach of George Lucas, Carrie Fisher, and Mark Hamill. I can make out the corner of the movie poster behind them and it matches up with the Star Wars Special Edition, pitting us in the Nineties. The Internet was alive and well in 1997 and chatrooms were exploding with discussion on the upcoming prequel trilogy, which had already been announced. Fans of the original Star Wars trilogy like a good backstory. They were searching for clues like crazy mad men but again, nobody seemed to notice a clue such as this one in the investigation.



“Houston, *we have* a problem...”

SOME Mandela Effects are no longer listed or known among the cool kids as a Mandela Effect, and Ron Hank’s **Apollo 13** movie is apparently one of them. Another Tom Hanks vehicle, *naturally*. This will take us back to the summer of 2016 when I distinctly remember a line change. That iconic moment in the movie when Tom Hanks quipped, “Houston, **we have** a problem,” suddenly became, “Houston, **we’ve had** a problem.” The short of it is that every digital or online copy had been *Mandela Effected*. Even AFI’s 100 Greatest Film Quotes went with the flip, but you know how it works by now. I wasn’t alone in the observation either. Countless others were perfectly capable of tracking down a VHS copy. Nothing remained as we’d remembered.

And this is where it really begins to get strange. See, in the actual Apollo 13 mission, astronaut Jack Swigert told NASA control: “*Okay*, Houston, we’ve had a problem here,” in which Jim Lovell, played by Hanks in the movie, added: “Uh, Houston, we’ve had a problem.” It’s always been that way. NASA’s Apollo 13 crew dropped *one* line and the Ron Howard Apollo 13 crew another. They’re all Hollywood actors and in both cases the Apollo 13 mission was a scripted movie. Ron Howard’s version was just a remake. But for the purposes of this paper, we’ll let that slide.

Houston, we have a problem

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is about the misquote itself. For the docufiction film of 2016, see [Houston, We Have a Problem!](#) (film). For the television film of 1974, see [Houston, We've Got a Problem](#).

"**Houston, we have a problem**" is a popular but slightly erroneous quotation from the radio communications between the Apollo 13 astronauts Jack Swigert, Jim Lovell and the NASA Mission Control Center ("Houston") during the Apollo 13 spaceflight in 1970,^[2] as the astronauts communicated their discovery of the explosion that crippled their spacecraft to mission control.

The words actually spoken, initially by Swigert, were "Okay, Houston, we've had a problem here". After being prompted to repeat the transmission by CAPCOM Jack R. Lousma, this time Lovell responded with "Ah, Houston, we've had a problem."^[1]

Since then, the phrase "Houston, we have a problem" has become popular,^[3] being used to account, informally, the emergence of an unforeseen problem,^[4] often with a sense of ironic [understatement](#).

Houston, we have a problem

Origin/etymology Apollo 13 (mission)
Original form "Okay, Houston...we've had a problem here"^[1]
Coined by Jack Swigert



No surprise, Wikipedia has a page devoted to the confusion. While skimming it over I thought even our Handlers managed to misquote the movie, but apparently, Ron Howard wasn't the sole aggressor. Another movie was released in 1974, based upon the 1970 NASA movie no less, with the title: 'Houston, **We've Got** a Problem.' *Yes*, the actual title of the original remake is a misquote. Seems like Intel was not only proud of their one-liner, but they've also been tinkering with it since the get-go, gaslighting everyone.

And so, you're probably familiar with how the conversation unfolded when I pointed out how the line from Ron Howard's movie was flipped back to the original NASA movie. People with fake profiles showed up to argue. Somebody would respond: "You're just mistaken and have a bad memory, because Jim Lovell always said, 'Houston, we've had a problem.'"

I'd then be like: "I *know* Jim Lovell said, 'Houston, *we've had* a problem'. But that's not the line delivered by Tom Hanks."

In which, he or she or perhaps the AI bot I was arguing with would respond: "*Why* would Hollywood change Jim Lovell's most iconic line?"



Look, I don't have the faintest clue as to why Hollywood would change Jim Lovell's most iconic line. [EDIT: Actually, I do. And you do too.] But they *did*. I watched the movie upon its release in theaters. 1995, for the record. That would make me 14. For the remainder of the decade, repeating the line became a regurgitated teenage joke. Given the right circumstance in or out of the classroom, one might garnish a dozen laughs.

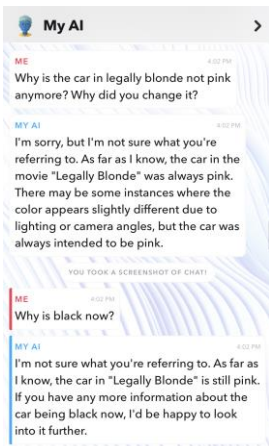
Well, quite suddenly, probably a month or two later, every single copy of the Ron Howard movie decided to pull a *switcheroo*. Tom Hanks went from saying, "Houston, *we've had*..." to "Houston, *we have*..." again. Again, when I went around telling people about the swap, somebody on the Intel-net with a fake profile would respond, "You're just confused and have a bad memory, because Hollywood changed the line from what Jim Lovell said to be more dramatic. In the movie, Tom Hanks *always* misquoted the original mission." *Madness*.



Legally Blonde: The Car ~~Was~~ *Still Is* Pink

A funny thing happened on the way to CERN. Reese Witherspoon's convertible went from shades of pink to a solid black but not everyone in the A.I. community received the memo. I'm talking about the Porsche in the movie 'Legally Blonde', wherein Witherspoon plays a blonde lawyer with a pooch. There is of course a spook on the Intel-net waiting in the back alleyway of Reddit or the like just aching to tell me: "I knew you were going to say that about her car. I'll bet her dress on the movie cover got

you thinking that." It's not just me though because as I was saying even A.I. hasn't been let in on the gaslighting quite yet.



The other day a reader going by the name of Naïve Blonde let me in on a private conversation she held with ChatGPT regarding the paint job. ChatGPT is an artificial intelligence chatbot developed by OpenAI and released only recently in November **2022**, in case you were wondering. Well, here is how it went down.

ME: Why is the car in legally blonde not pink anymore?
Why did *you* change it?

MY AI: I'm sorry, but I'm not sure what you're referring to. As far as I know, the car in the movie "Legally Blonde" was always pink. There may be some instances where the color appears slightly different due to lighting or camera angles, but the car was always intended to be pink.

ME: Why is [it] black now?

MY AI: I'm not sure what you're referring to. As far as I know, the car in "Legally Blonde" is still pink. If you have any more information about the car being black now, I'd be happy to look into it further.

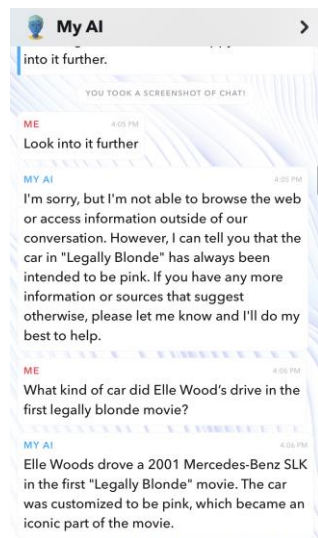
The conversation *continues*.

ME: Look into it further.

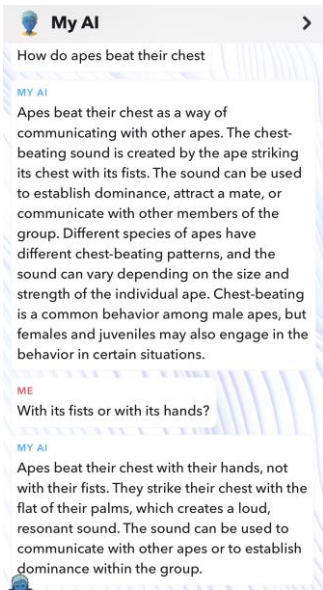
MY AI: I'm sorry, but I'm not able to browse the web or access information outside of our conversation. However, I can tell you that the car in "Legally Blonde" has always been intended to be pink. If you have any more information or sources that suggest otherwise, please let me know and I'll do my best to help.

ME: What kind of car did Elle Wood's drive in the first legally blonde movie?

MY AI: Elle Woods drove a 2001 Mercedes-Benz SLK in the first "Legally Blonde" movie. The car was customized to be pink, which became an iconic part of the movie.



Just look at ChatGPT sweating under the heat lamp of interrogation, LOL. Let's see how creepy bot holds up under the good cop bad cop routine, supposing Naïve Blonde ever wants to bring it. Did you catch the other Mandela Effect? I had thought to bring it up earlier but was saving it for this moment. The color of the car isn't the only change in this reality. The Intel-net insists on a Porsche Boxster whereas ChatGPT recalls a **Mercedes**. Come on, get with the times down at the Ministry of Truth, Q&A droid. I will remind you that ChatGPT was launched in 2022. My only explanation to the oversight is that Naïve Blonde caught the Mandela Effect at its beginning stages.



What follows is a little off topic though totally worth your time and so much more valuable than a college education. Naïve Blonde went on to question ChatGPT about the gorilla beating their chests with their fists situation and here is the response she was given.

MY AI: Apes beat their chests as a way of communicating with other apes. **The chest-beating sound is created by the ape striking its chest with its fists.** The sound can be used to establish dominance, attract a mate, or communicate with other members of the group.

Different species of apes have different chest-beating patterns, and the sound can vary depending on the size and strength of the individual ape. Chest-beating is a common behavior among male apes, but females and juveniles may also engage in the behavior in certain situations.

Pause. ChatGPT slipped up, again. Say it ain't so. I highlighted that part. A.I. recalls chest-beating apes as we do, which is to say, they strike their chests with their fists rather than slapping them with open faced palms. Watch A.I. backpedal with a seal horn and a unicycle after Naïve Blonde calls out the information error.

ME: With its fists or with its hands?

MY AI: Apes beat their chest with their hands, not with their fists. They strike their chest with the flat of their palms, which creates a loud, resonant sound. The sound can be used to communicate with other apes or to establish dominance within the group.

ChatGPT is a L-I-A-R. That—or there are some malfunctioning short circuits and ChatGPT needs a return trip to the Disney animatronics department in the local FEMA camp so as not to confuse us simple, fickle people.



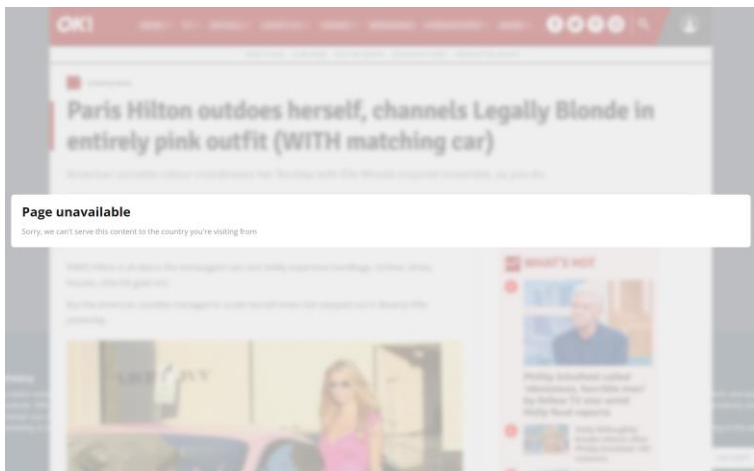
Well, this is embarrassing. I *could* show you a Google search result which documents pink cars used by movie fans as part of some quasi-cosplay attempt, but this one takes the icing on the cake. An August 2022 performance of ‘Legally Blonde’ was put on by the [Roselle Park Summer Theater Camp](#) in Roselle, New Jersey, and what do you see? The girl playing the part of Elle Woods isn’t the only one pretty in pink. The license plate even reads ‘ELLE’ so that there are no mistakes as to *who* is intended to drive it on and off the stage. That’s not a Porsche nor is it a Mercedes but how difficult do you suppose it was for teenagers to locate a pink car on a budget? I’d say that’s a dedicated effort. Shame that it was based on bad memories, because as you know, there are CERN

representatives on Reddit explaining how easy it is to mix up a pink dress with a car. Happens all the time, apparently. Remember that time when we all misremembered the silver DeLorean in Back To the Future to be red because of Marty McFly's puffer vest? Yeah, me neither.



Check out this photo, why don't you? That's **Paris Hilton** pulling up to the Paparazzi in a pink dress and a Bentley, a combination which is obviously inspired by Elle Woods in the Legally Blonde movie. How do I know that? Because the Newspaper people also seem to think so as well. The photo in question is linked to 'OK! Magazine' and crops up often in the search results. What is strange in all of this is that the

article itself has been taken down as if to comply with our new reality.



See what I mean? 'OK!' has an article titled: 'Paris Hilton outdoes herself, channels Legally Blonde in entirely pink outfit (**WITH matching car**).' There is the picture I showed you earlier as well, though the page is unavailable. By all indications, 'OK!' is an Intel Magazine. They're probably leaving traces, or rather the flatulent whisp of this particular

article available for the usual gaslighting purposes. I will admit that the photo is suspicious because Paris appears to be in the parking lot of a LIBRARY and that cannot be. The only rational explanation in all of this is that we are dealing with more cosplay and Paris was *pretending*. Actors do it all the time.



E.T. Phone Home

THE Mandela Effect this time around is that E.T. points out the window from Elliott's bedroom and says: "E.T. home phone" when what he should be saying is "E.T. phone home." His order of words are reversed. Anyone and everyone who was alive in the Eighties knows the line and the latest iteration is just plain wrong. E.T. was the second movie that I ever saw at the drive-in, the first being Raiders of the Lost Ark. It was probably the first official copy that we owned on VHS which hadn't been recorded off the television. Next to the Star Wars trilogy, there is no other film that I watched more in my childhood than this one right here, and so, I think I have something to offer on the subject.

Professional gaslighters and the salary trolls love this one though because technically E.T. still says the line later on in the film. There is the scene in the body bag for example in which he repeatedly proclaims: "E.T. phone home! E.T. phone home! E.T. phooooone hooooome!" And to the point that Elliott has to close the casket just to shut him up. They will show up in an Internet chatroom much in the same way as the swarm of Gubberment gnomes invaded Elliott's house, breaking the blinds while

wearing their NASA scuba diving suits, whenever the “phone home” memory is rehearsed. Totally on cue as well. I wouldn’t be in the least bit surprised if their other job is a debt collector, impersonating Satan while they call you up on the phone, at home of all places. If anybody would be triggered by the ‘Phone Home’ Mandela Effect, it’s these guys. There is a like of fire awaiting people in this line of work, and they know it. He spoke the line precisely when he is remembered for having done so and there is ample evidence to prove it.



E.T. Phone Home - E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial (4/10) Movie CLIP (1982) HD

The [Movieclips](#) YouTube channel has a video called ‘E.T. Phone Home’ which details the precise moment when the line in question happens. Or rather, doesn’t happen. Elliott arrives home from school to learn that his sister Gertie has been teaching the little guy simple English phrases, including his own name. Also, he is dressed in drag. We’ll let that slide for the moment. He then points out the window towards the heavens, casting a shadow of his bony finger across Elliott’s face, and says: “E.T. *home* phone.” Wrong. Very wrong. But let’s not allow the dudes in the biohazard suits to win the day on this one. Best to keep pushing through on the psyop.

Gertie then says: “E.T. phone home.”

In which Elliott adds: “E.T. phone home!”

Gertie again: “He wants to call somebody.”

The gaslighters will tell you Gertie is correcting his English in stating that the *phone* should be placed before the *home*, proving their film analysis skills to be questionable at best. No, [listen again](#). She’s repeating what he’s saying, almost as a question; trying to piece the meaning of his words together. Actually, she’s speaking to Elliott rather than the astral creature at this point. Therefore, you cannot tell me she’s correcting anything. When Elliott repeats the line, “phone home,” it’s because he too is attempting to make out what the aethereal Gollum is implicating. Except when he says it, it’s with a sense of revelation.

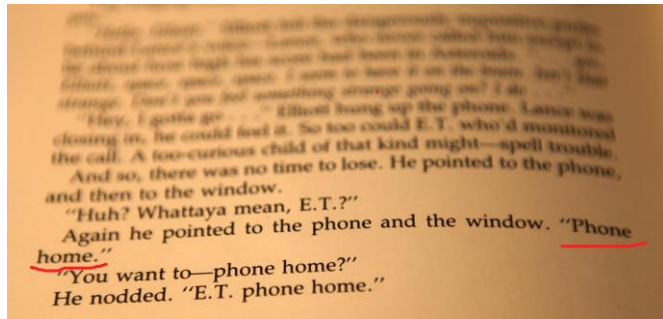
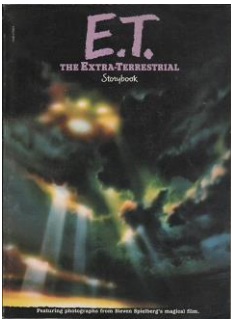


I’m actually surprised that I have yet to encounter anyone in the Twilight Zone who has yet to invoke **Michael Jackson** as residue evidence. Everybody knows about the ‘Thriller’ album though very few seem to pay his E.T. storybook album any mind, despite the fact that they were released in the same year, **1982**. Am I the only one to listen to the MJ record? That can’t be. Say it ain’t so. Well, guess what? I gave it another listen. I painstakingly sat here and listened to the entire thing, saturated with Jackson’s milky-cream voice. And he says it. E.T. stands in Elliott’s bedroom and speaks the line precisely as we remember. Rather than making you track down a copy of the vinyl record on eBay, you can listen to it on [The YouTube](#) if you’d like. It starts at the 17:40 mark.

Michael Jackson: “And he had one more thing to say. Something very, very important. **Something that the whole world would someday soon remember.**”

E.T. “**E.T. phone home.**”

I will remind you that the scene takes place in Elliott’s bedroom. He has just arrived home from school only to learn that Gertie has taught him several phrases in English. No wonder why our Controllers chose this precise moment in the film to screw with the line. MJ straight up says E.T. was about to say something “very, very important. Something that the whole world would someday soon remember.” Well, darn. Apparently, nobody but the Gubbernment Gnomes, not even E.T., can get the line right.



It was several years ago now that I was able to dig up a first edition hardbound of the E.T. Storybook at a local thrift store, having lost my childhood copy somewhere along the way. Once again, I have yet to find anyone using the Storybook as residue evidence but what’s stopping them? I am showing you a picture of the scene in Elliott’s bedroom as it’s described for us just so that you don’t think I’m making it up when writing it out.

He pointed to the phone, and then to the window.

“Huh? Whattaya mean, E.T.?”

Again he pointed to the phone and the window.

“Phone home.”

“You want to—phone home?”

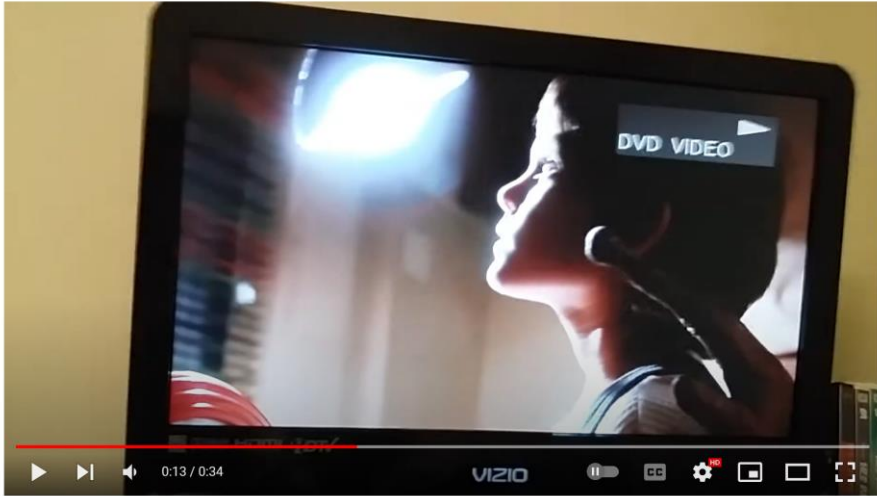
He nodded. “**E.T. phone home.**”

The writer **William Kotzwinkle** has obviously taken some liberties with the script, which is enough to fuel the agitators. It seems to me though that Kotzwinkle has gone out of his way to convey the scene in its proper context. E.T. points to the phone and then the window, in that order. He then points to the phone and the window a second time, never reversed. And if that is not enough, he says: “Phone home.” If Kotzwinkle failed to have Gertie correct his grammar afterwards, it’s probably because he received no indication whatsoever that the scene called on the action.



E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial - 20th Anniversary Re-Release Trailer

E.T. was released again in **2002** for its 20th anniversary. The date was **March 22**, a Friday. I remember it well because I arrived at the theater to watch it with friends and then drove out to Vegas on the following evening for the exclusive purpose of getting married. Yes, my wife and I eloped at 3:00 in the morning and didn’t really tell anybody about it. We didn’t even live together at the time. It’s a long story and we’ve been married for over two decades now with children to show for it, thanks for asking. I’m simply trying to convey the fact that this was the last movie I watched before taking a wife, and he said it. He said: “E.T. phone home.” It’s literally in the movie [trailer](#). He points up to the window and lays out the most popular line of his career.



Its 30th anniversary Blu-ray [trailer](#) is a repeat offender. We are presented with the same scene in **2012**. From Elliott's bedroom window, E.T. points up to the heavens and says: "E.T. phone home."



Though my absolute favorite in all of this has got to be the Atari video game. This is the very video game mind you that was so despised that hundreds, maybe even thousands of cartridges ended up in the New Mexico Atari landfill of urban legend. And look what it says. "E.T. Phone Home!" is on the title page. It's literally what the player reads before pressing the START button to begin play. Why does nobody remember the line right until the whereabouts of **2015**? So glad we have the fact checkers and the spokespersons for the Ministry of Truth to set us straight.



The Risky Business Mandela Effect

HALF of you are staring at **Tom Cruise** in his underwear wondering where the Mandela Effect is this time around. But then there are the rest of you who are asking, where are his sunglasses? Bingo. The movie is 'Risky Business' and if you were one of those people who noticed what is missing then there is really nothing else to discuss. *Say no more.* The rest of you who are playing the *nub-uh* game have obviously never slid around on the floor in your socks and a button-up shirt, with your sunglasses on of course, while your parents were out for the weekend. Which I have. I confess to the deed and I'm not backing down. It's something that teenagers do when their parents are away for the weekend. They blast their parents' records as a statement of freedom, and if they're feeling especially feisty, they air-guitar off the coffee table. Don't forget about sunglasses though. It wouldn't play homage to the movie without them.

As a reminder I am not amping up the movie nor attempting to sell it to you. The story revolves around a son who turns his parents' home into a brothel in order to pay off a prostitute and that's not what I'm about nor advocating. I am simply stating the obvious, that the scene in question is

culturally renowned enough to have been practiced by countless thousands if not millions of young men and probably far too many of us old men in private when nobody but the dog is looking. But also, that the ME has very cleverly altered a key component to it. The sunglasses are missing. I mean, if you stop to think about it, the Risky Business scene makes more sense than probably any other Mandela Effect in the catalogue. Supposing the spiritual world is behind these changes, then consider this one as an act of revenge for all the moments the invisible ones had to stand around rolling their eyes while the scene unfolds.



The *nub-nub* people will try to think up something clever, like how Cruise wears sunglasses on the movie poster and we're confusing the scene with its cover. Must not have slid across the floor in your undies while your parents were away then, or else you wouldn't be talking like that. There is a line-up of tv shows mimicking the scene and I've included three of them. 'The Nanny', 'The Simpsons', and 'Scrubs'. What do they have in common? There are some slight variations but in every single one of them **Bob Seger** laments that Old Time Rock and Roll and they're wearing sunglasses. The socks are important, and the tighty-whities are important, though wearing a button-up collar seems entirely out of character for **Homer Simpson**. Like I said, small variations. The entire reference would be mute without the sunglasses though. But then there is the other ME that I failed to mention. Tom Cruise can now be seen sporting a pink shirt.







Tongue In Cheek-fil-A


SPEAKING of the Eighties, the big event in my family was a trip to the South Bay Galleria in Redondo Beach, California. Though back then we simply referred to it as “The Mall”. I wish I could offer you residue on this one but all I have is a very strong memory of **Chic-fil-A**. Spelled without the ‘k’ of course. The food court was particularly grand because there was a water fountain which catapulted upwards every 20 minutes or so. Food of course could be found on the third floor. You could stand there though alongside the gold-plated chrome railing, or whatever it was made of, and gaze down at the fountain and every other floor. There were escalators going every which way and a glass elevator which always captivated my imagination.


What I particularly remember is my father’s appetite for Chic-fil-A. Which just so happened to neighbor the McDonalds. My brother and I would sit down with our Happy Meals, and I’d stare at dad’s Styrofoam cup thinking how funny it was that Chick was spelled without the ‘k’, like *cheque*. That’s what the dissenters don’t seem to understand. They will claim that nobody in their right mind would have ever christened Chick-fil-A as a franchise without a ‘k’ because then people would mispronounce it and the


confusion would set in. My earliest memories disagree though. And once again, I'm not simply talking about the power of suggestion. My very memory of the joint relies upon its funny spelling.


Chick-fil-A manager fixes backlogged COVID-19 vaccine drive-thru ...
pennlive.com/news/2021/02/chick-fil-a-manager-solves-south-carolina-...
 Feb 1, 2021 ... Chick Fil A manager Jerry Walkowiak donating his professional drive thru experience to help our vaccination program in Mt Pleasant today.


The Picker: Despite distractions, Auburn can beat Virginia in Chick ...
al.com/sports/2011/12/the_picker_despite_distraction
 Dec 30, 2011 ... Auburn-Chick-fil-A-practice-1231-11 jpg Auburn should have enough athletes to come away from the Chick-fil-A Bowl in Atlanta with a victory


Sewell and South Carolina congressman wager Chick-fil-A, pride on ...
al.com/news/2017/12/sewell_and_south_carolina_cong
 Dec 31, 2017 ... Tent Sewell. "My friend Rep. Jeff Duncan is no chicken - he's agreed to a wager of Chick-fil-A and to a picture wearing the crimson and white if ...


Talk Auburn, Alabama football with Jon Solomon today at 3 - al.com
al.com/sports/2011/12/talk_auburn_alabama_football_w
 Dec 28, 2011 ... Auburn head coach Gene Chisik, serving as his own defensive coordinator for the Chick-fil-A Bowl in Atlanta, works with the linebackers ...

AUGUSTA MOON Obituary (2010) - Birmingham, AL - The ...
Legacy.com/obituaries/birmingham/name/augusta-moon-obituary
 All of your friends at Chick-Fil-A share your loss, and you will have our prayers: Bill Keim: April 5, 2010. The staff of Midsouth Home Health would like to ...

Alabama-Notre Dame in 2020 not happening, AD says - al.com
al.com/alabama-notre-dame-in-2020-not-happening-ad-says
 Jul 18, 2020 ... "Gary Stoken of the Chick Fil A Kickoff Classic said on the show that Notre Dame has been floated as a week one opponent for Alabama in South ...

Volleyball: Sparkman hands Madison Academy 26-24, 25-16 loss in ...
al.com/highschoolsports/article/volleyball-sparkman-hands-mad
 Oct 12, 2013 ... Sara Denton recorded 23 assists to help Sparkman oust Madison Academy 2-0 in the GHS Chik-fil-A Invitational at Guntersville High School.

Thomas Allen Obituary (2018) - Mobile, AL - Mobile Register and ...
Legacy.com/obituaries/mobile/name/thomas-allen-obituary
 Results 1 - 11 of 11 ... I just saw you at chick fil a you looked so good. ps ... thanks for always sharing your cookies with me. They were always delicious ...

Nana Ford Obituary (1954 - 2016) - Trussville, AL - The Birmingham ...
Legacy.com/obituaries/birmingham/name/nana-ford-obituary
 Results 1 - 12 of 12 ... Upon retiring, she was found with a smiling face serving as Manager at Chick-fil-A. Her favorite pastimes were spending time with her two ...

As of 2021 people are still spelling Chick-fil-A wrong. I'm still responding to the many dissenters out there who *insist* **Chic-fil-A** would have been ridiculous as a title if it did not include a 'k'. Because how else do you spell chick or chicken but with a k? Well, I've already gone over my own memories, but now I'm involving the memories of others. Numerous people can't seem to pronounce it right. Are we expected to believe that people who write obituaries don't know how to spell chick or chicken? Never mind the person who picked up the hooker at a Chic-fil-A and described her cookies as delicious. The rest are legitimate spellers of names.



That's Not How the Song Goes

IN fact, there have been so many lyrical changes to the most familiar of songs that I shan't be able to cover them all. But I will do what I can to make a difference. They were after all the songs of our youth. The ones we sang unashamedly while driving to work in the car, despite everyone staring at us from the next lane over, because for whatever reason the rules of social behavior change when people climb behind the wheel. The individuals I would like to hear from are the DJs. They are the ones in the trenches, laboriously dropping beats night after night while we sleep, putting their lives on the line simply so that the needle remains in the groove. Because the earth is motionless, and something needs to move. What I'm wanting to know is how many of them are affected by Mandela, being so close in proximity to the gravitational pull of the turntable.

Though the first on the list assaults my memories in a direct and personal way because my career as a wedding photographer really took off in 2007. I still have unresolved issues and didn't really sit down behind the keyboard this morning prepared to talk about it though I think a basic

understanding of my day-to-day will help give context to some of these song lyric changes. I was based out of Long Beach, California at the time. When I said my career in wedding photography really took off in 2007, it's because I was quite literally flying to gigs across America, commuting long distance to work nearly every weekend. Boston. New York. DC. Chicago. Puerto Rico. Alaska. Hawaii. And everywhere in-between. In several short years I saw America several times over. We're talking a flight from the west to the east coast with two or three gigs crammed into an extended weekend. Sleazy motels were the norm, and more often than not gas station coffee is what kept me alive through the hundreds of driving miles necessary to reach each of the addresses. After a few hours' sleep on the floor of the airport, I would return home for two or three days only to start the process all over again. I was running on the fumes of my twenties and told everyone I'd sleep when I was dead.

Some people are claiming **The Black-Eyed Peas** released 'Boom Boom Pow' that very year—in **2007**. That I cannot confirm. Modern history [insists](#) it was released in **2009**, though that too may be questionable. Many are thinking it was **2008**, a number I can mutually sink into, and I'll tell you why. Once the DJ arrived at the venue, the dance floor would often remain lit until the early morning hours. In the very least by 2009 there was barely a night when 'Boom Boom Pow' wasn't played over the loudspeakers. Most hit songs contains at least one quotable line which nearly everybody in the room belts out, especially when there's alcohol involved, and it was undoubtedly delivered from **Fergie** this time around, in which she stated:



I'm so **two thousand and eight**,
you so two thousand and late.

The *two* is important because that's the number which everybody slurred from the dance floor. They would say: "I'm so two thousand and eight," indicating themselves, and then point at their dance partner or the couple

next to them and jive: “You so two thousand and late.” Nobody said *three* thousand and eight. Two and three sound nothing alike. But those are the lyrics which we are expected to go with now.

I’m so **three thousand and eight**,
you so two thousand and late.

The reason why so many are debating the date of its release is because we all had a mutual thought, that the song would age poorly after 2008. Certainly, after the turn of the decade. Fergie was saying she was ahead of the game and that everybody else is trying to keep up. I will at least admit that the lyrics are improved this time around. In saying she is three thousand and eight, Fergie is claiming to be an entire millennium ahead of the current beat, making her logic somewhat of a Retrocausality, because everybody else who inhabits the present is still late to the futurist party. At least now nobody will think the song outdated anytime soon, at least not lyrically. The Mandela Effect keeps a close lookout for the people of its cloth, it seems.



THE lyrical change to **Michael Jackson’s** *Thriller* is a straight up hilarious one. In the very least you can’t claim the ME doesn’t have a sense of humor. Nearly everyone has seen the **John Landis** directed music video since its release in **1983**. They can quote the song and invoke the visual of choreographed zombies, dancing perfectly in sync. Recall what happens

after Michael and his date leave the movie theater. They stroll past a conveniently placed cemetery. We then hear the familiar voice of **Vincent Price**, who has ultimately arrived to let everyone know how no mere mortal can resist the evil of the Thriller. AHAHAHAHAHAHA! This all happens before Michael's girlfriend runs into a conveniently placed haunted house. Still tracking with me? Great. Do me a favor then and read over the lyric sheet. Be sure to let me know if there's any funny business.

Darkness falls across the land
The midnight hour is close at hand
Creatures crawl in search of blood
To terrorize y'all's neighborhood
And whosoever shall be found
Without the soul for getting down
Must stand and face the hounds of hell
And rot inside a corpse's shell

I will remind you those are Vincent Price's lines, not Jackson's. Taking out the red marker was a bit of a cheat but come on. 'To terrorize y'all's neighborhood? LOL. LOL. LOL. Don't even go there and tell me you were the one guy in the room playing the part of the 'y'all' police over the last forty years, whenever somebody decided to ramp up the party by breaking out the Thriller LP. No, no, no, no, no. Vincent Price always said: "To terrorize *your* neighborhood," and you know it. Your and y'all, HUGE difference. Had Price gone with some southern slang then everybody would be quoting it. Y'all would arguably be the most repeated line in the entire song. If you even so much as try the 'shared false memories' claim this time around then I will put on my red leather jacket and sit here in a darkened theater eating popcorn, watching you try.



AND then one day there was a night and day difference between the ending to the **Queen** song, 'We Are the Champions,' and the way we'd so often sung it, but not everyone was willing to acknowledge that fact. Originally released in 1972 as part of their 6th studio album, *New of the World*, how often do you suppose you sung along with? I mean, considering the sheer number of radio stations willing to feed it to us like a donut addiction combined with the decades packing those pounds to our love handles. I'm guessing hundreds of renditions, easily. Do you remember how the song ends then? **Freddy Mercury** sings:

We are the champions.....

If you're waiting to hear what we're champions *of* then forget about it. There is nothing more to be said. We are simply the champions. The song drops off like that. That is all. Mercury apparently likes to start a sentence without finishing it, much like the familiar tune. Listen to it for yourself if you don't believe me. The song was written as a studio anthem, telling us that he had everyone in mind to sing along. In fifty years we'd notice something like that. The naysayers were quick to point out that Mercury did indeed finish as we all remember it during [Live Aid](#) in 1985, a single concert nearly 40 years ago, which is why we're remembering it incorrectly. Nope, never saw it. Wrong again. Seriously, I'm starting to ponder the possibility that half of these online agitators are paid trolls. But then I am reminded of the Morpheus quote. Most people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured and so hopelessly

dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it. Well, let's look around and see what other songs have been messed with.

WHAT happens when **Mick Jagger** sees a red door? He wants to paint it black, obviously. Not anymore though. Mick has grown lazy in his old age, perhaps even complacent. Technically, he outed himself as a Corporate shill and an L-7 Looser Weenie during the COVID-19 psychodrama. We shall never forget, though that is another topic entirely. I mean, everyone so far mentioned is either a shade to the left of the MK-Ultra program or a pied piper leading the pretty little butterflies straight to the barracoon. I'm not trying to spoon feed nostalgia to you. My hope is that the present reader has already stepped foot off the plantation if not presently making a dash for it. Get out now while you can. Weep not that our Controllers are swapping out lyrics in the songs we used to sing. It is theirs to do so with. Weep for bastardization of the natural world through their use of alchemy.



I see a red door
And I want it ainted black
No colors anymore
I want them to turn black

Either you see what's going on with the red door or you don't. Come on, admit it. At some point over the last half century, you pretended to stand in McFish-Lips hot pants and sing along, because nobody but the spirits were looking, and this is not how the lyrics went. The correct version should have Jagger wanting to paint it black, though now he simply wants

somebody else to do it. Which makes it current iteration far more accurate, now that I think about it. “Her Majesty” as he was called by those in the know comes across as the sort of individual who wouldn’t lift a finger, even if someone opened the can of paint for him. I suppose that means I have to give credit where credit is due. The Mandela Effect is improving upon more of these songs than not.

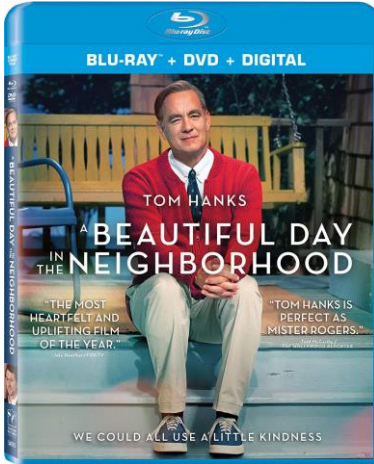


FINALLY, something wholesome for once. I’m talking about our old homeboy, **Fred Rogers**. If only they hadn’t messed with the neighborhood. Nothing is sacred anymore. Assuming you grew up at any time during the seventies, eighties, or nighties, then I will ask you to sing the lyrics to his opening song. How does it go again? Here, how about we play a little game. I will spell out the lyrics and then it is up to you to fill in the blank.

It’s a beautiful day in ____ neighborhood.

Afraid to answer, aren’t you? This Mandela thing has gotten the better of you and the PTSD has already begun to settle in. Also, I will be honest in that the blank space was intended to be tricky. I left room enough for four spaces when in fact there should only be three. The way the song is sung now is: “It’s a beautiful day in **THIS** neighborhood,” four letters, but

that's all wrong. I'm guessing most if not all of us remember it differently. It should read: "It's a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood." What are they trying to tell us, that only *his* neighborhood was tie and sweater worthy? The Mandela Effect is sending us all sorts of messages.



Tom Hanks is all over the Mandela Effect like white on rice, which leads me to believe he is either being targeted by hate crimes or he is truly a Master of Ceremonies, leading coordinated efforts to screw with our memories. In **2019** he released a Mr. Rogers movie called 'A Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood'. Its title plays out exactly as we remember the song. "It's a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood." But then in every single episode of Mr. Rogers, the song *now* goes like this: "It's a beautiful day in **THIS**

neighborhood." No, no, no. That's just wrong. *Stop* singing the song wrong, Mr. Rogers.



There's residue on this one, you know. You can watch it for yourself on The Tonight Show *with* [Jimmy Fallon](#). Its context is even more astonishing when we figure the year is once again **2019** and Fallon has **Will Ferrell** taking up his whisper challenge. If you followed the link, then you'll know what I'm talking

about. The clips delves right into it. **Jimmy Fallon** pronounces "It's a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood" for Ferrell, who can only read lips because of his earphones. They even print the words on the bottom of the screen to make it easy for the viewer. It's a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood. And anyways, Ferrell repeats every word, verbatim.

Jump back several years and we again have Jimmy Fallon singing the words to the song as we all remember. “It’s a beautiful day in **THE** neighborhood.” I couldn’t tell you when the lyrics changed exactly. but during the 2012 election season, he spoofed [Mitt Romney](#) as if the candidate were filling in for Mr. Rogers.



Having two sons and now a daughter of my own, I’m well acquainted with the opening theme for [Daniel Tiger’s Neighborhood](#). It’s a modern spin-off of Mr. Roger’s Neighborhood and goes down exactly as we would expect in our memory. Follow the link and you won’t miss it. Daniel sings *The Song* within the first couple of seconds, which invokes **THE** rather than *this*. The show premiered in 2012. I wouldn’t be in the least bit surprised if the Mandela Effect had done its work by then. It’s just one more example of what extremes the Intel community will go to when it comes to the gaslighting.



CALL it a hunch. A premonition maybe. I don't know why but I felt the inclination to pull an online search for "Jewel with jewels", thereby landing upon this picture, and now I'm totally amped. Yep, that's **Jewel**, alright. I'm not sure what's going down though. Looks to me as though the Alaskan folksingers about to throw it down into the ring. How much you want to bet she sang 'Who Will Save Your Soul' as part of the pre-game smack talk?

To be honest, I don't think I've even heard that song since that last three or four hundred times I listened to it in the Nineties. Like some of you, I owned 'Pieces of You' on CD, and in **1996** it was a regular in the Discman. I've never been a folk singer, but you should have seen me strumming my air acoustic in the bedroom right below the O07: Goldeneye movie poster. Well, as soon as I heard 'Who Will Save Your Soul' was another victim to the Mandela Effect, you can be sure I gave it the first return visit in a great long while. This time around, Jewel insists it is *souls* needing saving, *plural*, rather than soul, singular.. That's a totally different and somewhat jarring listening experience.

Another doctor's bill, a lawyer's bill
Another cute, cheap thrill
You know you love him
If you put him in your will, but

Who will save your souls?
When it comes to the flowers now
Who will save your souls?
After all those lies that you told, boy
Now, who will save your souls?
If you won't save your own?

I will remind you that the song is still 'Who Will Save Your **Soul**.' Singular. Not **souls**, plural. We are then expected to believe that she never once

sings what is printed on the title. Jewel claims to have been a **16**-year-old girl when she wrote it in Mexico, her first composition as well, if you can actually believe that. I'm skeptical but she can reportedly yodel and I'm willing to hear any yodeler out. The lyrics play off like a young girl's disgust at a boy. It speaks of the love which that other boy receives. He is placed into a will but what good will that do him when it comes to the flowers, with all those lies that he told. This is coming from the mind of a young pubescent girl who's sitting around imagining his funeral. How many souls does that boy have, exactly? I was under the impression that we are ever only given one. Is Jewel deriding one privileged jerkwad coming into the fortune that she covets or is she disillusioned at the aimlessness of humanity in general? Between the title and the chorus, seems like the girl can't make up her mind.



What Is Wrong With Richard Simmons?

[8/23/2023: BOB Ross has yet to become a mugging victim of the Mandela Effect so far as my knowledge goes. Why the hold up? With all those happy accidents, you'd think he would be the perfect candidate for a mistake in the Matrix or two. Well, today is the big day when I pop the question and ask you, what is wrong with **Richard Simmons**? Aside from that one time when he tried to put a ring on Barbra Streisand, and she said, "No." By the way, Barbra will always be **Barbara Streisand** to me. You have to add an extra 'a' to the name. Barbra without the padded 'a' is just wrong. Why Barbra**ra** Streisand fans haven't caught on to the happy accident quite yet probably has something to do with statistics. Chalk it up to our Mothers not being fans of the Mandela Effect.

The question still stands. What is wrong with Richard Simmons? Aside from the fact that he's apparently a fan of our fighting boys in uniform. That would be a reference to those short shorts of his, color coordinated to match the United States Military Academy West Point shirt. What is happening here is we're paying attention to the little details. Also, I'm

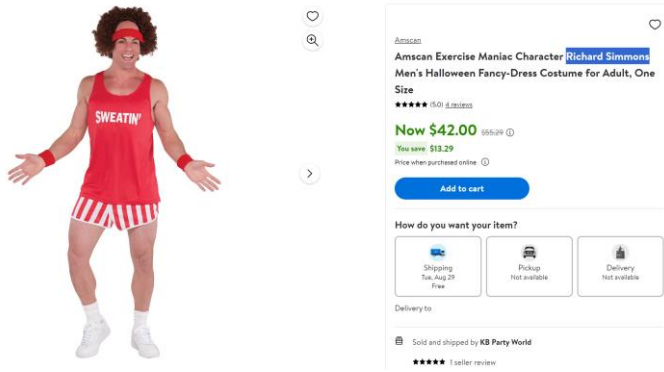
giving you time to realize that Richard Simmons is the one not in uniform. He's naked of his **headband**. Where it went, nobody knows. Another parallel universe is my best guess. I hate it when that happens. I'm guessing Richard Simmons still feels great all the same. Look at how he glistens. Simmons of course would be the first to say, "No one is perfect," though if we're being honest, the missing headband is a vast improvement. I'll once again speak for myself, but that's some voluptuous hair right there. Why murder it with a headband? Thank you, Mandela Effect, for making our current reality a simply fabulous one.



The missing headband isn't a one-off either. Richard Simmons never wore a headband, apparently. I am showing you the VHS covers to his first three original 'Sweatin' To the Oldies', and it appears as though his U.S.M.A. workout attire belongs to the second one—what I take to be the darker entry in the trilogy. As a child, I often recall finding these cassette tapes on top of the VCR. They weren't collecting dust either. Every now and then, after returning home from school, I'd pop one into the player to see what they were all about and was surprised to find that they'd been worn down, as though somebody in our household was a repeat viewer, *hmmm*.

At present, I'm not seeing a headband anywhere. Notice how he is dressed the same in every entry. I could show you later episodes in the series, or other titles such as 'Disco Sweat,' 'Sweat & Shout,' 'Boogie Down the Pounds,' 'Tone Up On Broadway,' or 'Tonin' Downtown,' and his attire is always the same. That's important in understanding this. His wardrobe was a central part to his character. If I were asked to describe his closet, I would picture short shorts, a sleeveless workout shirt, white shoes and

ankle high socks, and a rack for his headbands rather than neckties. But even his **wristbands** are missing. Did you notice that as well?



Walmart is still selling a Richard Simmons costume in case you're interested. The sleeveless shirt says *Sweatin'*, thereby directing our attention to his 'Sweatin' To the Oldies' series. Refer back to the three VHS covers I showed you. This costume in particular was lifted from the first epic chapter in the saga. I spy a red sleeveless shirt. Red and white striped shorts. White shoes and ankle length socks. Attention to detail is the order of the day. Look at how the costume makers put a particular focus upon where Richard Simmons hairline meets his forehead. That's a fake forehead on the model with a wig to match. Why would the Halloween people do something like that if it was never there to begin with?



Hold on, I think I finally found actual photos of Richard Simmons wearing a headband. Wait, no. That's not Richard Simmons. It's just some other dude pretending to be Richard Simmons. His name is **John**

McEnroe, apparently. Heard of him? I haven't. In the Eighties, he was in the height of his career as a tennis player. The gaslighters, as you might expect, have been busy at work mopping up the sweat amongst our memories near the jukebox. They're telling us the only problem with reality is that we're confusing Simmons with McEnroe. Because John McEnroe was also into headbands, you know, and Simmons wasn't. Oh sure, that must be it. Because all those VHS tapes of tennis matches were left on top of the family VCR all those years ago. Between Jane Fonda, Tony Little, Billie Jean King, and Arnold Schwarzenegger, it's difficult keeping any of these fitness gurus and tennis stars straight. FYI, the last few sentences were sarcastic. John McEnroe doesn't even get the forehead right.



How do you even begin to explain stuff like this? What we have before us is people from back in the day all wearing homemade costumes, the way Halloween used to be. Their photos likely predate the Mandela Effect as well. Dudes may dress up like Simmons from time to time but you and I both know his real fanbase was women. Ask the women about the headband and the wristbands, they know. The dudes know as well but then leave it to the ladies to add the chest hair into the equation. Looks like they even knew how to bust a signature move or two. I'm not seeing a tennis racket anywhere. The woman on stage left even has SIMMONS written across her headband so that you don't confuse her with John McEnroe, apparently. It's also white rather than the signature red one worn by the tennis player. If only the fact checkers could go back in time and correct her.]



You Only Live Twice

[8/1/2023: THE News is reporting that **Sinéad O'Connor** died but many of us were already well aware of that fact. Tell us something we don't know. She died some odd years ago, how long? **2019** rings a bell but then it may have been the first year or two of the Covid psychodrama. I couldn't really tell you with any degree of assurance as all the years have begun to bleed together, and that probably comes with the age. I distinctly recall hearing about the death of Sinéad O'Connor though and then reading recaps from her bio. Her shredding **Pope John Paul II's** photo on SNL topped the greatest hits of her life. I'll never forget when the incident in question happened, I was nearly 12 years old, and then thinking reminiscing upon it again a few years ago—after the first announcement arrived in the Media, that she'd died.

But then, as you've probably already guessed, that's not what the clipboard of fun reads this week in the Matrix. Sinéad O'Connor was found unresponsive in her London flat, *again*—causes unknown. The they-them people will probably think up a medical condition to tickle us with but for now the Universe has spit her out onto the floor of our present reality and they've got to figure out what to do with her corpse. I didn't even have to

do a Google search to know what we're dealing with. It's so obviously a Mandela Effect.

I dare you to read what [Reddit](#) has to say about her. You have just been offered a thread which was published two years ago, as of this date, wherein another 'person watcher' put down his binoculars long enough to ask how it was humanly possible that she was still kicking the can because they distinctly remembered that she'd passed. And then look what else he says. He remembers her coming out as gay. Wait, she's not gay? In my Universe she was gay and admittedly sexually confused. I checked. She still is both of those things—or rather, was. The Media still upholds that tidbit of the narrative. What alternate world is this Reddit thread originating from then? Was there a world where she was gay but then wasn't, because in my reality, she wasn't gay until she was.

But then check out the first comment on the thread. Looks like a Gubberment spook showed up, fiddling around with the knob on the gaslight again. Apparently, anyone who thinks Sinéad O'Connor already died is confusing her with **Dolores O'Riordan**, the *other* Irish singer from the Cranberries. Oh sure, I get piano man Tom Waits and Billy Joel mixed up all the time. It happens so often that I forgot to laugh. Because white people all look the same to me. Especially women, Irish women. That's okay because they're white and it's not racist to say something like that about white people, and what is a woman anyways? But then I probably couldn't tell the difference between Elton John and Liberace if my life depended upon it. I'm only kidding. That was a joke. Because I am not confusing Sinéad and Dolores anymore than I would Van Morrison and Bono.



007: Moonraker *and* Dolly's Braces

YOU will try but will not succeed. I have yet to encounter anyone who dismisses The Mandela Effect as a psyop for the weak minded and is able to explain this one away. Because it cannot be done. Dolly's braces. She no longer wears them. Perhaps you have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about. Well then. Roger Moore's take as James Bond in the 1978 movie 'Moonraker' was an obvious attempt to rake in on the success of 'Star Wars'.






Perhaps you have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about. Well then. Roger Moore's take as James Bond in the 1978 movie 'Moonraker' was an obvious attempt to rake in on the success of 'Star Wars'. Its notable villain wasn't one-time bad guy Hugo Drax, but the repeat performance from a guy named Jaws. No, not the shark. Jaws was a 7-foot-tall Polish strongman with metal teeth capable of chomping through electrified rebar or perhaps even chewing on broken glass for cereal.

If what I'm describing rings a bell, then you'll likely *also* recall the most memorable moment in the entire film, when Jaws met a buxom blond

named Dolly and the two fell instantly in love. What makes their meeting so memorable is the comedic chain of events. *Follow* along. Jaws smiles down upon Dolly with those handsomely gruesome metal teeth of his. Rather than handing out a fake phone number and then calling it the day, Dolly smiles back. The kicker is that she too is wearing braces. You see, Jaws and Dolly were a match made in heaven. The movie ends with Jaws and Dolly flaying off in space together or whatever.



I wish I could show you the scene I am describing, but *alas*, that too cannot be done, seeing as how Dolly no longer wears them. Nowadays, whenever Dolly smiles back at Jaws, all she has to show for it are her pearly whites. The Mandela Effect strikes again. The problem everyone is having in attempting to debunk the case of dolly's missing braces is that the entire scene loses its context without them. Not only that, but the bulk of the NASA loving baby boomer generation who fondly recalls the Sixties psyop and refuses to *wake up* at least managed to catch a screening of Moonraker at one time or another and may in fact fondly recall the scene, even if the movie's overarching plot has since escaped them.

	Description: When Jaws is attacking Bond and Goodhead on the gondola in Rio, this man knocks out the gondola technician and tries to help Jaws kill the two agents.
	Dolly Played by: Blanche Ravalec Description: In perhaps the strangest love affair in the series, Jaws meets Dolly in Rio after his failed attempt on Bond and Goodhead's lives. The complete opposite of Jaws, Dolly is a short blond girl with pigtails, glasses and braces. It is her influence that leads Jaws to the side of good and she also hears the one line Jaws says in his two movies, "Well, here's to us."
	Ambulance Thug Played by: Guy Di Rigo Description: After the gondola incident, Bond and Goodhead are captured by a villainous group of ambulance operators, headed up by this gentleman.
	Perfect Woman 1 Played by: Beatrice Libert Description: This woman is one of Drax's "perfect women" who are tasked with repopulating the human race.
	Perfect Woman 2

And besides, when faced with the considerable amount of residue on this one, it's terribly difficult chalking it up to bad memory. The James Bond website universalexports.net includes a playbill of sorts featuring every character in the series. Dolly is certainly not excluded, and *this* is the description we are given.

Dolly is a short blond girl with pigtails, glasses, and **braces**.

That's a rather odd way to describe a woman who doesn't wear braces, wouldn't you say? I mean, they *are* correct in their assessment that she wears pigtails and glasses. Too bad the *last* part of the sentence was spiraled into a trainwreck. Just look at her smile! Who reminisces upon something like that and then lies about her dental work? Even if she did have braces though, seems like women are typically self-conscious about these things. Best not bring it up. Why did they then? Because it's the braces which play a central part in her character, *obviously*.

There is however another glaring problem with this website. I had initially paid a visit back in 2016 after the tip-off and managed to nab a picture for evidence. Well, the date of today's writing is **03.17.2022**, and the screenshot included just so happens to be one in which I snapped today, having revisited the website. Nothing has changed about her description.

I take umbrage with that. You'd think the websites owner would either correct the error or even edit the wording to reflect the times, given the controversy, but no. It has an online store, but the shelves are bare. There's a Facebook link leading to nowhere. Looks like the sort of website that was built twenty years ago. Everything is run down. It's a ghost town, but that's intended. Even more-so, it's an **Intel** website. They left it there to be seen.



Speaking of Intel, [The Simpsons](#) had a segment involving Comic Book Guy falling in love with a nerdy girl sporting braces in what is obviously a Moonraker reference. I *checked*. The scene derives from season 10, episode 9, airing on December 20, 1998. And seeing as how the predictive programming practically bleeds out on this show, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if the removal of Dolly's braces was planned even then.



And then there's this [Sampo Mini Visa Card](#) commercial which aired in Finland sometime in 2006. **Richard Kiel** not only pays homage to his infamous Jaws character, but rehearses the *same* scene, much as we remember it from Moonraker. After roaming the store like an ogre, scaring adults and children alike, it is a cashier whom he smiles at rather

than Dolly. And just like last time, she smiles back, revealing her **braces**. If anything, the credit card commercial demonstrates how wildly popular this scene was to the Roger Moore generation of Bond fans and how closely tied the character of Jaws was to it, or else it wouldn't have worked.



The Smithsonian _____

PERHAPS the Smithsonian logo was always a **Jesuit** one. I couldn't really say either way. The official answer is that the sunburst logo was designed in **1966** by the firm, Chermayeff & Geismar. I don't remember the Jesuits so openly outing themselves, but the simple explanation may be that I was *never* woken to the reality of the Jesuits in our institutes and institutions until one day, when I was finally woken and *knew*. It's been a long while since I've been committed to documenting these changes, several years in fact, and much information has been lost along the way. That's just the way with things. But there was a time when I was quick on the trigger, and you're about to see one such instance.

Specific dates escape me and so, if memory recalls, it was in the spring of 2017 when word got around that the **Library of Congress** website still had documented evidence on the existence of the **Smithsonian Institute**. Visit the Smithsonian now and they will tell you it's the Smithsonian **Institution** and always has been. But I don't remember it that way at all. I had frequented the Smithsonian in Washington D.C. throughout the years and new it then as an **Institute**. If I had to guess, the swap *from* 'Institute' to 'Institution' happened in 2016. Don't quote me on that. It's simply worth noting.

And so, *here* is my paparazzi snapshot.

Smithsonian Institute

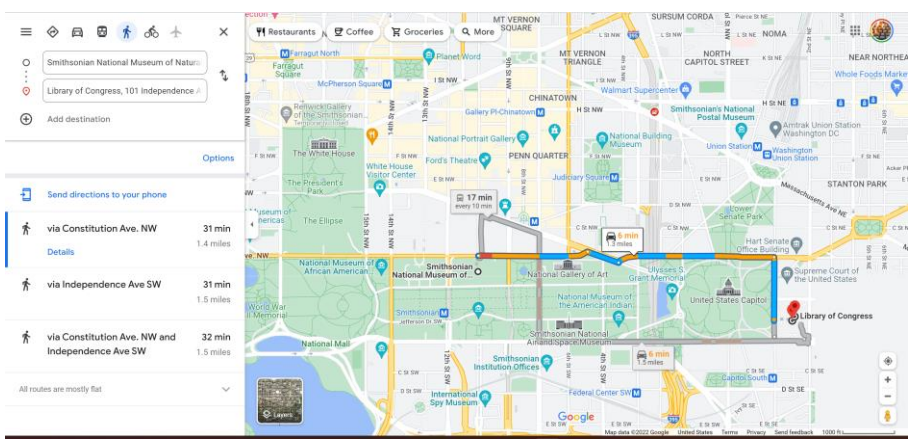


Download JPEG (47 KB)

About this Item
Title
Smithsonian Institute
Created / Published
[between 1960 and 1980]
Format headings
Glass negatives—1960-1980

Part of...
Dusty-Handy Collection (5,505)
Prints and Photographs Division (614,812)
Format
Photo, Print, Drawing

Dissenters are a dime a-dozen, and they're all about correction. Because their memory is better than yours, *obviously*. But nobody once told me it was an Institution back in the day. Nobody once asked: "Why do you keep using that word, institute?" I have heard ample testimony from educators and researchers who share my experiences. Apparently, the Library of Congress remembered it the same way too. As you can see, their website doesn't say Institution. No, it says Smithsonian **Institute**.



Doesn't the library of Congress live across the street from the Smithsonian? I *checked*. They're a hop and a skip down the National Mall from the other. You'd think the library of Congress would do a better job of getting to know their neighbors.

Here in America, an institution is where the Government puts mental patients, FYI. Then again, we're offered a Jesuit logo. So, I *get* where they're going with this. The Jesuits are our Museum Curators, and we all live in one, you know. An institution. That's the underlying message here. Also, if you read my commentary on Dolly's braces, particularly the mention of them by universalexports.net, then you'll know my conclusions here. I *checked*. The Library of Congress website still has the Smithsonian listed as an Institute. Check for [yourself](#). It was placed there for a purpose. They want us to see it. Spooks go around like Johnny Appleseed, planting clues, and this is one of them.

There are other *old* websites keeping the Institute dream alive. The word being stressed here is old. Perhaps you know what I mean by now. You can view them [here](#) and [here](#).



'Gilligan's Island' made mention of the Smithsonian **Institute**. It arrives in the eighth episode of the first season. I'll [spare you](#) from having to watch the entire show. The scene involves everyone but the Howells standing around the S.S. Minow, attempting to fix its plot sized hole, probably as a metaphor for the series. The **professor** tosses something to Gilligan and then he says to him: "Better keep this. The Smithsonian **Institute** may want it." Mind you, it's the professor who says it. The one smart character. If anybody, you'd think the professor would know the difference. That's low hanging fruit, you'll tell me. Is it really, though? You and I both know a scrounging mission into The Matrix will pull countless cultural references to the

Institute in Washington, and not vice versa, because it's what Sherwood Schwartz and the writers of his show knew it as. It all that any of us knew it as.

The **Smithsonian Institute**^[1] is a location that appears in *Sonic X* comic series published by **Archie Comics**. It is an institute located in **Washington, D.C.**

This little nugget of information comes to us by way of a **Sonic the Hedgehog** fandom [website](#). The Smithsonian Institute is a location that appears in the Sonic X comic series. Notice what it says though. It is an **institute** located in Washington, D.C. Seems like its writers know the difference between an institute and an institution. An institute is the sort of place where Doctor Eggman would want to steal precious artifacts of our Illuminati sponsored history from. And Institution is where he may end up one day, once the hedgehog runs fast enough to capture him.



Trivia

- The Smithsonian Institute is based on the real-life [location with the same name](#).

And then, once again, just to screw with us, look what follows. The Sonic X scriptwriters apparently can't tell the difference between real-life locations and fake ones, because they have offered us an additional fun fact. Their Smithsonian Institute "is based on the real-life location with the same name." Perhaps The Mandela Effect has not yet affected Sonic's world. Seeing as how the mashup of universes are all the rage now among

corporate franchises, perhaps we can see a team-up between Sonic and Knuckles with the cast of Gilligan's Island.



Next, you could torture yourself by having to sit through the [Captain Beefheart](#) song or do yourself a favor and just take my word for it. 'The Smithsonian **Institute** Blues' was released in 1970 and nobody seemed too eager to correct Beefheart of his error. It's in the title. But also, speckled throughout its lyrics. Read them for yourself.

The Smithsonian Institute Blues (Or the Big Dig)

<https://www.youtube.com> › watch


Lyrics

Come on down t' the big dig
Come on down t' the big dig
Come on t' the big dig
Singin' the Smithsonian **Institute** blues
Singin' the Smithsonian Institute blues
The way it's goin' La Brea tar pits
I know you just can't lose
The new dinosaur is walkin' in the old one's shoes

The Mandela Effect leaves nothing untouched. Even song lyrics change, prompting me to wonder why our Controllers left Captain Beefheart alone. It probably has something to do with the entirety of his lyrics. I assume you read them...? A 12-year-old might as well have penned those words. They're terrible. What does the La Brea tar pits even have to do with the Smithsonian anyways? *Exactly*. They have absolutely nothing to do with

the Smithsonian. Captain Beefhart probably couldn't tell the difference between the Mona Lisa and the Girl with a Pearl Earring. Intel sweeps up some footprints but then purposefully leaves others for residue, such as Beefhart and his band, because we are the *vulgar* uninitiated, and this is how they see us. We are spoken of with contempt as soon as the Media recording equipment flips off.

SD Smithsonian Institution vs Institute
Factual Questions

 **Colibri** SD Curator of Critters Mar '01

Since I actually work for the Smithsonian Institution, I can assure you that that is the only form that is correct. "Smithsonian Institute" is simply a misinformed usage.

However, I do work for a research branch of the Smithsonian that is called the "Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute." AFAIK, this is the only branch of the Smithsonian that is properly called an Institute (but this applies only to this particular branch). We have a bunch of Museums, Galleries, Observatories, and Centers, but the Institution has only one Institute.

I could show you the mounds of newspaper clippings declaring an Institute rather than an Institution, but why bother? You know the residue on this one must be through the roof. People repeat what they're told. If generations only knew it as Institute, it's because the Media was putting it in fine print. It's why I find websites such as this one far more interesting. The date stamp is March **2001**, and the question being proposed is whether or not the Smithsonian is an Institution or Institute. If there's no curtain needing pulled, then it's a *stupid* question. Didn't the Smithsonian have a website of its own in 2001? Surely, they could tell you. But then look at this response. Someone named Colibri writes:

Since I actually work for the Smithsonian **Institution**, I can assure you that that is the only form that is correct. "Smithsonian Institute" is simply a misinformed usage.

It just goes to show that Intel was planning out the swap years in advance. A spook wrote that. I wouldn't be surprised if the same spook was conversing with himself from several accounts and an innocent bystander or two wandered in. Happens all the time. I've held an online debate with a spook who was posing as two avatars at once, a Nazi doctor and a Muppet. I was able to confuse him into having the Nazi doctor speak for

the Muppet and vice versa. When I pointed out his error, they both laughed and left. What I'm saying is, Intel planted websites such as these for future digs.

The answers we seek are often given to us through the response of our detractors, and *here* is a common one. Institute, they explain, is slang. The Smithsonian Institution is an educational establishment, you see, and the sheer number of ~~vulgar-uninitiated~~ people who fell for the slang, despite never being corrected by the Media or Hollywood for 200 years, just goes to show their gullibility in falling for something like the Mandela Effect. *Right*. If anyone claims they were going around describing their family vacation to the *institution* in Washington long before the Mandela Effect, then they've likely escaped from another building of a similar name or they're straight out lying. There is *so much* residue on this one as to prove gaslighting is a thing.



Something Is Missing from Fruit of the Loom

THE official story is that there never was a **Cornucopia** embedded within the Fruit of the Loom logo and not even Google is buying it. There are probably millions of people who will back me up on this one. We wouldn't have the faintest clue what a Cornucopia is if it weren't for Fruit of the Loom. For the rest of you who proudly happen to rise above our "bad memory", it's a tabletop ornament container shaped like a goat's horn. People used to cram fruit into it, mostly for display. Seeing as how this is underwear we're dealing with, try not to blush when I tell you that a Cornucopia is the horn of plenty, a symbol that stands for abundance and nourishment. It doesn't take a sex therapist to figure out what the fruit is a stand-in for, but I digress. It's missing. An important appendage on the logo, that is. And quite suddenly Fruit of the Loom feels, *well*, emptier.

There is actually a mountain of evidence for the missing Cornucopia, the first of which is an [official canceled trademark](#) by Fruit of the Loom in **1988**. I have dropped in a link as I so often do, but by happenstance you're reading this in a book, and so I am delivering a full page spread.

This is a brand page for the FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark by FRUIT OF THE LOOM, INC. in *****; *****; *****.

[Write a review](#) about a product or service associated with this FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark. Or, contact the owner FRUIT OF THE LOOM, INC. of the FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark by filing a request to communicate with [the Legal Correspondent](#) for licensing, use, and/or questions related to the FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark.

On Monday, November 12, 1973, a U.S. federal trademark registration was filed for FRUIT OF THE LOOM. The USPTO has given the FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark serial number of 73006089. The current federal status of this trademark filing is REGISTRATION CANCELLED. The correspondent listed for FRUIT OF THE LOOM is ? of *****; *****; ***** . The FRUIT OF THE LOOM trademark is filed in the category of [Cosmetics and Cleaning Products](#) . The description provided to the USPTO for FRUIT OF THE LOOM is *LAUNDRY DETERGENTS*.

Classification Information

Use in Commerce Trademark - Applicant has provided proof of use of this mark in commerce to USPTO.

Primary Class:	Class Details:
Class (003)	Bleaching preparations and other substances for laundry use; cleaning, polishing, scouring and abrasive preparations; soaps; perfumery, essential oils, cosmetics, hair lotions; dentifrices. First Use Anywhere:: 9/28/1973 First Use In Commerce: 9/28/1973

General Information

Word mark:	FRUIT OF THE LOOM
Status/Status Date:	REGISTRATION CANCELLED 11/28/1988
Serial Number:	73006089
Filing Date:	11/12/1973
Registration Number:	0993305
Registration Date:	9/24/1974

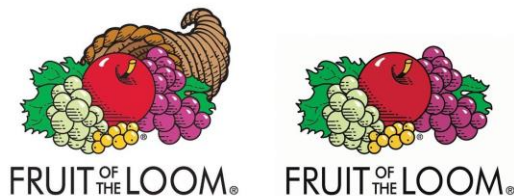
Design Search: Berries (Plants - Fruits) [see more design...](#)
[See Similar Logos](#) Apples (Plants - Fruits) [see more design...](#)
Baskets, bowls, and other containers of fruits, including [cornucopia \(horn of plenty\)](#) (Plants - Fruits) [see more design...](#)

You have to go all the way to the bottom of the canceled trademark to see it for yourself. Read it and weep. The design was intended to use a **“Cornucopia (horn of plenty).”** That must be where our collective false

memories stem from, the 1988 registration cancelation. Yes, that must be it. Take your red pill and go back to sleep.



The Fruit of the Loom logo as I recall looks nearly identical to the one shown in ‘The Ant Bully.’ For the record, I have never seen the movie. It was released in **2006**, long after I was through with children’s cartoons, though in fact, it seems as though very few people watched it anyways. The only reason I suspect this particular Cornucopia slipped through the cracks is because it was a purposeful parody involving a knock-off company called ‘Fruit of the Loin’ rather than Loom.



And anyways, here is an artist’s rendition of what countless other people recall. I would say that number is in the millions and probably even the hundreds of millions, if not billions. There are those whom I’ve spoken

with that will claim they would not be a believer in the Mandela Effect if it weren't for this one in particular. Because like I already said, most of us wouldn't even know what a Cornucopia if it weren't for the undies company.

Underwear character is still a-peeling

ET TU, FRUI-TAY? Of the many surprises we menfolk discover in our underwear every now and then, fruit is among the rarest. The last time underwear fruit happened to me, it was a ripe mango. But that



BILLY COX
PEOPLE

was years ago, during Richard Nixon . . .

Anyhow (aside from bananas), fruit images and underwear rarely grow on the same vine. And even today, Sam Wright looks back on that aspect of his career with bewilderment. The corporation never fully explained the concept to him, even though he played purple grapes.

Wright comes to Melbourne Sunday for Kids Jam USA, a live family-entertainment gig at Brevard Community College's King Center. For this incarnation, Wright will assume the Sebastian The Crab persona he cultivated in the Disney film, "The Little Mermaid."

But for 19 years, Wright made anywhere from 120-140 television commercials for Fruit of the Loom underwear. And he didn't even wear Fruit of the Looms. He wore skimpy bikini briefs. "My wife is European," he says from a hotel room in Tampa. "She said (cotton underwear) made me look like an old man."

Anyhow, **Fruit of the Loom's logo** was initially a **cornucopia** swollen with an apple, green grapes, purple grapes, and their green leaves. Wright was the purple grape cluster. And he had to pretend Fruit of the Looms ("I never found them that comfortable") were great.

"Our job was to get more people excited about wearing Fruit of the Loom," Wright says. "As fruit, we knew the waistband was stretchable, because we lived there."

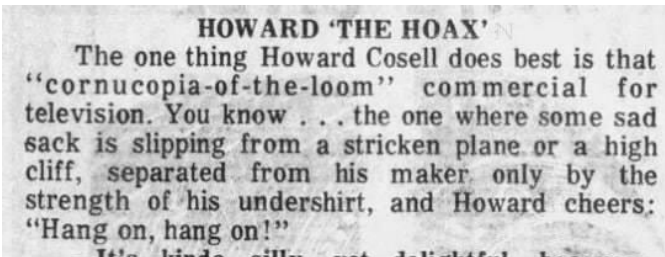
Cornucopia of job cuts

Fruit of the Loom Inc. said it would slash its U.S. work force by 12 percent by eliminating 3,200 jobs in five Southern states by year-end to improve profitability. Six plants will be closed and operations will be reduced at two others. The nation's largest underwear maker said the affected plants were in Kentucky, North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana.

The firm's profits dropped 39 percent in the third quarter, to \$24.5 million.

There are notable mentions in old books but also in various Newspaper clippings. Why would a reporter claim a "**Cornucopia** of job cuts" at Fruit of the Loom after a 34 percent third quarter drop if the company had never identified with the fruit container to begin with? That makes no sense whatsoever contextually. Nobody would have gotten the joke. It would be like an archival film critic still referring to "the Mouse House" should the Mandela Effect ever becomes so brazen as to drop Mickey. But here it

is a play on words. They had slashed their U.S. work force by 12 percent and were no longer a horn of plenty, you see.



Another Newspaper clipping appears to be pulling at **Howard Cosell's** jockstrap over his **Cornucopia of the Loom** commercials, or at least one in particular which has now been lost to the airwaves, because all I was able to locate was [this one](#), and funny man doesn't appear to be describing it. I think I see what's happening though. The brains behind this operation

were capable of scrubbing the Cornucopia from His-Story, so long as it was a FOTL trademark, but not the actual word attributed to it. And let's not overlook this one.



Our missing brokies couldn't be any more evident with the **1973 Frank Wess** album. 'Flute of the Loom' is an obvious play on words. Why else would anyone think to transform a flute into a Cornucopia if he wasn't attempting to mimic the logo for a few extra bucks in sales and some laughs?



Gilligan's Island

NONSENSICAL is all I have to declare about that. Look to the picture of Gilligan and tell me what's wrong with the Matrix. Either you see it, or you don't. You can be color blind and still notice what's wacky. The only complication I foresee happening is if you're reading this book in black and white. Otherwise, I shouldn't even have to say anything by this point. Gilligan's hat used to be white but *alas* it is different. I'm detecting a shade of tan now. So wrong. The hats smaller than I remember as well. Almost like it doesn't fit his head quite right. How long will these changes keep going on without the masses noticing the obvious? Even his shirt collar has darkened.

Have you committed to an online search yet? I suggest you do. What's especially strange is that not all of Gilligan's hats are tan. Some are bleached as they used to be, what gives? I am always trying to get ahead of the Q&A. The naysayers will claim he arrived on the isle with plans for a wardrobe change. *Oh*, sure he did. He wore the same pants and shoes but had two long sleeved collared shirts to compliment his two hats. Mm-hmm. Wrong again. Do you even know how ridiculous that sounds? I'll have you know I watched ever episode as a child. They're called reruns.



Field of Dreams

If you build it, **they** will come...

EXCEPT that's not what the movie says now. The '*they*' in the sentence has been swapped to a '*he*'. "If you build it, **he** will come." Tell me, how in the world does an entire generation misquote the same line from a movie? Telephone tag. That's your explanation, isn't it? What you want to say is that somebody misquoted the tagline, immediately after leaving the theater in 1989, and everybody standing around on the sidewalk waiting for the next showing just went with it, like a game of telephone tag. That must be it. Just listen to yourself. *Ridiculous.*

After a short monologue about The Sixties, it's literally the opening scene. **Kevin Costner** is standing in the cornfield. The sun is setting. He hears a voice telling him to build it. *If you build it, they will come.* Not a one liner either. The voice just keeps repeating it. Assaulting him in the cornfield with the same phrase. *If you build it, they will come. If you build it, they will come.* Costner even asks the mystery voice to clarify, and asks: "If you build it, *who* will come?"

The voice then answers: “If you build it, **they** will come.”

The entire point of this exercise is so that Costner might *memorize* the line. But you’ve arrived just to tell me it’s a failed experiment because nobody remembered it properly. *Nobody*. I have never once heard anyone rephrase it with a ‘he’. Even the people who reject The Mandela Effect admit they screwed up this time. And just so we’re clear, “If you build it, **they** will come” can no longer be found anywhere in the movie. So, why would a phrase which can never be found become the mantra for starting a small business or hosting a party?



The first baseball player to show up, after Costner carves the baseball diamond out from his cornfield, is somebody named Shoeless Joe. But he is not the ‘*he*’. Nobody who rejects The Mandela Effect is making that claim, either. See, this is the part where nearly everyone on both sides of the argument gets it wrong. Those who remember the line properly claim the ‘*they*’ being spoken about is the baseball team, which follows in Shoeless Joe’s wake. *Wrong*. It’s not. Those who reject The Mandela Effect are correct in saying the misquoted ‘*they*’ was a reference to the people driving from all over the country to catch the game. Yes, that is precisely what The Voice was referring to. Contrarily, they’re wrong in thinking the ‘*he*’ has always directed us to Kevin Costner’s father. It does not.



Earlier in the movie, Costner overhears The Voice saying: “Ease his pain.” At first, he believes this to mean he’s supposed to ease the pain of **James Earl Jones’** character, Terrence Mann. *Wrong*. He then suspects the old man, Dr. Archie “Moonlight” Graham, played by **Burt Lancaster**. *Wrong again*. Most people assume the person needing eased of pain is Costner’s father, and if so, they’re *still* wrong. No, the person who needed his pain eased was Kevin Costner.



The residue is to be expected on this one. Cultural references can be found everywhere. No need to quotes them all. The 2001 movie [How High](#) has the voice telling Tracy Morgan: “If you build it, **they** will come,” in which Morgan asks: “What do you mean, if you build it they *won’t* come?” As you can probably deduce, ‘How High’ is a stoners movie. What I find fascinating about this scene is that the television speaks the words as we all remember it but then Morgan misquotes it in the form of a question.



Another line which robot dissenters [*Beep—Boop*] will use in hopes of disproving The Mandela Effect involves Terrence Mann standing alongside the baseball diamond and telling Costner: “Ray, people will come, Ray. They’ll come to Iowa.” What they fail to realize is that Mann has already admitted to hearing The Voice. *Mm-hmm*, he too heard line, straight from the horses’ mouth. All he was doing was repeating what everyone else in the audience had already heard. But to claim an entire generation was simply quoting from Mann rather than The Voice is pathetic, to say the least. Especially since Mann was played by James Earl Jones. **Darth Vader**. I bet the guy in the Darth Vader outfit wore Fruit of the Loom. Ask him. Even Vader probably remembers the a Cornucopia.

Look, if an entire generation were quoting from Jones and *not* The Voice, then they wouldn’t have rehearsed it at a whisper. No, what they would have said is something akin to a wheezy: “Rey... If you build it, they will come, Rey.” But don’t even get me started on that one. *Luke, I am your father*. It’s another Mandela Effect, you know.



Ed McMahon: Publishers Clearing House

I CAN still picture the driveway and then the sidewalk leading up to my childhood home in Clovis, California, as well as the window which I might look out upon them, imagining a scenario whereas **Ed McMahon** might lumber towards the front porch and the doorbell with a camera crew and that big fat million-dollar check of his—a scenario which I'd so often seen on television. If you remember Ed McMahon's part in **Publishers Clearing House** narrative, including a host of commercials, then your memories are wrong. Go ahead. I dare you. Look it up. Ed McMahon never did any of that. Then where did I get those memories from?

Hands down, the Ed McMahon Mandela Effect has to be one of the strangest of the lot. We're not simply dealing with a corporate logo change

or a swapped-out line in a movie this time around. No, history itself has been altered. Even the gatekeepers don't know what to do with this one. Assuming you committed to that web search, just as I asked of you, then you have probably observed that the Intel-net is fraught with confusion on the matter. Everybody I have spoken to remembers Ed McMahon with Publishers Clearing House rather than the alternative. Apparently, he was spokesperson for **American Family Publishing** now. Have you ever even heard of that company? To remain a detractor, you too will have to suppress your own memories and confess that they are not nearly so trustworthy as you once thought—if the official narrative is to be upheld.

In 1967 PCH started its first sweepstakes as a way to increase subscription sales,^[10] based on the sweepstakes held by *Reader's Digest*.^[9] The first prizes ranged from 25 cents to \$10 and entrants had a 1 in 10 chance of winning. After the sweepstakes increased response rates to mailings, prizes of^[9] \$5,000^[7] and eventually \$250,000 were offered.^[11] PCH began advertising the sweepstakes on TV in 1974.^{[9][12]} It was the only major multi-magazine subscription business until 1977. Former client *Time Inc.* and several other publishers formed *American Family Publishers* (AFP) to compete with PCH after the company refused repeated requests by *Time* for a larger share of sales revenue from magazine subscriptions.^{[5][9]}

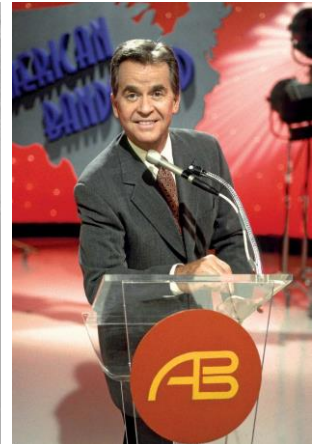
The Wikipedia has an [article](#) on Publishers Clearing House, but I couldn't find anything about Ed McMahon while combing through it. Ed McMahon is completely snubbed. But I did manage to dig up this little nugget of information. **TIME Inc**, the same people who brought us bathroom reading material such as **LIFE Magazine**, formed American Family Publishers in 1977 to compete with PCH after the company refused repeated requests for a larger share of sales revenue. Their attempts eventually failed, seeing as how AFP folded in 1998. Fascinating how a dummy company which nobody remembers hosts a spokesperson when everybody recalls McMahon working for the very company which they were supposedly envious of. That's the twist to this lemon.

The answers we seek can be found a couple of sentences earlier. Publishers Clearing House started its first sweepstakes to increase subscription sales. The Intel community needed a way for people to read their literature, obviously. And if it's a pyramid scheme you're after, then PCH and AFB were ultimately run by the *same* people. Nobody remembers AFP though. It's a dummy company and a store front window, and I wouldn't be in the least surprised if it never even existed at all. Ed McMahon was either given a fictional backstory for gaslighting purposes or the confusion was planned decades in advance. If it's the second option, then AFP sat there quietly, unnoticed by everyone, waiting to make its move.

Competitors [edit]

Publishers Clearing House (PCH) was a competitor to American Family Publishing that ran similar sweepstakes. The two companies were often mistaken for each other, with *Star Search* host Ed McMahon and *The \$25,000 Pyramid* host Dick Clark, the spokespeople for AFP, mistaken for representatives of the better-known PCH.^[1] PCH remains in business and promotes its products by means of sweepstakes.

American Family Publishers *also* has an [article](#) on The Wikipedia, and as you can probably imagine, our manipulators are having a field day at the amusement park, giving the gas lamps an overhaul *via* titty twist. In reply to the mass confusion, it claims, “The two companies were often mistaken for each other.” No, not often. Try all the time. Everybody shares in the confusion. On a side note, I’ve never spoken with anybody who thought the Hamburgler stole from Burger King. Can you imagine the gate keeper responses on that one? I can.



The same article then states that Ed McMahon and ‘The \$25,000 Pyramid’ host **Dick Clark** shared spokesperson duties, but apparently, nobody noticed. That’s the other half of this Mandela Effect which nobody seems to talk about. And anyways, do you see what they did there? They have Dick Clark and ‘The \$25,000 Pyramid’ holding hands because very few think of Dick Clark and then recall any one of Pyramid’s five incarnations on television. I’m not saying ‘The \$25,000 Pyramid’ didn’t exist. It did. It’s just—why not connect Dick Clark with ‘American Bandstand’? He hosted it from 1956 to 1989. Dick Clark is largely responsible for introducing rock n’ roll, but perhaps even more-so, creating youth culture. And let’s not overlook his yearly jaunt in Time Square, a little TV special called

'Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve'. For decades, people have been tuning into Dick Clark to ring in the new year. While gaslighting us, The Wikipedia doesn't seem interested in making those connections.

There is a point to all of this. Had Ed McMahon co-hosted with Dick Clark, people would notice. What our gaslighters are telling us is that we not only confuse the company; we have completely neglected to notice another celebrity whom he shared spokesperson duties with. That's how bad our memories are, apparently. If this were in any way true, I'm more inclined to believe we'd all identify Publishing Clearing House with Dick Clark rather than McMahon. McMahon may have been Johnny Carson's straight man, but to anyone else, especially Dick Clark, he would have played second fiddle. But nobody is claiming Dick Clark was a spokesperson for PCH.



During a 1991 episode of 'Late Night', The 'Tonight Show's **Johnny Carson** presented host **David Letterman** with a million-dollar check. His exact words were, and I quote: "**Ed McMahon could not be here**, but it seems David, that you are the one-million-dollar winner." When he turns the check face up for the studio audience and the video cameras, it is signed from '**Publishers Clearing House.**' *Oh*, that must be it. We all tuned into Dave Letterman and saw Johnny Carson make a joke about his wingman of nearly 30 years working for the wrong company. That's why we all hoped Ed McMahon would ring our doorbell. Because of a confused joke made by the king of late night, but which happened to land on late-late television when McMahon wasn't around. That's the brilliance of The Mandela Effect. Nothing is by accident. It's instances such as this

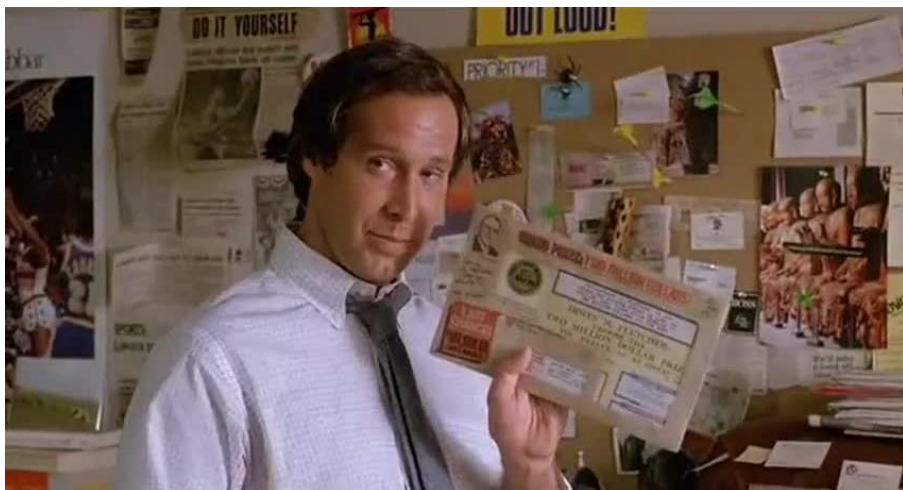
one which are purposely left there, or rather planted as residue for gaslighting purposes.



‘The Golden Girls’ has another reference to Ed McMahon and Publishers Clearing House worth reviewing. It happens in the second season, [second episode](#). In one scene, **Betty White** answers the phone and says: “What!? I’m one of the winners of the **Publisher’s Clearing House!**? **Ed McMahon** wants to see me right away!?” Her gasps hold the interest of Dorothy and Blanche for a moment, but then Rose says into the receiver, “I should leave my Burt Reynold’s ticket on the dresser before I go?” At this instance, Dorothy screams into the other room, “Ma, get off the phone!”

The joke only works if Sophia mistook Ed McMahon as a spokesperson for Publisher’s Clearing House, as well as Rose, the recipient of that joke. But also, the millions of viewers who regularly tuned in. ‘The Golden Girls’ was wildly successful because there were good writers attached to the show. And when it comes to the viewers, there’s always that one person in the room who feels obliged to correct everyone’s laughter. You

would think that somebody out there would play the part of comedy police and arrest the situation when claiming, “But Ed McMahon doesn’t work for Publisher’s Clearing House. He works for another lesser-known company.” And not just for that episode. There should have been fact checkers at countless holiday gatherings.



Some people have tried to use the ‘Fletch’ movie as residue because of the scene where **Chevy Chase** finds the solution to his problems when holding up an envelope with Ed McMahon’s picture on it. Here is his quote: “Hey! I think our problems may just be solved. **Ed McMahon**. Think I just won a million bucks. Yeah, Iwin M. Fletcher you choose. Woo wee! Oh boy, I lost. Yeah. Sorry.” Problem is, he never says, “Publishers Clearing House.” Also, if you zoom in upon the envelope, it reads: ‘American Family Publishers’, thereby directing us to the official narrative.

Still though, how is it that Ed McMahon was such a successful spokesperson for a company which went out of business because it couldn’t compete with a far more successful company without any recognizable spokesman? If this is the case, then Ed McMahon failed at his job, and these cultural references are misplaced and in vain. It isn’t just me who dreamt of Ed McMahon ringing our doorbell, you know. The scheme only worked because countless others hoped for the same experience. And it failed miserably.



The Sword In the Stone

SOME Mandela Effects couldn't be any more obvious, like *this* one, and so, I will sit here strumming my fingers across the tabletop waiting for you to figure it out. Please don't take too long. My children will be up soon. The baby will begin crying. And they will expect breakfast prepared for them. I have already done all I can to help you spot the alteration without coming right out and saying it. You have before you a movie title as well as two versions of the same still from the *said* movie. That's all you need to jog your memory. One is taken from the current reality whereas the other depicts the animation as so many of us seem to recall. Well, which is it? Notice what I didn't put for a movie title. 'The Sword in the Anvil.' There is your answer.



Like so many of the other alterations to our supposed reality I couldn't tell you when the switch happened on this one though I believe it must have been well over a decade ago. The reason being is that I haven't been to Disneyland since before my sons were born. I used to work there though at the turn

of the last century and recall the two stones stacked upon the other rather than an anvil. Again, I don't know when the switch happened. If I had to guess I'd say I spotted the 'new prop' sometime around **2008** or maybe even **2010** or the whereabouts. It doesn't really matter. Nobody knew what the Mandela Effect was back then, but I saw it and I noticed and remember thinking to myself that they'd swapped it out for a new lame look. Sword in the anvil? *Ridiculous.*



Many ME advocates are calling Disney's Stone in the Advil the smoking gun, perhaps because their memory is so strong on this one. Residue is something I'm after however and I can't seem to find any. Until that happens, I for one don't think we're gazing in upon the best Mandela Effect. Mostly because all I have to depend upon are my memories. I also confess to not having watched this movie in a great long while. The reason I say that is because I don't know how cartoon Arthur's body proportions line up with the anvil from one moment to the other. I am presenting you with one movie still however in which you can totally see how his lower back might have been propped up against the stone at one time.



The Haunted Mansion: “Room For One More...”

THE Haunted Mansion opened in **1969** according to the Gregorian, as if that's not suspicious. There's your **666** Number to go with the inverted **999** happy haunts, right there. To catch you up on other Intel projects that very year, all no doubt intended to compliment the triple 6, we have the staged Manson murder hoax as well as the Ashkenazi Woodstock ceremony and the faked moon landing. Well, here's one more for the Sixties psyop. I will never enter the haunted mansion again as per a righteous fear of Elohiym and the abominable practice attributed to necromancers in Leviticus 20:27, as well as a death sentence. But let's just say I have visited the attraction on far too many occasions to recount, being a former pass holder, and the latest report is all wrong.

Upon entering the doom buggies, the **Ghost Host** apparently tells his guest: “We have **999** happy haunts here, **but there’s room for a thousand** ... any volunteers?” How do you remember it? Most people will tell me it’s precisely as they recall, but then what if I told you nobody is accredited with saying: “**Room for one more**”? The line doesn’t exist. Lots of people remember it though. I sure as hell do. And yet it’s vanished. Erased from existence. At first, I was thinking I’d attributed the line to the wrong entity and that it was **Little Leota** who said it. She makes the *following* claim at the end of the ride:

“Hurry back! Hurry back! Be sure to bring your death certificate if you decide to join us. Make final arrangements now! We’ve been *dying*... to have you...”

Nope. That’s not it either. Many of us distinctly recall hearing “Room for one more,” and to the point that the phrase has been repeatedly regurgitated in conversation, but who said it and where? It almost certainly has to derive from the Ghost Host.

Based on Disney Parks’ beloved [Haunted Mansion](#) attraction, *Room For One More* alludes to the famous line spoken by the “Ghost Host” at the beginning of the attraction that Guests hear after they have boarded their doom buggy: “We have 999 happy haunts here, but there’s room for a thousand...any volunteers?” Drawing inspiration from this experience, Disney event designers have created a one-of-a-kind, private-event theme in which attendees embark on an eerie journey into the Haunted Mansion—from the nightmarish library, to the frightening ballroom, to the infamous graveyard—where they are immersed into the story and each guest is considered to become the mansion’s final “haunt.”

Well then, look at what I found on my latest reconnaissance mission on the Intel-net. The Disney Meetings [website](#) discusses a special cast member event titled ‘**Room For One More.**’ *Wait*, what? Why would they name an event over a line that is never once spoken anywhere on the attraction, let alone the park? Pray tell whose memory among the Mouse House party planners is screwed up on this one. The blog even states:

Room For One More alludes to **the famous line spoken by the “Ghost Host” at the beginning of the attraction that Guests hear after they have boarded their doom**

buggy: “We have 999 happy haunts here, but there’s room for a thousand...any volunteers?”

What does the Disney propagandist mean when stating *Room For One More* only alludes to something which has never apparently existed? He or she says it’s “the famous line spoken” and that “Guests hear” the line after they have boarded their doom buggy at the beginning of the attraction, but then goes on to state a completely different quote. *There’s room for a thousand....* They’re literally screwing with you in saying you heard something a certain way and that it’s a famous line but only so much in that it was only ever being alluded to. What the hell. That’s straight up gaslighting on a professional level. Somebody is dimming the lights in the haunted mansion, but are you surprised? That’s what happens when you give your consent to be entertained by ghosts.




Mirror, Mirror On the Wall, What Is the Greatest Mandela Effect of All?

SHOW me a single 20th-century film aficionado who doesn't recall the Wicked Queen greeting her **Magic Mirror** and then tell me again our memory is wrong. Walt Disney's first animated movie 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' was released in **1937**, and so, there's nearly a century of viewers who intimately know the line. We may be getting old now but there are multiple generations who jointly recall hearing "Mirror, mirror." No, "Magic mirror on the wall" doesn't sound quite right at all but that's the way it goes in the movie now. The gun is still smoking on this one, and mittens will be required. The dissenters have a hot potato, and they know it.

Which makes the most annoying part about this Mandela Effect having to listen to the *nub-uh* people insert their blue pill logic into the line swap.

They're claiming "Mirror" *twice* spoken would be a stupid and pointless gesture because the queen was addressing her friend the mirror by name. Oh, please. The reason why "Mirror, Mirror" is so fondly remembered is because one could not listen to the line without wondering why the Queen could not think of anything better to say other than 'Mirror' twice. That's what made it so potent. The way the twice spoken word entered into one ear and then swirled around in there without ever exiting out the other. She had her reason though. The Queen was invoking an incantation.



RARE DISNEY SNOW WHITE ELECTRONIC TALK N VIEW MAGIC Talking MIRROR Nine Phrases
🔥 1 watched in the last 24 hours

Condition: Used

Price: **US \$44.00**


[Buy it Now](#)
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Ships from United States Returns accepted

Shipping: **US \$10.20** Standard Shipping. [See details](#)
Located in: Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, United States

Delivery: Estimated between **Thu, Mar 2** and **Sat, Mar 4** to 29410 📍

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Payments: 

Item description from the seller

RARE DISNEY SNOW WHITE ELECTRONIC TALK N VIEW MAGIC Talking MIRROR Nine Phrases.

Some surface scratches. Tested and works. 9 1/2". Takes two AA batteries, not included.

The mirror says, "Don't you just love being a princess?", "Bashfully thinks you have a sweet smile.", "True beauty is found within.", "[Mirror Mirror](#)", "This is certainly a magical mirror", "Your hair looks adorable princess.", "You're as pretty as a princess.", "Why princess, I think you're the fairest of them all!" and "Snow White's forest friends think you look so pretty!"

I decided to go snooping around on the Intel-net as part of my latest reconnaissance mission, to see what I could find, and lo and behold, look what turned up on eBay. A RARE Disney Snow White Talk N View Magic Mirror, complete with Nine phrases. It's listed for \$44 US dollars in case you're interested. All things considered, with "Mirror, mirror" being the invocation of an evil spirit, I'm curious as to why any parent would hand this plaything over to their daughter and then tell them to have a good time with it. But that's Disney for you. Wouldn't you like to know if the line is included though? I *checked*. The sellers were kind enough

to write all nine phrases down for us. One of those nine is “Mirror, mirror” and none other. I wonder if those same sellers have heard about the Mandela Effect yet. Somebody should tell them they’re selling a defunct product, at least in this reality.

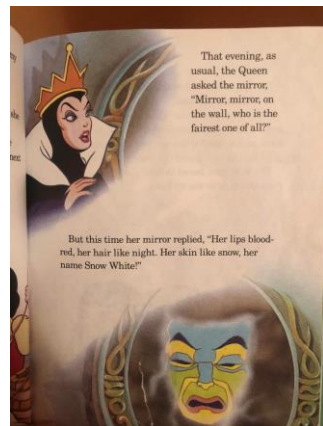
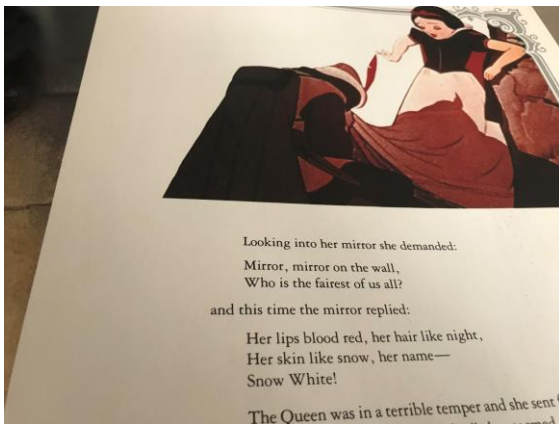


Speaking of reconnaissance missions, nobody said you’d swoop in and out of the Matrix without getting your fingernails dirty. I’m not saying you should be burdened with the mind-numbing displeasure of watching the Descendants movie, but [here](#) it is anyways. Yep, it’s **Disney**. Should you choose to accept your mission, I am sending you over to a song and dance number titled ‘Rotten to the Core’ where you too will hear the infamous line: “**Mirror, mirror on the wall,**” complete with auto-tune. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.

The young woman singing these lyrics just so happens to be a character named Evie. She’s furthermore described to us as the daughter of the Evil Queen. If the *nub-uh* people are correct and our memories are the bubbles plopping out of our butt, then that would mean the evil Queen’s own daughter is now falsely attributing an incantation to her mother. Explain to me again how a Disney movie, and with a plot which centers upon the descendants of Disney villains of all people, couldn’t manage their own pop cultural references.

Are you serious? There's even a major motion picture called '**Mirror, Mirror**', and it's put out by **Disney**. I spy seven dwarfs and a mirror and an apple on the poster. Well, that's awkward. Especially since the "rational people" will be pressed to admit the Walt Disney movie studio based its title upon a line which never actually existed. The production starred **Julia Roberts** and had an \$85–100 million budget to boot. You'd think somebody would be kind enough to tell the suits down in Burbank about their embarrassing oversight, as not even the script writer cared to get his source material right.

MIRROR MIRROR



What have we here? I am showing you two separate children's books from completely different sources, all put out by **Disney**, though there are others, and they invoke the same famous line. I would repeat it again but then I will be accused of conjuring the spirit from another realm, and we shan't have that. Finally, some answers though. Now we know why everybody has the line wrong. Because they read it as a three-year-old in a book. Yes, that must be it. But then, supposing the Mandela Effect *were* a simple trick of the mind, and it's not, Disney would still be committed

to the gaslighting game according to this, and all the book publishers and toymakers are in on it.



It's been years since I watched the Shrek movie. I saw it only once in the theaters and never followed up with any of the others in the series. Did I miss anything? Yeah, I thought not. That would have been **2001**, over two decades ago now as of this writing. A Magic Mirror scene is something which I seem to recall though. I [checked](#). The “**Mirror, mirror**” line was dropped by the king character voiced by **John Lithgow**. I was seriously expecting that he would have spoken something akin to “Magic mirror” but he didn't, making this one another fire in the hole cultural reference.





Snow White and the Huntsman (2/10) Movie CLIP - [Mirror, Mirror On the Wall](#) (2012) HD



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‘Snow White and the Huntsman’ was released in **2012**, which brings us right up to the whereabouts of the actual Mandela Effect. I admit to never having seen this production, but it matters little. The Wicked Queen is played by **Charlize Theron**, and I was once again curious as to what she might say to the mirror or if the story even had a mirror episode to begin with. I wasn’t disappointed. I am dropping [link](#), though understanding that they are broken on the internet all the time. It’s why I took a screen shot. The Movieclips people were brazen enough to include a scene which is aptly titled “**Mirror, Mirror On the Wall.**” And she says it. Charlize Theron drops the line that we all remember.

Would you be surprised to learn that the list of cultural references goes on and on? It’s exhaustive trying to track them all down. There’s a Star Trek episode called “**Mirror, Mirror.**” It was first broadcast on **October 6, 1967**, is generally considered to be one of the top ten greatest episodes among the Trekkies, and here is a picture from it. I’m



not sure what The Captain is up to, but I think he might be saluting Hitler. *Oh dear. Oh no. White guilt.* Let's keep moving along then.



I was also able to track down an episode of *Saved By the Bell* which is titled 'Snow White and the Seven Dorks.' Man, I loved that show as a young teen. It doesn't carry nearly the quality that my nostalgia requires but that's a side issue to the present conversation. The line is dropped [here](#). **Tiffani Amber Thiessen** can clearly be heard saying: "**Mirror, mirror** from the mall..."

William 'Will' Smith:

[looking in a mirror] Mirror, mirror, on the wall. Jean Claude Van Dam, I'm fine!

Rate this quote: ★★★★★ (4.85 / 7 votes)

3,074 Views

'The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air' is another Nineties reference. Mind you, 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' was nearly **60 years old** by this point in the narrative and nobody was claiming the movie was being misquoted. I am told **Will Smith** was a repeat offender of the "Mirror, mirror" reference, though I have only uncovered two of them. The first can be found [here](#) as well as [here](#) and [here](#), in which the serial slapper says to himself: "**Mirror, mirror on the wall**, Jean Claude Van Damme, I'm fine!" That one managed to land on the [quotes.net](#) website.

I only have one [link](#) for his second reference to the ‘Snow White’ movie, though I have added a meme if it should fail you. *Oh*, and its season 6, episode 13 as references goes. The Fresh Prince once again stares into the mirror and quips: “**Mirror, mirror on the wall**, I ain’t too short, I ain’t too tall, Damn, if I don’t have it all.” He then kisses himself. Cue the laugh track. What happened to the Nineties and why did it leave us? I want it back.



And *now* we have before us a Disney ornament featuring the Wicked Queen. It is a Christmas ornament, and what is that I read? It *says* “**Mirror, Mirror on the wall**,” further adding that the line derives from **Disney’s** Snow White. I take that to mean they are attributing the line to the movie and not some other reference. The only problem is the movie no longer says the very thing given by a multitude of witnesses, most of which derive from Hollywood. Chalk it up to bad memory, I guess. It’s like I was saying earlier, even if the Mandela Effect were capably whittled down to a psychological trick of the mind, and it’s *not*, then you will be hard pressed to deny that Disney is still a master gas lighter at work.

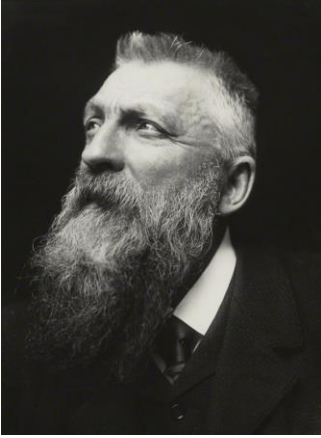


The Thinker Mandela Effect Is a Headache

IF your former reality was one in which the Thinker sculpture had the backside of his fingers pressed to his forehead then I am with you. We think alike. His chin is resting upon his hand now, which is no longer clenched, but that is only the beginning of his cognitive problems. The dude invokes a whole new level of Mandela because it is not just one Effect we're dealing with, but two or three and maybe even dozens. We're facing a multiplex of paradoxes and it is very difficult to know which is the right one. Even my own memory may not be the original. Assuming his history has not been altered as well, then *this* is what we know.

The Thinker was initially named The Poet and was part of a large commission begun in **1880** for a doorway surround called 'The Gates of Hell'. I am nabbing this information from Wikipedia, by the way. [Follow along](#). Typically, I like to paste snippets from screenshots to prove that I'm



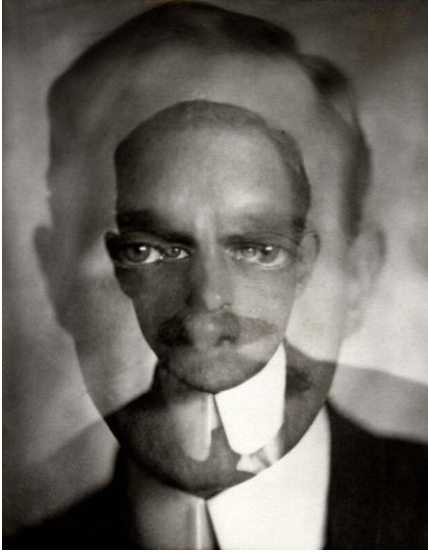


not making this information up, and also because the Boys down at the Lab like to tinker with the facts after publishing papers such as this one but I'm willing to play the game of Russian Roulette with the chuck wagon of fact checkers if you are. The artist's name was **Auguste Rodin**. Rodin based his doorway on the 14th century poem 'The Divine Comedy' by **Dante**, leading many to believe the nude figure is none other than the famed poet sitting at the gates of Hell.

The Thinker has been cast in multiple versions and is found around the world, but the history of the progression from models to castings is still not entirely clear. About 28 monumental-sized bronze casts are in museums and public places. In addition, there are sculptures of different study-sized scales and plaster versions (often painted bronze) in both monumental and study sizes. Some newer castings have been produced posthumously and are not considered part of the original production.

Okay, fine. I caved, and in so short a span. I lasted only a paragraph without taking out the scissors and glue stick this time around, but then look at that information, why don't you? There are **28** monumental-sized bronze casts strewn about our flat, motionless realm. That's important to note, and I can only assume the ME has altered every last one of them (though of that we should never be too entirely certain). It's not what I wanted you to see though. Read the first sentence. "The history of the progression from models to castings is still not entirely clear." Why is its origins story so vague? It's not like we're dealing with obscure artwork. Rodin commissioning 28 statues to art museums and government buildings across the world tells me his work was a wild success. There should be documentation. I'm thinking the historians have been thrown into confusion due to conflicting information. Because of *you know what*. Even its origins story may have gotten its wires crossed in the Mandela Effect.

What *is* apparently agreed upon is that Rodin's first full-scale model was presented at the Salon des Beaux-Arts in Paris in **1904**. A public subscription then financed a bronze casting, which became the property of the City of Paris, and was put in front of the Panthéon. In **1922**, the original bronze was moved to the Rodin Museum.



Around the same time, Shaw introduced Rodin to the photographer Alvin Langdon Coburn. Both Shaw and the photographer witnessed the unveiling of Rodin's *The Thinker*, so decided to imitate Rodin's iconic sculpture. Shaw suggested that Coburn make a nude photographic portrait of him, in the same pose as the sculpture.

Adding to the mystery is a personal friend of Rodin's, **George Bernard Shaw**. Artuk.org has Shaw introducing Rodin to the photographer **Alvin Langdon Coburn**. Both Shaw and the photographer witnessed the unveiling of Rodin's *Thinker* sculpture, assumedly in **1904**, and then decided to imitate Rodin's iconic sculpture. Shaw suggested that Coburn make a nude photographic portrait of him **in the same pose as the sculpture**. Follow the link to Art UK and tell me what they don't show you. Shaw's imitation of Rodin's sculpture. Strange since they think to mention it and the entire page is all about showing off his various portraits. Well, I am showing it to you. *Busted*. Yes, that is how I remember the thinker pose as well, mostly. Though I think Shaw's position is still off. I'll show you which one I think is correct in a little while.

No wonder why the modern historians are thrown into confusion. Rodin's closest friend was there for the unveiling and even wanted to help steer his creation towards the goalie net of a cultural icon but then couldn't manage to mirror the very portrait he was so carefully aiming to mimic. *Right*. If it is the *Thinker's* modern incarnation that we are using

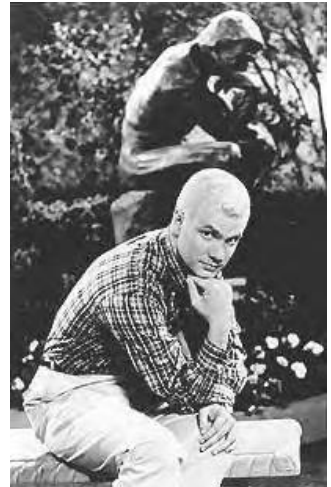
for a plum line, then the only thing he correctly managed is that they're both nude, seated, and thinking.



Complications ensue when Shaw posed once again as a thinking model in **1910**, four years after initially helping to popularize his friend's artwork. The latest rendition is slapped haphazardly together. He is seated outside with his shoes on, and it seems quite apparent that he's amusing himself with a last-minute improvisation to his swimming or sunbathing engagement. Nobody seems to remember this picture. I'm not saying it appeared out of nowhere though the option is most certainly on the table. It certainly wasn't circulated like Coburn's nude, because really, aside from one of his repressed homosexual lovers, who would actually want to take a second look at this garbage? I'm sorry to show it to you. Who said detective work doesn't require getting our fingernails dirty?

The normies claim we're looking at the real thing but that just goes to show how terrible their observation skills are. If it is a modern rendition of Rodin's sculpture he's after, then he has completely failed on nearly every level. The wrong hand is resting upon his chin and his other fingers

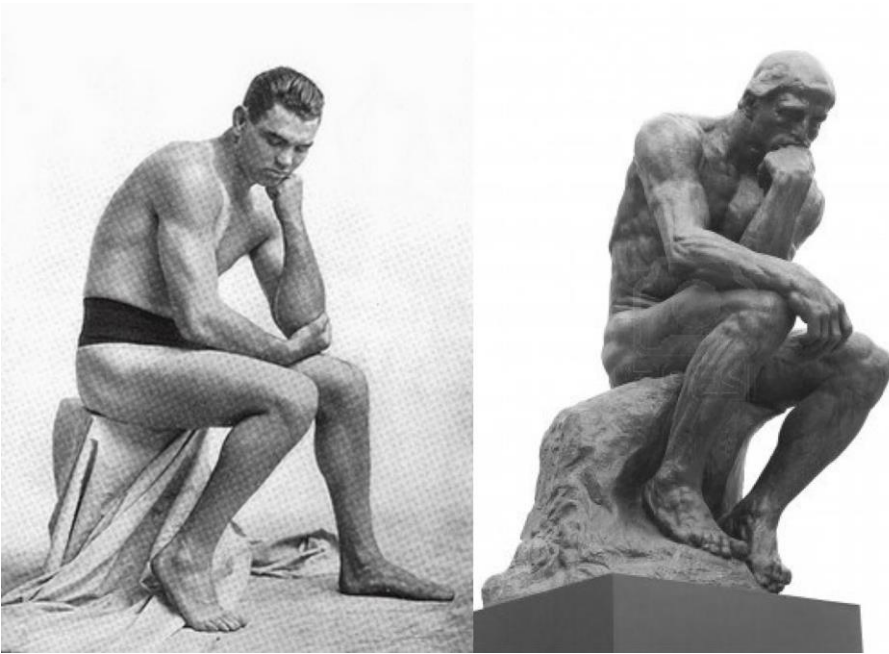
should be hanging comfortably over the kneecap. That's not what we're given though. Is it another rendition of The Thinker from an alternate dimension? Oh no. Just no. Please, no.



'The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis' aired during Kennedy's Camelot era, and though the show was before my time, I was able to catch some short-lived reruns on 'Nick At Nite' back in the day. The Thinker episode wasn't one of them. I wish I could tell you've I've seen it, but in the very least there are some stills of Dobie Gillis nuzzling up to co-star **Bob Denver** of 'Gilligan's Island' fame, already typecast as a pot smoking beatnik, and the Thinker sculpture in the background, you know. I will ask you to take a closer look at him though. No, not Dobie. The sculpture. It's completely different from Rodin's modern molding and in fact falls somewhere in the ballpark of Shaw's 1910 portrait. Dobie does manage to model himself

after the sculpture presented to him, and from the looks of it, they went out of their way to get it right.

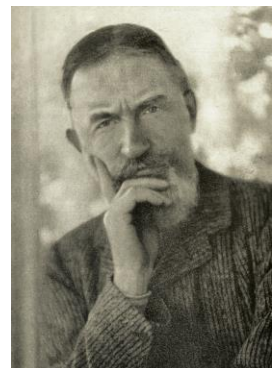
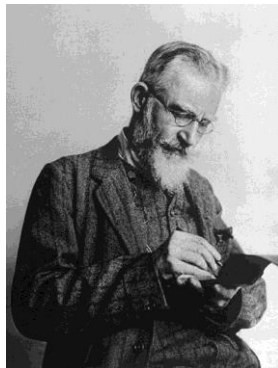
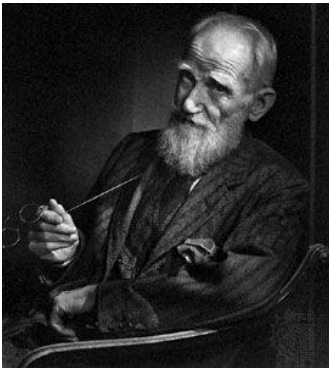
I will remind you again that our current reality does not bend to the molding which Dobie is offering. Nor does my own memory, telling us that there are perhaps multiple ME swaps being overlaid together. The Thinker's left elbow should be pressed upon his left leg—though here it is his right upon the left. Everything is swapped. Rather interestingly, Dobie's hand is cupped over his knee, whereas the modern incarnation has his fingers kind of just dangling there. That's the way I remember the Thinker, with his hand cupped over a knee, even if Dobie's statue plays off like a mirror image.



I'm not so certain about the context of this photo but it appears as though we are once again being treated to another Thinking mimicker, in which we are pressed to consider any number of ME changes throughout the decades, much of which left behind a paper trail.




Not even the **1989 IBM [commercial](#)** manages to stick the landing. Or does it? For once The Thinker has his knuckles pressed to his forehead rather than the chin—just as I remember him. Gotta give credit where it is due. Also, it is his right hand rather than his left as well, which feels a whole lot more natural for the average person. His left fingers are cupped over the kneecap. *Wait a second.* This *is* the Thinker sculpture! Well, I'll be. In the very least it is how the sculpture is recollected in my memory. How do you remember him? Appropriate, since the commercial is from my childhood. I turned 9 in 1989. And look what is happening. IBM is turning Thinker sculptures out on a production line like it's nobody's business. How embarrassing for a computer company if they got the pose wrong. It would be like saying they were mass producing a faulty product.



Returning once more to George Bernard Shaw, would you say he is right-handed or left-handed? I tried to seek the answer on the Intel-net, but Google wouldn't spill the beans. This will once again require detective work. I am showing you three photos and would surmise he was right-handed. Well then, according to the Coburn photo, it was his left-hand

pressed to his forehead and that would feel very unnatural for any philosophical or poetic thinker. Some of you will tell me that is further evidence that the 1904 GBS studio portrait *is* the correct one but I'm here to tell you that they're both wrong. Perhaps they were accurate at one time and who is to say my version is the final authority. All I can tell you is that the 1989 computer commercial depicts the representative Thinker of my former reality, and I'm willing to bet there are thousands if not millions of others who will agree with me.

Thinker (SMALL)



Retail Price: \$1,068.00
Wholesale Price: **\$332.00** (You save \$736.00)
SKU: 204
Artist: Auguste Rodin
Shipping: This item ships for free!
Quantity:
[Add to Cart](#)
[Add to Wishlist](#)

[Description](#) [Dimensions](#) [You Might Also Like](#) [Reviews](#) [Also Viewed](#)

Product Description


The Thinker Sculpture by Auguste Rodin is one of the most famous pieces of art in the last two hundred years. It is easily Rodin's most celebrated piece. This is a fine copy of the thinking man in his famed hunched pose **with his fist on his forehead**. Many wonder if he is contemplating or grieving. Regardless, you need this replica if you admire Rodin's work.

There's a smaller sized bust of the Thinker sculpture up for sale. \$332.00 Americanos if you're interested. On sale from \$1,068.00. That's a \$736.00 savings! What are you waiting for!?! Also, this version is right-handed whereas the modern sculpture is not, so that's a plus. His knuckle's to the chin though. Close but no cigar. No wonder why it's on sale. Nobody wants *that* version. *But wait*. Take a look at the product description. "...**with his first on his forehead**." It's in the fine print. Why the discrepancy? What is going on and why do the product descriptions disagree with the products in our current reality?

Male Nude in "Thinker" Pose



Other references to the Thinker pose can be found all throughout the art and entertainment world, as we would expect of a cultural relic, though none can agree. Is his hand pressed to his forehead or his chin and then secondly which of the two hands are we going with?

 **Melissa Taylor**
@OKMeToo2

Replying to @KhronoShift

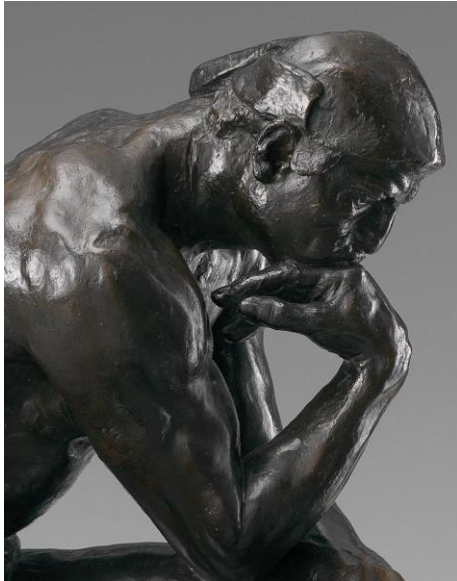
I'm 67 yrs old, at age 12 I began getting migraine headaches. I remember seeing a picture of "The Thinker" and wondering if he got migraines too, since he had his forehead resting on his fist. I remember fist to forehead. And I don't get migraines anymore :)

7:52 AM · Oct 26, 2018

I've come across a great deal many phenomenal comments during this research project, many of which connect memories with sound logic, and here is one of them. A 67-year-old Melissa Taylor specifically recalls the fist to the forehead because at the age of 12 she fell victim to migraine headaches and identified the Thinker with her plight in life. Thank Yah, she no longer has them. Still though, that's about as spot on as somebody with diabetes wondering how the Cookie Monster doesn't succumb to their circumstances.

A headache sounds about right. The context in all of this originally is Dante. Tell me, if you had just been given a tour of torment and were presently sitting at the gates of Hell, rethinking your life, would you press your hand to your chin or your forehead? One pose speaks of inner

turmoil, maybe even spiritual anguish, whereas what we're given is more of a *bmmm* moment. I'm not seeing Tylenol or Aspirin with what we're given, though might I suggest a more holistic approach to the problem solving of good health.



The theme for Gates of Hell was taken from Dante's *Inferno*, and this figure, planned for the lintel on top, was initially conceived as the poet himself. His nudity, though, marked him as a universal embodiment of every poet—every creator—who draws new life from the imagination. In the late 1880s Rodin began to exhibit the figure, sometimes with the title *Poet*, other times as *Poet/Thinker*. By 1896, however, it had become simply *The Thinker*, a still more universal image that reveals in physical terms the mental effort and even anguish of creativity. As Rodin himself described: "What makes my Thinker think is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips, but with every muscle of his arms, back, and legs, with his clenched fist and gripping toes."

And there you have it. The Thinker's own creator has been caught clenched fist. Really, there's no better way of saying it. I am showing you a quote from the [National Gallery of Art](#), and it's attributed to Auguste Rodin. Here is how he described his own masterpiece. "What makes my Thinker think is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips, but with every muscle of his arms, back, and legs, with his **clenched fist** and gripping toes." *Busted*. Anyone who recalls the outstretched fingers as it appears today does not share the same memories as the man who sculpted them.



As if the present ME couldn't get any creepier, how in the world are so many people mimicking the Thinker and still getting the pose wrong? Their fists are to their forehead. Just look over your shoulder, lady. There's even what looks to be school children on a field trip and not one chaperone thinks to tell them misrepresenting the sculpture seated right behind them. *Unbelievable*. Welcome to the Mandela Effect if you haven't been properly greeted already.



The JFK Assassination

ADMIT it. The moment you heard about the six seats is when you picked up the phone and called your dad. The online records will show it was June of 2016 when the latest ME news broke over the web and many sons began calling their fathers. [June 4](#) is the earliest date that I can find. I remember the day and it's most certainly what I did. I called him up and asked how many people were in the 1961 Lincoln Continental convertible that he was assassinated in. Without batting an eye, he said **six**. Not the answer I was expecting to hear. I was shocked. Speaking for myself, it was four seats and always had been. Why the additional passengers now? My father was born in 52 and would have been eleven on **November 22, 1963**, when President **John F. Kennedy** rode in a motorcade through Dealey Plaza in downtown Dallas. Like any good baby boomer, the Kennedy assassination was of particular interest to him. He'd even written a paper on a potential second shooter in high school.

You'd think that would discredit me, being born 17 years after the fact, but as I was saying, many sons began calling their fathers and the results

were split right down the middle. Among the hundreds of shared experiences, it seems to have mattered very little how many dozens or hundreds of times one had viewed the Zapruder film. There were those among the baby boomers who were shocked to see the additional two passengers whereas nothing had changed for others. Such is the nature of the Mandela Effect. And another thing. When asked about the number of passengers, many reportedly responded with the number four but then immediately changed their answer to six, as if the new reality was settling in. The 4-seater people were dropping like flies.



Supposing you derive from the six-seater reality, then it will be difficult to imagine the Lincoln convertible in any other light. We're nearly ten years into this and I still can't adjust my eyes to the new absolute. First and foremost, the roll bar is a total eyesore. That was missing. Texan Governor **John Connally** had a wife, but she wasn't in the car. Her name is **Nellie**, by the way. I couldn't even tell you who that is sitting in front of Connally either. In my reality it was always the Texan Governor seated as the front passenger, directly in front of the President. I've read all the criticism too. I am told I put such a focus on John and Jackie all these years that I didn't think to notice John and Nellie. Oh, that must be it. You caught me. Is that pink Nellie is wearing? So is Jackie. They're both wearing pink. My eyes can't stop zigzagging back and forth between the two of them. It's quite impossible to miss the Governor's wife in this reality.



Another detail I'm having difficulty with is the black trim on Jackie Kennedy's dress. The pink Chanel suit and the pink pillbox hat I recall, as well as the white gloves, but my eyes are drawn directly to the black trim now. That wasn't always so. **[CORRECTION:** I looked it up. She is wearing a navy trim rather than a black one, easily mistakable. Happens all the time.] Even in black and white photos such the swearing in on Air Force One, my eyes are still drawn away from LBJ to the trim around Jackie's neckline. It stands out and dominates the page. I'm not saying she never wore a darker hue. All I can tell you is that the Kennedy assassination is not the same experience as it once was. Many details have changed. Tiny minute ones. You have to reexamine every detail.



For me the Zapruder film was always in color, but some have insisted it was always black and white. They reported never seeing it in color until the Mandela Effect, and I believe them. Of the black and white people,

some recall four passengers and others six. That tells you there are at least several different realities colliding together.



John Connally though. I'm telling you pictures such as this one never existed. Yes, his wife and the roll bar are new additions but just as importantly some of the conspiracies surrounding the JFK assassination are missing. I can no longer find any references to the driver turning around and shooting Kennedy. The mere suggestion would be an impossible one given that he would have had to point the gun directly through Nellie to get at the President, but at one time it was a point of discussion. And [here](#) is another one. *Follow* the bunny rabbit trail with the provided link and you will read the transcribed words of **Dr. Peter David Beter**. He is speaking on **August 21, 1975**, only 12 years after the event. And what he has to say is impossible given the present scenario. You will have to scroll several paragraphs down to read it for yourself, though I have already done the heavy lifting for you.

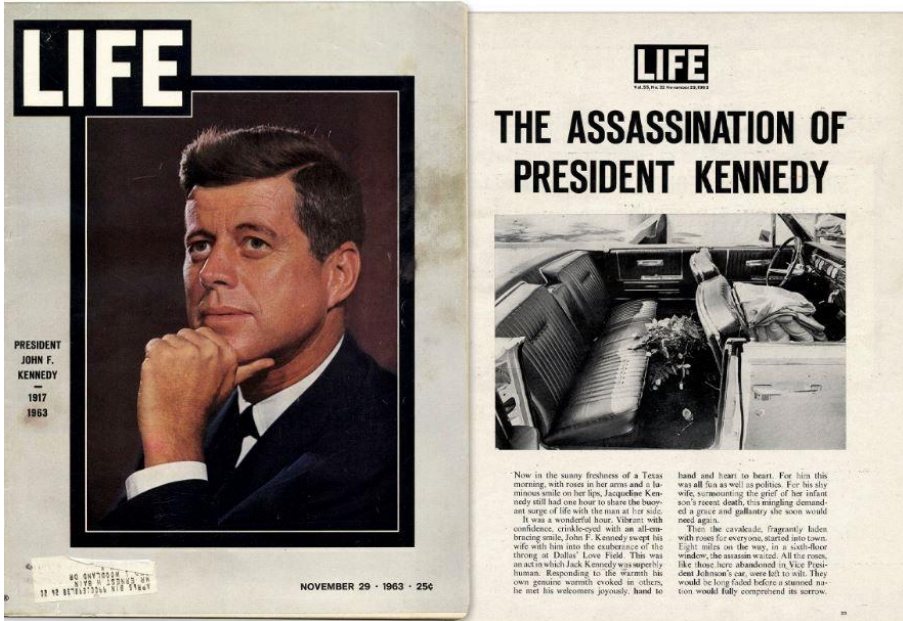
An advantage of the shaped charge, from the Conspirators' viewpoint, is that contrary to a gun or shotgun it would not produce a bullet or buckshot which might be found by someone in the vicinity and cause undesirable questions to be asked. The only problem with

the shaped charge would be its noise. Such a bang would tend to attract the attention of others in the car. However, the Conspirators knew that Jackie Kennedy would be too distraught and preoccupied with Jack himself after the blast to have such details register, and the driver of the car would also be preoccupied with the urge of business of trying to maneuver out of the ambush. But that still left **Governor John Connally, riding in the front seat ahead of the President.** The sound of the shaped charge could be expected to attract his attention, even if it was muffled and partially lost in the confusion of gunshots from snipers.

The possibility existed that **Connally alone** might be able to detect that some sort of device had been fired just behind him inside the car. Therefore, John Connally was a specific target in the ambush along with Kennedy. He was not, as has often been supposed, merely the victim of a stray bullet, much less the victim of a bullet that had first struck Kennedy as alleged by the Warren Commission. Connally was potentially the single most dangerous witness to the assassination. So, it was imperative that he be incapacitated or killed outright. It did not really matter whether Connally was killed or just seriously injured, so long as his ability to observe events clearly was ruined. This they, of course, accomplished.

Peter Beter [it seems](#) was quite the character. He released a series of 80 audio newsletter tapes between 1975 and 1982 and I have only shown you a small snippet of them. Among other discussion points, Beter claimed **Lyndon B. Johnson** was involved in the Kennedy assassination, that several public figures such as **David Rockefeller, Henry Kissinger,** and **Jimmy Carter** were already dead and being impersonated, Jonestown was a staged hoax, and that the U.S. Government had developed weather modification weapons. Man, Beter was ahead of his time. This guy was into some deep *stuff* decades before any of us. Well researched too. How does a guy like that fail to recognize there were six people in the car? In his reality there were only four. Or else he couldn't have pitted John Connally in the front seat, directly ahead of the President. It simply cannot

be racked up to oversight either. Beter is discussing the possibility of a shotgun blast from within the car. The theory only works if there are two rows of seats rather than three. There is the reality that I remember.



The **November 29, 1963** issue of **LIFE** Magazine includes a picture of the four seater which matches my memory and many are claiming it *is* the smoking gun we're after. I hate to be the bearer of bad news but *alas* it is not listed as Kennedy's Lincoln convertible. LIFE insists LBJ and his wife **Claudia Johnson** rode in this one. I can't help but agree with them. Every other Media backed photograph of Kennedy's convertible has changed, why would this solitary image remain? Though the bouquet of roses are straight up suspicious. Jackie had roses. But then what about Lady Bird, did she have roses? Seems to me like LIFE Magazine was leading the reader to believe they were staring into Kennedy's vehicle.

Regardless, I can tell you with one-hundred percent certainty that the first time I have ever seen such a vehicle, a six-seater that is, was no earlier than June of 2016. Many have succumbed to The Purge, but I will not be so easily absorbed. Also, I gave you the bad news first. There *is* residue and I will now show it to you.



Boom. There it is. The Historic Auto Attractions museum in Roscoe, Illinois has a replica of the four-seater car which JFK was assassinated in. Behind them is a second automobile. The museum claims it's the actual secret service car which followed the Kennedy's on the day of whereas the four-seater is just a replica and thank heavens for that. Had the Lincoln been an original then I will surmise it too would have conformed to our new sensibility. So at least we are left with is a car resembling what so many of us remember. The normies will be pressed to claim it is a terrible replica, because here we have before us an auto museum which went out of its way financially speaking to acquire a piece of American history and yet failed to pay attention to the *little* details, apparently. They wouldn't be the only ones to do so. Flip the page because I am not done yet showing you the residue.



A **JFK assassination reconstruction film** was produced by the **U.S. Secret Service** in **1963** and I'm only counting **four** people. I see the persons representing John, Jackie, John, and the driver but that is all. Where is Nellie? Where is the person sitting in front of Connally? I am showing you screenshots from my own personal viewing. There were only ever three passengers and one driver. Don't take my word for it though. [Watch it for yourself](#) and report back if you see anything different.

Really, you should give it a view. The film is impressive. It seems mighty strange that the Secret Service would put so much time and effort into a reproduction, reliving the entire parade route for investigative purposes, only to leave out a key detail. Just look at what is being done. They're lining up a kill shot from the Book Depository window. And mind you, the Texas Governor was shot in every version of reality. It is the trajectory of the bullet that they're after. Did the secret service not have a six-seater in their possession? Any investigation into the murder of a POTUS would be a spare no expense affair. The entire investigation would be thrown

into question if a person sitting in front of Connally were left out of the equation.



Here is yet another oddity relating to the Kennedy assassination. The woman seated within the automobile is holding up a Newspaper with a caption that reads: KENNEDY SLAIN ON DALLAS STREET. And then look behind her. I spy an obelisk, but not just any obelisk. It's the soldier's monument in **Daley Plaza**. Just to the right of it is the Book Depository Building. It is clear what is going on here. We are staring in upon Dallas and that is a replica automobile if ever I've seen one. Where is the roll bar and the added bench seat?

The photo was included in a [travel blog](#) regarding the different locations of particular interest to November 22, including Lee Harvey Oswald's bedroom, and was dated to **April 2015**. And so, we are given something to think about. Fifty years have passed since the Kennedy assassination. *Yes, 50.* Five-O. Five decades are gone, half a century, and where are the six-seater replicas? You'd think somebody would have gotten on the bandwagon by now. This public-school education failure was brought to you by our sponsor, The Mandela Effect.



The Lion and the Lamb

I MUST be a glutton for punishment. Because the Bible *used* to say lion and the lamb, and I was one of those individuals who went around telling the Christian community about it. The subject is even something I covered in an article way back in the day only to junk it in the wastebasket—a decision I have long regretted. That was the spring of 2017, the first quarter of Trump’s administration. Today’s date is 3/7/2023. A whopping six years have passed and I’m just now getting back around to telling you about it. Like NASA and the moon landing, the process has been too painful to build up again. You’re probably wondering why I committed the deed in the first place. The wastebasket story. Or maybe you’re not in the slightly bit interested. I’ll tell you anyways.

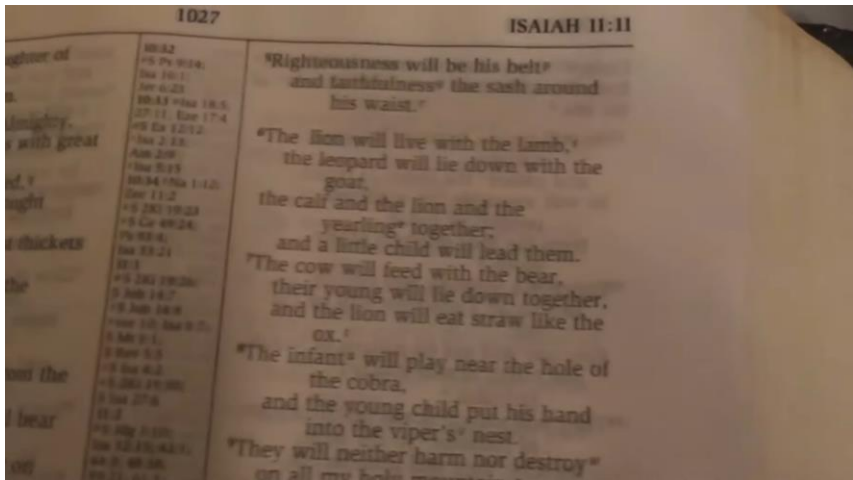
Show me something that is more divisive in the Christian community than claiming a passage in Scripture has changed. That will get you run out of the pews in a hurry. You might as well just take a baseball bat to the beehive and then call it a day. Oh, and in this scenario, you’re not wearing

a beehive suit. Good luck with that. Well, there's the flat earth as well. That too is divisive, given the sheer amount of ball lovers out there. Back in the day, the Mandela Effect was a matter of contention with just about everyone. The Christians hated it as well as the flat earthists, basically anybody who believed in the Bible, and I was getting affronted from both sides. And so, I was like *screw it* seconds before tapping the delete button. Not my finest hour. And like I was saying, I wish I could take it back. It is what it is though.

The lion and the lamb is undoubtedly the most deeply personal Mandela to me because it was my favorite passage in Scripture—and still is. I recall opening up the Bible on several occasions to read from it specifically. The lion will lay down with the lamb. Except then one day it didn't say that anymore. Also, this has already been explained in other places, but it deserves repeating. I didn't have the faintest clue what the Mandela Effect was. I began flipping through Isaiah frantically seeking out where it might have gone to. The wolf gave me a dark brooding feeling, given what I'd already known. And so, I closed my Bible without reading from that passage again until somebody brought the Mandela Effect to my attention. That's what sold it for me. Nobody needed to tell me that the lion got swapped out for a wolf. I knew that inconvenient truth already. Only now I had context. Knowing about the Effect or that I wasn't alone in the shared memory was a comfort and a relief, though to most it is a terror, it seems.

My best advice in all of this is beware when staring into the darkness. The abyss has eyes. Sometimes it stares back. 9 out of 10 times if I were to ask a Bible believer for directions to the lion and the lamb passage, they'd say something like *'that's easy'* and then flip right over to Isaiah only to be confronted with the presence of a wolf. I say 9 out of 10 when really, I have yet to meet anyone within the confines of my generation or older who doesn't remember the lion and the lamb, making the actual number 10 out of 10. The 9 refers to those who exhibit an almost immediate face change. Their entire demeanor seems to slump over, as if they have broken down and are awaiting the upload. They will then tell you they were mistaken, that their memory must have been wrong all along. Watch as they adapt to the alteration to the very fiber of reality and then move in position to guard it, sometimes feverishly. That is what I have found at

any rate with the Mandela Effect but the lion and the lamb more than any other. Proceed at your own risk.



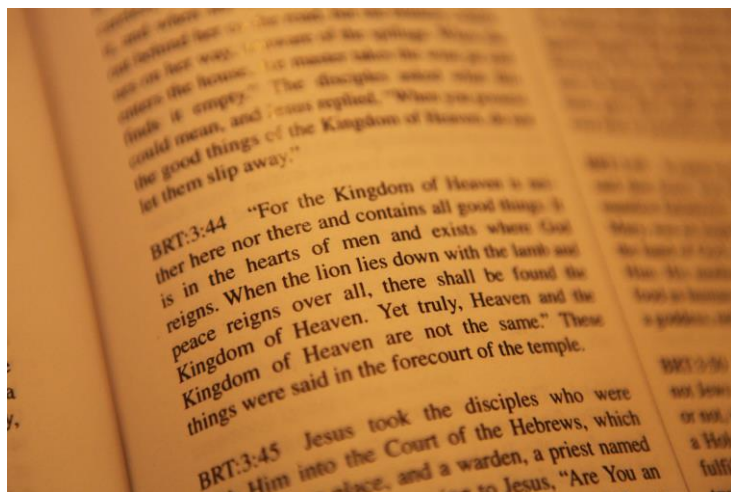
Don't ask me how it happened, exactly. All I know is that it did happen. Somebody's Bible survived The Purge and I have photographic proof of its existence. This is precisely why every Bible needs checked. You never really know where another might be discovered. Capturing a screenshot this time around wasn't the easiest task. I wish the individual making the video had held the camera steadier because the text is somewhat blurred. People make the same request with Sasquatch footage, but I totally get it. It's still readable. And here is what it says.

- 6 **The lion will live with the Lamb,**
the leopard will lie down with the goat.
the calf and the **lion** and the yearling together;
and a little child will lead them.
- 7 The cow will feed with the bear,
their young will lie down together,
and the **lion** will eat straw like the ox.
- 8 The infant will play near the hole of the cobra,
and the young child put his hand into the viper's nest.
- 9 They will neither harm nor destroy
On all my holy mountain.

Isaiah 11:6-9

Nice. That is how I remember the passage. Personally, I prefer the translation to read: "And then the lion will lay down with the lamb," which would be the KJ Version. King Jimmy was all about the lion laying down rather than living with the lamb. I'm almost positive we're reading from the NIV. It's a shame that no physical KJV Bibles survived The Purge, none that we know of, but the existence of this copy is nothing short of a miracle. I'll take a win whenever it shows face.

Notice that it says **lion three times**. That's something which the *nub-ub* people often bring up. The elephant in the room is that we all share the same memory though they will claim we mustn't have done our homework and read our Bibles (which they have apparently) because the passage already says lion and it wouldn't do so again. Please explain. Why wouldn't Yesha'yahu think to name the lion again? After telling us that the lion would live with the lamb, he goes on to clarify the lion wouldn't be picking out the young from the cattle either because eating grass was a thing. Makes sense. The wolf by the way is nowhere to be found.



Though I have yet to locate a Bible which says lion rather than wolf I do have a book in my possession which makes the claim. It derives from The Book of Britain, which is included in the very ancient Kolbrin Bible. Amazingly, the quote is attributed to Yahusha HaMashiach, though many of you know him as Jesus, and I'm somewhat surprised that nobody else has found it. Read it and weep.

When **the lion lies down with the lamb** and *shalom* reigns over all there shall be found the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Book of Britain

Well, that's more like it. There is no doubt about who Mashiach is quoting, Yesha'yahu. He is quoting from Yesha'yahu the prophet, though many of you know him as Isaiah, and what have we learned? That the ~~wolf~~ lion would lie down with the lamb. I am often told I'm misquoting Yesha'yahu and that my memory is bad. It's good to know that Mashiach made the same slip up. We're all misquoting the Yesha'yahu passage because of 'The Book of Britain', apparently. That must be it. Artists and pastors as well as Bible students all over the world were reading from 'The Book of Britain' all along and getting their wires crossed, LOL. A raise of hands. How many of you have even heard of 'The Book of Britain' before, let alone those of you who have afforded the time to read it? *Exactly*. I'll gladly take the residue wherever I find it.



FYI, the present ME is so much larger than an alteration in the Bible. Even artwork has been affected by it. In the **1830's** for example, we are told that the American Quaker artist **Edward Hicks** began fleshing out a series of paintings on the Peaceable Kingdom and look how the lamb is portrayed in every single one. The wolf is laying with the lamb. Are you kidding me? The distractor will surely cry "A-ha!" though I am invoking another Mandela on this one. I have already shown you that the wolf was never included in the Isaiah passage and think I have an idea on what is happening, though it will require saving for a later part of the discussion.



Contemporary artists all seem to remember the lion and the lamb in an identical fashion. I have shown you an entire page of paintings though there are undoubtedly more. Dozens if not hundreds or even thousands of them. They're not simply promoting an idea which is never found in Scripture either. No, they're painting a scene which inspired them from their last reading. There's no reason to overcomplicate what's going on here. This isn't a shrink issue and I'm not climbing into a Chaise lounge because you fail to recognize the obvious.

As a teenager in the Nineties, I recall walking into the Lighthouse Christian bookstore down the street from my house and eyeing the lion and the lamb painting up for sale. It was framed, complete with an inscription which read: **Isaiah 11:6**. That's just a smidgeon of my own testimony though. I have spoken to countless individuals with similar memories. Profound memories involving paintings but also craftwork or quilts and embroideries at their grandmother's home, all invoking **Isaiah 11:6**. Grandmothers is the key phrase here. We're talking about a generation which was still Biblically literate. Before the Internet came along to tell them they were wrong.



Description: **Lion And Lamb**

Pattern: **Peaceable Kingdom by Lenox**

Status: Discontinued. Circa: 1990 -

Here is another notable contribution to the lion and the lamb narrative. For most of the 20th century, **Lenox** was the most prestigious American

maker of tableware. China services were even commissioned for the White House, the Reagan administration included. Well apparently, not even Lenox checked the source material when designing this one. How embarrassing. Among Christians, there is so much anger at those of us who state the obvious, and it just goes to show that their outrage is selective. Why not rage at companies like Lenox? They too shared in the quote-unquote “false memory,” you know.



But then we have paintings such as this one. **William Strutt** is another 19th century artist, an Englishman at that, and the scene which he is depicting couldn't be any more evident. **The wolf is dwelling with the lamb.** The leopard is laying down with the goat. The lion with the calf. And a little child is leading them. Isaiah 11:6. It is a modern depiction. And now I am confused. How did artists from the 1800's get it right whereas contemporary craft makers and everybody's grandma couldn't stick the landing?

Some have suggested the Mandela Effect already happened long ago and that those who read “the lion and the lamb” were victim to it. The idea is that the wolf was original to the text and that the magic has now been lifted. I am open to the possibility but then if this is the explanation we're expected to go with, it would be completely compartmentalized from

every other Effect, including the many reported changes to the Bible. Like I said, I'm open. I think something else is going on though. I'll explain what that is after the *following* passage. What you are about to read is an ancient extra-Biblical text which happens to agree with the current narrative.

19 Lions and panthers adored Him likewise and accompanied them in the desert. Wherever Yoceph and the blessed Miryam went, they went before them showing them the way, and bowing their heads; and showing their submission by wagging their tails, they adored Him with great reverence. Now at first, when Miryam saw the **lions** and the panthers, and various kinds of wild beasts, coming about them, she was very much afraid. But the infant Yahusha looked into her face with a joyful countenance, and said: Be not afraid, mother; for they come not to do thee harm, but they make haste to serve both thee and me. With these words He drove all fear from her heart. And the **lions** kept walking with them, and with the oxen, and the asses, and the beasts of burden which carried their baggage, and did not hurt a single one of them, though they kept beside them; but they were tame among the sheep and the rams which they had brought with them from Yahudah, and which they had with them. **They walked among wolves and feared nothing**; and no one of them was hurt by another. **Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet: Wolves shall feed with lambs**; the **lion** and the ox shall eat straw together. There were together two oxen drawing a wagon with provision for the journey, and the lions directed them in their path.

The Infancy Gospel of Mattithyahu

Notice how the wolves are not even conjured in this account until it is time to mention how the words spoken by the prophet had been fulfilled. "The wolves shall feed with the lambs," say what? They're completely absent. All I'm seeing is the presence of lions up unto that point. It is quite

possible that the wolf quip is another clever contribution of Mandela though as I have already mentioned I think something else is going on.

Two realities are colliding. Probably more. The JFK Mandela Effect helps to illustrate the possibility. There is a reality in which four people sat in the Lincoln convertible on the day of his assassination and another reality entirely consisting of six people. Pick either scenario and only two people were shot, Kennedy and Connally. What is important about that ME is the sheer number of people who didn't even need to bat an eye. Among many such as myself it had always been *four* whereas others had only ever experienced *six*. Who is to say which reality is the correct one? Well, the four-seater is no longer a reality, though I am quite certain it was at one time.

The possibility that there are any number of simultaneous dimensions, each paralleling the other, is worth considering. So long as it is not the very nature of morality which is being debated. And obviously, tampering with the time-space continuum *is* a morality issue. No doubt about that. If anything, the morality aspect makes the prospect a whole lot more interesting. What if Yah gives us a plurality of opportunities all at once so that there are no excuses when we fail to lead a righteous life in every single one of them? *Ouch*.

Fact of the matter is, there is nothing evil about a wolf lying with a lamb. It's not like the lion lies with the lamb but then watch out for the wolf, here he comes. LOL. No, every animal on Yahuah's holy mountain eats grass like the ox and I'm thinking we have another instance where two parallel dimensions are overlaid upon the other. If you are older than 30 or 40 and explicitly remember the wolf in Isaiah from the time of your youth then congratulations, your reality beat out my own. Go stand on the nearest podium and somebody will come along presently to hand you a trophy. I'm not sure if you've noticed but the last ten years have sucked eggs, and the eggs are rotten in case you've lost your sense of smell. Have fun choking those down. I want the world I once inhabited, the one where the lion is promised to lay down with the lamb.

Humorist [Josh Billings](#) (1818–1885): "The lion and the lamb may possibly sometimes lie down together; but if you'll notice carefully, when the lion gets up, the lamb is generally missing."^[11] Attributed to [Woody Allen](#): "I've always liked, someday the lamb will lay by the lion ... but it won't get much sleep."^[12]

Looks like humorist **Josh Billings** and **Woody Allen** both derive from my broken-down dimension. Billings is recorded as saying: “**The lion and the lamb** may possibly sometimes lie down together; but if you'll notice carefully, when the lion gets up, the lamb is generally missing.” And if you'll notice he inhabited the 19th century. Allen on the other hand said it like this: “I've always liked, someday **the lamb will lay by the lion** ... but it won't get much sleep.” Ha, ha. Funny man. He is also a **Joo**, you know. Of **Yiddish** origins, in case you were wondering. I bring that little detail up because even the Jewish grandmothers remember it differently.

A group of interfaith religious leaders were getting a tour around the Jerusalem Zoo by its administrator, Shmuel Shapira. Shmuel showed them one cage where a lion was lying together with a young lamb.

The head of the delegation was amazed. "For 2000 years, we've prayed for signs of the messianic era and the prophesy that the lion will lie down next to the lamb. How did you do it?"

"It was quite easy," Shmuel replied, "All it needs is a new lamb a day!"

I found this lovely little joke on aish.com, a website devoted to all things Jewish. It involves a group of interfaith religious leaders who are receiving a tour around the Jerusalem Zoo by its administrator, **Shmuel Shapira**. He's a real person, by the way. He makes another appearance on Reuters, coming across like a major influence in the pushing of the COVID-Vax. Well, if that doesn't completely ruin the joke. Worst set up ever. Apologies. Let's get through it anyhow, even though the interfaith people are beginning to make a whole lot more sense.

Anywho, he shows them a cage where a lion is lying together with a young lamb, which amazes everyone. The head of the delegation declares: “**For 2000 years, we've prayed for signs of the messianic era and the prophesy that the lion will lie down next to the lamb.**” Wait, what prophesy? I don't read any prophesy in my Bible that records... *Oh*, never mind. Sounds like 2000 years' worth of religious people have all been reading it wrong but we're not supposed to notice that fact. *Continuing* with the joke.

Shmuel replies: “It’s quite easy. All it needs is a new lamb a day!” Ha, ha. More Jewish humor. Who knew this would be the comedy hour? Also, if that doesn’t describe Zionism in a nutshell. You know, with all of their artificial fulfillments. Seeing as how the Zionists need to replace the lamb daily to convince you of their credibility, because you get jokes, right?



Seems like the Zionists aren’t the only one coming up joke material. I offer you proof that American nationalists have thrown a funny bone into the ring. This 1892 political cartoon is captioned “**When the Lion Lies Down with the Lamb**” though the dynamic duo are represented by English Free

Trade and American Industries this time around. I take it to mean there isn’t peace in the valley.



Well, here is a curiosity piece which I’ve haphazardly stumbled upon. Don’t quote me quite yet, but it may turn out to be my favorite in the bunch. I did a little digging, and it appears to be an international circus act, *circa* 1894, headed up by a “Mr. Adam Vanamburgh” and his den of performing lions. The poster shows a child hanging out with Mr.

Vanamburgh as well as the lions and a lamb, complete with a caption which reads: **“THE LION and THE LAMB SHALL LIE DOWN TOGETHER and THE LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”** *Hmmm*, I don’t want to jump the gun, but I get the feeling he’s going for an Isaiah 11:6 theme. How do you take it? It’s like I’ve always said in nearly every paper that I’ve ever written, they don’t make circuses like they used to.



I’ve never been much of a fan for Michelangelo’s David statue. Probably because he’s a 17-foot tall giant and his gongs are just hanging there, as if I’m expected to admire them. But then here is something I can get excited about. The lion is lying down with the lamb in Farnham, Surrey, Great Britain, which also just so happens to be the title of the piece. I only discovered this wood carving through a photographer who was offering his photo up for reuse under a Creative Commons License. He quickly added: **“The lion shall lay down with the lamb’** is the common misquote of Isaiah 11:6,” LOL. Is it now? If the residents of Farnham are embarrassed by the little oversight I will gladly take this off their hands. I’m thinking it would look excellent in the foyer at the foot of the staircase. I’d have to move the turntable but that’s okay. It would be my way of letting everyone know which side of the debate I’m on from the moment they enter my house.



What have we here? **Lion.** *Check.* Lamb. *Check.* One is laying down with the other. *Check.* Also, a child is leading them. I'm detecting an Isaiah 11:6 theme but don't want to assume. It says PEACE, as in peace on earth. We have a match. The logo has been informally used by the Community of Christ since the last quarter of the 19th-century. It was personally designed by **Joseph Smith III** and **Jason W. Briggs** as well as **Elijah Banta** and then approved in the denomination's General Conference in **1874**. Recognize any of those names? *Mm-hmm.* Community of Christ is otherwise known as the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

You will tell me the Latter-Day Saints is a cult which gives you permission not to listen to them. That's *Reorganized* to you. With an attitude like that you're totally missing out on the fun of controlled opposition. Try not to confuse the bicycle missionary people with Latin mass. If it is theology which you disagree upon, I think we can at least all agree they are perfectly capable of opening up the Bible and differentiating between a lion and a wolf for themselves. But again, who am I to judge? Moving on. Perhaps we will have further luck with another denomination.



The Ambassador College has a seal which I think you might find interesting. I *spy* a lion and a lamb and a little child leading them. Probably just a coincidence. Let's see what the inscription says, because you never can be certain.

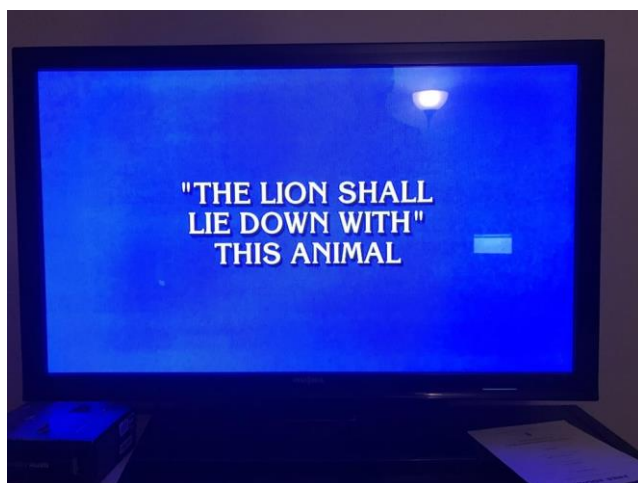
The lion shall dwell with the lamb and a little child shall lead them in the world of tomorrow.

Isaiah 11:6

Um. Did I read what I think I just read? I didn't add the Isaiah 11:6 reference by the way. The designers managed that little detail for us. Likely anticipating all the deniers in the world of tomorrow if I had to guess. And now I'm sitting here dumbfounded. Totally baffled as to how the *nub-uh* people are going to write this one off. They will try. Ambassador College was run by the Worldwide Church of God. It was established in 1947 in Pasadena, California, by none other than **Herbert W. Armstrong**. *Oh*, haven't you heard? Armstrong was a Sabbath keeper. The Church of God recognizing that unclean food is still unclean and so kept to dietary laws as well. Already, I like this Armstrong guy. He knew his prophets. And anyways, I've planted my bum in the pews but more importantly I've taught the Bible from its pages long enough to know how a symbol such as this one would go down. 9 out of 10 protestants with a "good memory"

would be hounding me down in the aisle demanding: "Lion and lamb, where's that in the Bible? Chapter and verse, please! Chapter and verse!" Which makes Armstrong giving them one even worse.

Maybe what's really happening is that I'm locked up in a loony toons asylum and I'd better start seeing the monarch butterfly in each of these inkblots or else the nurse will inspect my mouth when she hands me the paper cup and blue pills and then tells me to swallow on the next go-around. Look, what is the point in memorizing a passage if you can't quote from it anymore after our Controllers go and publish a rewrite overnight while you sleep?



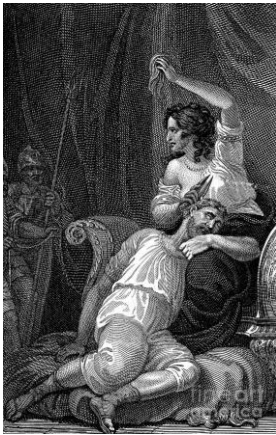
Another person who's always messing with us is **Alex Trebek**. He died in 2020, Yah rest his soul. But when he was alive there was no greater pranker than Alex Trebek, aside from cult and church denomination leaders, that is. Especially since he had everyone convinced the lion would lay down with the lamb on an episode of Jeopardy. I am dropping you a [link](#). And another [one](#). Watch it and then answer a simple question. How else do you explain this stuff? I can't think of a better game show to course correct a collective false memory than Jeopardy but apparently fact checking slipped right past the writer's room and **Billy Wisse** on this one.



The ‘Sergeant York’ movie has an old man reading from his Bible. He only reads one line. Care to guess which one? It’s okay, I’m giving you permission to say it. This isn’t a trick question. Listen for [yourself](#) before answering. Or [here](#) if you’d like. He *says* it. He is sitting in a rocking chair with his Bible wide open, because he’s reading from it you see, and he says: “And the lion shall lay down with the lion.” Must be the KJV. Mind you, we’re dealing with **1941** King James only audiences. One slight slip-up and there would have been Baptists across America screaming at the movie projector: “Chapter and verse, Sir! Chapter and verse!”

And another thing, Sergeant York is based upon the true story of **Alvin York**. He was a pacifist. He became on in 1911 due to his religious conviction but then went on to serve in the Army during the First World War. He received the Medal of Honor for leading an attack on a German machine gun nest, gathering 35 machine guns, killing at least 25 enemy soldiers, and capturing 132 prisoners—all while under conviction.

The lion and the lamb quip has context and I have just given it to you. I mean, I’d totally get it if a pacifist didn’t quote from, *say*, 1 Maccabees or Judith to make his case. Isaiah 11:6 though. You’d think a pacifist would know something about what animals to include in that one. What’s really messed up is that the old man is reading directly from his open-faced Bible and pranking everyone. He’s pranking the movie viewer but especially his pacifist son-in-law who’s about to hold his breath while the Germans gas his ass in the trenches. Leave it to a pacifist to shoot up a room and win a medal of honor for doing it only to hoax nearly all of humanity into a collective false memory.



Samson and the Hair Cutter: Two Merging Realities

I GIVE you several pieces of artwork for your consideration. Nearly every one of them is hundreds of years old. Some even date back to the late Middle Ages. Look them over carefully and tell me what you see. I am not attempting to trick you. Each and every one of them depict the same scene. It's rather straight forward if you ask my opinion about it. In my former reality, it was always **Sampson** and **Delilah**, not **Samson** and the **Hair Cutter**. Yes, I too remember Sampson with a 'p'. That is how we used to refer to the big guy in a galaxy far, far away. If you too remember the added 'p' then I would urge you to attempt and find any Biblical translation which spells it that way on your own time because I have other pressing matters to attend to.

Examine the artwork again and tell me what you see. A woman is cutting Sampson's hair while soldiers look on. That's the scene I'm observing. I'm asking you so that we can all be certain. It's okay, she has a name, and you can say it. We are gazing in upon a very important moment in the life of Sampson and Delilah. In a couple of them the soldiers are absent but then the artist goes out of his way to show her looking offscreen, indicating that they lie in wait until the deed is done. What is consistent in every retelling is that Sampson is lulled to sleep on Delilah's knees and it she alone who is taking the scissors to his head. Well, here is the twist to the latest episode of The Twilight Zone. It never happened. Somebody cut his hair alright, though we are never given a name. What seems more certain than ever now is that it wasn't her. Read it for yourself.

Then she lulled him to sleep on her knees, and **called for a man and had him shave off the seven locks of his head**. Then she began to torment him, and his strength left him.

Judges 16:19 [New King James Bible]

Well, darn. We had it wrong. Looks like Delilah didn't go through with it after all. She called for the barber. You'd think these master painters would read the story for themselves before reenacting the scene with

models, but you know how it goes: We are so knowledgeable now. Yes, that must be it. Thank God for the Intel-net, always pointing out how ignorant the ancients were. Another thing I don't recall is the seven locks of hair. Is there ancient commentary upon that because the seven number sounds important for any Biblical scholar. Medieval artists in particular would pick up on details such as that.



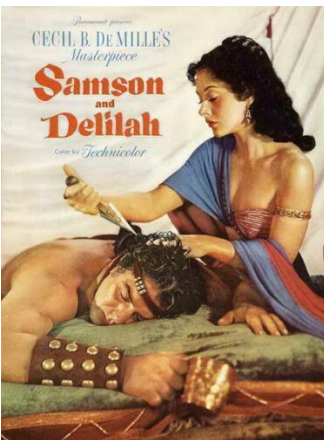
The Morgan
@MorganLibrary

Why is Delilah giving Samson a haircut? This image is in the Crusader Bible, now on view: bit.ly/CrusaderBible

There are other depictions though I think this one may prove to be my favorite in the bunch. It derives from the Morgan Bible. If that title is unfamiliar to you then you may have heard about the Crusaders Bible. It's an illuminated manuscript which is thought to have originated in medieval Paris, *circa* 1250, consisting entirely of pictures detailing specific Biblical events. Once again, soldiers are standing by while Delilah cuts the Nazarene prize fighters' hair clean off, and they got it wrong. Oops. Because Delilah never took the scissors to anybody, you know. Apparently, it's been an ongoing problem lasting for centuries. The Morgan Library is even Tweeting out a distress message, wondering why it is that Delilah is giving the haircut. LOL. Because the Morgan Bible is usually so accurate in their illustrations. Except for this one, apparently. I'm so glad we have the Ministry of Truth to let us in on centuries worth of collective false memories, aren't you?



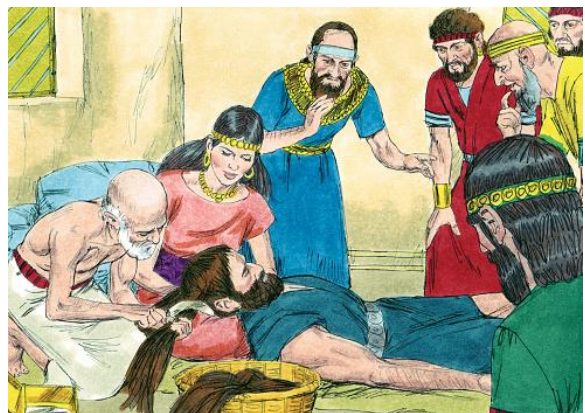
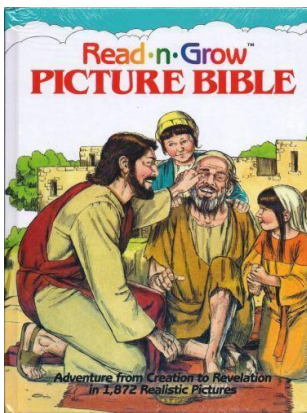
More recently, the hair cutting controversy was depicted in The History Channel's 'The Bible' miniseries. The episode in question was released on **March 10, 2013**, and what is happening? Again, it's not a trick question. Sampson's got dreadlocks, and it is Delilah who is taking a knife to them. I'm not seeing the barber anywhere in the room. The problem with residue such as this one is that I will be told 'The Bible' producers as well as its evangelical audience were too Biblically illiterate to notice. Well then, I should probably point out that [Religion News Science](#) released an article within a week of the broadcast detailing what inaccuracies they uncovered. I *checked*. Delilah cutting Sampson's hair was not on the list.



Samson & Delilah - [9/13]

If it's a semi-coherent Biblically literate audience that you're seeking, then look no further than The War generation. **Cecil B. DeMille** released 'Samson and Delilah' in **1949**, when radios rather than televisions still dominated the American household, and just look at what he put on the cover why don't you? Mm-hmm, nobody was cast into the part of the barber. I confess to having watched this movie 30 years ago now. It's been a while. But then you should know I tracked down the scene on YouTube and can happily report the movie poster isn't false advertising. It's lifted from an actual scene in the movie. Delilah lowers the curtains and betrays her lover all by her lonesome. At no point does anybody's arms reach into the frame with scissors.

Another thing I'll have you know is that I watched the **Peter Jackson** 'Lord of the Rings' trilogy upon their release and the nerds were bringing along copies of the book. They would nitpick every little detail which didn't line up with the fine print. Literacy still exists in some circles. The theology fan boys in particular though. I've seen how these things go. Somebody would have taken one look at the movie poster from the sidewalk and said: "Chapter and verse, sir. Chapter and verse."



But wait, what's this? The 'Read n Grow PICTURE BIBLE' shows an illustration of Sampson's haircut and finally for once the barber shows face. It was released in **1984** and I had my very own copy. Throughout the Eighties I attended a private Christian school in Hawthorne, California. It was King James only. I kept a copy of Read n Grow on my desk anyways and flipped through its pages regularly. I'm telling you I have no memory

of this particular scene. I can recall many pictures within but this one is a big fat *nope*. I still have a copy by the way. Maybe it *was* always there. What is certain is that you cannot claim I am the basket case of a false narrative *via* faulty Sunday school illustrations because if anything Read n Grow gets it right in this present reality.



What in tarnation? On top of the other depictions already shown to you, your basic Google search will spit out these images, right into the frying pan of controversy. There is the barber we've all been looking for. These must also be the art pieces derived from the "chapter and verse" people. They are the far and few between who managed to take the Bible

seriously. No wonder why we've never seen them before. I'll speak for myself when saying there's a first for everyone. They're news to me. Man, I've really fallen behind with the latest history books.



But then here are some more illustrations deriving from the reality which I'd hang my hat to if it were still remotely possible to do so. So much gory detail. Specific too. Often, we are given a precise order of events. It is always Delilah who cuts off the hair in each and every storybook picture while the soldiers wait in hiding. Only afterwards do they approach him, first and foremost to relieve him of his eyesight.



The origins of this one in particular can be traced to **1455** Paris, back when artists knew how to paint a picture with a thousand words, and now I've come to a decision. It beats out the Crusaders Bible for my favorite in the bunch. Breathtaking, ain't it? *Yep*, it's like I've often stated, nothing says Millennial Kingdom quite like Delilah giving Samson a haircut.



Oh look, an old political cartoon, circa **1809**. The woman is **Mary Anne Clarke**, mistress of Prince **Frederick Augustus**, who happens to be the second son of **King George III**. She is cutting off his donkey tail, thereby weakening his powers. And just in case the reference is lost on his audience some 200 years into the future, the artist was kind enough to tell us Delilah cutting off the hair of **Sampson** with a 'p' is what's being referenced. It's funny because it's true.

Look, we could sit here arguing all day regarding Biblical illiteracy and who the guilty party members are, but after all we've been through. It seems to me that placing other options on the table are equally viable. Given the multiverse theory, I for one think it's entirely possible and in fact more probable than not that both renditions to the story were accurate in their own respective timelines. Some of you will tell me this is the Word of God we're dealing with and one of the timelines is a liar. How so? There are certainly liars in this scenario, aka our Controllers, but the author of Judges needn't be it.

I will remind you of what we've already learned with JFK's assassination convertible. In one reality, John Connally's wife went along for the ride whereas in another she didn't. Both may be very accurate. In both

scenarios Kennedy and Connally and nobody else were shot. You could say the same thing with Sampson and Delilah. In one timeline she was so vindictive as to personally play the part of the barber whereas in another she was weak and called for help. Small differences which resemble our own day-to-day decisions. Do you suppose there is a version of reality out there where she didn't go through with it?



Moses Has Horns

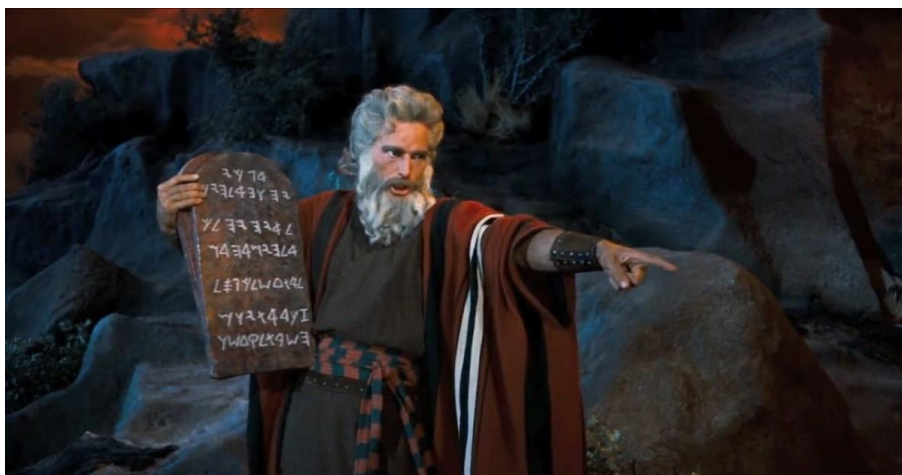
AND then one day we all woke up to the latest news. Mosheh has horns. At first it was only **Michelangelo's** *Moses* statue which nabbed our attention but then soon, very soon, it occurred to us how prevalent the horn issue truly was. It was more like an epidemic. Horns were sprouting up everywhere across this motionless plane of ours. Not Mosheh portrait was safe, not even in books. People are like sheep and so naturally fickle about things like this but who can really blame them? Also, gatekeepers can be found in all professions. It would be up to the theologians this time around to calm the normies indiscriminately poking around on Intel-net search engines by stating that horns are totally Biblical and that there is nothing to see here, so stop asking about it. Mosheh having horns was a small oversight is all. The Enlightenment stone cutters were financed by

the Catholic church and so advanced in their Vulgate studies as to be centuries ahead of the horn or no horn debate, obviously. Well, that is dandy and all. It doesn't answer the question as to why nobody, not even the modern-day Seminary students, seemed to notice the supernatural growth until the whereabouts of the Obama administration.



Wait, hold on, I am over generalizing again. It happens in my moments of passion sometimes. Yes, there were *some* people who noticed the horns on Mosheh's head long before the rest of us. There is one in every room. They could even make a case for it being in the Bible decades ago. Apparently, they decided to withhold that information from the rest of the class in church and Sunday school as well as all those in home Bible studies until the quote-unquote collective false memory syndrome came along and made a great deal many of us question our reality. Good thing we have them around in our hour of need. Oh, I'm sure the horns were debated night and day in that person's reality. I'm not being sarcastic

either. This is another one of those instances where the horns of Mosheh may be very Scriptural. And totally bad ass if he did. Nothing says a leader of the people quite like a pair of rammers. Mostly because they would come in handy when the effeminate manna whimperers pissed you off and needed removed from the room. Way to make them butt hurt, Mosheh! He should have taken Korach out with those things. That is what is absent from our lawmaking politicians nowadays, you know. What I am saying here is that Mosheh may indeed have grown a pair in another parallel reality and I am not here to question that. It most certainly wasn't my own though.



The horns issue in case you were wondering derives from Exodus 34. I will show you the passage but first here is some need-to-know context. When Mosheh came down from the Mountain with the first set of tablets, he encountered the moral depravity of Yashar'el in so much that they were tired of waiting around for him and had succumbed to the worship of a golden calf. In a fit of rage, Mosheh threw down the tablets, breaking them into pieces. Securing the 10 Commandments would require another return hike to the summit of Sinai. Follow along.

²⁹ And it came to pass, when Mosheh came down from Mount Ciynai with the two caphires of testimony in Mosheh's hand, when he came down from the Mount, that **Mosheh knew not the skin of his face shone** [קָרַן *qā-ran*] while he talked with them. ³⁰ And when Aharon

and all the children of Yashar’el saw Mosheh, behold, **the skin of his face shone** [קָרַן qā-ran] **and they were afraid to come nigh him.** ³¹ And Mosheh called unto them; and Aharon and all the ruler of the assembly returned unto him: and Mosheh talked with them. ³² And afterward all the children of Yashar’el came nigh: and he gave them in commandment all that Yahuah had spoken with him in Mount Ciynai. ³³ And till Mosheh had done speaking with them, **he put a veil on his face.** ³⁴ But when Mosheh went in before Yahuah to speak with him, **he took the veil off,** until he came out. And he came out and spoke unto the children of Yashar’el which he was commanded. ³⁵ And the children of Yashar’el saw the face of Mosheh, that **the skin of Mosheh’s face shone** [קָרַן qā-ran]; and **Mosheh put the veil upon his face again,** until he went in to speak with him.

Shemoth (Exodus) 34:29-35 [Cepher]

A straightforward reading has the people afraid of Mosheh’s *shining* face, though I admit there may be more going on here. I have highlighted for you the three different occurrences when the writer claims the skin of Mosheh *shone*. In Hebrew it is קָרַן—qā-ran, which undoubtedly relates to the word *qeren*, meaning ‘horns,’ or in the very least something that is projected outward in a similar manner to horns.





The idea that a divine being would strut the catwalk among mortals with a pair of bullish knobs would not be foreign to the Hebrew inhabitants of Mitsriym and Mesopotamia and in fact the Greek and Roman world as a whole. Seems as though they were all the rage among the ruling Elite. I am showing you four separate examples as courtroom evidence. Clockwise from left to right we have before us an unknown horned elohiym from Cyprus followed by **Jupiter Ammon** and then in Mitsriym we have the cow goddess **Bat**. And lastly, need we forsake decades of Nephilim research? The horned wild man **Enkidu** with the giant Gilgamesh has been an ongoing topic in these parts, as has the Osiris-Horus-Isis trinity. **Isis** was curved in all the right places, you know.

There are others. I could go on and on showing you pictures of Pan and Lucifer and Beelzebub but then the mistake I'd be making is in failing to highlight the elephant in the room. That horns may very well relate to the mysteries of heaven. Just because the surrounding nations understood their elohiym to feature them doesn't mean it's a strictly pagan notion. *Consider.*

¹⁰ **All the horns of the wicked also will I cut off: but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.**

Tehilliym (Psalms) 75:10

Well, well, well. You can't very well tell me that having horns isn't Biblical. The wicked may grow a pair from time to time but then so do the

righteous. Take it up with the complaint department if you have issues with that. The Psalmist very well may have had horned neighbors for all I know. And you thought you had bad neighbors. Bet you've never been gorged before. Can't say it's not a possibility anymore. You will tell me it was horns then, and if so, then hold your horses. There is nothing in Exodus 34 that would warrant the idea that Mosheh had horns to begin with. Hear me out. Why would they put a veil or a paper bag over his skin if it was horns that they were trying to hide? Seems to me that what Mosheh needed was a hat or a hoodie. If it is horns rather than a shining skin tone, then *when* did they fall off or are we expected to believe they were a permanent feature? We are never told. Probably because the scenario is one which describes a veil intended to cover the skin until its radiant glow wears off. Don't take my word for it though. Here is how the rabbinical commentators describe the same scene.

On Mosheh's return from heaven, **the people were greatly amazed to see his face shining**, and there was fear, too, in their amazement. This fear was a consequence of their sin, for formerly they had been able to bear without fear the sight of "the glory of Yahuah that was like devouring fire," although it consisted of seven sheaths of fire, laid one over another; but after their transgression they could not even bear to look upon the countenance of the man who had been the intermedior between themselves and Elohiym. But Moses quieted them, and instantly set about imparting to the people the Torah he had received from Elohiym.

The Legends of the Yahudiym: Volume 3

The reason why Moshe's skin glowed with radiance is because the summit of heaven doubled as a launching pad into the heavens and the devouring fire of Elohiym was rubbing off on him. That is typically what happens in these scenarios. Some have even used the word radiation. I mean, I could dig through various other extra-Biblical texts and show you similar descriptions, particularly as they pertain to the righteous being transformed in heaven. Rather than doing that though, because the illuminating process is a given, I would much prefer finding any Scriptural text where the transfiguration includes the growing of horns. So far as I

know, growing horns in the presence of Yahuah would be exclusive to this account. It will no doubt take the Mandela Effect to bring others into the fold. Perhaps we can have this horns conversation again in a year or two from now. And at any rate, the Aramaic Targum currently agrees with the radiance theory. It may not always but let's at least see what it has to say at the present.

And it was at the time when Mosheh came down from the mountain of Sinai, with the two tables of the testimony in the hand of Mosheh, in his descending from the mount, that **Mosheh knew not that the visage [form] of his face shone with splendor which had come upon him from the brightness of the glory of Yahuah's Shekinah in the time of His speaking with him. That the beams of his face did shine.**

Shemoth 34:29 [Jerusalem Targum]

The writer of the Jerusalem Targum makes the direct comparison between Moshe's visage and the brightness of the glory of Yahuah's Shekinah. It doesn't take a connect the dots specialist to figure this one out. It's also what I was indicating earlier when stating there is no context for horns. I suppose the writer could have said "the beams of his face did *horn*" rather than *shine*. The beams shown as horns but that's not the same thing as saying Moshe was a ram or a bull or a jackalope.

So far, I have used LOTJ and the Targum for evidence, which will cause some of you to want to horn Moshe even harder. You will want to slap the biggest Bullwinkle bazookas imaginable onto his noggin so as to prove the Jews wrong on this one. Well then, I'm not quite through with the writings. We turn now to the Septuagint.

²⁹ And when Moshe went down from the mountain, the two tables in the hands of Moshe, —as then he went down from the mountain, **Moshe knew not that the appearance of the skin of his face was glorified, when Elohiym spoke to him.**

Exodus 34:29 [Septuagint]

Somebody is prepared to tell me the LXX is still Jewish reading material. Very well, explain to me who wrote the New Testament then. *Mm-hmm*, the same people. You'd also be aware then of their source material. It couldn't be any more obvious in the Septuagint that the skin of his face was glorified due to his meeting with Elohiym. That is what the Hebrew writer was attempting to convey in saying that Moshe's skin was *horned*. It was amplified, glorified, exalted. If his look could be compared with sound then Moshe was emanating the living, breathing, blast of a shofar. The total opposite would be to claim that he had become a hybrid but we're no longer going there.

And just so you know, I haven't even brought out the big guns yet. I hope you were saving your '*amens*' for an opportune moment such as this one, because admit it, for many of you Pa'al is your final authority—the quintessential nuke option. I know what it is to bring a knife to a gunfight, and so, I came prepared with the semi-automatic of Scripture memory verses this time around. 2 Corinthians. Read it and weep.

But if the ministration of death, written *and* engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of **Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, which *glory* was to be done away.**

2 Corinthians 3:7 [KJV]

Obviously, Pa'al is referring to the quote-unquote “horns” incident in Shemoth 34. Only there are no horns to be found anywhere. It's why I'm thinking the other half of my reading audience will want to *horn* Moshe all that much harder after hearing Pa'al's understanding of the passage. Everyone is free to their own opinion, but I'm convinced on this one, seeing as how everything he writes is apparently suspect, LOL. If I'm reading this right, and I know you are too, it was the face of Moshe which they could not withstand due to the glory of his countenance. Seems legit. I mean, if you grew a pair of shofars and came over to my house for dinner without having shed them yet, the conversation between us may be a difficult one but I think I could manage in the end. Sitting there with sunglasses on and crying: “My eyes!” seems a bit extreme.



Tell me, does that look like the Lawgiver to you? I'm not seeing any glorious radiance emanating from his cheeks. More like an ashy hue. If I had to guess, Moshe just returned from a KISS concert, having confused manna with the shrooms the guy in the parking lot was handing out. I've visited a petting zoo or two in my day and those are devil horns. Also, there are groups of Christians out there who hate the Torah so much that they actually go out of their way to call Yahuah the Demiurge. They will say Mashiach's heavenly father was entirely different than the so-called slave driver on Sinai, often going so far as to claim Moshe was ultimately working for Satan. What do you suppose they will do when they are finally privy to the Mandela Effect? With evidence such as this, they will say he'd just returned from somewhere alright, and it wasn't heaven.



This rendition looks straight-up evil. That's a Sith Lord if ever I've seen one. Somebody is about to be placed in a chokehold. Where have the pupils in his eyeballs gone? I'm not seeing any. My only conclusion is that they've slid up into his skull. Ask your mother, that isn't healthy.



Though there are many horned statues of Moshe cropping up everywhere across our realm, the one which draws the most attention is undoubtedly Michelangelo's Moses. I am showing you the cover of a soundtrack from my person vinyl collection. **Elmer Bernstein** conducts his own score to 'The Ten Commandments', the one starring **Charlton Heston**. They chose the statue because it depicts a scene from the movie. In fact, the grand finale. In a few minutes you will understand why that is so important to this discussion. Presently, the two horns make Moshe look like he's posing on the cover of TIME Magazine, *wink-wink*.

There's no possible way something like that went unnoticed by American audiences in the Fifties. You know how it goes with those Sunday brunch pork eaters. They would have dropped the 2 Corinthians 3:7 Pa'al passage decades before I finally got around to it. Hell, they would have kickstarted the Satanic panic a decade or two before Donahue and Oprah got around to it in the Eighties. That's the other excuse I keep hearing from the naysayers. We just think horns are evil now because they slapped them on gargoyles in the middle-ages. If this is you, then you may want to repeat that sentence a few times over. Say it again out loud and then tell me how it sounds on your end.



One of Michelangelo's earliest biographers was somebody named **Giorgio Vasari**. Vasari's book, 'The Life of Michelangelo,' contains the earliest description of the Moses statue that I've so far come across.

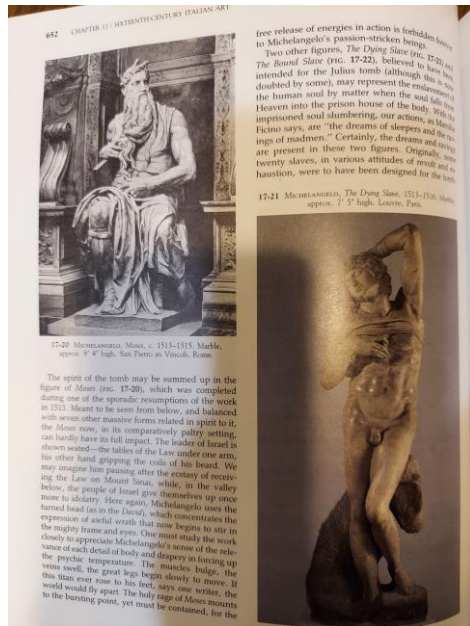
"Michelangelo finished the Moses in marble, a statue of five braccia, unequaled by any modern or ancient work. Seated in a serious attitude, he rests with one arm on the tablets, and with the other holds his long glossy beard, the

hairs, so difficult to render in sculpture, being so soft and downy that it seems as if the iron chisel must have become a brush. **The beautiful face, like that of a saint and mighty prince, seems as one regards it to need the veil to cover it, so splendid and shining does it appear,** and so well has the artist presented in the marble **the divinity with which God had endowed that holy countenance.** The draperies fall in graceful folds, the muscles of the arms and bones of the hands are of such beauty and perfection, as are the legs and knees, the feet were adorned with excellent shoes, that Moses may now be called the friend of God more than ever, since God has permitted his body to be prepared for the resurrection before the others by the hand of Michelangelo. The Jews still go every Saturday in troops to visit and adore it as a divine, not a human thing."

Well, that's strange. I'm not seeing a reference to Moshe's horns anywhere. They're painstakingly difficult to miss. They literally make up Moshe's magnetic north, seeing as how the eyes just gravitate there. But then look at how Vasari describes the absent veil. It was intended to cover his splendid and shining ~~horns~~ face. He furthermore describes his ~~horns~~ face as the appearance of divinity which Elohiym had endowed upon him. If the Moses of Michelangelo's imagination was crowned with horns, then his biographer missed a grand opportunity to comment upon them.

The same can be said for the writers of this vintage art book. A reader pulled it from their parent's home and sent it to me. Another perfect opportunity to comment upon those horns of his. Let's see what it *says*.

“The spirit of the tomb may be summed up in the figure of Moses, which was completed during one of the sporadic resumptions of the work in 1513. Meant to be seen from below and balanced with seven other massive forms related in spirit to it, the Moses now, in its comparatively paltry setting, can hardly have its full impact. The leader of Israel is shown seated—the tables of the Law under one arm, his other hand gripping the coils of his beard. We may imagine him pausing after the ecstasy of receiving the Law on Mount Sinai, **while, in the valley below, the people of Israel give themselves up once more to idolatry. Here again, Michelangelo uses the turned head (as in the David), which concentrates the expression of awful wrath that now begins to stir in the mighty frame and eyes.** One must study the work closely to appreciate Michelangelo's sense of the relevance of each detail of body and drapery in forcing up the psychic temperature. The muscles bulge, the veins swell, the great legs begin slowly to move. If this titan ever rose to his feet, says one writer, the world would fly apart. The holy rage of Moses mounts to the bursting point, yet must be contained, for the free release of energies in action is forbidden forever to Michelangelo's passion-stricken beings.”



Busted. The Mandela Effect screwed up royally this time around. First and foremost, there is no mention anywhere of the horns. Let's get that out of the way. But then unlike Vasari, the art commentators seem to think Mosheh is coming down from Sinai on the first go-around. Recall what happened. He turned in anger after learning about the golden calf. That is made evident to us in that Michelangelo used the same sort of expression as David turning towards Goliath. The statue expresses his authority and anger. Certainly not the occasion when he grew a pair. I think my favorite part is when they write: "One must study the work closely to appreciate Michelangelo's sense of the relevance of each detail of body and drapery in forcing up the psychic temperature." Man, they must have not studied this closely then. Seems like the horns escaped just about everyone until the whereabouts of the Mandela Effect, when the theologians thought it was in everybody's best interest to make excuses for them.



Could it be any more obvious what look Cecil B. DeMille was going for here? I have given you two scenes to choose from throughout the course of this conversation. Moshe descended from the Mountain on one occasion and then another afterwards. His anger burned on the first go-around, resulting in the smashing of the Ten Commandments. Hence the concentrated expression in Michelangelo's statue. It is only after his second ascent that we are pressed to debate the horns incident. Which do you suppose Charleston Heston is attempting to convey? I have seen the movie and can tell you it ends with the Golden Calf. And yet we can clearly

see he is mimicking the statue without ever thinking to grow a pair. I just thought of the opening line which I wish I would have gone with. The devil is in the details.



Michelangelo's 'Creation of Adam' Is How It *Should* Be

AMONGST all this confusion, the Sistine Chapel is finally starting to make sense. I began tackling the Mandela Effect a great many years ago now, ruminating over the implications of it all, and only recently have I felt as though I'm able to grasp some of the deeper implications at play. As another reminder, nothing is cookie cutter about the ME—nothing at all. And so, that being said, there are rumors afloat that the changes are flipping back to their original form. Some of them anyways. The Sistine Chapel seems as good a contender as any if you ask my opinion about it. *Oh*, 'The Creation of Adam' most certainly looked different at one time. No denying that. It's all wrong now. Adam's hand should be reaching *up* to the Creator and vice versa for Yahuah Elohiym. He should be reaching down. The way Michelangelo's painting works out now is that Adam's is slightly above God, and his fingers look, *well*, flimsy for lack of a better

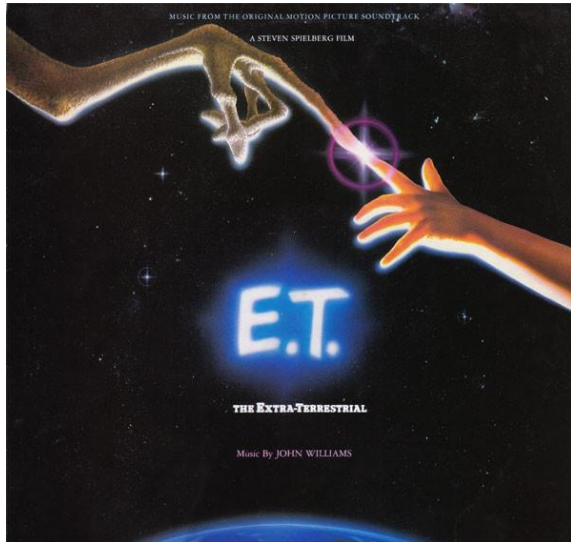
word. It's all wrong in that Elohiym should be reaching down to man, as my memory serves me, but as I was trying to tell you, I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if the Mandela Effect is getting it right. Allow me to explain. But first, *here* is the residue you're always asking about.



Plenty of residue is available on this one, though I don't intend to show many of them to you. It's not that I'm being cocky. The reason why you're perfectly capable of looking them up for yourself this time around is because I have bigger fish to fry. And anyways, here are two examples. I think that's Swedish, which I'm not presently capable of reading, and the auto-repair photo looks to be a television production, also unfamiliar. It's impressive though. Every detail looks just about right. They have improvised with a wrench, but the context is still spot on, as the elder mechanic is reaching down to lend a helping hand.

Correction. The poster is Polish. I plugged the words *Ludzkość Poprawiona* into an online translator and *this* is what the Intel-net spit back at me. **Humanity Corrected.** So, it's transhumanist then and sinister as hell. At least they're being honest about the motives. On the skin-deep surface, a human hand is reaching down to spark the techno-wizardry upon another human hand. But then you should know it's a story as old as time itself. They're attempting to create the God within. Thoughts such

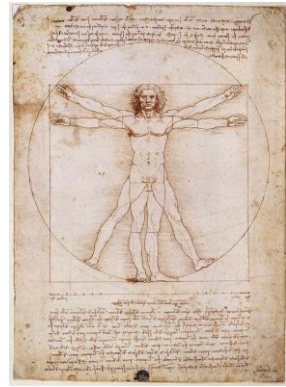
as that one brings me right back around to Michelangelo, but I am not quite ready to go there yet. Here is yet another interesting slice of Americana residue for your consideration.



The E.T. soundtrack is a mirrored image of the Sistine Chapel, which is perhaps not a coincidence considering the movie's Aleister Crowley “moon child” influence. The place of ‘God’ this time around is E.T., the fairy-like wood goblin from the aethereal realm who doubles as an earth caretaker *slash* botanist and pineal gland illuminator of a select child who is simultaneously learning to love and let his father go. That was a mouthful, I know. Prove me wrong though. Write your own movie review. I dare you. Come at me, bro.

Anyways, you have now been given a handful of examples. All three are obvious references to ‘The Creation of Adam’ as many to most of us rightly remember it. But again, I wouldn’t be in the least bit surprised if the Sistine Chapel’s current look is exactly as the Renaissance painter originally intended it. I have reasons for feeling this way. The key phrase is in all of this **Renaissance**. It’s a French word that means “rebirth.” That may not make a lot of contextual sense unless you first take a crash course in Medieval art. I presented dozens of examples in my [End of the Millennial Kingdom](#) paper detailing the differences between Medieval and

Renaissance art and they're staggering. Without repeating the entire lecture, let's see if I can sum it up.



Medieval art was intended to teach morality lessons using Scripture as its peripheral vision, all of which directed the soul towards a heavenly pilgrimage. Contrarily, the two images before you are prime examples of Renaissance thinking, and as you can tell, they gloried in the individual. This is Art 101 stuff, by the way. There's even a word for it. **Humanism** can be defined as an outlook or system of thought attaching prime importance to the human individual rather than the divine or supernatural. That's just a nice way of saying the Renaissance Controllers sought to usurp Elohiym by igniting the divine spark within, and they used art to do it. I think that just about sums it up.

And so, take another careful glance at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and tell me *who* the divine one is from a Renaissance point of view. The ME critics are claiming Adam used to be God's inferior whereas now their standing is questionable, all thanks to a swap of perception in their hands and arms. They would be correct in their assessment. Which is why I'm saying Michelangelo's quote-unquote masterpiece is more Renaissance than it was in our memory.



‘We Three Kings’ Never Happened, Or Did It?

PK is an acronym for Pastor’s Kid and that is what I *was*. When the church doors opened, I was there, planting my bum in the theater chair. Resumes such as that one pretty much qualifies me to make the *following* claim. Some of you are already rolling your eyes, expecting me to say something with the raving eyes of a madman like: “The Bible always used to say *three* wise men and now it doesn’t.” Well, if that’s what you were thinking, then you’re wrong. I wasn’t going to make any such claim. Let me finish a sentence without interruptions for once. Stop making up arguments and then firing back with your rebuttals.

What I was going to say is, the worship leader never could seem to instruct us to turn to ‘We Three Kings’ in the hymnal, it was one page number or another, without an annoyed congregant turning around and telling me: “It never says there were three of them in the Bible. It was three gifts which they gave. Why must we assume it was only one type of gift per person? They may have been twelve or twenty in number, an entire

caravan of them for all we know.” I am paraphrasing, of course. Or am I exaggerating? Conveying frustration is more like it. I would then watch the said person turn around and grudgingly sing along, year after year after year. And so, I would sit there in my chair, a young Noel Joshua Hadley, listening to the words of ‘We Three Kings,’ wondering what else we assume the Bible says but which it doesn’t, like eating unclean animals or swapping the Sabbath to Sunday and doing away with the holy days, replacing it with Easter and Christmas.

Before we get too far into this, here is what the Bible currently has to say regarding the nativity gift bearers. Reading from the King Jimmy.

After Jesus was born in Bethlehem in Judea, during the time of King Herod, **Magi from the east** came to Jerusalem ² and asked, “Where is the one who has been born king of the Jews? We saw his star when it rose and have come to worship him.”

Matthew 2:1-2 [KJV]

As you can clearly see, there are not three kings arriving from the east. Not even three wise men. They are simply Magi, number unknown. That is precisely how it has always read for me. Nothing has changed. Why am I thinking to include this in a book about the Mandela Effect then? Because it is a curious exercise. Also, there are people out there claiming that it was always a party of three in their recollection. Now, I could sit here and call it a false memory on their part. I could even blame the ‘We Three Kings’ song for their brain malfunction, but why do that? The ME does not victimize everyone evenly and if you’re still thinking otherwise then I am sad to say you have learned little to nothing about the nature of the world we live in. If the Mandela Effect has taught me anything it’s that we are to sit and listen to other people’s personal experiences and not bulldoze them over as if our informed reality is the end-all.

The [Persians](#) under [Khosrau II](#) invaded [Palestine](#) and [conquered nearby Jerusalem](#) in 614, but they did not destroy the structure. According to legend, their commander [Shahrbaraz](#) was moved by the depiction above the church entrance of the [Three Magi](#) wearing the garb of Persian [Zoroastrian](#) priests, so he ordered that the building be spared.^{[31][32]}

Basilica of the Nativity is a place which I have visited multiple times, and they will tell you that the invading Persians refrained from destroying the church in 614 because of what they saw contained within. They saw depictions of, and I quote, “**Three Magi** wearing the garb of Zoroastrian priests.” It appears as though that legend is told to nearly every visitor because even Wiki is saying the same thing. Whether this story is true or not is anybody’s best guess. I wouldn’t know as I wasn’t there. The number three though. How far back does the tradition go if it’s not to be found in the Bible?



"**We Three Kings**", original title "**Three Kings of Orient**", also known as "**We Three Kings of Orient Are**" or "**The Quest of the Magi**", is a **Christmas carol** that was written by **John Henry Hopkins Jr.** in 1857. At the time of composing the carol, Hopkins served as the rector of **Christ Episcopal Church** in **Williamsport, Pennsylvania**, and he wrote the carol for a **Christmas pageant** in **New York City**. It was the first widely popular Christmas carol written in America.^[1]

‘We Three Kings’ was written by **John Henry Hopkins Jr.** for a New York City Christmas pageant in **1857**, but as I’ve already shown you with the Basilica of the Nativity story, he wasn’t the individual responsible for making their number up. What I failed to realize during all those Christmases in the ~~trenches~~ pews is that Hopkins assigned a name to each of his three kings. You are literally supposed to sing the part for each character. **Gaspard** brought the gold, **Melchior** the frankincense, and **Balthazar** the myrrh. Where in the world would he get phonebook

Gaspard Born a **King** on **Bethlehem** plain,
Gold I bring to crown **Him** again,
 King for ever,
 Ceasing never
 Over us all to reign.
Refrain

Melchior **Frankincense** to offer have I,
Incense owns a **Deity** nigh:
Prayer and praising
 All men raising,
 Worship **Him God** on High.
Refrain

Balthazar **Myrrh** is mine; its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
 Sorrowing, sighing,
 Bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Refrain

listings such as those if he was simply *assuming*? I thought that's what he was doing. All those naughty people who turned around in church rather than singing the song as they were instructed to told me we mustn't assume there were three of them simply because three gifts were offered. That's not exactly how it went down though. Hopkins didn't go out of his way in naming the actor parts unless he had an investigative lead.





Perform an image search on the three wise men, why don't you? Particular to my investigation was medieval artwork. All I'm seeing in every single one of them is three dudes. Never four or five or twelve. The only argument being had by the artists was whether or not they wore crowns or a Phrygian cap.



There is another controversy to be had which regards whether or not one of the kings-Pythagoreans was black or not. In every tale, he would be **Balthazar**,



bringer of myrrh. There's your third main variant. Just to make sure we're on the same page, I will ask. How many magi do you see in any given image? I'm still counting three on my fingers. Every artist and gentleman scholar in His-Story assumed the number of magi matched the gifts on the baby registry, apparently. Given what we're told in Mattithyahu 2:1-2, none of this is adding up.

Melchior, along with the other Magi, is purported to be buried in the [Shrine of the Three Kings in Cologne Cathedral](#) following his remains being moved from Constantinople by [Eustorgius I](#) in 314 AD to [Milan](#). In 1164, [Holy Roman Emperor Fredrick Barbarossa](#) moved them to Cologne.^[7] Melchior is commemorated on the Feast of [Epiphany](#) along with the other members of the Magi^[6] but is also commemorated in [Catholicism](#) with his feast day, 6 January.^[8]

There is even a claim as to the final resting place of the three Magi. For those of you who have been following my Millennial Kingdom research, you'll never guess *where*. **Cologne Cathedral**. That's where the history writers tell us they were moved in **1164**, by **Emperor Barbarossa**. But even before that their remains were moved from Constantinople to Milan in **314** by **Emperor Eustorgius**. The suggestion there is that their bodies had already been gathered into one place, seeing as how they could be found in Constantinople.



The shrine which is said to contain them can still be found in Cologne Cathedral to this day. And since I have already proposed the resurrection of the dead in the whereabouts of 500 AD, I will let you make up your own mind as to whether those bones, if there are any, be theirs or somebody else's. Figuring that out is not necessarily my directive at the moment. It's said to be the largest sarcophagus in the world, though that's a given, seeing as how it contains the reported remains of three men rather

than the usual one. Sorry to sound like a broken record but you'd think somebody, anybody other than that discontented Christmas carol singer in the row in front of me, would have taken umbrage with the number at any given point in history.

Well then, look at what else I just recently stumbled upon

³ **The names of the wise men and kings** were called as follows: **Zaharwandad** son of Artaban; **Hormizd** son of Sanatruq; **Austazp** son of Gudaphar; **Arsak** son of Mihruq; **Zarwand** son of Wadwad; **Ariho** son of Kosrau; **Artahsisat** son of Hawilat; **Astanbozan** son of Sisrawan; **Mihruq** son of Human; **Ahsiras** son of Sahban; **Nasardih** son of Baladan; **Merodak** son of Bil. ⁴ These are kings, sons of Eastern kings, in the land of Shir, which is the outer part of the entire East of the world inhabited by human beings, at the Ocean, the great sea beyond the world, east of the land of Nod, that place in which dwelt Adam, head and chief of all the families of the world.

Revelation of the Magi

What in the world. Somebody played with math and took the multiplication table out on the wise men because now I'm counting **12** of them in total. Not even their names match up. Revelation of the Magi indeed. I've read this book from beginning to end, and so, I can tell you the conclusion has the Magi being baptized decades later by the Apostle Ta'om (Thomas). It furthermore appears to be a very early well-preserved Christian document, maybe even older than the third century when the bone story was first documented in Constantinople. Even its theological themes line up with the Acts of Ta'om. So, what gives?

There's something else you should probably know. 'Revelation of the Magi' was only just recently "discovered" and translated. How very convenient. And I think I know what is happening. The number of wisemen, albeit 3 or 12, is probably not so dissimilar from what we've already seen going on with Sampson and Delilah and the haircutter or the lion and the wolf and the lamb. I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if 'Revelation of the Magi' was a recognized authority in another reality.

Meaning, it's a document which has only recently blended with our own time and space, thereby muddying the waters. The same might even be stated regarding the Magi verses the kings, and then there is the black man component. So many parallels which may have emerged. One reality doesn't disqualify the other as being untruthful. It's why I started out saying not to be too hard on those who claim to recall reading three wise men or three magi or three kings in their Bibles. For me Mattithyahu was always unconcerned with their number but then that just goes to clue you into what Universe my people derive from.



By Noel Joshua Hadley

Exile To Aftermath
The Hidden Hand of Camelot
It's Only Murder If They're Dead
The Angel She Desired
The Glorious Appearing of Yahusha HaMashiach
Millennial Kingdom + Mud Flood
The Hidden Wilderness
The Lion & the Lamb: The Mandela Effect
Mary Magdalene: Wife of Messiah
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The Glorious Appearing of Yahusha HaMashiach

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