



The Mud Flood

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The Mud Flood Happened: Coming to Terms with the Human Reset

THE MUD flood *happened*. Best to come to terms with that fact now. For the remainder of this read, I am more than happy to play the part of the tour guide and show you the hidden reality buried beneath us. You have been warned though. The implications are glaring. We have been lied to, again. His-Story has been hidden from us. Therefore, it is not, nor will it ever be my intention however to convince you that it happened. Many will kick and scream and only move forward should somebody drag them by the hair, but I refuse to do that. Debates are elementary. Sometimes a gentleman scholar simply offers to hold the door open, which is precisely what is happening at this very moment. At the very least it can be said that you noticed. And so, here is your offer. It is entirely up to you to walk

through. More than anything, the invitation is for you to grab a shovel, as a dig site can be found on the other side. Somebody stubbed their toe on something, you see. That's nearly always how these things begin. And so, let's get our boots muddy and start uncovering the truth together.

What I probably should have written for a title is 'The Millennial Kingdom of Messiah Happened' rather than 'Mud Flood,' now that I think about it. The article you are reading originally made no such suggestion. It was only two or three paragraphs long and basically declared what was already written in the *present* title, that we needed to come to terms with the mud flood. But like I said, even I hadn't come to terms with it yet. I'm not talking in the spiritual sense either. No, here at *The Unexpected Cosmology*, I don't deal in sappy Hallmark cards or metaphors. It physically happened. On the earth. In real time. The buried buildings across this motionless plane help to illustrate the claim being made by *moi*. Coming to terms with that likelihood didn't happen overnight though. It took an entire year of investigating the mud flood before I was willing to go with my gut instincts and declare my intent to investigate the literal reign of Yahusha HaMashiach as already having happened upon this earth. If you are wondering where that pits us on the timeline, we would be those souls inhabiting the short season. Sounds legit if you ask me. Look around. We're being lied to about everything.

Once more, the aim of my writings is not to convince you that the Millennial Kingdom of Messiah happened upon the earth. I mean, I *believe* it went down, or else I wouldn't have written a book on the subject. A literal and physical thousand-year reign with Yahusha HaMashiach holding the scepter. That is why the mud flood is so important to the discussion. It serves as a divider of sorts—a mile marker. The mud flood was a reset, more like a series of interconnected resets, intended to erase the Millennial Kingdom of Messiah from our consciousness so that HaSatan could go about doing his work. Perhaps you have come to the same conclusions as I have. If so, then awesome. *Woot-woot*. But whether someone agrees or disagrees with my position is not cause for losing any sleep at night. Some people are simply imprisoned within their denominations or doctrines, and they have arrived with an agenda—to feel comfortable again. It is what it is. That is why I started out saying I am under no obligation to forcibly remove someone from their paradigm. All I can do is greet people at the exit sign.

So, rather than convincing anyone of anything, I am merely interested in showing *some* of my findings in Scripture as well as the natural world. I too was loaded with questions at one time. That is, when confronted with the mud flood reset and the lost civilization which thrived before it. I still am. There is much that I will never know. I've accepted that fact. But that is not to say inquiries have not been answered. Rewards are bestowed upon the diligent seeker of Truth. Indeed, I have uncovered much while cracking open the books of old, and in doing so, resolved many conflicts in my mind. This is a brand-new frontier in the field of research. If I were expected to come up with all the answers and solve every riddle, then [this book](#) would likely never be offered. What you are about to read, or perhaps not read, is my road to discovery.



Despite traveling on repeat trips through Deutschland, I have not yet had the pleasure of visiting Berlin, its capital city. What I am told however is ‘lower my expectations’, should I ever make it that far east. Though Berlin was once revered as one of Europe’s most beautiful cities, it is now considered by many to be a mostly reimagined though uninspired metropolis rebuilt upon the mounds of rubble left over from allied bombing during the Second World War.

Schuttberg is the word the Germans would use to describe a mound made of a rubbish heap, which is what Berlin is essentially built upon. Debris hills of destruction. Makes sense. The Holocaust with a capitol ‘H’ may be a fictionalized though necessary event for anybody who wishes to conjure the ‘Z’ in Zionism, and the Nuremburg Trials a New World Order kangaroo court, but the fall of the Third Reich is a well-documented event. A hell of a lot of TNT was dropped over Deutschland as well as

the Empire of Japan. Berlin *buried* is not disputed. The evidence is there to show for it. Well, so is a world-wide mud flood event. The evidence is everywhere. You'd have to be walking around with your eyes wide *shut* not to see it.



Admit it. You've walked up and down lonely avenues such as these your entire lives. You've passed repurposed buildings posing as libraries, and others which go by false identities such as "Gothic Revival." After noting the buried windows and doors in your peripheral vision and wonder who in their right mind would start the foundation of a building with only half or a third of a story or less, you pushed the uncomfortable feeling aside into the back alley of your consciousness with the thought of a movie or a New York Times bestseller or the two planes that magically toppled three buildings on 9/11—anything Illuminati sponsored.

Old buildings. Buildings not yet two centuries old they claim, or older. Buildings with partially buried windows and doorways, some of which are completely bricked over. And you walked right past them. "Architects had weird hang-ups," you told yourself. You thought about your job and your slave debts incurred from the Corporate government you call a country and serve. Anything to ignore the irregularities on the slave plantation. Glitches in the Matrix. Oh, but haven't you heard? They're daylight

windows. The Victorian people had a bawdy habit of building oddly placed entrances leading to nowhere so as to add a little sunlight and storybook imagination to an otherwise dark room



More recently, it has taken construction digs such as this one to bring the lies of Illuminati indoctrination literature to light, particularly among the “Nuh-uh” people. How do you explain a row of townhouses such as this? Seriously, I would like to know. Just look at those doorways. Some of the original doors remain. Others have been bricked in. You will tell me it is only one construction site, and if so, then you are wrong. Yes, there is a single row of houses being documented. We can both see that. These pictures are representative of a phenomenon which can be found all across the motionless plane though.

Pick any centuries-old metropolis. Moscow. Moscow. London. New York. Boston. Seattle. Oklahoma City. The Czech Republic. Denmark. Shanghai. Cairo. I could show you hundreds of photos to illustrate my point. No, thousands. But why bother? You know precisely what I’m talking about. You’ve seen such scenery for the entirety of your lives. Just like the *flat* horizon. Refresh your memory if need be. Close your eyes and

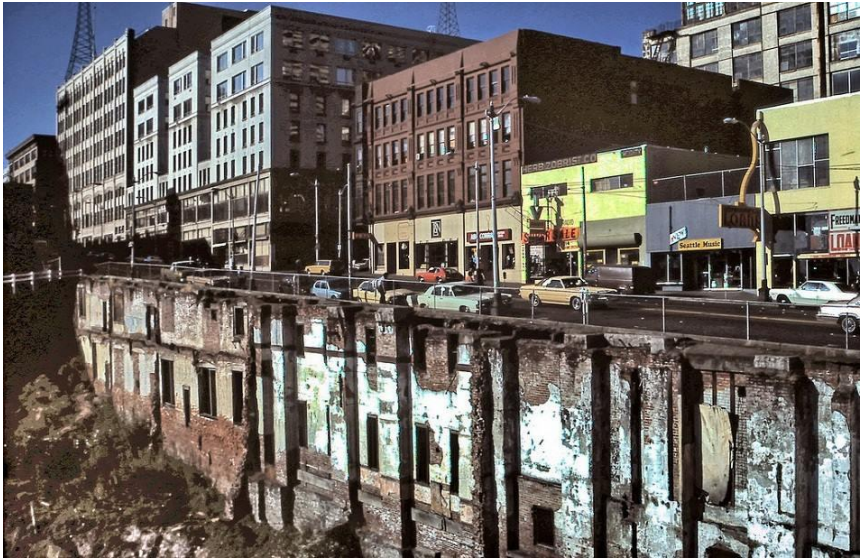
visualize the following again: a row of bottom-floor windows partially buried below ground level. Or how about this? A street-level staircase which leads the resident downwards in order that he might enter in. The buried stories of old have been right before our eyes this entire time.



A multitude of other city streets reveal the same results. In every instance so far shown, it takes construction workers to unveil the illusion. I am explaining how the magic trick is performed now so that you will better appreciate the sleight of hand as performed by the tippy-tops of doors and windows a little later on. Up until now, we were probably not ready for the implications. Most never will be, seeing as how Illuminati and Zionist literature speak nothing of it.

The only explanation yet given to me by the Gregorian spokesmen comes by way of “observable Science.” You see, the accumulation of dirt and debris outside your house apparently adds up to about fifty inches every hundred years. Just ask an archeologist. *Oh*, that must be it. Here, let’s give this explanation a try. “Sorry honey, I know I’ve neglected to take the broom out like ever, despite two-centuries of your nagging. You can no longer take trips to the store for groceries. How about we just compromise and build a front entrance on the second story and then call

it a day?” Does that sound about right? Yeah, I’m not reaching for the molding carrot they’re dangling either.



The mud flood was right under our noses this entire time. *Literally*. You’ve been driving right over it. Our Controllers had the balls to pave entire roads over old buildings and then built new cities on top of them.



See what I mean? How embarrassing. The Gubbernment really needs to fix those potholes. Or else a car might transport its passengers into some sort of past civilization, and we can't have that.



Might as well bring out the big guns now. This is only an introduction to the mud flood theory, but why not put on a grand finale wherever it can be afforded? Cue 'Stars and Stripes Forever'. The mud flood also arrived on American shores, thereby demanding that the His-Story of the New World receive its own scrubbing. Yes indeed, the United States Capitol Building is where the mud flood narrative really hits the fan. We are told President **George Washington** laid its cornerstone on **September 18, 1793**, but then wasn't completed until sometime in **1824**. There are obvious problems with that story, as construction photos from **September 2003** will surely show. Apparently, the *same* people who sponsored the 9-11 event had leftover crate loads of banana peels to throw around, because how do you explain stuff like that? Tell me. I want to know.

If you don't have the faintest clue what I'm talking about, then there is a pink marker circling the masonry in question. Very few would be surprised to learn that the U.S. Capitol Building complex is rooted even lower into the soil, but why the pillars leading to nowhere? Seems like a terrible way to keep dirt out if you ask me. They can't possibly be recent additions to an extended tunnel complex as they're in desperate need of a power washing. And look how they're perfectly aligned with the staircase. To claim the original front door isn't what we're seeing is certainly one

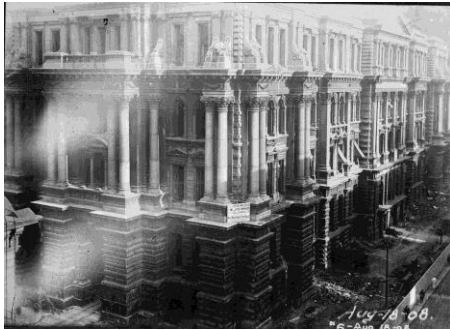
way to agree with a convenient conscience, I suppose. The walls on either side of the pillars are covered, most likely telling us that the uncovering of the original entrance was only temporary or a slip-up. What else are they hiding? Makes you wonder. What sort of people inhabited buildings such as this one at an earlier hour? Perhaps I will finally get around to taking a closer look at America's many other capitol buildings.



Well, here is an interesting structure. The building before us was either never buried or we are pressed to conclude it was dug up out of the mud at a later hour. Because all one has to do is envision a street elevated some fifteen to twenty feet. The bottom half of its windows would therefore be buried. A grand staircase leading up to the Corinthian pillars on the second or third story makes for a grand entrance, wouldn't you agree? How many similar buildings can we find all over the plane? This one in particular was located in Chicago at one time and have you heard its *origins* story? It's a joke. Here is what we are told.

Construction on Chicago's City Hall began in 1882 but then immediately upon completion in 1885 its limitations had already become evident. The architects had designed an interior with ceilings far too high for the average person. The windows were too small, the rooms too oddly sized, its corridors far too long, drafty and dark. But most of all, the building

was far too overcrowded. *Bummer.* From the moment of its completion, the city of Chicago deemed their new city hall an inadequate disaster despite dumping **\$100 million** into the project. Sounds like a repurposed building if you ask me.

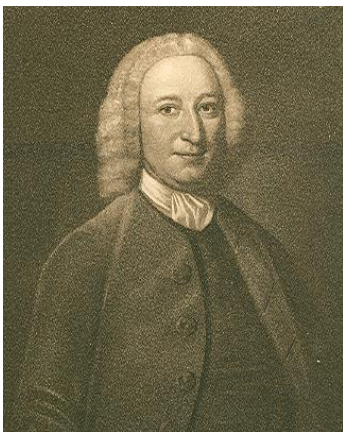


And get this. In **1905**, a gas pipe rupture resulted in an explosion which blew the roof off the entire building. *Convenient.* I'm wondering if the insurance company covered that one. At any rate, perfect reason for a demolition event.



The Mud Flood and Charleston

THE home you are looking at is not my own. It was up for sale about a year ago and I do confess the temptation to buy was there. I am told it was built in the whereabouts of 1678, making it 100 years elder to this country and also the oldest surviving home in South Carolina, apparently. All of this information of course is according to the official narrative. That's a given. I wasn't around to see its construction. The only thing I know for certain is that Mrs. Hadley and I happen to be neighbors at present, which is why I thought to bring it up. Fun fact: our property can be seen in the arial photo. No, I will not tell you which one. You will have to guess. Here is a hint though. We are on the water.



The Otranto Plantation which hosts the home originally comprised 1,780 acres and was known as Yeshoe, a local native name which is thought to mean 'Green River.' It was granted by Arthur Middleton, great granduncle of the *signer* of the Declaration of Independence, and then eventually called Otranto after 1771, when the house and land was acquired by Dr. Alexander Garden, noted physician and botanist. He had a plant named after him too. You may have heard of it. The Gardenia.

With the outbreak of revolution in 1775, Garden remained a loyalist to the crown. The patriots then stripped him of his property and banished him to London, despite his desire to live a passive life beautifying the landscape with flowers. Why any of this peeks my curiosity can best be explained in [Cities of the Millennial Kingdom](#). Specifically, the section covering ‘Men of the Covenant.’ Here is a preview. Modern day Britain has been hijacked by the inheritors when in fact the His-storical kingdom belonged exclusively to Yashar’el. Everything we’re told concerning the American Revolution is probably wrong, but that’s a given.



The owners of the Otranto plantation home sided with the arguments that lost both wars for independence. First the loyalists and then the confederates. *Bummer.* Look, anybody who opposes the narrative of the New World Order and is then villainized for it sounds like an interesting assortment of rebel rousers, if you ask me. The stories that this house could tell. Consider the sort of person who would think to design a far grander driveway lined with indescribably beautiful oak-lined trees than the actual home which he intended to inhabit. Who does that in our

shadowland reality today? I myself am grateful for his contribution, as I too walk the avenue of oaks nearly every day contemplating the untold mysteries of our realm.



Here is a picture of what very well could be Mrs. Hadley and I gliding over the glassy waters on any given Sabbath day, perhaps in the cooler

months when the humidity seems to slip away. The scene is Yeshoe again, and the elegance of their dress as well as the politeness of their posture should inform us that we are staring into an epoch far grander than anything we might aspire to in our own.



One of these days cancel culture will discover me, demanding to know why I simply adore the *above* photo. No apologies will be offered. The scene in all three is still Otranto, and as you can see, the children are managing to have a good time, despite living on a plantation. That line of homes in the background would be the slave cabins. The other



photo, which describes a “negro cabin,” is a close-up of the same row. But then there is the woodsman’s paradise to the right, complete with smoke rising from the chimney. I wish I could sit here and tell you it is my house, where I sit all day clapping away on the typewriter, penning these papers regarding humanities current state of slavery for you, when the sad fact is that none of them are still standing. I have sought about the suburbs knocking on doors and asking neighbors if there is any knowledge as to where they stood but to no avail. Nobody seems to know. See what I mean? The stories which are lost to us, and in so little time.

What would happen if the people reflected in these photos were capable of opening up the dribble that we’re spoon fed in the Illuminati sponsored propaganda books *now*? I can’t help but wonder. They would reel in horror at how we’ve managed to mangle them, most likely. Twisting and contorting the world they inhabited into something unrecognizable. But then even they were lied to.



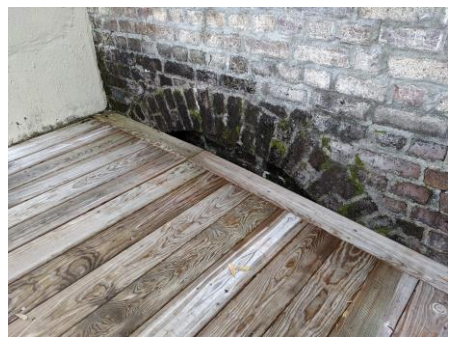
We've been lied to. *They* were lied to. The mud flood arrived in South Carolina, and *everybody* has been lied to. It will require pulling away from the grander picture of Broad Street *above* and looking to the little details below to see what I mean. There are doors protruding above the sidewalk, and only the top third. Why would anyone only plant the third of a door? There are entire streets like this. You will tell me the architects were simply envisioning a crawl space. No, they weren't. The city was in fact buried, putting Charleston's entire history into question. Including its instrumental role in the American Revolution.



The shocking thing is that they didn't even cover the evidence up. They just bricked over doors and windows knowing that generations of people would walk up and down these streets their entire lives without asking any questions. It only takes one successive generation to accept the reality that they are given, figuring the storytellers must know what they're talking about.



You'll need to squint your eyes or pull out your reading glasses before even attempting to explain this mess. Those are hinges. Gate hinges. Not a crawl space then. They left the hinge still intact on both sides after removing the gate. And as further evidence, there is a



bricked in arch right around the corner of the same building. It's on East Bay Street, right across from Rainbow Row. Look how they threw wood

planks right over it, hoping that nobody would notice. Well, for the most part they were a success. How deep do you figure its buried?



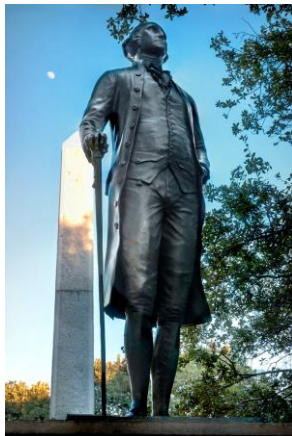
That must be the door leading to Wonderland, right there. Top left. If only the last person to enter were considerate enough to leave behind the “drink me” bottle so that I might shrink down to proper size. Just ask Alice. The inheritors decided to build a staircase *down* to the former entry level. In some instances, they dug out openings for those oddly placed underground windows. Eventually, somebody came along and cemented right over some of them, telling us that even the basement narrative doesn’t add up. Often, there are iron or metal grates to play the part of the band aide as afterthought. I’m guessing it’s at least a 12-foot drop.



Charleston has the oddest crawl spaces I've ever seen if that's the narrative we're going with. Some like this one, *top left*, they built doorposts for. You can totally see where the gate hinges had once hung upon it. But then others needed bricked in, seeing as how they were large enough for a child to walk through. And then there is the crawl space so poorly planned that nobody was able to slip inside, seeing as how the sidewalk almost completely ingulfs it. I hope the original homeowners received a discount for the bad home design. The evidence goes on *and on* and on. I have walked these streets and have seen the glitches with my own eyes. Charleston is a buried city. The mud flood arrived here, but the writers of history didn't think letting us know about it was worth our while. Well, I hope to remedy that.



The **Exchange and Provost** building is highly suspicious. Clearly, there are basement windows which speak of a mud flood burial, like the others. But then notice how none of the windows or doors line up quite right on the front facade. It's even more glaring of an issue when we see the building from a side angle. They have committed to some facial work since the photo was taken in the 1800's. The three windows have been shrunk down and two others have been bricked over. There are other changes which I will leave for you to find. Perhaps most importantly though is the rooftop tower. It was open and airy at one time. Not so anymore. You will want to take note of its octagonal shape. That's all I'm going to say about it for now. The old photo also lists it as Post Office **No. 33**, but I'm sure that's unimportant.



The building housed the South Carolina convention to ratify the [United States Constitution](#) in 1788, and was the site of many of the events in [George Washington's](#) week-long stay in Charleston. He was greeted by a crowd on the balcony. The building continued as an Exchange until the 19th century, when it also became a post office. During the 19th century,

Story has it that **George Washington** greeted the people of Charleston from the front balcony of Exchange and Provost. That happened in **1791**. The mud flood probably wasn't a reality yet, and so, I question the existence of the balcony. Charleston then commissioned a painting of Washington standing, as well as a statue in **Washington Park**, which has him standing in front of an **obelisk**, as if that's not suspicious. The point is Washington's standing left a lasting impression on Charleston and I'm calling his bluff.



St. Philip's is a landmark location in Charleston and its steeple leans to the right. They tell us it's the result of an earthquake, with **August 31, 1886** being the targeted date.

But a mud flood would also do that. All it would take is soil liquefaction. That would do the trick. And since we're on the subject, have you noticed its steeple? Quite the beaut. Studded with clocks all around.

They don't make steeples like they used to. Well, *here* is a little-known fact.



The tower of St. Philip's served for many years as the rear tower of a set of [range lighthouses](#) serving to guide mariners into Charleston's harbor; the front tower of the range was located on [Fort Sumter](#).^[13] The light was used from 1893 to 1915.^[14] The use was restored temporarily in 1921 when the normal light needed repairs.^[15]

The inheritors of Charleston employed St. Philip's as a lighthouse. That's what they tell us at any rate. I'm not saying its original designers never intended it to be one. Maybe they did or maybe they didn't. What *is* the true purpose of a lighthouse now that I think about it? It should be noted that Philip's was built in 1836 with the spire being completed in 1850. Do the math on that. It took them 14 years to build the steeple. They didn't think to make it a lighthouse until 1893, some 40 years after the fact. And so, what our Controllors are essentially telling us is that the builders utilized over a decade constructing a towering ornamental piece, and with absolutely no function whatsoever except to tell the time, perhaps ring a bell every hour or two.

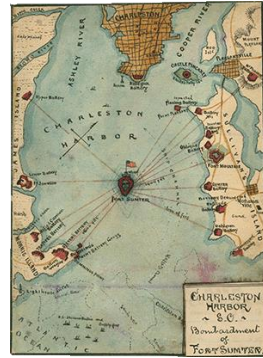
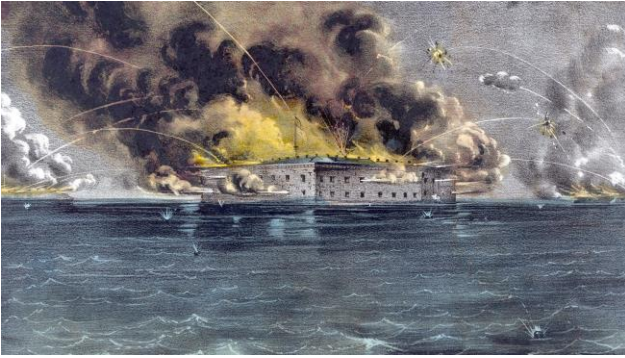


The truth is probably more in line with the likelihood that our Controllors striped Philip's steeple of its intended design, added so many bells, and then called it a day. The same goes for the steeple over St. Michael's. It too has clocks. But then look closer at both steeples. They've buttoned up the widows, not knowing what to do with them. My best guess is that they were originally designed to host a type of tokamak in there. If you don't know what that is, a tokamak is a machine designed to harness the energy of fusion, employing the powerful magnetic field in the Aether to confine plasma. I know, that was a mouthful. The best way I can explain

this is that laymen were not dropping their hard-earned money into the offering basket to build impractical ornamental cake toppers when in fact steeples all across our flat motionless realm were harnessing free energy.



This right here is what you might call a bandstand. What an adorable slice of Americana. It is located in White Point Garden, near to The Battery, directly over a patch of grass where the claim goes that pirates were hung and buried. You will want to take note of its octagonal shape. I doublechecked and just counted eight sides. Bandstands of course can be found all across our flat, motionless realm, but do you know what else is eight-sided? Baptismals are octagonal. That is a discussion perhaps for another time, but bandstands and baptismals are both alike in that they likely harnessed machines for the harvesting of energy from the Aether. You don't believe me, do you? I didn't believe it either until I started seeing some of the photographic evidence of people removing hardware from these octagonal shapes and church steeples. Again though, a discussion for another time.



On **April 12, 1861**, there was a lot of *Boom! Boom! Boom!* going on in Charleston Harbor and *nobody* died. They could have at least *faked* the numbers, as they so often do. Nobody would question a hundred casualties with names like Jedediah Smith or Henry Jones—even if they were invented. The only mortal injury happened afterwards during a 100-gun salute—a certain **Private Daniel Hough**. It is not an accident by any means that Fort Sumter resides on the northern **33rd parallel**. The Civil War began with the lowering of the American flag at Fort Sumter on **April 14, 1861**, by **Robert Anderson**. I *checked*. Anderson was a **Freemason**. He would even go on to be **knighted** in New York City the *following* year. Then again, **P.G.T. Beauregard** fired upon Sumter from the Confederate end of the operation, and he was a highly ranked **Freemason**, having only recently been **knighted**. If only I were making this up.

The person who aimed the cannon that fired the first return shot in answer to the Confederate bombardment was somebody by the name of **Abner Doubleday**. If you guessed he was a **Freemason**, then you would be correct. Doubleday later became president of **American Theosophy** when **Helena Blavatsky** and **Henry Steel Olcott** moved to India. Eventually, he invented the founder of baseball. The War ended four years later, when Anderson raised the American flag over Fort Sumter on **April 14, 1865**. **Abraham Lincoln** was shot at Ford's Theater by **John Wilkes Booth** that very night. **April 14**. The Civil War was like on big flamboyant Freemason convention.



THE DESTRUCTION OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BOMBARDMENT

[6/19/23 **UPDATE**: Nobody died. Not a single amputation. Not even a paper cut. But then the Civil War “illustrators” have the audacity to draw cartoons such as this one. How dare they? The scene is *within* Fort Sumter, and what do we see happening? Cannonballs are flying about with as much vigor as snotty nosed children in the Chuck-E-Cheese ball pit. I’m seeing an ammunitions explosion on stage left and quite separately a cannonball is landing some three feet from the officers’ legs. They should be ripped to shreds from all that flying debris. On closer inspection, the entire ground is littered with cannonballs and no carnage is accounted for.



And then we have Confederate perspectives like this one. Mm-hmm, that's a genuine artillery explosion stage right and is that.... *no*, it can't be.... *it is*. A body. A dead as a doornail Confederate corpse. Limbs tangled up like pretzel and everything. What is wrong with this propaganda artist—did he not get the memo? No Freemasons were hurt in their little Civil War reenactment ceremony. I can't even.

FYI, the reason for this update has little to do with Civil War cartoon propagandist. That was just an added bonus. In reality, it has everything to do with a phone conversation I held yesterday with Andrew Lankes. Don't know him? You should. We were shooting the breeze, casually talking about a great many things, like the mud flood and the Millennial Kingdom and the moon map as well as the greater realm, when the subject of the fake Civil War came up as it so often does in these situations. Turns out, Andrew Lankes helped to edit his grandmother's memoirs before she died. And in her memoir, she wrote about her grandfather, a veteran of the American Civil War. And *this* is the story that he told.

But when Tommy came over there, I was 20 yrs old, and Tommy was 20 years old. He said let's go do something. He started talking to my grandfather. He hadn't ever met anybody that had fought in the Civil War, so he paid no attention to me. I was furious. He sat there and listened to my grandfather tell stories about the Civil War. When the Civil War started, everybody ran down on the battery to see Fort Sumter shoot at Fort Woolsey.

The cannonball rolled just like a soccer ball and everybody got out of the way.

"Ooooh war's started."

A cannonball goes by. Those cannonballs absolutely, didn't hurt anybody. They were useless. There were a stack of cannonballs down there on the battery, they're just like a ball. My grandfather went down to watch the war start. Tommy just loved listening to him talk about the Civil War.

I left Charleston in '32 when I graduated. I got married in '33, and then my grandfather died in '37. He was 95 when he died. My mother died at 93.

The Civil War officially began in Charleston Harbor. That's where Andrew Lankes' Second-Great Grandfather happened to be on April 12, 1861. The artillery started projecting cannonballs and everyone managed to step out of the way. A standard Civil War cannonball weighed 12 pounds. They traveled at 250 miles per hour. It was nighttime. Lighting was at a minimal. Go ahead and tell me you were perfectly capable of stepping out of the way, especially if you're a woman eager to see the start of the war and wearing your Sunday best dixie dress, complete with a corset. But that's not how Lanke's second great grandfather described the

incident. He likened the cannonballs employed by Major Anderson as a ball. A soccer ball. A completely useless ball that managed to roll by without hurting anybody. Sounds to me like a sporting event. I've seen people with greater injuries in soccer. No wonder Abner Doubleday later thought of inventing baseball as a Masonic ceremony for the vulgar seated in the stands. He was probably inspired by all the cries of "Weee, the War has begun!" among the uninitiated.

The memoirs of Andrew Lankes grandmother just goes to highlight how many oral traditions such as this one may have been lost forever to the ages. There is nothing new under the sun and the Media was never set up to tell their eye-witness perspective. What we're actually reading is the classic headache inducing case of cognitive dissonance. How many Civil War contemporaries observed a Masonic ceremony such as this one but then believed the Newspapers anyways?]



Named after [General Thomas Sumter](#), a [Revolutionary War](#) hero, Fort Sumter was built after the 1814 [Burning of Washington](#) during the [War of 1812](#) as one of the [third system of U.S. fortifications](#), to protect American harbors from foreign invaders such as Britain. Built on an artificial island in the middle of the channel that provides Charleston with natural shelter, Fort Sumter would dominate the harbor, reinforcing the protection provided by the shore [batteries](#) at [Fort Moultrie](#), [Fort Wagner](#), and [Fort Gregg](#).

That's quite the beating for a firecracker show where nobody died. Even at the hour of its destruction, Fort Sumter looks very old. That's not what they tell us though. Its origins are interwoven with the War of 1812 and the supposed star fort era, but was still incomplete in [1861](#), telling us that construction was ongoing. Mind you, Sumter was designed as an actual working sea fort. Well then, you will want to take a look at what became of Sumter in the next photo. That's an artificial island, alright. Covered in dirt and everything. Seems as though the Confederates needed an added cushion for the falling artillery, less mess to clean up. Did the Military

Industrial Complex just now figure out that the *official* star fort and gunpowder narrative wasn't working? It all goes back to my original thesis, that Sumter as well as the other star forts were not designed with war in mind. Time and again, all the military did is arrive to take management control away from its designers and then trash them.



Will you look at the ornamentation on that? The military has a budget, but crown molding isn't in it. So nice of them to go with the extra flourish anyways. Makes me wonder how much of the sea station had already been dismantled before the gunpowder salute that drilled in those holes.



Now *that* is a wartime military fort, if ever I've seen one. Perfect for cushioning the blow of mortar fire. Is it Sumter? No, it is Wagner. **Fort Wagner**. Sumter was always intended to dominate the harbor, but reinforced protection was needed around the corner, which is why they provided Wagner. Why not build another house of brick then, complete with *décor*? All we are given is a glorified sandcastle.



They literally dug into the sand, provided ladders, and then drove stakes into the ground. It was built *with* Sumter though. To this very day you can visit the location of Wagner, and nothing exists to show for it. Not a stone remains. Unlike Sumter, they were being practical for once. A little too

practical. Sumter sits in stark contrast and was a complete failure as designs go.

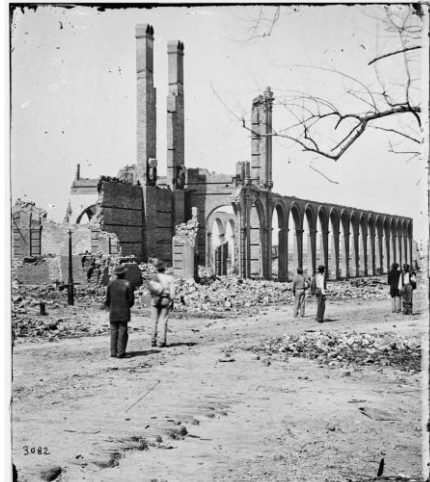
If you happened to catch a screening of the movie ‘Glory,’ then you will recall its climatic ending. The 54th Massachusetts ran down this very stretch of beach. Once again, we are only shown an illustration of the battle. More like an artist’s imaginative retelling. This particular illustration is titled ‘Storming Fort Wagner,’ and wouldn’t even be doodled until 1890, nearly 30 years after the event in question. Come to think about it, I have never seen a single photo which might document proof of a battle during the War. All we are shown are artists reimagined drawings.



Well, there *is* the destruction of Charleston. We have photos to prove that. Much like the overwhelming evidence of a mud flood, the question isn’t

the eradication of the Old World so much as the manner in which they said it happened. This right here is one of my favorite Civil War era photos. I have gazed upon it often, never suspecting that I may indeed have been lied to. But then one day I saw it. *Lies*. Do you see it? Look closely. Once you do happen to see it, you'll never be able to unsee it.

That is St. Michael's steeple in the background. Look to the ruins of **Circular Church** directly in front of it. Another Antiqui-tech steeple destroyed. There are rafters. Look into the rafters. The sky is a darker color. Don't you find that strange? From there, you should be able to follow the rooftops and see that somebody has taken great care to cut out the entire skyline. Why would they do that? What is up there above the horizon that we are not supposed to see, exactly? Is it another building which wasn't supposed to exist yet or something else?



There is no longer any doubt in my mind as to the Civil War's ultimate purpose. It was another reset event, for starters. In freeing plantation slaves, the Federal Godverment sold humanity into corporate slavery. That's not something they'll tell you in Illuminati literature though. If destroying the Old-World Order was on the New World Orders mind, then the total warfare enacted by Sherman in the American south was only the cover story for something else. In Charleston however it took the **fire of 1861** to destroy much of the city rather than the blue bellies. *Convenient*. Yes, a fire did that.



Just look at the gothic spires on that cathedral. **St. John and St. Finbar** was its name. We see the same structures all over the world though. And if I'm not mistaken, that's some atmospheric etheric energy antiqui-tech, right there.



How beautiful do you suppose Charleston once was? Before the Civil War and the fire of 1861, that is. But even prior to the mud flood. I mean, she's a beautiful city *now*, though only a smidgeon of her former glory has been retained. What little remains screams of the unsurmountable loss due to Sherman's penchant for arson. The mud flood didn't do enough to scrub the past, apparently. She was after all a Millennial Kingdom city.



The Mud Flood and Jerusalem

THE thing about Jerusalem is that it's not a Millennial Kingdom city from what I can tell. It's sitting in ruins, *mostly*, according to the earliest photographs, which cannot be stated concerning most other inhabited places of the world. Just look at the Damascus Gate. There's one lone figure wandering about, probably wondering how he got there and in a daze. I even get the feeling that somebody got word that the photographer was coming and only recently managed to pull a shovel out. How is the road not lined with gift shops and where are the Jews if the land was free for the taking?

His-Story practically comes to a standstill after the crusades. We are told of an Ottoman arrival in **1516** and the years of *shalom* which ensued. The walls which now define the old city were said to be built about then. There was apparently one Jewish migration under **Judah HeHasid**, and in the whereabouts of **1700**, but Zionism itself was only imagined by our Controllers in the decades following the mud flood. Construction on the "New City" of Yerushalayim would not begin until the **1860s**. The British

wouldn't even take an interest nor occupy it until **1917**. You would think a city like Yerushalayim would be bustling with pilgrims and the people who pat you on the butt to steal your wallet, but no.

You will tell me that disproves my Millennial Kingdom theory. No, it doesn't. Quite contrarily, the ruinous state of Yerushalayim only strengthens it. I will tell you the *why* in a little while. Better yet why not go ahead and lay it out now?

18 AND after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. ² And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, **Babel the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul ruach, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.** ³ For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. ⁴ **And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.** ⁵ For her sins have reached unto heaven, and Elohiym has remembered her iniquities.

Chizayon (Revelation) 18:1-5 [Cepher]

It says right *here* that Yerushalayim has become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul ruach, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. That is a tell-tale sign that Elohiym has designated the roundabout an uninhabited wasteland. A place where the set-apart are not expected to hang their hat. But *also*, that he has divorced the whore as well as the land which she polluted. You will tell me it doesn't say Yerushalayim, but Babel, and that my wires are crossed. We will have to disagree then.

The place where Yahusha was killed has already been identified as Mitsriym in Revelation 11:8, and you will recall those plagues. I recommend you crack open a Bible and read that passage for yourself. Yahuah never married Rome nor Persia or Babylon. He married Yashar'el.

There are whorish women all over the world, but Yahuah is not so concerned about them as he is His own covenant people. Well, Yashar'el played the part of the whore. Eventually, Yahudah did too, going so far as to murder their bridegroom. Telling the set-apart to come out of her falls perfectly in line with Yahusha's plea in Mattithyahu 24. It also sounds a lot like Lot fleeing Cedom, which is the other thing about Revelation 11:8. Really, you need to read it if you haven't already. Yerushalayim is *also* Cedom, and what does that equation spell? Cedom + Mitsriym = Babylon.



The earliest documentation of Yerushalayim I can find happens to be the drawings of **David Roberts**, all of which resulted from his **1838** trip to the Holy Land. The first photographs wouldn't be taken until 1844. By David Roberts account, Yerushalayim has been mud flooded. The pillar of Absalom. *Buried*. The tomb of Zechariah. *Buried*. There is the Damascus gate again, faring no better. Yerushalayim as a whole is caked in mud and

has the look of a ruinous city, *mostly*. More like an exotic flea market in the desert.



I'm not exactly sure on the dates of when these photos were taken, but they give the same details. Roberts wasn't lying. Damascus Gate; the pillar of Absalom; the tomb of Zachariah; all seemingly mud flooded. The only difference is that David Roberts has managed to round up more people to make Yerushalayim look happening. There's barely a living soul in these photos. The bottom right photo is of the St. Stephen Gate and it's it just as much disrepair as the rest. The only thing I find interesting about it are the lions on either side of the entryway, reminding us of the tribe of Yahudah.



Jerusalem as we know it today was nearly completely buried until not so long ago. That will come as a surprise to most people, seeing as how ancient the city is, packed with history, and the sheer number of pilgrims who apparently traversed these streets in the intervening centuries. You'd think somebody would have taken out a broom to sweep up the accumulating dust, but no. Look at that red line along the southwestern corner of the city. I didn't draw it there. There's no possible way that I could draw that straight of a line. I am showing you a screen shot from an Expedition Bible YouTube video. That's **Joel P. Kramer** doing the talking. He's an Adjunct Professor of Biblical Archaeology at Shepherd's Theological Seminary and demonstrating precisely how high the soil line went.

How recent was the dirt pile up? If you tell me the 1800's, then you're cold. *Shivering*. Either put on a jacket and mittens or give it another educated albeit far more conservative guess. The 1940's, you say? Warmer but wrong again. Nobody thought to pull out a broom and dustpan until the 1970's. I wish I was kidding but I'm not. Kramer's professor was **Shimon Gibson**. Gibson was part of the ongoing excavations, starting in **1973**, and according to Kramer, used to set his lunch in that arrow slot right above the red line. Gibson is still a heavy-handed presence in archeology, by the way. And what does that tell us? Somebody is still alive who can attest to the depths by which Yerushalayim was buried.

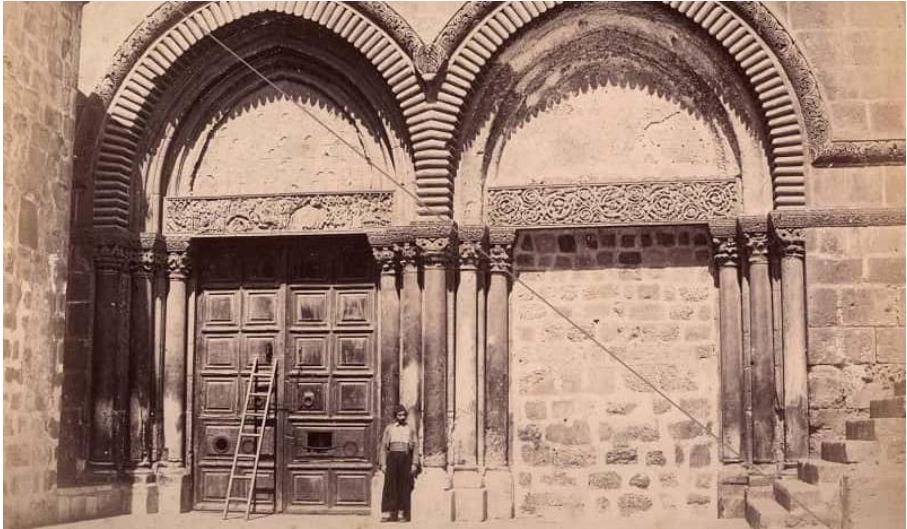


The earliest known photographs of Yerushalayim were taken by French photographer **Joseph-Philibert Girault de Prangey** in 1844 and are barely legible. Still not difficult to conclude however that it's a city in ruins.



But then what is going on in this scene? The curve ball in the bunch is a sketch of the **Church of the Holy Sepulcher**, another David Roberts original. Not simply because the riches and the elegance to be seen here completely contrasts the ruinous city without. We are told that Roberts had a photographic memory. His other drawings prove that to be true. Well, look closely. Pretty sure that's a giant on the throne. The persons on either side of him are dwarfed in comparison. They are bowing down and

giving him homage. Assuming the individual standing on his right is 5-foot tall, then he would easily be a 10 or 12-footer. Was David Roberts telling us what no photographer was capable of? At least here, the city of Yerushalayim appears to be ruled by a giant.



Have you seen the doors to the Holy Sepulcher? They're *huge*. They couldn't even find a tall enough ladder for the lady standing there. I'm thinking she wanted to pull out a feather duster and give Yerushalayim its much needed once a millennium cleaning up and around the door frame, but who really knows what she's up to. If I were her, I'd tell the cameraman to be a darling and pick up a shovel because, as you know, the southwestern corner needed some tidying up.

Another thing I can't help but notice is that there used to be two sets of doors. The other was bricked over. I've seen some great home remodels in my day, but I am sad to say that I couldn't recommend these contractors upon my enemies. It is well known that Adolf Hitler was an aspiring artist and there is a saying attached to that. They should have let the man paint. Well, whoever is responsible for these changes never should have been allowed near the blueprint. He shouldn't have even had clearance into the architects building. Why would they block up the beauty of the Sepulcher, not enough foot traffic? Probably due to all the giants entering and exiting, I shouldn't wonder.

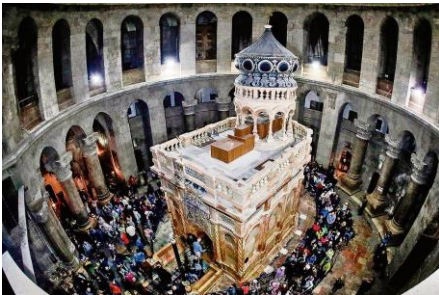
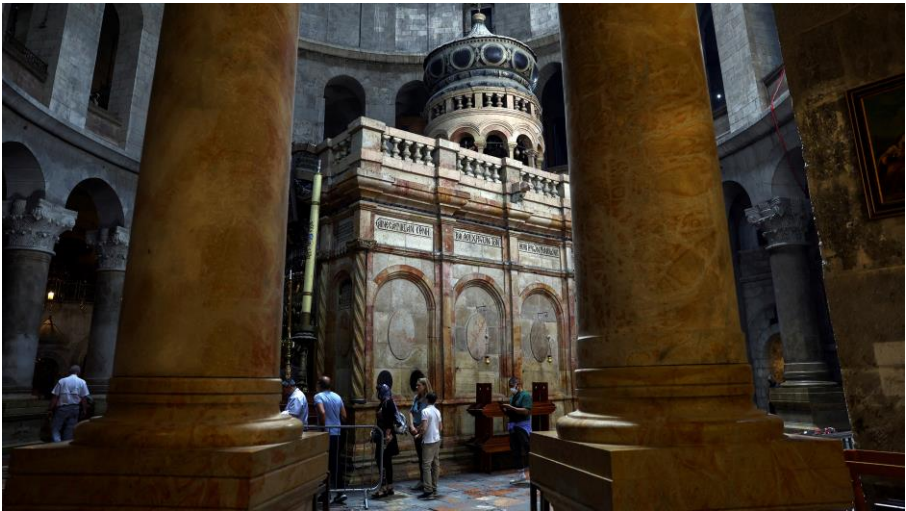


Step back inside the Sepulcher building and we are treated to some interesting MK-tech potential. It is the dome which my eyes are initially drawn to. There are cavities included within the design, like so many others included in my [Kings and Priests](#) of the Thousand Year Reign research, reminding us time and again of cavity resonators. And so, here some review. In the world of electromagnetism, cavity resonators work through symmetry to produce oscillation or vibration of energetic particles. Symmetrical shapes force energetic particles or ions to vibrate in a constant manner, and bada-bing, electromagnetic fields are excited and extracted for use.



I am seeing much more than a dome though, and in such a small area. The horseshoe has become the most widely recognized symbol for magnets and the rotunda before us is a horseshoe haven. We are treated to what looks to be four stories of arched columns. The columns and rotundas may very well have been designed as powerful coils intended to

produce electromagnetism, carrying the current in loops. Imagine the energy harvested here at one time. Even the **Aedicule** which is said to be built over the tomb of Mashiach looks very much like the baptisteries that can be found within gothic cathedrals and under domed structures of our realm—albeit this is a grand design, indeed. Really, you will need to read that paper to know what I’m talking about. I’m thinking the Aedicule was construed as a central engine, working in partnership with the magnificent microwave or whatever it is that they were cooking up in here, with all those cavity resonators and magnetrons.



Take a look at the Aedicule from various angles and it is abundantly clear that the pillared rotunda on top has been gutted of its engine, what I suspect may have resembled a tokamak. Otherwise, we are expected to believe it’s an elaborate cake topper, only to be appreciated

by somebody hanging from a very tall ladder. *Ridiculous*. It’s simply incredible, the amount of beauty lavished upon this architectural marvel on the inside when the outside looks as though it was patched up and slapped together by the Three Stooges getting hired onto the brick-and-mortar crew. Nothing about the Aedicule in the *official* narrative checks out.



They tell us the Aedicula was rebuilt in the place of an older structure after a fire in 1808. No, that is not a misprint. **1808**. That is the date of the fire, mind you. What you're looking at was supposedly built in the 1800s. Does that look 200

years young to you? Have you ever seen it in person? I have. The structure looks aged if I do say so myself. They could have told me it was a thousand years old, fifteen hundred even, and I would have believed those numbers. It's not like we're gazing at a weather worn chapel erected above a windswept mountaintop either. Breathing in all those incense fumes must have done a wonder on its health, I guess. It was being held up by an external skeleton on my last visit, just as *this* photo attests to, and as recently as **2017** the Aedicula went through a year-long restoration process. The reason being is they were saying it was about ready to collapse in upon itself. Seriously?



The first to document the Aedicula after the mysterious fire was none other than everybody's favorite sketch artist, David Roberts. His lithographs are dated to **1842** and the structure is said to be brand spanking new at the time. So, it's not even two centuries old then. And

look at all that gold why don't you? The entire place is glimmering. I will ask you to turn several pages back at Roberts other documentation of the Holy Sepulcher, the one involving the giant on a throne. His sketches appear to tell a very different story than what we're otherwise given and I would argue how they play precisely into my theory. That these energy and health centers were ruled over by kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom.