



## 537 A.D. The End of Camelot

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FINALLY, the pieces are beginning to come together. **536** as you hopefully know by now was an irreversible threshold, carrying His-Story into the arms of the Thousand Year Reign, as it appears to be the year of the **Fire Reset**. Some of you are already going, *hub?* Don't sweat it. I'll quickly drop a couple or maybe even several links to other papers which will help to lift this conversation off the ground.

[Kings and Priests of the MK. 536 A.D. Melted Cities. Vesica Piscis. The Glorious Appearing. The 7000-Year Timeline Deception. Nanteos Cup.](#)

There are others which you will surely discover though that is more than enough to get you started on your quest. And anyways, 536. With a year as epic as that one, you figure a sequel would be in the works. His-Story offers us one. Would you be surprised to learn that it involves **Camelot**, and that **537** serves as its bookend? Look, whether or not Arthur's story is fictional, and therefore allegorical for **something else**, or ultimately deemed historical, the rise and fall of Camelot has long been a splinter in my mind. Questions still surround the Arthurian Mysteries though I'm more inclined to think the later romances *were* based on historical reality (from a certain point of view), especially now that the puzzle is more fully formed.

A year or two ago, I might have suggested the rise and fall of Camelot was a less than perfect metaphor for the quote-unquote "Dark Ages," aka the Millennial Kingdom of Mashiach. Its blend of magic and paganism within the arms of Christianity lends to the 'imperfect' side of the equation. That proposition still may be the case, I couldn't really say. But then it was while researching the Volcanic Winter of 536 that I panned this little golden nugget of information.

**AC 537: The Action of Camlann, in which Arthur and Medraut fell. And there was a plague in Britain and Ireland.**

Annales Cambriae

That's a reference to the final duel to the death between Arthur and Mordred in case you were wondering, the end of Camelot. And look at the date. 537. The person who scribbled in the log even thought to include the plague of Britain and Ireland as a tie-in, an obvious result of the 18-months without the sun. Allegory, indeed. The Orwellians may be telling us something. Camelot, the so-called kingdom of light, ended abruptly with the rude interruption of the "Dark Ages," *wink-wink*, and wouldn't presume again for another thousand years, with the introduction of the quote-unquote Enlightenment. It's really rather difficult writing these things without having to constantly flex my eyelids to my reading audience (with all those *wink-wink*;) or else they

will begin to think I've started up a steady blue-pill diet. No way, no how.



The Battle of Camlann was Arthur's legendary final battle, in which he either died fighting Mordred, who also perished, or was taken to Avalon immediately afterwards to await his return, which would involve the final restoration of Britain. Mordred was the son of King Arthur and **Morgause**, the Queen of Orkney. But then Morgause also shared Arthur's same mother, **Igraine**, through her first husband, **Gorlois**, making Arthur and Morgause a pair of half-sibling lovers. This means that in addition to being Arthur's son, Mordred was also his nephew. Yeah, there's a lot of kinky incestual stuff going on in the Arthurian mysteries.

**Geoffrey of Monmouth** included the battle in his historical chronicle, '*Historia Regum Britanniae*', which we are told was written in **1136**. To sum it up, Arthur went to France to wage war against the Roman leader **Lucius Tiberius**, leaving his nephew Mordred in charge of Camelot. In his absence, Mordred married Arthur's wife **Guinevere** so as to claim the throne for himself. Arthur then gathered what remained of his army and confronted Mordred at the River Camel in Cornwall. It was a bloodbath for both sides.

The **Lancelot-Grail cycle**, which we are told was a gross embellishment of **13<sup>th</sup>-century** France, has a slightly different story to tell. In that one, Arthur goes to France to confront **Lancelot** rather than the Romans. Lancelot had committed adultery with Guinevere, killing Mordred's siblings, **Agravain**, **Gaheris**, and **Gareth**, in the

process, which would also assign them as Arthur's nephews. He left Mordred in charge of Camelot, like in Geoffrey's telling, but he too betrayed him. Upon returning to Britain, Mordred's army, mostly consisting of **Saxon** and Irish allies, outnumbered Arthur's two-to-one. Take a mental note of the Saxons. Normally, I would tell you to plant a moon flag on that one, but this time, unlike the Apollo 11 hoax, there is more than meets the eye to the Saxon invasion.

Ironically, the war may have even been prevented, had it not been for a startled knight, who drew his sword to kill a viper during standoff negotiations. Fighting ensued, and several kings aligned with Arthur as well as the Knights of the Round Table, those who had survived the Grail Quest at any rate, were nearly all killed. Mordred was killed. Arthur was mortally wounded. Excalibur was returned to the Lady of the Lake, whereas Arthur was carted off to Avalon. Guinivere retired as a nun and Lancelot as a monk, seeking penance for their sins. It was the end of Camelot. The age of the Saxons had begun.

Do you remember what I told you regarding the Saxon invasion in a past paper? Oh darn, looks like I didn't post a link to that one earlier. Well, here it is then.

[Tea Tephi. The Divine Conception of Yitschaq.](#)

Yep, I included two links rather than just one, this time around. Give them a read, why don't you? With the first paper, **Tea Tephi**, you'll have to find the section where I talk about the People of the Covenant within all the Stone of Scone talk in order to reference what I'm prepared to talk about. If not, then no worries, *follow along*. I have often heard that the Saxons were invaders and not the true people of Britain, but at the end of the day, it's all in how you think about it. **BRITAIN** after all is a **Hebrew** word. Yes, you heard me right. I nearly choked on my tea and puff pastry when reading the very thing, originally. Come to learn the Celtic language very likely developed out of the ancient Hebrew language as well. The Celts being descended from Yashar'el and all. As were the Scots. As were the people of Denmark as well as the Saxons.

It means “covenant,” in case you were wondering. The word ‘b’rit’, or ‘bēriyth’ [בְּרִית], carries with it the sense of cutting. You will recall how Avraham personally observed YAHUAHA passing between the severed halves of an animal in Barashayath 15:17 when a covenant was cut with him. To add to that, the word for “people” in Hebrew is: ‘am’ [עַם]. And so, the term “covenant people” in Hebrew would be Brit-am, which is rather close to Britain, don’t you think? Even the word ‘iysh’ or ‘ish’ [אִישׁ] in Hebrew means “man.” Brit-ish therefore directs us to the covenant man. Or perhaps the covenant men. They are coming, you know. I am reminded of it often around these parts, come every July. The British are coming. You may be wondering how that connects us with Yashar’el. Simple. They too are the people of the covenant. It says so right here.

<sup>5</sup> Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and guard my **covenant** [בְּרִיתִי bə-rî-tî;], **then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine:**  
<sup>6</sup> And **ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation.** These are the words which you shall speak unto the children of Yashar’el.

Shemoth (Exodus) 19:5-6

Obeying His voice is identified with guarding his covenant. Best to guard YAHUAHA’s covenant then, via obeying His voice. And of course, supposing you took the time to read The Lost Tribes of Tartaria then you’ll recall my stance on the nation of Britain, which was *this*. It was Ground Zero for the Millennial Kingdom.

Hold on because I’m not done yet. The Saxons who invaded the land were in fact the people of Yashar’el, as Saxon is a corrupted form of Isaac or rather **Yitschaq’s sons**. There are those who will call such conclusions “terrible research,” but that is just wishful thinking on their part, what pipe are they smoking? The Phoenicians, who were of course the Yahudiym, called the House of Yashar’el the ‘Beth Sak’, which means ‘House of Isaac.’ The children of Yashar’el were also called Saac-Suna by others, which again, simply means Sons of Isaac.

And so, perhaps now you can see what was really going on in 537. Camelot fell but only in the wake of the Saxons arrival. Many centuries afterwards, the Arthurian storytellers bemoaned the Saxon invaders who had reshaped their land as well as their people. There's more of that Orwellian talk when in likelihood the sons of Yashar'el were arriving to claim their kingdom.



[**UPDATE** 11/27/23: **SPEAKING** of those pesky Saxon invaders, the Medieval historian **Geoffrey of Monmouth** apparently wasn't a fan. None of the Arthurian writers were, LOL. There's a story in 'Historia Regum Britanniae' which involves two dragons, a red and a white one, fighting in a pit. The context has **Vortigern**, the **5<sup>th</sup>-century** warlord, whom later writers would dub the king of the Britons, hanging out with **Merlin**, when the dragons show up, and *this* is what we read.

As **Vortegirn**, king of the Britons, was sitting upon the bank of the drained pond, the two dragons, one of which was white, the other red, came forth, and approaching one another, began a terrible fight, and cast forth fire with their breath. But the white dragon had the advantage and made the other fly to the end of the lake. And he, for grief at his flight, renewed the assault upon his pursuer, and forced him to retire. After this battle of the dragons, the king commanded

**Ambrose Merlin** to tell him what it portended. Upon which he, bursting into tears, delivered what his prophetic spirit suggested to him, as follows:

“Woe to the red dragon, for his banishment hastens on. **His lurking holes shall be seized by the white dragon, which signifies the Saxons whom you invited over; but the red denotes the British nation, which shall be oppressed by the white.** Therefore, shall its mountains be levelled as the valleys, and the rivers of the valleys shall run with blood. The exercise of religion shall be destroyed, and churches be laid open to ruin. **At last, the oppressed shall prevail, and oppose the cruelty of foreigners.**”

The History of the Kings of Britain 7:3

Merlin’s rallying speech doesn’t end there. It’s rather longwinded, going on for pages and pages concerning the coming thousand-year winter of the Dark Ages, bemoaning how horrid it will be, because of the Saxon invaders, you see. The Saxons are of course represented by the White Dragon, whereas the Red undoubtedly signifies our past as well as our present short season Controllers. It is the exercise of their religion as well as their churches which were destroyed, but only for a time. Because Merlin’s prophecy has the oppressed, that is, worshipers of the Red Dragon, eventually prevailing over the quote-unquote “cruelty” of the Saxon invaders. Not a fan of righteousness, eh? And of course, Geoffery of Monmouth was writing his book while the Sons of Yitschaq were apparently oppressing him. Amazing how his work not only survived, but was hotly celebrated, as were the writings of his Arthurian co-authors, whereas the identity of his Saxon oppressors are confused to this day.

You may have noticed how Merlin’s full name in this story is **Ambrose Merlin**. That is because **Ambrosius Aurelianus** was a war leader of the Romano-British who won an important battle against the advances of the Anglo-Saxons sometime in the 5<sup>th</sup>-century, according to **Gildas the Wise**. Geoffery of Monmouth is telling us that Ambrose was not only the brother of King Arthur’s father, but that he was also the famed

wizard of Arthurian lore. Hold that thought regarding Arthur's parentage, as I intend to return to it before this current exercise is through. Skip several lines down into Merlin's speech, and just look at what is laid out in red ink, why don't you?

**It shall rain a shower of blood, and a raging famine shall afflict mankind.** When these things happen, the red one shall be grieved; but when his fatigue is over, shall grow strong. Then shall misfortunes hasten upon the white one, **and the buildings of his gardens shall be pulled down.**

The History of the Kings of Britain 7:3

The timing of the Saxons conquest would occur during the **536** Event. I have dubbed it the year of the Fire Reset, when volcanoes popped their quark all over the known realm, shrouding the skies with a mysterious fog, while in other places, entire cities melted. The sun was eclipsed for a whopping 18-months. The fact that all mankind was afflicted with a raging famine, we already know about. But then Merlin described blood raining down from the heavens. How Biblical is that? Keep reading though. The Saxons would raise buildings and gardens which would eventually be pulled down. *Oh gee.* It's all too familiar. We've been over this already, time and again. Trampling over the cities of the kingdom is a prophecy attributed to the release of the Watchers. According to Merlin's own confession, the scrubbing of His-Story is already centuries in the making. The Red Dragon has returned to power and, in far too many cases to recount, his vengeance was unleashed upon the magnificent architecture of the Millennial Kingdom saints.



The British poet and artist **William Blake** details the **Red Dragon** in a couple of his illustrations. Well, that's lovely. Who is oppressing whom now? I am no art expert, but if I'm reading these prints right, a lovely lady of the court is cruising around the zodiac, minding her own bees wax, clothed with the sun and the moon at her feet, all dreamlike, when she's mugged in the back alley by *you know who*. Lovely mascot you've got there, Merlin. And of course, who is the Dragon at war with but those who guard the Father's commands. Don't believe me? It's in Revelation.

<sup>7</sup> And it was given unto him [*governance of the dragon*] to **make war with the qodeshiym** [*saints*], and to overcome them: and power was give him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

Chazon (Revelation) 13:7

Some of you already know where I'm going with this whereas others will jump ahead of the conversation and claim the qodeshiym, or rather, the saints, are never defined as those who keep the Father's commands. That being the Torah. You've got to keep reading then.

<sup>12</sup> Here is the patience of the **qodeshiym**: **here are they that guard the commandments of ALAHAYAM**, and the faith of Yahusha.

Chazon (Revelation) 14:12

Name any age, day of the week, or Reset, Yashar'el is only ever defined as those who obey the Torah, reminding us of course of the Sons of Yitschaq. The church of Merlin is sounding more and more like that branch of Christianity which says the Law has been done away with, thereby allowing them to go about living with the spirit of antichrist, which is lawlessness, no thank you. Another little detail which the wizard of Camelot forgot to include was the part where **Miyka'el**, the protector of the sons of Yitschaq, tosses his ass in the Lake of Fire.



As mentioned earlier, Merlin was apparently Arthur's uncle. Geoffrey introduces him into the Historia under the name **Aurelius Ambrosius**, noting that he was one of three sons of **Constantine III**. Constantine III was declared emperor of Roman Britain in **407** until he was disposed in **411**. His son **Constans II** co-reigned at his side though he too was released of his duty in 411. His father's head was paraded around on a pole if you must know. Anywho, Merlin was said to be the second son of Constantine III whereas Arthur's father, **Uthyr Pendragon**, took up the rear, being Constantine III's third son.

Mm-hmm, it is pronounced pen, but then you have to follow the syllables through to **dragon**. Uthyr is a Welsh word which means "terrible." Pendragon literally means "**Chief-Dragon**" or "**Head-Dragon**." Kind of awkward. Qayin being the literal son of the Serpent, you already know about. What are they telling us regarding Arthur though, did the Red Dragon sire yet another child?





## The Birth of Arthur and Tintagel Castle

[**UPDATE** 5/26/25: WE made it out to **Tintagel Castle** in Cornwall, which is why I deleted the old photo in this report, replacing it with a far better ones—in fact, a baker’s dozen. Arthur’s story begins here at Tintagel, according to ‘Le Morte d’Arthur’ author **Thomas Malory**, as well as **Geoffrey of Monmouth** in his ‘History of the Kings of Britain.’ What reportedly happened here is that Pendragon lusted after **Igraine**,

the **wife** of the **Duke of Cornwall**. The initial hiccup was due to Igraine being far too virtuous for him. Pendragon then decided to transform, or rather, shapeshift, into Igraine's husband, whom some accounts call **Gorlois**. Committing the deed, however, would come at a hefty price. The child from their union was to be given over to Merlin, an oath which Pendragon agreed to. And so, Merlin transformed Pendragon into the lady's husband, resulting in the conception of a child. At the moment of his birth, Arthur is said to have given a shout, after which one of the midwives cried: "**Here is a Dragon! He shall be the terror of Britain's foes!**" Well, that's nice. It's not every day that someone gives birth to a dragon baby.

At Tintagel, they will tell you the ruins derive from a castle built by **Earl Richard**, **1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cornwall** in the **13<sup>th</sup> century**, during the High Middle Ages rather than late Roman times only to forget all about that in the gift shop and sell Arthurian paraphernalia, LOL. They will also admit to the Romano-British artifacts recovered on the grounds but then state there is no evidence of them having built any structures there, LOL again. Try not to forget that Thomas Malory first published 'Le Morte d'Arthur' in **1485**, only two centuries after the fact. But then, even more titillating is the claim that Geoffrey of Monmouth published his in **1140**. How do they explain away Geoffrey's claim if Tintagel Castle was not erected until **1233** by this **Richard** fellow, **97 years** after the fact? They can't. Are you ready for their explanation? Here it goes, and I quote. Richard wanted to establish a connection with the Arthurian legends, and so he had a castle built. Excuse me while I LOL myself right on over to my next **UPDATE**, wherever that may prove to be.]

At any rate, Arthur the son of Pendragon was raised with the intention of starving off the advances of the White Dragon, and what happened? He was mortally wounded in **537**, at which time the Sons of Yitschag took over Britain. Recall Merlin's prophecy. The famine which he spoke about was ultimately the oppression of the Red Dragon, whereas the White would reign in his stead. Afterwards, the Red would return to trample down the cathedrals as well as the gardens of the foreigners.



Some of you might be thinking the White Dragon is *still* in control. Then why the hell are our Controllers raising the **Red Dragon** over Wales? It was officially recognized as the Welsh national flag in **1959**. But then it was **King Henry VII** who raised the Red Dragon at the Battle of Bosworth in **1485**, the last significant battle of the War of the Roses, after which it was carried to **Saint Paul's Cathedral** in London. Seems to me like the reign of the Red Dragon had returned, but you never really know, Henry VII might have been color blind.



Henry VII was the first monarch of the House of Tudor, by the way. His successor was none other than **Henry VIII**. A raise of hands, who here recalls my **Nanteos Cup** paper? Not many of you, as it wasn't one of my popular ones. Such a shame, since the brunt of my focus ultimately centered upon the years **1536** to **1540**, when Henry VIII went about "dissolving" **monasteries**, **abbeys**, **nunneries**, and **friaries**.



“Dissolving” is one nice way to describe it, being that there were over **800** of them, and have you seen their ruinous state? [Wiki](#) has an entire list of the monasteries which were quote-unquote “dissolved” by Henry VIII. I’ve taken the time to track down **Basingwerk** Abbey, **Beaulieu** Abbey, **Binham** Priory, **Bolton** Abbey, **Buildwas** Abbey, and **Byland** Abbey, in that order. You may have noticed those all begin with the letter ‘B’ when the list is comprised of A-Z, implying that I have only shown a mere handful of them. It’s not like foreign invaders

took the old battering ram out to these places. They were destroyed from the local Controllers. Call them “dissolved” all you want but I’m detecting a theme on par with the destruction of the old world cities disguised as the World Fairs, like the one they burned down in [Chicago](#). It appears as though the dissolving of the Old-World Kingdom began as soon as it was over. Merlin’s prophecy came true after all.





## The Dissolution of the Monasteries and Glastonbury

[**UPDATE** 6/12/25: EVENTUALLY, I got around to writing a long overdue research paper on the man who brought about the Dissolution of the Monasteries. It is a direct follow-up to this one, almost more of a bookend to the Middle-Ages—I call it [The End of the Millennial Kingdom and Henry VIII](#). With so many dissolved MK buildings in Britain (**800** was it? I still can't fathom that many), visiting them all seems improbable, even for a dedicated Brit. Since arriving in Britain I have already dropped by a few and can tell you that **Glastonbury** in Somerset is not like the others. To this day, it is still treated as a pilgrimage site, and rightly so. Not only is Glastonbury the **Avalon** of **Arthur**, but it also happens to be the location of **Britain's first church**, planted by none other than **Joseph of Arimathea**.

Before jumping into the puddle with my Wellies on I should probably remind everyone that I can never publish anything without my *lovely* readers reminding me that there is a smorgasbord of opinions out there beyond my own. In instances of Arthurian locations, a number of sites are proposed, with Avalon being no exception. There is another far less popular location for the Isle of the Dead in north-west Wales. Be patient, I intend to go there as well. All I can tell you at present is that **Cadbury Castle** is **16 miles** to the south-east of Glastonbury, and after personally exploring the mound, I can't imagine a better location for **Camelot**. Also, there is more to Glastonbury than what I intend to

involve in this discussion. Aspects of my visit have already been detailed in [Labyrinths: Seeking the Kingdom Within](#). I hope to include further updates in [The Rod of YAHUAHA and Excalibur](#), and [The Holy Family in Europe](#) will not be excluded.



Upon arriving at Glastonbury, I was already aware that **King Arthur's purported burial site** could be found on the grounds—I simply didn't know where to look. After combing the field for a time, zigzagging to and fro and sometimes retracing my steps in circles, I finally stumbled upon the marker, not really prepared for the emotional impact. Well, *there* it is, and *here* is the story handed down to us.

In **1190**, right about when the [Knight Templar](#) were in their heyday, **King Henry II** reportedly ordered workers at the abbey to dig for the king of Camelot. They dug and they dug over a great swath of grass. Before telling you what they found, I think it would benefit you to know that Henry II was the **great-grandson** of **William the Conqueror**, and the **father** of both **Richard the Lionheart** and **John the Bad**, from where we pull the **Robin Hood** stories. He was also personally responsible for **Thomas Becket's** murder. Lot's going on with this guy which, YAH willing, I will eventually get around to covering. Diggers at Glastonbury unearthed **a leaden cross** buried between **two** ancient **stone pillars**. Inscribed on the cross were the following words.

Hic jacet **sepultus** inclitus **rex Arturus** in **insula**  
**Avalloni**.

Latin is a language which I studied in college, but it's been a while. Let's see what I can make out. '*Sepultus*' would refer to a sepulcher, '*rex*' a king, '*insula*' an island, and '*Avalloni*' is self-explanatory. Yup, still got it. The rest, however, I can't quite make out. Let's see what an English translation has to say.

**Here lies buried the renowned King Arthur in the**  
**Isle of Avalon.**

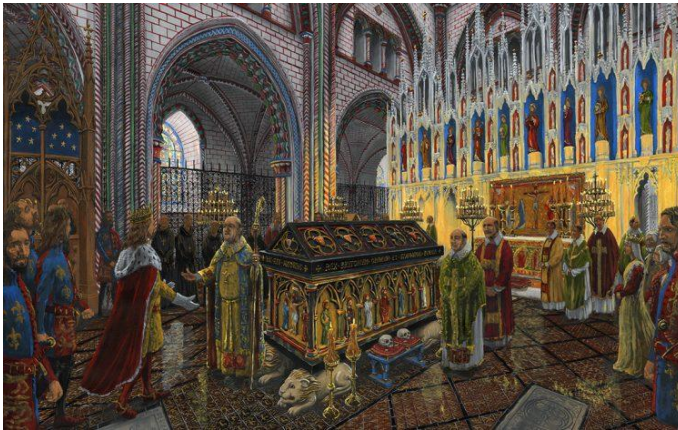
Hmm, seems pretty direct, wouldn't you agree? Either the monks were onto the discovery of a lifetime, or they'd planted the evidence, anticipating the money to roll in. The historians are quick to dismiss their discovery in hopes of establishing official history while dismissing Arthurian legends as mythology, you know the drill. But whichever way you lean, I will ask you to consider their next discovery before making your decision.



Digging deeper into the earth, and to a depth of **16 feet**, they found the trunk of an **oak tree**, hollowed out for the purposes of a coffin. Inside the oak coffin, they found the skeletal remains of a **man** and a **woman**. Wouldn't you like to know how tall the man was? He was 4 foot 2 inches, a bit of a dwarf—just kidding. He was a **9-footer**. No word on

the woman's height, though she was presumed at the time to be **Gwinevere**, and I don't see why not.

By the way, that's not a photo of a Glastonbury monk, as they didn't have photography back then—not officially. I am showing you a photo of **Ralph Glidden** digging up his **Catalina giants**, and not without reason. As an avid collector of newspaper articles, I published a book on this subject a couple of years ago, [Giants In America: Newspapers of Our Realm: Volume I](#). There's no better way to discredit yourself and ruin your career, dying a very poor man while becoming the subject of ridicule, than exposing plot holes in the **Jesuit** history books with your pick and shovel. Try not to let the **Smithsonian** truck run over you as it backs up to the site. *Beep, beep, beep*. The monks of Glastonbury began digging for Arthur based upon their assumption that the stories were true, and Ralph Glidden did the same. Nothing criminal in that. All that tells me is that their thesis, albeit non-canonical, was a correct one.



After the initial exhumation in **1191**, the bones of Arthur and his woman Guinevere were placed in a tomb in the choir of the abbey church, near to the altar. The same tomb would later be opened in **1278** for King **Edward I** and Queen **Eleanor**. Nearly a **hundred years** had passed since Arthur's discovery. Supposing he wasn't a 9-foot-tall giant and just an ordinary-sized man, Edward I's eyewitness exhuming would

be the perfect time to speak up and say something. He did not. By the way, the provided illustration comes to us by way of **Dominic Andrews** at [www.archacoart.co.uk](http://www.archacoart.co.uk). According to Dominic, the person visiting Arthur's tomb in his drawing isn't Edward I but **Edward III** in **1331**. Not sure if Edward III had a peek inside, and if so, he didn't say anything that survives on record.



You might be wondering how the artist thought to depict Arthur's tomb in such illustrious detail. I've seen many of these tombs in various cathedrals and none are alike, and rarely as grand, which is why I was wondering the same thing. The tomb was not described for us until the **antiquary John Leland** visited Glastonbury in the **1530**'s. According to his [Wiki article](#), Leland is described as "**the father of English local history and bibliography**." Hmmm, sounds suspicious. Was he under the pay of Henry VIII is what I want to know. Yup, I just checked. He was buddies with **propagandist Thomas Cromwell**. To better understand that connection, you'll have to read my [Henry VIII](#) report.

How is it that nearly **350 years** had passed without a single description, or were all those records destroyed? Well, as they say regarding the 200 million sperm released with each mommy and daddy private time, sometimes all it takes is one of them to make it past the goalie's net. According to Leland, the tomb was of **black marble with four lions at its base, a crucifix at the head and an image of Arthur carved in relief at the foot**. His timing is only a little odd considering that the

tomb was assumedly dissolved along with the abbey in 1539, but whatever. Better late than never.

The question I would like you to answer is why they would hoax their Arthur discovery with a giant when none of their Arthurian literature, written either before or afterwards, upheld the story. That is one question but now I have another to counter it. How is it that Henry VIII would destroy an abbey devoted to Camelot's king when he himself not only claimed to be descended from Arthur, but he also based his existence upon the fulfilment of Merlin's dragon prophecy? To top that off, Glastonbury is reportedly the site of Joseph of Arimathea's church. The ramifications of that are never paused to be appreciated nor tested in the history books. It simply happened. He got away with it, and the other side of the story, the missing side, is never intended to be told.

While you consider your answers, I too am thinking out—allow me to throw some potentials your way. Arthurian chroniclers Geoffrey of Monmouth, Robert de Boron, Chretien de Troyes, and Sir Thomas Malory, though I am probably forgetting others, all seem to forget that little detail regarding his tomb and height. If nobody thought to describe Arthur as a giant, perhaps it is because the 1190 Arthur story was invented centuries afterwards to throw us off the scent of where he is actually buried, and also, where Joseph of Arimathea planted his church. Even Avalon is being hidden from us. If so, then Henry VIII's audacity is somewhat less audacious and to be believed.

Not that I'm saying Glastonbury isn't the true Avalon. Because maybe it is. I haven't visited the second proposed site in Wale and am simply keeping my options open. The giant story is a convincing one in my book. Even if the giant was somebody other than Arthur, there is still the little detail regarding the Latin sign identifying him, bringing back around to my first question. Why lie about a giant? Either way and whatever the scenario, Henry VIII doesn't weasel his way out of it without coming across as a total dick.]



## Architects of Camelot

[**UPDATE** 1/15/23: ANOTHER tidbit about Merlin is that he was conceived by an **incubus**, which is only somewhat awkward. People keep telling me Arthur was a Christian king, what text are they reading from? I guess the better question is asking how one defines ‘*Christian*’. Christianity is such a broad term, often so far removed from YAHUAHA’s instructions in set-apart living that describing it as being enveloped by shades of paganism is being kind. My point here is that Arthur may very well have been a Christian king, *whoop-de-doo*, not debating that fact. To try and convince me however that he was raised above a pagan Christian king will be quite the heavy stone, indeed, as there’s a world of difference between the two. I think I’ve made my point by now, that Camelot was the ideal kingdom by those who preferred to rebel against the True Kingdom of Mashiach and live an unclean life. I just got distracted but not really. Getting back to Merlin and the incubus.

Among the propagandists, Merlin was the ideal prophet, albeit a false prophet, giving testimony to the false Messiah, as embodied by Arthur, but don't take my word for it. I decided to track down a copy of **Robert de Boron**'s Merlin and was bowled over by his biography of the man.

Then the demons spoke amongst themselves, saying: 'Those who said so most are the prophets: they are the cause of all our troubles! The more they spoke of him [Messiah], the more we tormented them, and now it seems he hurried to their aid, to rescue them from the tortures we were inflicting. So, then, how can we find a man who'd speak to others on our behalf and tell them of our total knowledge of all things past? **If we had such a man, he could converse with the people on Earth and help us greatly to deceive men and women alike, just as the prophets worked against us when we had them here.**' Then they said: 'It would be a great deed to create such a man, for they would all believe in him.'

Merlin

Boron's biography begins in She'ol of all places, presumed moments after Yahusha HaMashiach broke its bars and released the captives free. In this way, it acts as a sequel, more like a Satanic spin-off, of Besorah Nigodiymon. Having lost their power over the set-apart ruachoth, the dungeon demons get together and discuss a revenge tactic. The problem is that the prophets were guiding too many people towards the Truth. Tell me, what were the prophets advocating again? Oh, that's right, the Torah of YAHUAHA. Their decision therefore involves the creation of a demon child which would manipulate Mashiach's kingdom upon the earth, slyly deceiving men and women so as to lead them on a leash away from the message of the prophets, right back down to hell again.

The only hiccup is that the demons of hell did not have reproductive capabilities. Their conspiracy would then need to involve the compliance of an unclean ruachoth inhabiting the Aether. They found one. Fast forward through the buildup to climax and we then read this rather interesting confession.

‘I would have you know that **I am the son of a devil who deceived my mother**. He was one of a kind of demon called **Hequibedes**, who inhabit the air. And he bequeathed to me the power and intelligence to know everything that has been said and done... You heard me say I was fathered by a demon, but you also heard me say that Our Lord gave me knowledge of the future. If you were wise, this would be a sign to you of which way I would incline. Be assured that from the moment it pleased Our Lord to grant me this knowledge, I was lost to the Devil. But **I haven’t lost the demons’ craft and cunning: I’ve inherited from them some useful things, but they won’t be used for their benefit!**’

Merlin

Merlin openly declares himself to be the son of a demon, a class which he calls Hequibedes. It is through his Father inhabiting the Aethereal realm that he receives his skills in sorcery. He then attempts to convince everyone that he was allied with The Lord and that his gift of foreknowledge derived from him. That last part regarding prophecy I *can* believe, as even Balaam received a Word from YAHUAHA in Numbers 20. Telling us however that he was lost to the Devil is a far stretch when, *clearly*, [The Torah Abides](#) and Merlin never once passes the Deuteronomy 13 test. The demons were in fact successful in creating a man opposite of the Prophets of YAHUAHA. He could claim otherwise all he wants but that’s just the demons holding the discussion hostage, as is often the case.

Really, show me a single Prophet of YAHUAHA who held the power of the Devil rather than the Ruach HaQodesh. Chapter and verse, please. Merlin’s last quip, promising that he will use his gifts of the Devil for the benefit of The Lord is cute and all, but then do recall how Arthur was conceived again.

Then he [*Merlin*] turned to the king with a herb and said: ‘Rub this on your face.’

The king took the herb and did so, and thereupon **he looked exactly like the duke...** As soon as Igerne heard that the duke had come she had taken to her bed, and when Uther saw her lying there in all her beauty, the blood stirred throughout his body.

Merlin

Mm-hmm, Pendragon raped Igraine by shapeshifting into her husband, Gorlois, the Duke of Cornwall. He played the part of the Incubus. And who helped him achieve that act but the son of an Incubus? Looks like Merlin was still playing the part of the demon after all. It couldn't be any more obvious by this point: the Kingdom of Mashiach existed and Camelot was its Satanic counterpart.



The title I decided to go with for this section of the 537 article was ‘Architects of Camelot.’ Seems appropriate, no? I mean, Merlin orchestrated the entire kingdom, did he not? I’m not interested in dissecting each player at the moment, because that would take a book, but I would be remiss to pass up **Morgen le Fey**, Arthur’s half-sister. As a reminder, their mother was Igerne. It is Arthur’s father Pendragon who was responsible for killing Morgen’s father, Gorlois. The news of his death was heralded on the night that Pendragon impersonated Gorlois and impregnated Igerne, by the way.

Well, Morgen le Fey was undoubtedly an Architect of Camelot, and so, calling her an **enchantress** is by no means an exaggeration. What I’m about to tell you will tie into my [Muhammad and the Millennial Kingdom](#) paper. I initially thought about adding it there, because the incriminating evidence against **Augustine** is only heaped upon when Morgen is thrown into the pile. But then I realized nobody would have the slightest clue what I’m talking about. Of course, supposing you haven’t gotten around to the Muhammed paper yet, you still won’t have a clue. *Oh well*, I guess I’m the loser in this situation. Unless you’re totally into Multiverses, which my research totally involves. And also, because I expect this paper and that paper to end up in the same book. So, here you go.

And the third daughter’s name was **Morgan**; and by the advice of her friends, she was sent away to study in a **nunnery**—and study she did, until she knew a good deal about the secret arts, and much about astronomy and physic; and she made use of her knowledge.

Merlin

What the huh...!? It says Morgan le Fay was raised in a **nunnery**. So, she was a bride of Christ, then. It is also in the *said* nunnery that she learned a great deal about the **secret arts**, making full use of that knowledge. I’m not reading anything here about nun work, or am I? OMG. That confirms what I stated in the Muhammad paper, that Augustine was setting up spy networks disguised as friaries and nunneries and that **Khadijah**, Muhammad’s first wife and Controller,

was a member of one. Augustine organized spy networks in Brittain, by the way. He called it his “missionary journey,” but you and I know better. Camelot it seems was a project of Rome.]



## **The Rod of YAHUAHA *and* Excalibur**

[**UPDATE** 4/18/25: ‘WHERE has the [Rod of YAHUAHA and Excalibur](#) section of this report gone?’ is what some of you may be asking. I decided it needed to become its own report, completely separate from the 537 investigation, which is why you’ve just been offered a link. In just a little over a week, I’ll be taking a train with my wife and children for Miami, Florida. We live in Charleston, SC, you know. In Miami, we will board a ship. That ship is expected to take us on a two-week journey across the Atlantic towards Southampton. It is in Britain and Wales where the next leg of the Arthur investigation can truly begin. We’re talking a boots on the ground reconnaissance mission, something which has yet to be matched by Internet search engines. *Stay tuned.*]

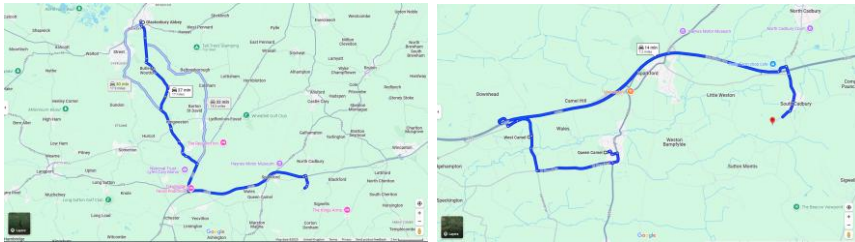


## Where Is Camelot? Cadbury Castle

[**UPDATE** 5/18/25: CAMELOT has several notable contenders for potential locations throughout Britain and Wales, most or all of which I hope to investigate over the following few months. **Cadbury** did not become one of them until **1542**, when **John Leland** reported that the locals around **Somerset** considered their location to be the legitimate plot of land. And just look at it from an aerial perspective, why don't you? At Cadbury, we are given a massive earth mound to work with, complete with cake-like layers. Those are walls if I do say so myself. Several layers of them in fact. The surface isn't shaved down either. It slopes up towards the back, hinting at a former structure. Whatever existed here before the **536**-heat index event was a mighty large fortress, indeed.

Excavations were led by **Leslie Alcock** from **1966** to **1970**, gaining much media attention. Alcock was a Professor of Archaeology at the University of Glasgow and one of the leading archaeologists of Early Medieval Britain. His dig revealed in official chronology terms that the site seems to have been occupied as early as the **4<sup>th</sup> millennium BC**,

though far more importantly, that it was then occupied by a major Brittonic ruler in the whereabouts of **470 AD**, pitting us smack dab in **Arthur** territory. He also claimed that the works presented by far the **largest known fortification** of the period, **double the size of comparative fortresses**. Not only that, but it also came complete with Mediterranean artifacts, highlighting the extent of its trade routes. Even more provocative is his other conclusion, that the fortress was all but abandoned or destroyed by **580**, and that the inclusion of **Saxon** artifacts hints at their possible conquest.



Cadbury's Camelot connection is further bolstered by its close proximity to **Glastonbury Abbey**, **16 miles** to the north-**west**. And Glastonbury, as everybody knows, is the proposed site of **Avalon** which, if true, would also make it the location of **Joseph of Arimathea**'s first church. I intend to investigate Glastonbury in the days ahead, so keep popping your head in for updates. Further credibility is granted when one considers the **Medieval** villages of **Queen Camel** and **West Camel**, no more than **5 miles** away from Cadbury as the bird flies. Think 'Cam' as in Camelot, like the **Cam River** to the north, and **Cambridge** which resides upon it. The locals were indeed imprinting their memory with boundary markers on the maps. The same locals will tell you that the 'Cad' in Cadbury is a corruption of 'Cam.'



Driving from London to Exeter in the west of England, where we intend to stay for the following three weeks, we made a stop at Stonehenge and then, a little ways down the road, to the Cadbury Castle mound. Unlike Stonehenge, which was packed with tourists, there was no parking lot at the sleepy little town of Cadbury, no ticket booth or gift shop, and few if any tourists, just a few locals walking their dogs as well as the cattle and the occasional sound of ranchers' cattle calling them. That is to say, the English Heritage has yet to arrive, and why

would they, given its Camelot connection? I'll speak for myself rather than my children, exploring the grounds was a near mystical experience, albeit an unexpected one. It was while lying under a grand oak tree with the sun shimmering through its twisting knobs and green foliage that I sunk into the choir of birds and felt for a moment as though I had been transported to another time or dimension, or that I felt a connection with an imprint of the past. I heard the sounds of clopping hooves just around the bend, and in a moment, a vision of a shining knight and his lady filled my mind's eye.



Both of my sons were sick and needed rest, but they put on a good face during our afternoon exploration and for the whole of our travel day, beckoned no doubt by the thought of adventure. We trekked the entire perimeter, our path slowly ascending to the top of the plateau. It does not require much imagination to picture the ancient village, with its taverns and blacksmith shops as well as added gate security-points, which would have snaked along the walls on the ascent, almost like Mont St. Michele in Normandy. In fact, the top of the mount, which

was a feeding ground for cattle, still sported the remains of a **2** or **3-foot wall**. Did Alcock and company dig it out? From there, the 360-degree view was breathtaking. The trained eye could probably spot Glastonbury to the west. Is it Camelot though? I don't know as I wasn't there, but here is what I can tell you. If it isn't Camelot, then we have before us the largest castle or fortress of the Roman era, and yet, nobody thought to tell us about it in the books.]