



Star Forts of the Millennial Kingdom

Noel Joshua Hadley

9/27/22

[UPDATES](#) | [ARTICLE ARCHIVES](#) | [PATREON](#)

Intro: Star Forts and the Camp of YAH Connection

[**UPDATE** 5/25/25: THE conspiracy this time around is that **Star forts** were not in reality military fortifications but places of peace and harmony for old world residents. If so, then they only would have been intended for nefarious purposes after the Reset, once the Inheritors took over. By directing your attention to the **Millennial Kingdom**, then I think you and I can at least agree that it's all in the title. Hear me out on this. What I am first and foremost stating is that they were potentially built by the [Kings](#)

[and Priests of the Thousand Year Reign](#), which I have just linked you to. This is a spin-off paper, by the way. But then I also part ways with other historical revisionists in that I am fully convinced they were intended for military fortifications from the very beginning. Look, just because the Thousand Years happened doesn't mean YASHA'UA Messiah dropped his guard and told his heavenly army to stand down. At the very least, how do you keep HaSatan in prison if not to post some guards at the gate? Let us not forget the scene given to us at the very end of Revelation.

⁹ And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp [<i>parembole</i>] of the godeshiym about, and the beloved city [<i>polin</i>]; and fire came down from Elohiym out of heaven and devoured them. Revelation 20:9	And they trampled over the breadth of the earth and surrounded the armies of the set-apart ones, and the beloved city. Then fire fell from the heavens and burned them up. Hebrew Revelation 20:9
---	--

I have just presented two separate translations for your consideration. The passage on the left derives from the Greek, whereas the passage on the right is of Hebrew origin. The Greek has HaSatan and his confederacy of Zionists surrounding a campground (Sukkot much?), whereas the Hebrew insinuates the flanking of a literal army. Well, I am here to tell you that they're the same thing. In actuality, the camp of the saints is a military fortification, maybe even a castle. It's stated purpose is to protect the beloved city from the assaults of the enemy so that they might continue on in peace and prosperity.

parembole: a camp, barracks, army in battle array

b. the barracks of the Roman soldiers, which at Jerusalem were in the **castle Antonia**.

The word '*camp*' in Greek is **parembole** and is associated with the military, whereas a civilian '*city*' is '**polin**'. What purpose does a parembole serve except to protect the people within the polin? We can see examples of parembole camps or castles all over the world, and the Star fort, or Bastion fort as they are also known, are no exception to the rule. There are **64** occurrences of 'polin' in the New Testament, by the way, one of which includes the Beloved City. Parembole references however arrive only a few times in the Bible, **7** in total from what I can find, and **Castle Antonia** just so happens to be one of them.

³⁴ And some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude: and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult, he commanded him to be carried into the castle [<i>parembole</i>]. Ma'asiym (Acts) 21:3 [Cepher]	And some among the multitude cried one thing and some another. So when he could not ascertain the truth because of the tumult, he commanded him to be taken into the barracks [<i>parembole</i>]. Acts 21:34 [NKJV]
---	--

Two separate translations give slightly different ways of describing the same picture. Call it a castle or a barracks, what is agreed upon is that Paul, or **Pa'al** as his name is known in Hebrew, was taken into a military fortification. The story surrounding Pa'al's relationship with Fort Antonia continues from there. In Acts 21:37; 22:24; 23:10; 23:16; and 23:32, the same word is used, **parembole**, thereby assuring us that a city is quite different than a castle.



Ruinous Roman fortifications can still be found nearly wherever Rome is said to have prevailed in the ancient world, even in Britain. At Masada, we can observe a Roman fort, which just so happens to look a lot like the **Temple Mount** in Jerusalem, another clue as to why the Temple was built elsewhere, in the City of David, and [The Temple Mount Is a Hoax](#). Note how they look absolutely nothing like Star forts. On the contrary, they are square or rectangular, whereas Star forts, or Bastion forts as they

are often known, are a unique design in line with sacred geometry. Have patients—I will get to those details in a moment.

What I am trying to do at present is secure the notion that military fortifications are perfectly acceptable in a Millennial Kingdom scenario. We should expect to see them. Secondly, they are a unique creation, unlike anything that we can observe in the ancient world, telling us that bastion architects had unique and uniform designs for humanity. And thirdly, they are like the Cathedrals in that they are found all over the world. Hopefully this will not confuse you when adding I suspect the Bastion forts and Cathedrals served a similar purpose in that priests inhabited them.

Stop and think about it for a moment, that's how the Little Season ends. HaSatan surrounds the final military fortification of the set-apart saints in the world, and so, *here* is my thesis.

The camp of the saints is a Bastion fort.]



Star Forts and Sacred Geometry: A Contradictory Origins Story

There is something like **319 Bastion forts** on the earth and I have yet another theory on what many to most if not all of them were designed for, aside from military purposes, that is. Their true purpose happens to be an ally of healing, which is the complete opposite of war. That's not what the fact checkers would have us believe though. Therefore, I decided to do them a favor and fact check myself silly before getting too far into this. Here is the link to the Wikipedia article. [Bastion forts](#). Perhaps I will even starve off the *nub-nub* people in the process, but probably not. Here you go.

A **bastion fort** or *trace italienne* (a phrase derived from non-standard French, literally meaning *Italian outline*) is a [fortification](#) in a style that evolved during the [early modern period](#) of [gunpowder](#) when the [cannon](#) came to dominate the [battlefield](#). It was first seen in the mid-fifteenth century in [Italy](#). Some types, especially when combined with [ravelins](#) and other outworks, resembled the related **star fort** of the same era.

As you can see, the introduction of **gunpowder** into Italy plays a crucial role in the evolution of these fortifications. I certainly can't say I've read every book and article available on the Star fort phenomena, but I would imagine the narrative begins nearly the same way in everyone. With gunpowder. And as a result of gunpowder, you know. Because of, *well*, gunpowder. Something needed to be done about it. Gunpowder as everybody knows was invented in China during the **9th century**, likely in the late Tang Dynasty. Official history does not record guns in Europe until the **14th century**. But then were you aware that it was originally developed for **medicinal purposes** before the military found other uses for it? How ironic since gunpowder is also tied into the origins story of Bastion forts.



Had the architects of the military industrial complex actually set about to design the bastion forts we find across the motionless plane today, then why not have them look something like the droplet of water on the right? Because nothing says “I hate you” more than gunpowder when employed for nonmedicinal purposes and the middle finger of a gun barrel pointed directly at your pineal gland. I will ask you then to compare the droplets of water on the left with actual bastion forts, and we have a match. *Ding-ding-ding*. They were spoken into existence as a result of “Love” and “Thank you.” War architects must be a very confused people.

It was the life work of **Dr. Masaru Emoto** who ultimately brought the fraudulent star fort narrative to my attention, if only by accident. All it took was studying droplets of water. Using Magnetic Resonance Analysis technology and high-speed photographs, Emoto was repeatedly capable of demonstrating how the molecular structure in water transforms when it is exposed to human interaction, and not simply in our words either. Our very thoughts, sounds, and intentions impact, even alter, the physical realm around us.



The resulting images are sometimes referred to as **water consciousness**. And really, I can't think up a better description. [UPDATE 8/2/24: I decided to devote an entire paper to [Water Consciousness](#), y'all.] Tell me, which of these looks like a star fort? **'Peace'** does. **'Truth'** does. **'Wisdom'** and **'Thank You'** as well. But more than any of the others is **'Eternal'**. That is a star fort if ever I've seen one. Strange messages for warmongers to be sending, wouldn't you agree? It's certainly what I'm agreeing to. Whenever and wherever water is exposed to loving, benevolent, and compassionate human interaction, aesthetically pleasing molecular formations materialize in the physical realm. Contrarily, water which is exposed to fearful human interactions result in the disfigured patterns shown. Is that the **Eye of Sauron** I'm detecting in the evil droplet? More like the eye of **Horus**.

Emoto's research really shouldn't surprise anyone, as there are only two prime emotions. **Love and fear**. Pick any other human emotion which you might experience on any given day. Supposedly there are **27 emotions** presently pinpointed by the people in lab coats. I've taken the time to list them for you. **Admiration, adoration, aesthetic appreciation, amusement, anger, anxiety, awe, awkwardness, boredom, calmness, confusion, craving, disgust, empathic pain, entrancement, excitement, fear, horror, interest, joy, nostalgia, relief, romance, sadness, satisfaction, sexual desire, and surprise**. They can add another 600 emotions and nothing changes, they all stem from one prime emotion or the other. Love and fear. Not that I'm trying to play the shrink, but it wouldn't hurt to give this a read in your chaise longue. The two prime emotions scenario is supported by Scripture.

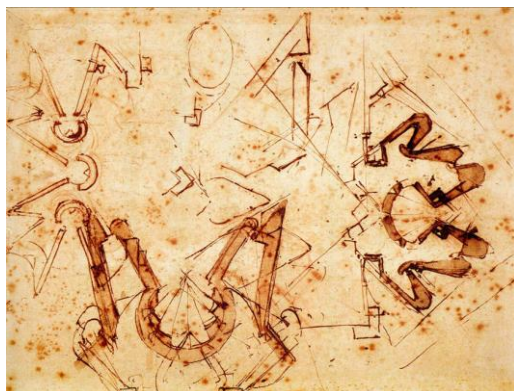
¹⁵ Whosoever shall confess that YASHA'UA is the Son of Elohiym, Elohiym dwells in him, and he in Elohiym. ¹⁶ And we

have known and believed the love that Elohiym has to us. Elohiym is love, and he that dwell in love dwells in Elohiym.¹⁷ Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.¹⁸

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear: because fear has torment. He that fears is not made perfect in love.

Yochanon Ri'shon (1 John) 4:15-18

There is no love in fear because fear is the absence of love. HaSatan must be a very fearful individual. Should fear have played a part in the blueprint design work, seeing as how their intended purpose was war, then explain to me again how they took on the aesthetically pleasing molecular formations of the stars in our firmament to frustrate gunpowder plots. I'm having a difficult time buying this, how about you? It would take a daily pharmaceutical subscription of blue pills and black pills to accept their premise.



Bastion fortifications were further developed in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, primarily in response to the French invasion of the Italian peninsula. The French army was equipped with new cannon and bombards that were easily able to destroy traditional fortifications built in the Middle Ages. Star forts were employed by Michelangelo in the defensive earthworks of Florence, and refined in the sixteenth century by Baldassare Peruzzi and Vincenzo Scamozzi. The design spread out of Italy in the 1530s and 1540s.

Bastion fortifications were developed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, primarily as a response to the French invasion of Italy. The French were arriving with newly designed cannons capable of destroying medieval fortifications and given that gunpowder was no longer exclusively being used for medicinal purposes, the Italians were screwed. Isn't it amazing how, amongst all that violent and hateful confusion,

Bastion fort architects were capable of designing love forts to confront their enemies rather than fear forts?

Regarding the first architect, we are given a name. There he is again. The man primarily responsible is **Michelangelo**. How did I miss out on this when writing my [Michelangelo 'The Divine'](#) paper? Why has nobody brought this to my attention? *Seriously*. Must I do all of this research myself? Apparently, so. Not that I'm complaining or anything. Knowledge would be cheap currency if all of us could receive it via instant download. All the more reason to suspect that he wasn't even mortal, given this recent turn of information. Did Michaelangelo need to poop after each meal, because he sure wasn't interested in inventing the toilet. Will the real Michelangelo please stand up?

Rather than being sadistic and making you wait until the end, I'll go ahead and lay out one of my theories now. They were **quarantine cities**. Yes, you heard me the first time. Quarantine health centers. A place where the sick and the unclean might get well, but also, where everybody knew your name. I will admit it's just a working theory but seeing as how the Kingdom of Messiah is our framework, and Torah would have been the law of the land, then that's what I'm going with. And so, here is where I'm pulling my thoughts from.

⁴⁶ All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; **without the camp shall his habitation be.**

Vayiqra (Leviticus) 13:46

Sickness and disease existed during the Millennial Kingdom. The results would be due either to transgressing the Torah or outright rebellion against the High-Priest and king, YASHA'UA. Even death was a part of it. And so, instructions such as what is read in Vayiqra 13 would very much apply to the mortals of that epoch. Mind you, it was the priests stated purpose in Revelation to heal the nations. It says so right here.

² In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bore twelve manners of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month: **and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.**

Chizayon (Revelation) 22:2

The scene involves New Yerushalayim. You will probably ask me why the sick would rather go to a Bastion fort when the tree of life is at their

disposal. The explanation is an easy one. Whether they desired to eat from the fruit of the tree is irrelevant when in fact the sick or the sinner is never allowed there. Tell me, have you eaten from the tree of life, hmmm? New Yerushalayim is only accessible to immortals. Clearly, the scene is in heaven then. It is the role of the kings and the priests to walk in the light of it and then represent YAHUAHA here upon the earth.

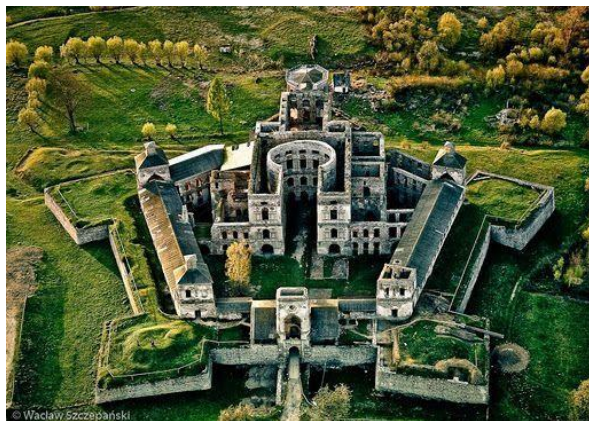
Bastion forts were designed to act as vibrational frequency eco-systems, each of which were intended to provide a sense of restored harmony for the individual as well as the community which he hoped to rejoin. Music undoubtedly had a part to play in it. They would have been their very own self-contained environment, representing a microcosm of the universe on a metaphysical level.

I have personally had the opportunity to explore several of them here in America—mostly Florida. As a voluntary and yearly part-time resident of the sunshine state, mostly during the winter months, I believe I have earned my keep in holding an opinion on them. And so, having wandered the darkened corridors of their crumbling infrastructure, I reject the military spin as given by the historians and deem them to have been envisioned as quarantine health centers, military fortifications though they were. Perhaps, given the time, we will take a closer look at each one of Florida's starforts. Who knows, I might even get around to seeing what Europe has to offer. Let's get to it then.



From high above, you can see just how badly **Fort Pickens** in Pensacola has fallen into disrepair. Only the fringe in the bottom right south-west corner remains intact, whereas the north-west wall is completely missing

on the left. So much destruction, despite Fort Pickens never having once been bombarded or attacked. Sure, it's a relic of the American Civil War, but the official narrative has it in Union hands for the entirety of the conflict. Like practically every other star fort in North America, Pickens was gutted out and disfigured by its Inheritors.



Perhaps the Bastion fort we know today as Pickens originally looked something closer to this. I searched through dozens of examples online seeking a potential representation for Pickens as she once was, and I believe we have a close match. Pickens walls may have sponsored greenery rather than canons, perhaps for agriculture or other Earth effects, landscaping intended to complement the surrounding seaside mural. Inside, we might have a city rather than a football field, what a bore. The reason for my suspicion will be made known when I finally get around to looking at Medieval maps of Europe's Star Cities.



Kronborg **Castle Heisingar** in Denmark is another contender for the original look of Pickens in Florida, and if so, the Godverment couldn't have that. Best to take a wrecking ball to the inwards and gut out the evidence. How Kronborg Castle plays into the gunpowder narrative is

beyond me. Seems like a cannonball sized hole or two would have made a wreck of the tower décor, but who am I to judge? Star fort walls are thick, perfect for absorbing canon fire. But then, were the people with the mortar and the heavy artillery expected to aim no higher than 20-feet so that the grassy knobs of the star fort could cushion the blow rather than the castle? Help me understand this. There is a moat surrounding the bastion, and it wasn't simply to keep the dragon out, though dragons do play a part in it. Everything before us was designed so as to leverage water to produce a magnetic frequency which would then be absorbed by the infrastructure, resulting in health and happiness for those contained within its walls. Nothing about Kronborg Castle speaks of war.



Fort Bourtange in the Netherlands hosts a sprawling village within the confines of its sacred geometry. From down below they may have us fooled into the military narrative. But gazing upon Bourtange from above as the gods in the firmament might, the prime emotion associated with war melts away. One can easily imagine the joy and harmony which its villagers would have felt when this energy euphoria was put to its intended use. I am showing you these examples to illustrate as well as contrast the dedicated destruction brought upon the star forts in America so as to scrub His-Story from our knowledge and create the false New World narrative.



[**UPDATE** 8/2/24: TO quote the Godfather: “Look how they massacred my boy.” **Yedikule** is said to have been built in **1458**. It’s officially the oldest known star-shaped fortification, and get this, it was built in **Istanbul** of all places. That translates to **Constantinople**, aka the **Byzantine Empire** rather than the Italian one. Today it is completely gutted, which is how our Controllers like it, but it was not always so. They can try to destroy our heritage, but the original map tells. It was an actual working city, a Bastion City.



Another perfectly good example of a Bastion Fort which is really a city is **Tvrđa**, the old town of the city of Osijek in Croatia, with its ensemble of Baroque buildings. In a little while I cover actual Medieval Star Cities which even the normies will admit to, though as far as I’m concerned, they were probably all cities at one time. For whatever reason, Tvrđa was

not completely destroyed. They call it the old town now. Though it is clear that the Baston walls are no longer in use.]



Fort Pickens

GETTING back to **Fort Pickens**, here is the inner wall. If nobody set up any signs to explain to me its official history of hatred and violence, I would get the impression that we were staring upon aqueducts or archways intended for natural amphitheaters of some sort. You know, for music and vibrations and the health of humanity and such. It was a foggy morning when I took this photo, but you can see where it's blown to bits. They tell us the missing wall is the result of a fire wreaking havoc upon a gunpowder magazine in 1899. You see, gunpowder again. The explosion story has 8000 pounds of gunpowder showering debris across Pensacola Bay. It's all we have to go by, seeing as how the military just so happened to have an oops moment and nobody thought to document the demolition.

Pickens quad fares no better, seeing as how it has been gutted of everything but the grass. There are a couple of hideously ugly black buildings upraised there. Skip back a few pages to the arial photo and you will see precisely what I am talking about. Those two I can buy. They are undeniable monuments to the First World War and precisely the sort of infrastructure the military would build.



Pickens was built in 1829 but wasn't even completed until 1834, making it less than two-centuries old. I have explored Pickens twice now, as of this writing, and I think you will come to find that it looks older, far older than the provided time stamp. It says Pickens was designed by **Baron Simon Bernard**, a French engineer. How adorable. That's how they explain the European antiquities to be discovered in America. If something seems out of place, blame the French. This is the same individual who designed other starforts across this great land of ours, apparently. **Fort Morgan** in Alabama is one of them. Have you seen a picture of Morgan? Wowzers!

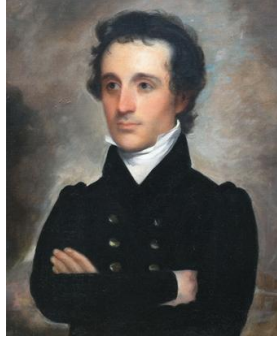
If not, no worries. I am providing you with an arial photo of Fort Morgan. What is left of it, anyways. Baron Simon Bernard must have been a fan of sacred geometry as well as human love when paired with the molecular structure of water. You will tell me there is far more remaining than with Pickens, which is true.

But then look at the destruction of Morgan during the Civil War. There is a flag in the background displaying the stars and the stripes, telling us that the people representing the Federal Reserve have arrived. What are we looking at here because that's not the outer wall. The entire structure has either been blown up or burned out. Boys with toys, I guess.

The slave labor aspect which they immediately tell every Pickens visitor in placards makes for colorful storytelling, as well as the **21.5 million** bricks manufactured at that time for its construction, but then how many slaves were required to lay down that many, I wonder? Quite a few, I shouldn't wonder. Local landowners would have had to lend their property out for payment, as the United States Army Corps of Engineers did not have a slave division that I am aware of.

And so, which slave owners lent them out? Also, where did these slaves learn the masonry trade? Was there a school in France or Italy where slave

owners sent them to and under whom did they study? I would like to know. We are simply told by the modern historians how this aspect of slavery has been hidden from us in the American history books. Gee, do you think? Were they capable of scrubbing the architecture and masonry slave schools as well and if so then what else are they hiding?



William H. Chase supervised its construction. His Wikipedia article describes him as a plantation owner and a slave owner, a **West Point graduate** as well as a **banker**, who married into the Mathews family in New Orleans. Perhaps we should ask him. He was also the **president of the Alabama and Florida Railroad Company** and the founder of the **Southern Insurance Company**. *Dang*. Seems like everybody connected with one railroad company or another in the **19th-century** were undeniably shady.

[**UPDATE** 5/25/25: UM, William H. Chase wasn't simply the builder of a Star fort. No, the guy is listed as quite literally building **Pensacola** from the ground floor, intending it as an industrial complex. After doing some more digging on Chase, I found that he belonged to a prominent family in Boston. His grandfather, **Thomas Chase**, owned a distillery there and participated in the **Boston Tea Party**. Unlike **George Soros** financed riots today, where commies are bused in and delivered back-alley crates of weapons to burn down an Arby's and steal phones, how is it that the Boston crew managed to employ only the most elite?

Chase's great-aunt was married to **John Hancock**, the first signer of the **Declaration of Independence**. Another grandfather was **Thomas Mifflin**, the **first governor of Pennsylvania**.

In New Orleans, he married **Anne Paul Matthews**. Matthews' father was **George Matthews**, who was appointed by **Thomas Jefferson** to serve as the **first Supreme Court justice** of Louisiana. Matthews inherited a **Spanish land grant** from his grandfather of around **20,000 acres**. The

property was eventually inherited by Matthews' daughter, Anne, and her husband, William Chase, thereby paving the way for Pensacola's development. His story takes a turn when we come to learn that Chase's portrait, which I have shown, is in dispute, and nobody in the Pensacola historical society [knew where he was buried.](#)]



I can't even begin to tell you how many passages were either covered up or resized so as to fit with the War narrative. The way the rooms and hallways narrow into hobbit-like tunnels, zigzags, and dead-ends, it seems illogical that it was designed with military defense in mind. Here at least, after blocking up one such passage, they construed a stairway leading downwards as an afterthought. You can totally tell where they added new bricks to the ancient bricks as well.

Having taken the bait and descending the staircase, we are offered more funny business. There is yet another wall, victim of the sledgehammer, as well as a bricked-in staircase, which would take us to a lower unknown depth. What other contributions do you see in this photo? There are probably many. The differences between the original architect's intent and military intervention are indeed glaring. Nearly every room is like this. There are gutted walls and patched over walls, bricked in floors, and narrowed passageways. Fort Pickens was apparently far too airy for them. It might as well be said. If Fort Pickens was constructed by slave labor in the whereabouts of 1840, as they claim, then it was a terrible design by an equally terrible designer, because the military quickly went about restructuring everything, seeing as how the purpose of a star fort ultimately confused the platoon sergeant and, when the crap hit the fan, its layout simply didn't work. What were they thinking? Top brass in DC were apparently going: "What our forts need is more Michelangelo," only to retract their story a decade or two later.



Look at this archway on the left. The closer you approach to its opening, the newer the bricks become. It is difficult to tell the varying age of the bricks in this photo. Really, I am doing you a disservice when these should be expandable page-sized centerfolds. Just know that there are several layers to them, almost like geological columns. The support beam is added to the arch on the right. But then again, so is the bricked-in wall, telling us that the original function of this star fort was no longer desired, and in so little time. The designer must have been a top brass klutz. None of his designs were right because they set about correcting them at every turn. The home reimagining gives it a dank claustrophobic feel, indicative of wars prime emotion, whereas the original design was airier and open.



Tell me, does this look 200 years old to you? Surely, the façade could use a good scrubbing. A power wash would do wonders. But even still, the brick is worn. It looks ancient. There are medieval ruins throughout

Europe in better health. The windows were originally larger as well, all around. The newer bricks are unavoidable, a consistent theme across the star fort. The original designer apparently didn't take canon fire into account when stacking brick upon brick on his gunpowder fort, and so, another officer had to come along and give the orders to brick them in. Because of fear, you know.

Well, that's awkward. Entire doors and windows have been bricked in along the outer wall. I guess that's what happens when the original builders were welcoming people in and then somewhere along the way the inheritors were, oh, I don't know, attempting to keep people out. The awkwardness abounds at Pickens. Take this sunken doorway, for example. Compare its opening with the size and width of the staircase. It's probably only three feet tall. Were they envisioning a shipload of hobbits right out of basic training? Somebody thought it would be a neat idea to make the privates hunch upon their heels and then take a leap several feet down while carrying the gunpowder. That's the military's way of keeping everyone on their toes during wartime, I suppose. Even the staircase was probably added later.

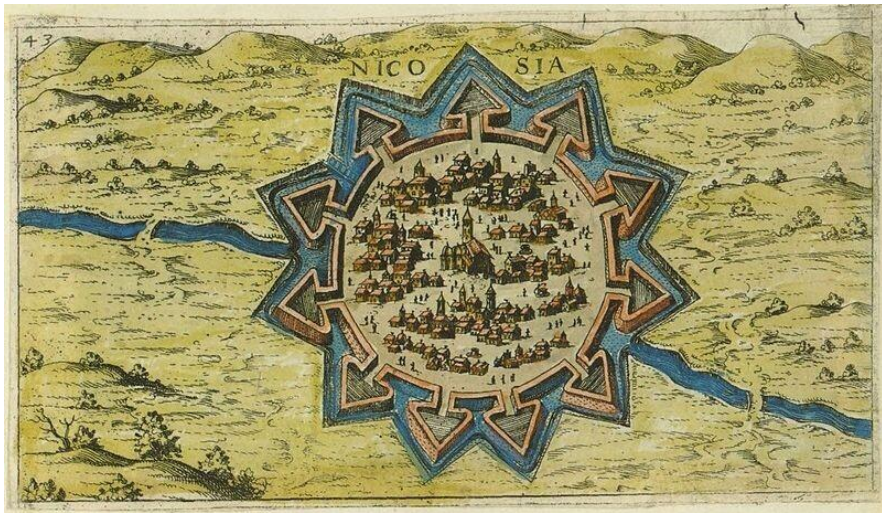


If I were in the Mediterranean and somebody told me one Caesar or another walked through these very halls, or that Emperor Hadrian had personally taken the trowel to the wet mortar, then I would have believed

their report. That's how old Fort Pickens looks and feels to the explorer. There are wood cabins in the Smoky Mountains and better preserved.



Ah, that's more like it. Young brick that I can finally get behind. They tell us this brick building was built in 1907, less than a hundred years after the cornerstone was laid in Pickens. It is still on the Pickens compound mind you and built before the first and second world Wars. It's so shiny and polished, exactly as I would expect of brick. Ironically, the brick looks nearly identical to the massive reworking within Pickens. All those walls and doorways needing covered. And another thing—the door. That's the sort of door which I would imagine of a 19th or early 20th century military operation. You could swing those bad boys open and allow the horse and carriage to load up on the ammunition. It's the little details. Apparently, nobody in the Military Industrial complex thought about that sort of thing until 1907.



Star Cities of the Millennial Kingdom

[**UPDATE** 9/27/22: THE Michelangelo explanation may not be bonk after all. After all, it was the **Renaissance**, and the **Medici** crew as well as the **Tartarians** may have been weaponizing MK technology after all. I mean, if a man named Michelangelo did happen to design the original Bastion Forts, which in turn inspired hundreds of other star fortifications across our realm, then the evidence will show that he ripped off a worldwide Bastion power grid that had already existed centuries prior. Medieval cities were shaped by the same sacred geometry, but history has failed to tell us about it. Michelangelo invented nothing. Plagiarized maybe. But that's assuming he sketched the first blueprints to begin with. They're everywhere. Bastion fort cities. The sheer number of them are awe inspiring. I will show you a baker's dozen examples in a moment. Before I do though, we should break for another Bible lesson. Because the cities themselves are important to the Millennial Kingdom narrative. See for yourself.

¹⁴ And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Yashar'el, **and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them**; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them.

Amoc (Amos) 9:14

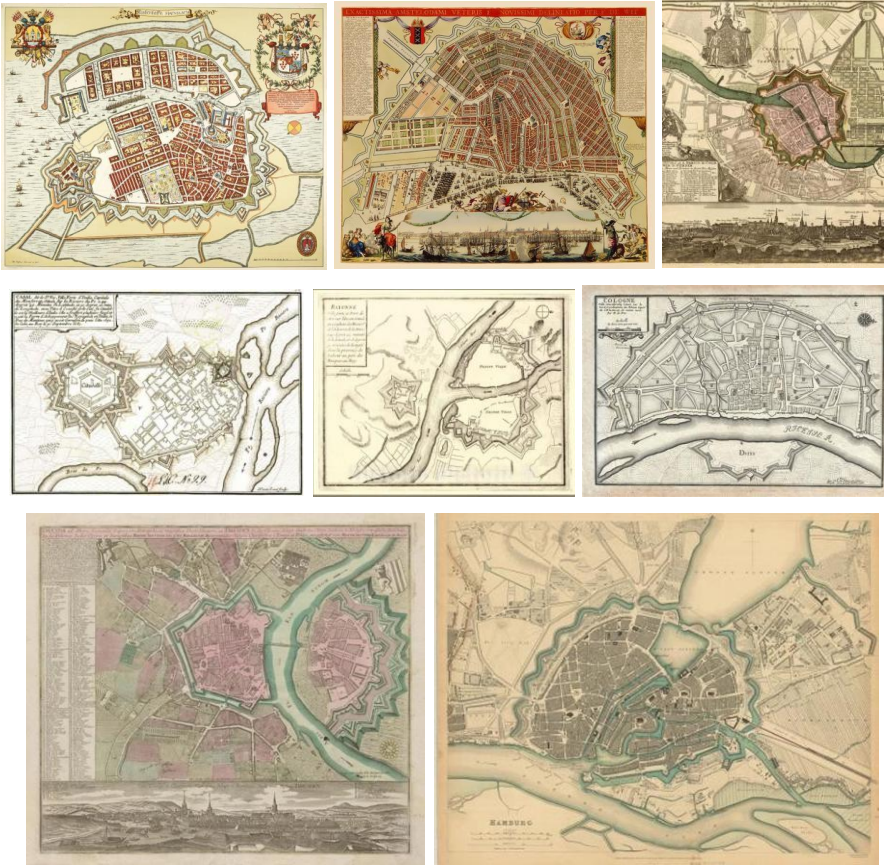
There is far more happening in this short passage than the current topic allows for. First and foremost, the context has Yashar'el being brought out of captivity. Before anyone harps on the historical land of Yashar'el,

being the destination of her restored people, I have already shown that to be untrue. The ten tribes of Yashar'el were never returned to the prior land, nor was it rebuilt during the Kingdom. No, they were given a completely different land for an inheritance. You can read about that in my [‘Cities of the Millennial Kingdom’](#) paper, under the section: People of the Covenant. I recommend reading the entire thing. Here is the short of it though. Ephrayim was established in the **United Kingdom**. If you did happen to read it, then you'll know the set-apart were granted cities to inhabit all across our realm, not just Britain.

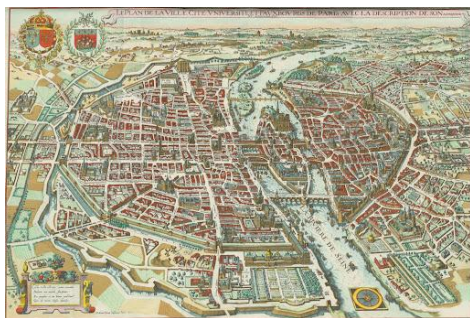
Which is what I wanted you to see in Amos 9:14. The rebuilding and inhabiting of waste cities is an important plot point to the reign of YASHA'UA Ha'Mashiach upon the earth. It would only make sense that the priests of said kingdom would construct cities which advocated the spiritual as well as physical health of their inhabitants. I'm not sure who deserves the patent then for the bastion design, but between you and me, Mikha'el the archangel sounds far more reliable than the Italian sculptor of David's buttocks. Well, here are some of the city blueprints which I was able to track down for your consideration.



Milan, Geneva, Lille, Turin, Vienna, and Luxembourg. Star fort cities. Every last one of them. Aside from their familiar framework, a commonality can be found with their relationship to water. Sometimes there is a natural body. In other instances, channels have been irrigated. The relationship, however, between the energy harvested from the Aether and water is undoubtedly important to their operational capabilities.



Here are several more. **Copenhagen**, **Amsterdam**, **Dresden**, **Casal**, **Bayonne**, **Cologne**, and **Hamburg**, recognize the names? So many places to explore. As of this writing, I haven't visited a single one of them. Perhaps that will change in the decades to come if Yah wills it. My wife is a Turino on her mother's side. If I could choose any one of these cities at this very moment, then I think I would like to wander the streets of the star city which her name bore, seeking out the remains of a far superior era.



Last but certainly not least, **Paris** was a star city of sorts, and what a city! Indeed, Mrs. Hadley and I have roamed these streets while living in France, and here is what I can tell you about it. Despite the stench of idolatry littering her cathedrals and bridges, no doubt thanks to her inheritors, nobody was capable of preparing me for how beautiful she truly was. *Tes yeux, j'en rêve jour et nuit*. There is a saying about Paris. If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.

Like so many other star cities, it is the Seine river which divides her grid. But then look at what takes center stage. **Cathédrale Notre-Dame** de Paris. I imagine the beauty of Paris might otherwise pale in comparison only to the resurrected saints who thought to rebuild her. What names are responsible, I wonder? I haven't the faintest clue, as I wasn't there. But if I had to guess, I would say it was a woman.

I *checked*. The patron saint of Paris is **Geneviève**. One of the 144,000, I shouldn't wonder. It is said that she led a "prayer marathon" in **451** which was singlehandedly responsible for diverting **Attila the Hun** away from the city.]



Fountains of Living Water *and* the Millennial Kingdom

[**UPDATE** 11/22/2023: MOATS. I went with several pictures of moats to begin with. A raise of hands, what were they used for? Well, here is my answer. They were to keep the dragons out. I'm being absolutely serious about that, though I may have made a sarcastic quip or two in the past regarding the supposed fact that they were not. I can correct a past mistake, can't I? Many-a childhood has been commissioned to imagine the dragon only to be told by the historians not to carry the said belief into adulthood anymore. They were apparently used for defense and only defense, though not against dragons. *Sure*. Hang with me a little longer

and perhaps you'll see what I mean about the dragon. Oh fine, how about I just tell you about them now? Dragons are spiritual entities. More specifically, seraphim angels. [Wastelands of the Seraphim](#) happens to be the very first paper I wrote announcing the Millennial Kingdom had physically come and gone. I am convinced that the Living Waters kept the unclean ruachoth out, so long as they were put to their intended use.

This would also be a good opportunity to refer you to my [Star Forts](#) paper, because in that one, I bring numerous examples to show-and-tell, all of which detail the holistic relationship between old world architecture and water. Not only were there **star forts**, but there were also entire **star cities**, as Medieval maps will prove. Living water was just as important a feature as the sacred geometry. I suppose this is what you might call a spin-off paper then. Lots of those as of late. And of course, the star discussion is a subsection of '[Kings and Priests](#) of the Thousand Year Reign', wherein I take you the reader on a tour through some stunning antiquitech of Millennial Kingdom architecture, much of which includes a closely guarded relationship with water. Perhaps you have some reading to do.

As I've already stated in other places, MK architecture, which includes star cities and fortifications as well as castles and cathedrals, appear to have been designed as vibrational frequency eco-systems, each of which were intended to provide a sense of restored harmony for the individual as well as the community. Music undoubtedly had a part to play in it. Organ, anyone? Each of these structures would have been their very own self-contained environment, representing a microcosm of the universe on a metaphysical level. That is to say, a far superior people of a spiritual intellect built these structures. It would take lesser generations to forget their use, though even that was on purpose.

There's a rabbinical saying that nothing happened to the Patriarchs of Barashayath that did not later transpire among the sons of Yashar'el, and to this point, they would be absolutely correct. Consider what happened to Yitschaq and Rivqah after the death of Avraham.

Yatsachaq, however, removed from that country, and went to Bashan, he and his possessions, and YAHUAHA, the EVER-LIVING prospered him. Thus, the man travelled about and increased until he was very great. He also had flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and many servants, and the Phala'sha'thuyam were envious of him. **On this account, the Phala'sha'thuyam filled with earth all the wells that the servants of his father**

Abaraham had dug in his days. Aba'ya'malak, also, said to Yatsachaq, "Go from among us, for you are much stronger than we."

Paleo Barashayath (Genesis) 26:12-16

Why were the Philistines filling in Avraham's wells? Qeynan was experiencing a severe famine. It's not stated in this passage but that is the context. Yitschaq had intended to journey towards Mitsriym, as Avraham and Sharaha had in an earlier decade, but then YAHUAHA once again commanded him not to leave the land of Promise. The reason for that one is because Yitschaq had already been offered as an ascending offering on the Mountain of Worship, let's not get distracted though. Filling wells of water with shovels of earth, and in the midst of a drought, no less, goes against all conventional instruction and wisdom.

So, why were they gluttons for punishment, then? I'll tell you. Avraham went about digging wells and then naming them after attributes of YAHUAHA Alahayam. Everyone, including their camels and flocks, dipping a bucket and a ladle into the *said* well, would then benefit from it, and in more ways than one. The problem however is that the surrounding peoples inhabiting Qeynan didn't want to pursue holiness in a covenant relationship with YAHUAHA. They tolerated Avraham during his lifetime because he was greatly honored, particularly after turning the tide of war during the battle of the kings of the plain, but then began scrubbing any memory of his spiritual connection with ALAHAYAM almost immediately after he joined his wife in a tomb. To make matters worse, Yitschaq was also pursuing holiness in a covenant relationship with YAHUAHA, like his father before him, and he too was prospering. The people didn't like that. How dare Yitschaq live as a kingdom priest, seeking the benefit of the nations? Best to bury the wells then. That will teach him. Why not poison the skies and their food while they were at it?

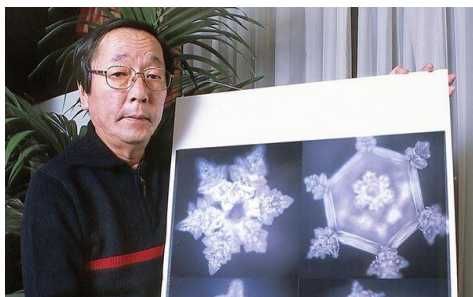
So Yatsachaq went from there, and encamped by the river Garar, and remained there. Yatsachaq, also, settled, and **cleared out the wells of water which were dug in the time of his father Abaraham. And he called them by the names they were called in the days of his father.**

The servants of Yatsachaq also dug in the valley and discovered there **a spring of living water.** But the shepherds of Garar contended with the shepherds of Yatsachaq, and said, "The water is ours," so he called the name of the well, **"Strife,"**

because they disputed with him. He therefore dug another well, and they contended about that also, so he called its name, “**Contention**.” He then removed from there, and dug another well, and they did not fight over it, so he called its name, “**Room-enough**,” for he said, “Now, YAHUAHA, You have given us room, and made us fruitful in the land.”

Paleo Barashayath (Genesis) 26:17-22

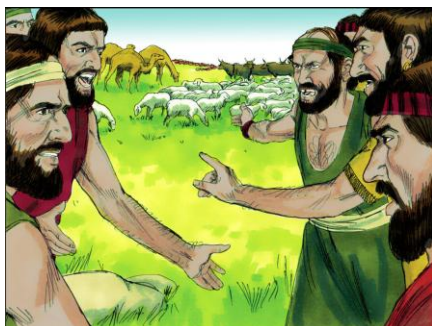
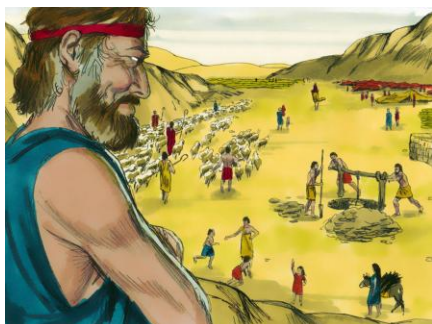
Not only did Yitschaq toil to dig the wells which his father Avraham had established, thereby making them productive again, he also dug new wells. One such well was, and I quote, a **spring of living water**. Not that it served any such purpose though. The nearby shepherds immediately claimed the water as theirs. Yitschaq therefore gave it the name ‘**Strife**’. Another well dug by Yitschaq succumbed to the same result, more contention. He named that one ‘**Contention**’.



Remember that time when I told you about the water consciousness experiments? They come as a result of the lifework of **Dr. Masaru Emoto**. The short of it is that our realm is made up of water. Even sixty percent of our own bodies are water. Well, that same water either changes its construct to beautiful crystalline shapes of the sacred nature or shrivels up into deformed designs, based upon the energy pressed upon them. We are little creators with the ability to manifest the world around us based upon our words and emotions. There are only two prime emotions, love, and fear. Whenever and wherever water is exposed to loving, benevolent, and compassionate human interaction falling under the category of love, aesthetically pleasing molecular formations materialize in the physical realm.

It didn't work out that way for Yitschaq though. The Philistines as well as the shepherds were pulling out all sorts of words from the Scrabble bag of insults. Sickening words were being offered at the spring of Living

Water of all places. If you think about it, Yitschaq gave names to the wells according to their literal molecular make-up.



וּנְצוּ רְעוּתָא דְגֵרָר עִם רְעוּתָא דְיִצְחָק לְמִימַר דִּי לְנָא מִיָּא וְהוּהּ צְבוּ מִן שְׂמִיָּא וִיבִישֵׁת וּבְכֵן אֶהְדְּרוּ יְתֵהּ לְיִצְחָק וְנִבְעֵת וּקְרָא שְׂמָא דְבִירָא עֶסֶק אֶתְעַסְקוּ עָלֶיהָ עַמִּיהָ

And the shepherds of Gerar contended with Yitschaq's shepherds, saying, **The water is ours. And it was the will of Heaven, and it dried. But when they returned to Yitschaq, it flowed.** And he called the name of the well (*Esek*) Contention, because (*etheseku*) they had quarreled with him on account of it.

וְנִחְפְּרוּ בִיר אֲוִחְרִי וּנְצוּ אוּף עָלֶיהָ וִיבִישֵׁת וְתוּ לֹא נִבְעֵת וּקְרָא שְׂמָא שִׁטְנָה

And they dug another well; and they contended for it also; **and it dried and did not flow again.** And he called the name of it (*Sitnah*) **Accusation.**

Genesis (Targum Jonathan) 26:21-22

Regarding the wells, the Aramaic Targum includes a fascinating tidbit. After the locals quarreled over Yitschaq's well, the spring of living water dried up and did not flow again. That is, unless they returned to Yitschaq. I take that to mean they had to agree to live in shalom with heaven's

standards of righteous living, which they ultimately decided not to do. The second well was named Accusation, the Aramaic equivalent being *Sitnah*. *Sitnah* is a word implying hatred, but which also shares the same root as **Satan**. Take a mental note of that. The spirit of the Accuser is that of hate. HaSatan, it seems, or rather a satan of the spiritual nature, was going about to the various springs of living water, causing strife and contention, scrubbing His-Story, closing shop. There is nothing new under the sun.

I'm not through yet. There's more to the story. It's slightly lengthy but totally worth your time. Here you go.

Afterwards he arose from there and went to **the Well of the Vision**. And YAHUAHA, the EVER-LIVING, appeared to him that night, and said, "I am the ALAHAYA of your father Abaraham; fear not, for I am with you, and will *barak* you and increase your race, because of My servant Abaraham." Then he built an altar at the place and called on the name of YAHUAHA, the EVER-LIVING. And he pitched his tent there. **The servants of Yatsachaq dug a well**. But Aba'ya'malak went to him from Gara, with his chief herdsman, and Phayakal, the general of his army. Yatsachaq, therefore, asked them, "Why have you come to me, when you are my enemies, and have driven me from among you?" **And they replied, "We are terribly afraid, because ALAHAYAM is with you."** So, we would say, let there now be an understanding between us and you, and let a treaty be made with you so that you will not do wrong to us, if we do not touch you, and as we have certainly done good to you, and sent you away in peace. You are now the *Bara'uak* of YAHUAHA, the EVER-LIVING." He therefore made them a feast, and they ate and drank, and rose up in the morning when they swore each to his brother. Then Yatsachaq sent them away, and they went from him in peace. **In the same day also the servants of Yatsachaq came and informed him about the well which they had dug; and they said, "We have found water."** He therefore called it, **"Satisfaction."** Consequently, the name of the village by that well is called Satisfaction to this day.

Paleo Barashayath (Genesis) 26:17-33

And now, what is happening? Yitschac struck camp and headed towards the Well of Vision. Was this the same well that YAHUAHA appeared to Ha'gar at? Well, anyways, YAHUAHA once again appears, and

another promise is made. Yitschaq will continually be blessed. It is then, on the very day when another well is dug, that Aba'ya'malak arrives with an entire army. What a show of force that must have been. And yet, Aba'ya'malak showed his strength of force only to confess that he was terribly afraid. There is your second prime emotion.

Aba'ya'malak was the *son* of **Aba'ya'malak**, the father being a **Malkiy-Tsedeq priest**. How very far the apple had fallen from the tree. Recounting that is another long story, suffice to say the *elder* Aba'ya'malak had a daughter named **Qeturah** whom Avraham married. She gave him a child named **Midyan** and who was Moshe's father-in-law **Yithro** but a **priest of Midian**? Anywho, with all these wells being dug up and then filled with earth, Aba'ya'malak the younger was at least wise enough to make a peace treaty between himself and Yitschaq, knowing that the blessing of YAHUAHA derived through him.

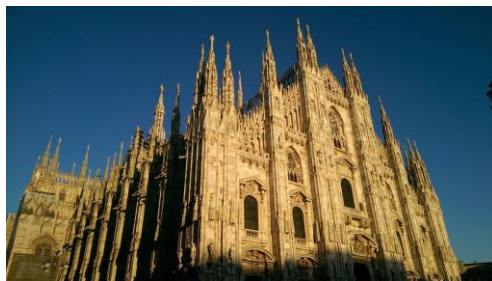


Quick reminder, there is a connection being made between Millennial Kingdom architecture and water as it pertains to Scripture. This seems like just as good a moment as any to pause reflect upon the Medieval city of **Lüneburg**, or Lunenburg as it's known in English. It can be found in Deutschland, geographically speaking, specifically Lower **Saxony**. And who were the Saxons but the **Sons of Yitschaq**? I make that connection in [537: The End of Camelot](#). With Lüneburg, you can see the importance of water, particularly as they irrigated the river Ilmenau so as to form a peninsula of sorts. I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if Lüneburg started out with the hips of a star, already being a victim of the well fillers.

Many of these Medieval cities had the suspicious habit of losing their sacred geometry as the maps wore on.



Just 50 kilometers (31 miles) southeast of Luneburg is **Hamburg**, an undeniable star fort city. This time around, the city was built on the junction of three rivers – the Elbe to the south, the Bille to the east, and the Alster, which flows through the center of town. That's some top-notch irrigation. I could go on and on, but the point was already made in my Star Fort paper, as was the significance of Hamburg.



Far more important to this current discussion is the city of **Milan** in northern Italia. Milan is a *subject* in and of itself, one which I've been wanting to cover for a great long while now. It too was a star fort city, you know, complete with rich waterways. And just look at **Milan Cathedral**, why don't you? Absolutely beautiful. They tell us construction began in **1386** and that it took nearly **six centuries** to complete, yeah right. Construction officially ended in **1810** though they were still adding "final touches" as late as **1965**. Gotta keep up the farce.



Hey everybody, guess what happened to Milan? I'll give you a moment to look these *'before and after'* photos over and figure it out. In the words of Joni Mitchell, they paved paradise and put up a parking lot. That water lost its usefulness, apparently. If I had to guess, the Strife and Contention earth movers showed face and buried the Living Water which the sons of Yitschaq had dug up for the spiritual health of humanity, hoping that we might forget.

"My people have committed two sins: They have forsaken me, the spring of living water, and have dug their own cisterns, broken cisterns that cannot hold water."

Yermiyahu (Jeremiah) 2:13

I know I kind of just lobbied that Bible Bomb into the room but in the words of Joe Biden, "C'mon, man!" could the placement have been any better timed? His-Story is cyclical rather than linear, and therefore

repetitive in nature. They may have buried Avraham's wells, giving Yitschaq a hard time about it afterwards, but then the Sons of Yashar'el wore the mantle of the Strife and Contention people well. In forsaking YAHUAHA, they have neglected his command. In digging their own cisterns, they have chosen the traditions of men, thinking it would turn out well for them in the end. It's basically the entire theme of the Bible in case you haven't noticed.

O YAHUAHA, the hope of Yashar'el, All who forsake You shall be ashamed. "Those who depart from Me shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken YAHUAHA, the fountain of living waters."

Yermiyahu (Jeremiah) 17:13

Another Scripture memory verse from the same book repeats the claim that YAHUAHA is the fountain of living waters but then promises that those who bury the wells will be ashamed in the end. In other news, there are probably dozens of passages which speak of the Living Water. Not repeating them all here. You can commit to your own Bible study on that, though here is one more for the road.

For the **Lamb** at the center of the throne **will be their shepherd; he will lead them to springs of living water.** 'And ALAHAYAM will wipe away every tear from their eyes.'"

Revelation 7:17

What is happening? Well, if I'm reading it right, the Lamb is leading the children of Yashar'el to springs of Living Water, just as Avraham and then afterwards Yitschaq had done. It was the shepherds of other flocks who were the contentious ones, playing the part of Satan and refusing to let their sheep partake in the Living Water. Don't do that. The sheep are thirsty, and the world is already enough of a famine. Just looking at all that Medieval architecture, plugged up and dried of its intended use, goes to show there is no shortage of bad shepherds to go around.]

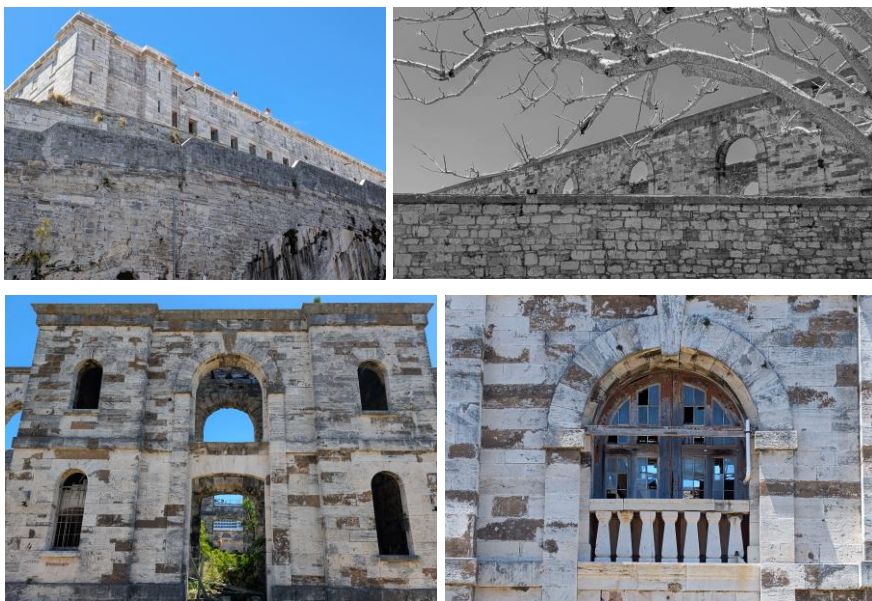


The Royal Naval Dockyard, Bermuda

[**UPDATE** 5/7/25: THEY thought they could pull a fast one on me. They expected me to take a refreshing dip in the tropical blue waters with my horse blinders on and with the wool pulled over my eyes. I'll have the *they-them* people know that very nearly proved to be the case, but in the end, I prevailed. It wasn't until I boarded the cruise after a day at port, right about when the ship was pushing off from the dock, that I looked out from the 14th floor deck and realized what I'd been staring at all afternoon. It's a **star fort**. Did I dish out the cash to explore the star fort? *No*. Would I have had I known? *Yes*. Go ahead, criticize. I was distracted, okay? I was seduced by the cool clear waters and obviously off my game. Not a very good way to start my boots on the ground MK reconnaissance in Europe, if I do say so myself, but there's still time to find my focus over the following several months.

Or perhaps I should have simply picked up a book on **Bermuda** before arriving at port because, to my astonishment, my **12th-great grandfather** was instrumental in founding the **British colony** way back in **1609**. This I did not know. As a history aficionado, that oversight is straight up malpractice on my part. Captain **Christopher Newport** would be *him* in case you are unaware. His first of three wives, **Katherine Proctor**, is my **12th-great grandmother**. Newport was commissioned by **King Jimmy** of the **KJV Bible** to found **Jamestown** in **1607**, a settlement from which my own family relations continue trickling down. And of course, **John Smith** of **Pocahontas** fame was on the boat. Apparently, while on a return journey to Britain with elements of the Virginia Company, Newport was driven ashore on Bermuda due to a hurricane. There he

settled a colony, despite Spain having already claimed Bermuda as their own in **1503**.



Jumping ahead another couple hundred years to **1783**, the **Royal Naval Dockyard** on the east end of Bermuda's star fort was constructed as a direct result of America's kicking ass during the War of Independence. Look, I'm just giving you "official history", okay? I didn't write this stuff, okay? So get off my back about it. Technically, Britain sailing away in shame and defeat was one of the cleverer hoaxes in history, because **Washington D.C.** is attached to the sea, and therefore, under the crown. Well played, King George III. We totally kicked ass though, cue 'Stars and Stripes Forever'. America, hell yeah.

Afterwards, the British were depleted of naval bases between Halifax and the West Indies, which is why, in **1795**, a base was commissioned in the island's east end at **St. George**, though that location soon proved inadequate for one reason or another. We didn't have time to make it out that way, given the several-hour window available to us, though I am told there is a rather grand **unfinished cathedral** on the grounds. Is it possible that construction of St. George was abandoned during a much later human depopulation or "vanishing event"? I couldn't say. Construction at the Royal Naval Dockyard began in **1809**, three years before the **War of 1812**, when the Brits sailed over and burned the White House down, but we kicked ass in the end.

The Royal Navy officially pulled out in **1931**, after which it began to grab the notice of the cruise ship companies, but that did not happen until the late **1970's** and early **1980's**, according to travel brochures, granting nearly half a century to the jackals and ghosts.



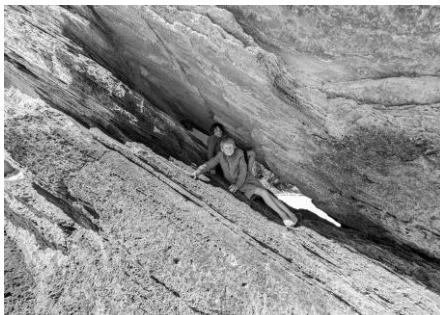
Today, the Bermuda star fort and adjoining city sit almost entirely in ruins. What initially caught my attention are its many doorways. Giant doorways large enough for equally large inhabitants. We're talking **10-12 footers** easily, **Goliath** height. It is difficult to get perspective with the photo on the left, though I will ask you to study the height of the first story windows before turning to the well-preserved door on the right. The porter door gives of height of maybe **6 feet** off the ground, granting an additional measurement of **4 feet**, maybe 5 for the taller residents. No, I am not telling you Bermuda was a stronghold of old-world giants, smelling the blood of shipwrecked Englishmen. All I can do is take pictures and report on my findings, and the Royal Naval Dockyard is a graveyard of massive buildings with equally big-ass doors.



Also apparent is the sloppy patchwork. The Dockyard contains the same **Old-World** architecture that many of us have grown accustomed to, all of which has fallen out of knowledge and application. One cannot turn a corner without seeing **bricked-in archways**, for example. I did not take many photos of them for documentation purposes and blame my

withering like a little thirsty flower in the sun, though you can refer back to my Fort Pickens investigation to see what I mean.

Above the door on the left, I spy what appears to be a **rosary window**, now bricked in and void of its intended use. The same goes for the bell tower. It is positioned above the “old storehouse”, though it is now repurposed into a shopping mall. Not only is its bell missing, but the circular “flute holes” have also been boarded up. Somewhere down the line, the occupiers decided Bermuda’s original architects came up with crappy designs, and what those designs needed, apparently, were corks, plugs, and stoppers. It gets so windy on an island, you know. But then, why do I get the feeling that every star fort in the world shares the same or similar fate?





Positioned several hundred miles off the North Carolina coastline, I can totally understand why the Brits would deem Bermuda an excellent choice for a naval base. More like a loser's weepers' hangout seeing as how they were in full retreat. The Ruskies chose Cuba, did they not? And of course **Cuba** when matched with **Bermuda** and **Miami** [from where we set sail] make up the **Bermuda Triangle**, a place of unsolved mysteries, but that is another topic altogether.

Look, I am not questioning whether the Bastion fort at Bermuda was used as a naval base. All indicators insist as much. What I am questioning is who designed it and for what purpose. There are plenty of clues which provide for a slightly different explanation, and I believe I have shown some of them. I still stand by my original position. A Bastion fort employs **sacred geometry**, and sacred geometry highlights many things, none of which is the industrial-military complex. If I were sick and removed from the camp, as per Vayiqra (Leviticus) 13:46, might I just say, Bermuda would provide an excellent place for recovery. In the very least, you can understand my distraction. I was so occupied with the restored health and tranquility of paradise that I failed to recognize a Star fort when it presented itself.]



Ponta Delgada, Azores

[**UPDATE** 5/25/25: **PONTA Delgada** is an island some **1000 miles** west off the Portuguese mainland, and though I had no prior knowledge of a potential star fort on the premises, after my near epic miss on Bermuda, I was ready for it even before the ship pulled up to port. Well, there was one, as you can plainly see. I documented its existence in case there was any doubt. It was turned into a war museum, a monument of **fear**, **suffering**, and **death** rather than **love**, **peace**, and **eternity**, as you might expect of the narrative, given its history of occupiers. The Portuguese military still has a presence there as well, which is interesting

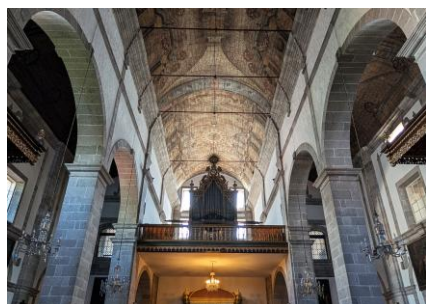
since I thought bastion forts had outlived their usefulness hundreds of years ago, probably even before the opposing governments of the old-world mutually decided to implement Michelangelo's war sketches.



Fuerte de San Blas had the same thick walls and arched bunker-like tunnels as every other bastion fort that I've visited, perfect for hugging one's butt during the heat of battle—except for one stark difference. Often but not always, bastion forts are depicted as dull, colorless, and solitary structures with about as much intellectual and religious character as a Marine's buzz cut. Not so at Ponta Delgada. Just around the corner is a sprawling city with late Medieval influences, dating all the way back to its founding in **1450**, an entire **42 years** before the New World was discovered, y'all.

The history books tell us that **Christopher Columbus** made an unplanned stop on the island **Santa Maria**, roughly **115 kilometers** south of Ponta Delgada, while returning to Spain after his first voyage to America in **1493** [*I know*]. I enjoy fan fiction as much as the next man and really need to write a paper on this guy. FYI, I'm not in the camp that

claims Columbus was an invention of **Jesuit** history. No, Captain Columbus, *aka* **Salvador Fernandes Zarco**, was a fabrication only so much as he was an actor, a spook, manipulating the Media of his day. The history books claim that **John II of Portugal** rejected his India proposal, prompting Columbus to shop elsewhere, when the more-than-likely scenario has John II sending Salvador Zarco to the court of **King Ferdinand** and **Queen Isabella** to bide their time and distract Spain from pursuing lucrative trade routes to the Indies, though even that version of events isn't the whole of it. The quote-unquote New World would have already been known by then. In 1493, his crew hurried to the first chapel that they could find only to be imprisoned by the Portuguese governor on accusations of piracy. Legend has Christopher handcuffed as well, but the publishers of his journal forgot to mention that part.



Well anyways, Columbus' men went directly to a chapel and were promptly arrested so as to hide his associations with Portugal. Now it is my turn to tell you what happened the moment I stepped off the boat. I too entered a Cathedral. You'll have to read about the resulting discovery in an update to my [Green Man](#) report. There was enough to discover on Ponta Delgada to be dust off an assortment of old papers, but the point of this one is Bastion forts, and the colorful city which surrounded Forte de San Blas was a stark contrast to what I'd observed at the Royal Navy Dockyard in Bermuda. An assortment of Cathedrals, monasteries, and other buildings replenished with antiquatech features were right around the corner from a supposed fortress of death, thereby supporting my original thesis.

Acknowledging that Bastion forts likely derived from Millennial Kingdom architects, and additionally, that they were intended for camp of the saints' purposes, the question I have for the Little Season Inheritors is how the very small Forte de San Blas could defend the town when Ponta Delgada isn't even a walled city. Given the fact that the English, the French, the Dutch, and the Spaniards wanted it, as the **1582** naval **Battle of Ponta Delgada** will attest to, you'd think it would be. Look, I am no war expert. I am a gentleman though not an officer and did not graduate from West Point like Pensacola's real estate developer, William H. Chase. If I were an enemy fleet attempting to overtake the town, I think I'd avoid the Bastion fort altogether, with its arsenal of artillery, and assault the town straightway. Make the soldiers open up their tomb and come to me.



Correction, Ponta Delgada is a walled city, but it's more of an inside joke. The city has a "wall" in the form of three arched portals, and you're looking at it. **Horseshoe magnets** are more like it, complete with a nearby cathedral and towering energy harvester. This is what you were expected to pass through when entering the city. What a wartime joke. How does history otherwise explain an island **1000 miles** removed from

the mainland so stocked full of churches, I wonder. Azores was a health center, equipped for the rejuvenation of the soul.]