
My Final Offer

“Pretty sure just shoot this bitch,” “You are all talk and no action,” “She must be killed for her lies and treason in the name of the Dutch government,” “You are doing nothing, you better start doing something about the coronavirus,” “Just putechestttvovat,” one I find less frustrating: “She has helped me, so stay away from her,” und so weiter. I don’t understand how people have ever found it something to purposefully keep doing, but currently we are 135 days in to this nonsense with no sign of it ever changing if I do not try to make some form of compromise with the masses.

So, given that you are all looking for things to plagiarize from me for your lil’ careers, and I just want to get off the grid in peace to continue to doing this without hearing you people’s noise (I’m just admitting to my vampiness, but am able to semi-sympathize with you chelovekis because of my upbringing (I mean in comparison to my non-surrogate father who basically says “I consider you all brainless idiots” to your faces)), and all this time I have just been like: “They do not show me respect, but they do depend on me for the content of their careers and political circumstances, so I am just going to boycott everything by misusing my telepathic abilities.” But now I am getting tired of the sound of “Radio B” (my non-surrogate father) in agony. I would love to do some discussion together with him on camera in person, looking back at all of this.

There are people (mostly women, especially my surrogate mother) who never want to see us be happy together. Only we can arrange things like the flooding of the Netherlands (supreme regal intelligence) and our devotion to each other makes other people jealous (because of the quality thereof). He openly preaches vampy things that make people scared of his regal intelligence and I secretly strategize myself into regal power (which includes my vampy principles), all making leftists go wild.

My upstairs neighbor along with the Dutch are getting mad over using this personal anecdote for an introduction after allegedly having been living under a situation so apocalyptic that we are allegedly all eating our own feces. I am frustrated with all of the false accusations (by people so very schizophrenic) I have been hearing, so I started this off with a sketch of universal reality from my perspective. But I will just get to the point because I (even I) just want to see some progress and – haha wait for it – better narratives in the media and such.

I am writing this to, similarly to my coronavirus policy thing but then a lot less with me in power, first sketch what our universal reality is (written **from my perspective**) and the problem therein, then what must change to solve the problem and then what the compromise is.

A UNIVERSAL PROBLEM

What was your previous month like? If it was as nauseatingly uneventful as mine, it is a universal problem. Sure, yes, political/economic problems only getting worse might cause some internal and external tension, so in that sense it is not that uneventful for you maybe, but I do believe our agendas are all a lot emptier than they used to be. That simultaneously means that people are consuming and recreating less, along with that the economy is falling dead, **stagnate.**

All of this while ideologically, classical definitions of words are being modernized (a controversy), cancelling people has become casual, there are still mask mandates and in the name of the Dutch government, the whole world is being rallied up against me in such a way that in supermarkets I get the “There is the toxic bxtch,” stares. I always try to implement a higher level of freedom in society, politically, which comes with leftist opposition by nature. I’m also trying to unite myself with my non-surrogate father without being chased down by people with pitchforks, but this is actively and strategically being sabotaged by the Dutch and the many non-Dutch people who are dragged along into that.

Occupations

Coronavirus policy has caused economic stagnation so much that even I miss the things that used to make me say that I despise society. I actively, with “apogryphed” spin, tried to change it into the unknown (something unrecognizable) in the past. But now even I miss juicy back-and-forth (controversial battles fought through media camps) things in the mainstream media (like currently “breaking news” is even more dismissable than usual) and having too many outdoor events to choose from and such. Then at least people can “rejuvenate” their careers again and such. (I, mind you, will never “just pute**chesttt**vovat”.) Like people just want me to become the new face of mass hatred so they have something new to implement into their careers, even though their grounds for the hate I have been receiving is incorrect.

“The Devil’s Stranglehold”

There is a Czar, Jew vamp from Russia, who is out of his country, amongst the people, in search of his daughter that has been fostered by a surrogate mother. If you’d ask around, there are many people with the determination, “They are way too cute separately. I’d be dying of

jealousy if they would be being cute (just building a normally distanced relationship kind of thing) together.” The chelovekis he is desperately asking around for this, basically all tell him: “I don’t know if your search is even worth the shot. But this female right here is just a lying, evil, slutty, dismissable monkey.”

He has a strong eagle-eye vision of society, but he finds it very difficult to empathize with the lives of regular citizens. When it comes to that, “Keep them happy and keep away from people with bad reputations because it will make them believe that cebja is bad as well,” is all he knows. Governmental provisions are alien to him. Biologically, he has the qualities of an autocrat, and he has been raised like one, so with his wealth he is governmentally generous by nature. Simultaneously, the lonely distance in his understanding of society causes him to find peace in settling for **providing excessive sex and drugs** if that is what keeps the people content. (That is basically all there is left in life.) He considers that a virtue. (I consider it the opposite of virtue.) Along with the coronavirus that was meant for people to keep a healthy distance from his daughter. The microchip in the vaccine was developed for the confirmation thereof. (Life.)

He is one of the strongest believers that I am too dumb to be able to reach the masses with my content. (I disagree.) He believes, as he has been “informed” by my surrogate mother (in actuality it is a conscious lie), that I am so dumb that he is the one who when I, for example, place a tweet on an unknown Twitter account, he knows how to hack devices in such a way that it reaches the whole world. (This document is another example thereof.) Simultaneously, he does not understand why that, to feeling the constant feeling of danger, is a cause for danger (especially given the fact that most of my digital expressions are very political) for someone living the life of a regular citizen (in terms of authority).

To him, along with other people of whom I in the past expressed that I saw something in them, the people are saying things like “The stock market might crash,” “I do kind of want things to go back to normal,” and so on. The political future of society, which is worse than it has ever been, allegedly all because of me, still depends on them. (It is not because of me at all. Yet people speak of me as if it is all my fault.) Currently, “there’s no such thing as” getting (back) to a normal lifestyle.

REGAL PARAMETERS

There is not enough spectacle. Also, I am annoyed by the lack of pioneership from the aggregate of people in society. Most people, used to being relieved from work now, are not longing for the resumption of their 9 – 5 routine. (Spectacle is needed for them, thus.) I want to

see pioneership and success, but most people want more diverse sensational anecdotes. I also want to be in a space where there is no noise/sound at all (noise from outdoors and telepathic noise bother me), for my mind to get some true rest (laying in bed does not always bring rest), getting there by permanently leaving my apartment in Antwerp city, with full awareness of the societal consequences thereof (need for better entertainment), safely and unharmed (the Dutch, including my surrogate mother, are actively pleading for the opposite of safety and remaining physically unharmed).

Concentration Camp for Genocidal Megalomaniacs

The elite has failed us. Societal life has become so stagnate that all there is left for the people to truly talk about is (fear of) “genocidal megalomania”. (That there are people out there powerful or power hungry enough to commit genocide with ease, ending the lives of those in fear.)

If you are telepathically active, you are likely either visiting telepathic brains or having visitors in your telepathic brain. The content discussed in these places is mostly about my alleged incompetence (about which I disagree) and about having sex with me. I find this disturbing. Especially because people don't seem to see the danger in the increasing hate and sexualization of me, together with me being (authority and security) a regular citizen. (Sexually radicalized people cannot control (tame) their feelings of lust. Politically radicalized people (especially when knowing how I feel about genocide) may want to put effort into harming me.)

That, when I confront the telepathic elite with: “Don't you know how dangerous it is, the hate you preach about me?” they start laughing and saying that I “just” live alone in the city center of Antwerp is very frustrating, because they are too ignorant to see that my first purposely induced anger, now nearing PTSD (euphemism), is the only reason why people are too “turned off” to put more effort into trying to get near me. It creates distance.

Exhibit A

One of the things I have learnt during these days of telepathy is that elitarian people know their citizens even lesser than they seem to know, and that their lifestyles are so far different from that of regular citizens (as in the majority, lower and middle class people), that if they were suddenly forced to live among regular citizens, they could be convinced that there is a post-apocalyptic (as in living in destruction) situation, while for the regular citizen things don't seem different from usual (at all). (It fascinates me.)

Apparently, my draft-listed Praesens has been living in the apartment above mine for I don't know how long. I don't know how he ended up there, but my senses have been nudging me

that it is him. Likely my mother is preventing us from ever meeting, like she does with others who are uniquely intelligent thus with whom I can get along with better as well. (As in she'd be jealous of them because I am more interested in them than I am in her. "Masochism".)

His understanding of "democracy" politics is the same as that of "The Devil". Depending on the government is something that is alien to them. They know nothing but that they must behave like (leftist) populists. He considers himself an innocent man and does not understand why anyone would wish bad things for him. (As in he believes that most people are genuinely polite and he is unaware of his high (political) profile (international, not just in the United States).) This while the Dutch (along with the rest of the world) know that I have endorsed him as my Praesens, they know my intentions with the Netherlands (to end their country beyond where it will flood: across the border perimeter, as well as their entire pirate descent), and because of that the Dutch see him as a threat.

Telepathically, they have indoctrinated him into intercepting all of my telepathically outgoing political messages, especially to "the Russians". With his child-like innocence, he believes that it is masochism and that masochism is some "cool trend". They watch him on television (the hidden cameras in his apartment) and are proud of "having captivated the threat" (nationalism). It is what happened instead of the Volta. (The United States is not putting in any effort in saving the "bastard" son of the president "Hunter Biden", who is actually the (surrogated) son of Vladimir Putin (Rockefeller).)

Vlad Training Camp

Disregarding their extremely irresponsible leadership, the telepathic protagonists society looks up to (or looks at) – I don't know, they're like showing the ability to take initiative or something – are the only people intelligent enough to cause a shift that will restore some sort of normalcy. (As in no more nonsense about social distancing and tribalistic sex cults; also no more socialist always-the-same supermarket food.) They, however, do not seem to realize that the sexual and political ideals they have been advocating for have left a path of destruction. They have always heard of that from a distance and are trying to immerse themselves into society as if they can blend in with that, but the result is destructively infantile.

One of my complaints used to be that people are almost never genuinely polite to each other. (It's either fake or no politeness at all; I used to use the word "insult" but apparently they (the infantile) don't even know what that means.) That problem has now evolved to: "You can't trust anyone anymore because everyone seems to aspire to be the greatest masochist." Who still tells the truth? And who still aspires things social without sexual intentions? Having the economy run in such a way that people spend most of their time at home with nothing to do,

doing that together with other people becomes annoying after a while, and sex becomes the only entertainment. Society must move along from this sooner or later. That does not happen without moral guidance. My moral guidance, probably.

People like exhibit A must learn how to meet the expectations the people in society have of them. They are not politicians, but that does not matter because these are problems democracy cannot fix. “More masochism,” and “We need to stop eating our own feces,” are very prevalent telepathic themes, but from my perspective they are such dismissable themes that they should not be mentioned, let alone be prevalent, at all.

They must learn that what the people demand or what the people go along with is not always what is best for society. They must learn the theoretic aspects of political controversy, and how to implement political policy. And they must learn where my autocratic sense of initiative comes from and how to behave in that regard. It would soothe me to (in the future) know that they have gone through a training program for that, and I think the same apply to those who look up to them (they are their only hope).

To Vladimir, and his кльки, this is the ultimate challenge. He is literally the only person who understands me (logically as well as emotionally) when I speak of the political stakes and this telepathic situation. If the others do not learn to understand the same thing, society will never move forward.

New Bread and Circuses

Many times I have heard that people would die of jealousy if I would be incorporated into the mainstream. Thus reaching some sort of “celebrity” status. That if so, they prefer, for my combination of looks and intelligence, that I never be regarded to in a positive way. I can understand that my presence in such a centralized way would make them feel bad about themselves. Simultaneously, my кльки feel a lot better when I am distanced from society (do not forget my political views and interests, thus things the mainstream consider bad and difficult and such), so it is good then that I will never try to be among the mainstream again.

“There has not been a genocide,” “You are psychotic,” “Apologize, apologize,” people have already been planning on making these things headline items. I, with my refusal of using social media socially and such, and keeping information to myself and such, have actively been preventing that from happening.

However, the news has been dying out so much, and the topic of me comes with infinite side-stories of those who fell for some sort of scam version of the Volta or should I call it the Dutch defense of country, that now I am quite convinced that we should bring this controversy

into the mainstream media. (Not with me on the foreground, though, please, because my клыки have no tolerance for the things I've heard you people say.)

We can progress in two ways (this is to move away from the coronavirus economy “great reset” shit):

- 1) **Pick the narrative up from: “I will never apologize. (Because I have not done something wrong.)”**

Here, political controversy and potential radicalization are intense. The coronavirus would then still be a theme. As in instead of burying the prevalence of that theme in society right away, there would be some dramatic controversy over it first. (Some people need the drama to make a living. (I do not. I'm talking about journalists and t-shirt sellers and such. Even cafés.))

They do not care about the red tape of “There is no tribalistic sex cult,” and other repetitiously mentioned but never ended themes like that. “Where is my новый жизнь?” and things like that are more relevant to them. Then I am the alleged aggressor, and the rest of society is the victim. Including those who have fallen victim to the way the Dutch keep their country from flooding these days, but the actions of the people doing that are then “my fault”. “Where is my новый жизнь?” is an example of what people can then use as a headline.

I say this based on what people say to me telepathically (it is all I hear), which makes me want to live some place where I will never see or hear another person again. Surfacing you people's hatery would then give you people reason to be using that for your careers instead of bothering me with it. It is, because in actuality I'd rather be left alone, self-sacrifice because the stagnation caused by coronavirus policy must be ended somehow and this is a way to achieve that.

More suggestions just made: “Die, toxic bitch,” and things like that. As long as I can get out of Antwerp city to Russia some place off the grid I don't care anymore at all what you people do in my name. My God I will even give you some more nonsensical headlines and other dramatic nonsense to plagiarize from if you want. I just want this all, this being stuck here because I am too hated to ever set foot on Dutch soil again (as if I wanted that in the first place hahahahahahahahaha), to be over.

So mind you: you will be saying “you’re a toxic bitch,” and shit like that and I will then be saying things like: “I wish I could shoot you in the head,” and things like that to your faces.

2) **Pick the narrative up from: “Standardizing sex cults is not a good idea.”**

This contains more light-hearted controversy. I will not use my telepathic abilities and digital advantage for organizing a genocide without meeting those who could help me commit that anymore. I still believe that all purposeless people must be killed and that flooding the Netherlands is a safety measure, but I will not strive for that anymore. Instead I think it is a good controversy to have discussed in the mainstream.

Here, various general (kind of philosophical, but it must be kept simple, for the people) topics will then replace the topic of the coronavirus and never-ending leftist topics such as ending the filibuster and such. Less dramatic than narrative 1. Here, too, however, I will continue to verbally defend my political ideals. But more just as a topic of discussion instead of something I try to radicalize people into. I will never agree with the mainstream, because my principles (such as my thoughts on justifiable mass murder) are very different of that of the masses, but still I hope we can somehow put our differences aside. I want to get off the grid.

Me being all like “I love you guys” and shit like that is way off the table. More than it has ever been. My preference goes out to the second narrative.

MAKING AMENDS

That I must make amends for our political differences. That I am obligated to start a sex cultus. (While most people apparently don’t even know what “sex” is.) That I may never move in with my biological father. It is what I have been in heated debate over, telepathically. It is time we put this shit to bed.

As long as there is a place for me where I can be indoors and outdoors (including a decent amount of walking space), in complete social isolation. Because the shit you people say make me want to kill you people and you all believe nothing but shit. I am willing to discuss this face-to-face.

The Death of a Narrative ft. A Guaranteed Cabin in the Woods

“Is she dead?” “Is she sucking dick somewhere?” I am tired of hearing shit like this about myself. It’s all so far from the truth. And even if it wasn’t, I do not like hearing gossip about me without being able to tell my side of the story to the same people. I want to confront my opposition face-to-face, but am not in a safe space for that currently.

Do Whatever the Fxck You Want

“Sodomy is bad,” “Genocide solves overpopulation,” “Crypto currency is trash,” and “Having principles > populistic behavior” I still agree with these things, with all my heart (by principle), but have experienced enough opposition to not want to put effort into getting it enforced anymore. I will never say that I disagree with these things (standpoints). But I am willing to accept that we will never find consensus on this and there should be no more attempts made to make me blurt out leftist bullcrap. I will never be blurting out leftist bullcrap. Especially not when you people continue to talk the same trash about me (get the permanently cancerous fuck out of my telepathic brain; должен the telepathic torture stops). But you people can do whatever you want now, then. I am tired of fighting this telepathic war.

IT COMES DOWN TO THIS

- 1) Fitzgerald lowers his curtains and goes from shit eating apocalyptic caveman to living on человеки resources (still (almost 10 days now) waiting for him in my living room, he will pull it up by his curtains eventually is the goal) whilst telepathically being de-indoctrinated (continuing to be in isolation) by his biological father for 3 days.
- 2) We travel to Russia by private train without any other passengers, followed by private plane. I will then be dropped off at my biological father’s house and he will be attending Vlad training camp. (Will he pick us up from the airport?) The watching me sit on my desk chair 24/7 shit entertainment and watching Fitzgerald eat shit entertainment ends permanently.
 - a. In Vlad training camp the hyper-elitarians will be made ready to truly serve society. In some hotel-conference center kind of thing? [I would love to watch the lectures with some popcorn and my papa.]
 - b. I will teach my biological father (Czar) about democracy and he will teach me family history and technology stuff. (Caution: the Dutch.) [I was thinking that this would be kind of a fun thing to vlog about or something... The family estate and such.]

- 3) After a week, we meet and discuss future plans. (And live together?)
- 4) Some new narratives in the mainstream.