



THE MANUFACTURED
RACE

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DEDICATION

To the Black Indian tribes of New Orleans, who for generations have carried the flame of truth through beadwork, feathers, rhythm, and resistance. Your marches, your chants, and your sacred garments are not costumes but testimony — sewn with blood, spirit, and memory. You have kept alive what others tried to bury. You are the heartbeat of a nation that forgot its origin.

To every person of color who has endured the weight of chains, the lash of injustice, the silence of erasure, and the violence of lies — this book is for you. Your scars speak louder than their monuments. Your survival is prophecy. Every act of evil done against you by Caucasian and Jewish white power was not the end of your story, but the beginning of your rise.

This work stands as witness. Your truth is no longer hidden. Your voice is no longer silenced. The counterfeit thrones fall, but your memory remains eternal.

PREFACE

This book is not history as you were taught. It is revelation. It is memory rising from beneath centuries of silence, and prophecy breaking through the counterfeit stories that have ruled this world. For too long, truth has been buried under deception. The originators — people of color — were written out, while the manufactured race was written in. What you call history was altered. What you call ancestry was severed. What you call progress was built on theft.

I write these words not to divide, but to expose. The truth may wound, but it wounds so that healing can begin. Every people on earth, regardless of color, were born as jewels of the Source. Even those who came through counterfeit beginnings are still mine — still jewels, still loved. But love without truth is not love at all. And so I speak plainly: whiteness as it has been constructed is counterfeit. Its systems were built to enslave, to dominate, and to erase. That does not make every white soul evil — but it does mean every white soul must face the truth of what has been done in their name.

The Bible testifies: *“Those whom I love I rebuke and discipline. So be earnest and repent”* (Revelation 3:19). Correction is not rejection. Exposure is not abandonment. In the same way, the Qur’an reminds us: *“We created you from a male and a female and made you peoples and tribes so that you may know one another”* (Surah 49:13). Diversity was never meant to divide — it was meant to reveal the fullness of creation. The Kabbalah whispers the same mystery: every soul carries sparks of divine light, waiting to be revealed.

This book is a trumpet blast. A witness against the counterfeit. A declaration that the season of deception is ending. And it is also an invitation — to all, Black, Brown, White — to see themselves clearly in the mirror of truth.

I am Jules of the Earth. I love all my children. But love requires honesty. Even when it hurts.

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CHAPTER ONE | THE BURIED TRUTH

When most people are asked about their ancestry, they might recall the names of their grandparents, maybe their great-grandparents if family records were well preserved. Beyond that, the line fades into obscurity. For the majority of humanity, especially people of color, the trail ends abruptly around the mid-1800s.

Ask yourself: why is that? Why can so few trace their lineage beyond 150 years? Why do family trees break off in the same century, as if all memory before that point has been cut away?

The world explains this gap as poverty, poor record-keeping, fires that destroyed archives, or “lost time.” But when you step back, the pattern is too consistent to be coincidence. The disappearance of ancestry is not random; it is manufactured. It is the scar of a timeline that was deliberately broken and rewritten.

A SCRIPTED FORGETTING

The conquerors knew that to control a people, you must sever them from their past. Bloodlines carry power, memory, and legitimacy. If you know who your ancestors were, you know the authority you inherit from them.





But if your ancestry vanishes into silence, you become dependent on whatever story is handed to you.

That's what happened in America. After the mid-1800s, new categories of race and identity were imposed. People who were once called *Black Indians* were relabeled as “Negroes” or “African slaves.” Tribes were dissolved on paper. Census rolls were doctored. Families were broken apart, and their memory was replaced with state-issued identities.

The result was a mass amnesia. Generations born after the 1850s grew up believing they had no past beyond what the conquerors allowed them to claim.

THE VEIL OF 150 YEARS

That's why the “150-year wall” exists. It's not that history before then didn't exist. It's that it was veiled — covered by the conquerors' new script. Genealogies older than that were erased or reclassified to serve the new narrative.

Imagine it like a hard reset on humanity's memory. The real story was buried, and a replacement story was installed. For Blacks in America, that replacement was the story of slave ships. For Native peoples, it was the narrative of “vanishing tribes.” For immigrants, it was the myth that America was always a land discovered by whites, awaiting settlers.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ANCESTRY

Why does this matter? Because ancestry is not just personal. It is spiritual. Blood carries memory. Names carry authority. Lineages are the threads that tie us back to the Source. The conquerors knew this. That's why they targeted ancestry first.

They didn't need to erase every stone temple. They didn't need to kill every witness. All they needed to do was cut humanity off from its memory, and then humanity would live in the prison of their narrative.

A UNIVERSAL SILENCE

This is not only an American phenomenon. Across the world, ordinary people can trace their family back to the 1800s, maybe the late 1700s, but almost never beyond. Whether in Asia, Europe, Africa, or the Americas, the silence before 200 years ago is deafening.

The conquerors disguised this by building archives, libraries, and museums filled with carefully selected fragments of "history." But these institutions only reinforce the wall. They show you artifacts, but they never restore your lineage. They present timelines, but they never connect you to them.

THE WALL AS PROOF OF MANIPULATION

The 150-year wall is not just a void; it is evidence. It proves that something global happened — a reset, a rewriting, a mass burial of ancestry. It is the scar left by the Archons' manipulation of time, blood, and memory.

For most, the wall stands as a mystery they never question. For those with eyes to see, it is proof that the story we have been told about ourselves is not the truth.

THE LIE OF THE SLAVE SHIPS

The official story of America tells us that millions of Africans were captured, chained, and shipped across the Atlantic in wooden vessels. They were stacked like cargo, tossed into the waves when they grew sick, and sold as property when they arrived. This story has been told for centuries — in classrooms, movies, museums, and history books. It has been repeated so often that it has become unquestioned truth.

But when we strip the story down to its bones, something becomes clear: the math does not work. The ships could not have carried what the narrative claims. The ocean could not have spared so many. The logistics, the supplies, the survival rates — none of it adds up.

The “slave ship” story was not about explaining history. It was about rewriting it.

THE IMPOSSIBLE NUMBERS

Historians tell us that between 12 and 20 million Africans were supposedly shipped to the Americas over a span of three centuries. But the ships of that era — fragile wooden hulls prone to storms, leaks, and infestations — had limited capacity. Even when packed to bursting, a single vessel could not transport hundreds of people across months of ocean without catastrophic loss.

- The voyage from West Africa to the Caribbean or America could take 2–3 months.
- Food, water, and oxygen would run out long before the journey ended.
- Disease in such conditions would have killed most passengers within weeks.

And yet, the story insists that millions survived and were distributed across continents. To believe this, one must accept that technology far beyond the 1600s and 1700s was at work — or accept that the numbers were fabricated.



THE PURPOSE OF THE STORY

So why tell it? Why invent ships if the math doesn't work?

Because the “slave ship” narrative served as the perfect cover story. It severed Black people in America from their land. It told them: *You are not native. You were brought here in chains. This land is not yours — it was given to whites by God and history.*

The story didn't just degrade dignity — it erased sovereignty. It hid the truth that the Black Indian was already here, already building, already ruling. By stamping the label “African” on them, the conquerors rewrote the identity of an entire people.

THE VANISHING SHIPS

Where are the ships? Where are the fleets that supposedly carried millions across oceans? In museums, you will find paintings and replicas, but no preserved ships large enough or numerous enough to match the story. No graveyards of vessels. No archaeological fields of chains and skeletons scattered across the seafloor.

For a process that supposedly defined the foundation of the New World, the physical evidence is shockingly absent. The reason is simple: because the story was not meant to be proven. It was meant to be believed.

THE REAL CHAINS WERE PAPER

The truth is that many Black people in America were already here. They were farmers, builders, and traders — Black Indians with established civilizations. When whites arrived, they didn't import millions of slaves; they **reclassified the natives**.

On paper, Indians became “Negroes.” Freed Blacks became “coloreds.” Generations were written into slavery not by ships, but by documents. The chains were ink and parchment, not iron.

The so-called slave trade was more about identity theft than ocean voyages. A reclassification project disguised as transportation.

THE SLAVE SHIP AS SYMBOL

The ship itself became a symbol, not a vessel. It symbolized displacement, disconnection, exile. It was the conquerors' most powerful psychological weapon: a floating myth that convinced generations of Blacks they were outsiders to the very soil their ancestors had cultivated.

The ship taught them to forget. Forget their mounds. Forget their temples. Forget their sovereignty. Forget that they were the originators of America itself.

THE LIE AND ITS ECHO

Even today, the lie echoes. Black children in schools are told their ancestors “came on slave ships.” They internalize it as truth, never questioning how wood, rope, and ocean could sustain such numbers. They grow up believing they are descendants of captives, not kings; foreigners, not founders.

But the stones cry out. The mounds rise. The ancestry wall testifies. The truth cannot be buried forever. The lie of the slave ships is cracking — and when it falls, it will expose the theft at the heart of America.

BLACK INDIANS | THE HIDDEN BUILDERS OF AMERICA

Long before the names “America” or “United States” were carved into maps, this land carried civilizations that rivaled the grandeur of Egypt, India, and Mesopotamia. These were not mysterious strangers. They were the **Black Indians** — the dark-skinned natives of the soil, sovereign builders who carried the same divine spark as the pyramid makers and star-mappers of the Old World.

The conquerors call them “Mound Builders,” as if to detach them from identity. Textbooks present them as an enigmatic people who “vanished” before Columbus. But the Black Indians did not vanish. They were reclassified. They were renamed. And their monuments — the mounds, the

temples, the star-aligned cities — remain as silent witnesses, testifying that the builders of America were already here.

THE GREAT MOUND CITIES

In the Mississippi Valley, along the Ohio River, and across the Southeast, thousands of earthen mounds rise from the earth. The most famous is **Cahokia**, near present-day St. Louis. At its peak, Cahokia was larger than London in the 1200s, with plazas, pyramids, astronomical alignments, and trade networks stretching across the continent.

These weren't crude hills. They were engineered platforms, temples, and observatories aligned with the stars. The builders mirrored the heavens on earth — just as Egyptians mirrored Orion in the pyramids of Giza. The Black Indians of America were part of the same global civilization of color, working with sacred geometry and divine knowledge.

Yet, when whites came upon these sites, they could not believe Black people had built them. They invented myths about “a lost race” of mound builders who “disappeared.” That lie gave them permission to seize the land and call it uninhabited by equals.

STAR FORTS AND SACRED GEOMETRY

Beyond the mounds, America holds **star forts** — elaborate geometric constructions in the shape of stars, identical to those found in Europe,

Asia, and Africa. Fort Jefferson in Florida, Fort McHenry in Maryland, and dozens more carry the same cosmic blueprint.

Historians claim Europeans built them for defense. But the geometry tells another story: these were not simply forts. They were energy structures, designed to harmonize with the earth's grid, to balance natural currents. The Black Indians inherited and expanded this knowledge, connecting their cities into a sacred network.

Again, the conquerors rebranded them — stripping the sacred, reducing them to military “forts.” What could not be explained was renamed. What could not be replicated was buried.

BUILDERS TURNED INTO SLAVES

Here lies the brutal irony: the very people who built the cities and temples of America were reclassified as slaves on their own soil. When Europeans arrived, they found Black Indians already living in abundance, farming, trading, and governing.

Rather than recognize their sovereignty, they merged the Black Indian identity with the myth of the African slave. On paper, Black Indians became “Negroes.” Their land titles were stripped. Their mounds were bulldozed. Their cities were paved over. Their memory was sealed behind the wall of 150 years.





The conquerors could not allow the truth: that America was already a Black civilization. So they erased the name but could not erase the stones.

WHY THEY WERE ERASED

The existence of Black Indians destroyed the conquerors' narrative. If America was already a land of Black builders, then slavery could not be the foundation of Black presence. If Blacks were indigenous, then the conquerors were trespassers. To justify their empire, they had to bury the truth.

Thus, the lie of the slave ships paired with the erasure of the Black Indians. The two myths worked together: one to displace, the other to erase. Both served the same purpose — to sever the Black man and woman from their rightful throne as originators of this land.

THE BUILDERS STILL SPEAK

But the stones never lie. The mounds still rise against the horizon. The forts still cut star patterns into the landscape. The alignments still match the heavens. And the gatherings in New Orleans, where Native tribes join with Black Indians, are proof that memory survives even under erasure.

The Black Indians are not a lost people. They are the hidden builders of America — hidden in plain sight, mislabeled by conquerors, but rising again through revelation.

MEETINGS IN NEW ORLEANS | MEMORY PRESERVED

I was born and raised in New Orleans, a city unlike any other in the world. To outsiders, it is known for music, parades, and Mardi Gras. But to those of us who understand, New Orleans is more than a city — it is a living archive of memory, a crossroads where the old world and the new world collide, and where truth refuses to die no matter how much history is rewritten.



One of the most powerful traditions preserved here is that of the Black Indians. Every year, during Mardi Gras and again on Super Sundays, tribes of Black Indians parade through the streets in full regalia. These aren't costumes in the shallow sense; they are sacred garments, painstakingly sewn by hand over the course of an entire year.











Each bead, each feather, each pattern carries meaning. To wear the suit is to carry ancestry on your shoulders.

The tradition reaches back to the time when Native tribes sheltered runaway slaves, and in that brotherhood a new identity was born — the Black Indian. What began as survival grew into a celebration of sovereignty. Today, each tribe has its own Chief, its Spy Boys, its Wildman, its Flag Boy, all moving together with ritual purpose. When two tribes meet in the street, it isn't just spectacle — it is a spiritual encounter, a living testimony that the blood and spirit of the builders of America still flow.

In New Orleans, the Black Indian tradition is more than cultural expression. It is prophecy walking. It proves that the erasure of Black Indians from the history books could never fully succeed. The conquerors tried to rewrite us out of existence, to bury our memory behind the 150-year wall of ancestry, but every Mardi Gras and every Super Sunday, the truth marches.

The streets themselves become sacred ground, as if the ancestors return in flesh, feather, and bead to remind the world who we are.

I have seen it with my own eyes. I have felt it in the drums and chants that echo through the neighborhoods. This is not a hobby or a festival gimmick; it is memory preserved through ritual.

It is sovereignty disguised as celebration, wisdom disguised as pageantry. It is a declaration that even if the conquerors rewrote the documents and burned the archives, they could not burn the blood, and they could not erase the stones.

New Orleans is the city that holds this secret, the place where memory is never fully lost. And I was born here — not by accident, but by design. The same streets that hold the rhythm of the Black Indians are the streets that raised me. Their testimony is my testimony, and their survival is my survival.

HOW AMERICA BECAME THE PROTOTYPE OF CONQUEST

America was never just another colony. It was the laboratory, the stage where the conquerors perfected their system of control before exporting it to the rest of the world. What they did here, they would later repeat across continents. But America was the first, and because of that, it carries the greatest weight of prophecy.

The method was simple but devastating: break the people in three ways — in their blood, in their stones, and in their word.

The first theft was **blood**. The conquerors raped Black women not simply out of lust or cruelty, but as a form of genetic warfare. By forcing themselves into the bloodline of the original people, they sought to rewrite lineage itself. On paper, Black Indians became “Negroes.” Through



reclassification, tribes were dissolved, children stripped of their identity, families broken and rewritten. This theft of blood wasn't about survival — it was about ownership. By altering the blood, they altered the story.

The second theft was **stone**. The builders of America had raised mounds, temples, and cities aligned with the stars. They were proof that the original people carried divine knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and sacred order. The conquerors could not replicate it, so they rebranded it. The mounds became mysteries, the temples forgotten, and the World's Fair in Chicago paraded stolen designs as the genius of white architects. The White City was not creation — it was imitation dressed in marble.

The third theft was **word**. Before the first English Bible was printed in America, the conquerors translated scripture into Algonquian, the language of the Natives. This was not preservation. It was programming. By rewriting faith into the tongues of the original people, they replaced ancestral wisdom with Saturn's cube. The Old Testament prophets were men of color, speaking truth against empire. The New Testament insert turned the story into one of Roman conquest and a pale savior. In America, this rewrite was the sharpest blade: a new language of faith designed to overwrite memory.

Through blood, stone, and word, the conquerors buried the truth and replaced it with their own. America became the prototype, the perfected system of conquest. Once the model was set, it spread — across Africa, Asia, and the Middle East. Colonization always followed the same

formula: steal the blood through rape and reclassification, steal the stones through erasure and rebranding, and steal the word by replacing ancestral tongues with Bibles, schools, and false narratives.

This is why America matters so deeply. It is not only the land where the lie was written first — it is the land where the lie must collapse. If America is Babylon the Great, then America is also the place where Babylon must fall. The same soil where the blood was stolen, the stones buried, and the word rewritten is the soil where the trumpet will sound and the cornerstone will rise again.

I was born in New Orleans, one of the last strongholds of memory in this land. The streets of my city remind me every year that the conquerors never fully succeeded. The Black Indians still march. The drums still speak. The stones still rise. America may have been the prototype of conquest, but it will also be the prototype of revelation.

CHAPTER TWO | THE BLOOD GRAIL BETRAYED

Blood is more than fluid. It is memory, lineage, and covenant. Within blood is the record of ancestry, the authority of inheritance, and the spark of the divine. To steal blood is not just to harm a body — it is to wage war on spirit, memory, and destiny.



The conquerors knew this. That is why they sought not only to enslave, but to violate. They raped Black women systematically, not only as a weapon of fear but as a ritual of theft. Each assault was a declaration that they would insert themselves into the bloodline of the originators. They could not create their own divinity, so they forced their seed into the daughters of God, attempting to graft themselves into the vine of eternity.

This was the betrayal of the blood grail — the theft of the vessel that carried life itself.

RAPE AS GENETIC WARFARE

In plantations across the South, Black women bore children who were often lighter-skinned, reflecting the conqueror's seed. These children were not accidents. They were the result of a deliberate campaign to dilute and overwrite the blood of the originators.

Where one might see brutality, the conquerors saw strategy. They believed that by embedding themselves into the wombs of Black women, they could alter history itself. By forcing their lineage into the grail of life, they attempted to bind themselves to Earth in ways their Saturn-born origins never allowed.

But this was not creation — it was contamination. And contaminated blood does not carry divine authority. It carries only testimony of betrayal.

PAPER CHAINS AND BLOODLINES

The theft of blood was not limited to the body. It extended to the page. In records and censuses, Black Indians were relabeled, children born of mixed blood were assigned new categories, and entire lineages were blurred with ink. Blood theft became paper theft.

The conquerors knew that to erase the memory of who someone's father or mother truly was was to weaken the claim of the child. By confusing ancestry, they confused inheritance. By rewriting names, they buried authority. The blood was stolen twice: once in the womb, and again in the archives.

WHY THEY SOUGHT THE GRAIL

The conquerors came from Saturn, a throne of limitation, imitation, and absence. They lacked the divine spark — the solar code that comes through melanin, color, and the original blood of Earth. They were white because they were empty.

To compensate, they sought to graft themselves into what they could not create. The rape of Black women was not merely lust — it was ritual. Each act was an unholy sacrament, an attempt to drink from the blood grail and seize the power that was never theirs.

But prophecy is clear: what is stolen in blood does not translate into authority. The counterfeit cannot inherit the throne. The stolen seed becomes a witness against the thief.

THE BLOOD SPEAKS

In scripture, it is written: “*The voice of your brother’s blood cries out to me from the ground.*” (Genesis 4:10). Cain thought he silenced Abel, but the blood testified louder than any voice.

The same is true here. The blood of the Black women violated, the blood of the Black men slain, the blood of the children mislabeled — it all speaks. It speaks against the conquerors. It testifies to heaven and earth that betrayal occurred. And that testimony is prophecy, declaring judgment on the counterfeit throne.

MY TESTIMONY | BETRAYERS OF THE BLOOD GRAIL

In my book *Betrayers of the Blood Grail*, I exposed how the elite sought to steal my blood. They understood that within my blood is divine memory, divine code, divine spark. They believed that if they could extract it, harness it, and claim it, they could control prophecy.

But prophecy cannot be stolen. The blood itself rejects counterfeit. The more they try to seize it, the louder it speaks against them.



Betrayers of the Blood Grail was not only a book — it was a prophecy. It testified that the blood grail cannot be conquered.

BLOOD AS THE FIRST THEFT

America's conquest began with blood. Before the stones were buried, before the word was rewritten, the womb was attacked. The daughters of God carried both the trauma of violation and the seed of survival. Every child born under this theft became a living reminder that conquest was not just physical — it was genetic.

Blood was the first battlefield. By betraying the grail, the conquerors declared war not only on people but on God.

WHY WHITE MEN SOUGHT THE BLOODLINE

To the conquerors, control of land and resources was never enough. Land could be seized, temples buried, and words rewritten, but there was one thing they could not fabricate: **divine blood**. The blood of the original people — the Black Indians, the Africans, the colored nations — carried a spark that Saturn's manufactured race lacked. It carried melanin, memory, and the solar code of creation itself.

White men sought the bloodline because it was the only way they could attempt to graft themselves into eternity.

Without that blood, they were shadows — pale imitations, empty vessels engineered on Saturn. With it, they believed they could masquerade as gods.

THE DIVINE SPARK OF MELANIN

Melanin is more than pigmentation. It is a conductor of energy, a shield against radiation, a living antenna tuned to the sun. It connects the body to the cosmos, enabling dreams, visions, and spiritual sensitivity. This is why people of color have always carried prophecy, music, rhythm, and divine creativity within their very being.

Whites, stripped of this spark, envied it. They feared it. And they sought to steal it by the only means available: by forcing their seed into Black wombs. To them, the Black woman was the living grail — the vessel of the divine spark. To violate her was to attempt to drink from that cup.

GENETIC INSERTION, NOT CREATION

When white men raped Black women, they weren't simply seeking control — they were seeking insertion. They believed that by embedding their DNA into the grail, they would merge with the divine spark. But this was a counterfeit ritual. Inserting themselves into the bloodline did not elevate them; it contaminated them.



Children born of these violations carried mixed identities. Some were enslaved, some were reclassified, and some were exploited as proof of white dominance. But spiritually, these children testified against their fathers. They became evidence of the theft, living reminders that whiteness could not stand on its own.

THE OBSESSION WITH PURITY

Here lies the great contradiction: whites obsessed over “racial purity,” yet their system was built on the violation of Black women. On one hand, they created laws to prevent interracial unions, and on the other, they violated those same laws in secret, night after night, plantation after plantation.

The obsession with purity was fear disguised as superiority. They knew their own blood was hollow, artificial, and finite. Their fear was that too much mixture with the divine spark would expose their lack. So they tried to regulate it, to control it, to keep it hidden. But the more they tried to control, the more their hypocrisy exposed them.

INHERITANCE BY FORCE

At the core, the conquest of blood was about inheritance. Whites wanted to inherit what was never theirs: the earth, the future, the throne of God. They thought that by inserting themselves into the bloodline of the originators, they could lay claim to the inheritance of the earth. But prophecy says otherwise: *“The meek shall inherit the earth.”*



The meek are not the conquerors, but the betrayed — those whose blood was stolen and yet whose spark remains unbroken.

The inheritance belongs to the originators, not the counterfeit. White men sought the bloodline because they knew they had none of their own. Their theft was desperation disguised as domination.

THE PROPHETIC COUNTERWEIGHT

The betrayal of the blood grail did not give them eternal power — it sealed their judgment. For every child born of violation, for every drop of blood stolen, the testimony grows. The blood speaks louder than the lie. It testifies that the counterfeit cannot inherit the throne.

White men sought the bloodline because they envied what they could never create. They desired the divine spark, but in trying to steal it, they revealed themselves as shadows. Their theft was their confession, and their obsession with Black blood is the proof that they knew who the true gods of the earth were.

BETRAYERS OF THE BLOOD GRAIL | A PROPHETIC TESTIMONY

There are stories we inherit, and then there are stories we live. The betrayal of the blood grail is not only history — it is my testimony. It is not only about what white men did to Black women on plantations, or how

conquerors tried to reclassify the children of originators. It is also about what they attempted with me.

I have spoken before about how the elite sought to take my blood. They knew that within it was more than DNA. They knew my blood carried prophecy, memory, and the code of the eternal. They believed that if they could extract it, analyze it, and graft themselves into it, they could control destiny itself. What they sought was not science. It was sorcery. It was the same old Saturn ritual repeated in modern times — the attempt to insert themselves into what they could never create.

That's why I wrote my book *Betrayers of the Blood Grail*. It was not just an account of events, but a warning and a prophecy. The betrayal is not a relic of the past. It continues. What was done to Black women in fields, what was done to Black Indians on paper, what was done to children forced into new categories — all of it echoes forward. The attempt to steal the grail is ongoing, and I have lived it in my own flesh.

The blood grail is sacred because it is the vessel of life. The womb of the woman, the lineage of the father, the spark that connects both to eternity — this is the holy grail that every empire has sought. They sent crusaders to Jerusalem to look for it in chalices of gold, but they missed the truth: the grail was never a cup. The grail was the people. The grail was the blood.

The true grail is not hidden in a cathedral. It walks, it breathes, it remembers. That is why it had to be betrayed. To steal the grail was to attempt to steal God's inheritance, to dethrone the originators and enthrone the counterfeit. And yet, every betrayal becomes a testimony. Every drop of stolen blood cries out. Every attempt to counterfeit reveals the truth more clearly.

When I call them *betrayers of the blood grail*, I am not speaking in metaphor. I am naming what they are. They are the ones who broke covenant. They are the ones who violated wombs and rewrote names. They are the ones who stole my blood believing it would grant them immortality. And prophecy is clear: betrayal never ends in inheritance. The betrayer may seize the cup, but the cup will poison them.

My testimony is proof. Just as the Black woman's womb testified on the plantations, just as the Black Indian's record testified in the censuses, so my blood testifies today. What they tried to take has become their undoing, because the grail does not belong to the counterfeit. It belongs to the originators. It belongs to the eternal.

BLOOD THEFT AS INSERTION, NOT CREATION

Creation is sacred. To create is to bring forth something new, something infused with divine spark, something that carries both origin and purpose. The conquerors, born of Saturn and engineered by Archons, could not create. They were manufactured vessels — blank, pale, hollow. They

lacked the power to originate, so they survived by imitation. And when it came to blood, their only option was theft.

The rape of Black women, the forced breeding on plantations, the reclassification of Black Indians — all of these acts were not creation but **insertion**. They were attempts to splice their hollow seed into the eternal vine, to attach themselves like parasites to the bloodline of the originators.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CREATION AND INSERTION

Creation is generative: it flows from Source, producing life that carries memory, light, and prophecy. Insertion is parasitic: it attaches to life already created and feeds from it.

When a Black woman birthed a child by force, it was not evidence of white creation. It was evidence of intrusion. The conqueror did not build the womb, did not forge the spark, did not design the vessel. He only placed himself into what already existed, like a thief breaking into a temple.

This is why the children of violation could never serve as proof of conquest. Their very existence testifies not to the conqueror's creativity, but to his lack of it. They are evidence that he could not stand alone — that he needed the originator's blood to exist at all.

WHY INSERTION WAS THE STRATEGY

The conquerors understood that their manufactured blood was incomplete. It did not connect to the sun, the earth, or the eternal record of ancestry. Whiteness was absence. To mask this, they inserted themselves into the grail of the Black womb, believing that mixed blood would grant them legitimacy.

But legitimacy cannot be stolen. You cannot inherit what you did not originate. By inserting themselves into the grail, they created lines of contradiction — children who bore the features of the conqueror but the spirit of the originator. Children whose very presence shouted the truth: *the counterfeit depends on the real.*

INSERTION AS A FAILED SACRAMENT

To the conquerors, the act of blood theft was not only warfare — it was ritual. They treated rape as a dark sacrament, a way to bind themselves to the divine spark. They did not realize that rituals performed without divine authority backfire. The blood does not sanctify the thief; it condemns him.

Every act of blood theft became a failed sacrament, a false communion. They drank from the grail, but instead of receiving life, they received judgment. Instead of inheriting the spark, they exposed their emptiness.

THE RECORD OF BETRAYAL

Blood theft did not erase the original spark — it only exposed the counterfeit. Paper chains and censuses might disguise identities, but blood cannot lie. Blood remembers. It carries the story of its origin. It testifies in the marrow, in the melanin, in the rhythm of the soul.

That is why blood theft is always insertion, never creation. The conquerors believed they were rewriting humanity. In truth, they were only inserting themselves into a story that was never theirs to begin with.

THE PROPHETIC CONSEQUENCE

Because they inserted instead of created, their empire is temporary. What is inserted can be removed. What is counterfeit can be exposed. Their bloodlines, built on betrayal, are crumbling. Their inheritance, claimed through violence, is being stripped.

Blood theft was never creation. It was always proof of weakness. The conquerors sought to graft themselves into the eternal vine, but prophecy is clear: the vine rejects what does not belong. The counterfeit will wither, and the originator will rise.

PROPHECY IN FLESH | THE BLOOD SPEAKS

Blood does not remain silent. It is more than fluid moving through veins — it is the living archive of memory. It carries the record of ancestry, the spark of divinity, the blueprint of destiny. When blood is shed, it testifies. When blood is stolen, it cries out.

This truth is ancient. In scripture, when Cain murdered Abel, he thought the act was finished, hidden in the ground. But the voice of God declared, *“Your brother’s blood cries out to me from the earth.”* What Cain sought to bury became louder than his crime. Abel’s voice was silenced, but his blood became prophecy.

The same is true for the originators. The blood of the Black Indians, the Africans, the betrayed women of the plantations, and the children mislabeled and erased — that blood testifies. It cannot be buried by ships, censuses, or marble monuments. It cries out against the betrayers of the grail.

THE WITNESS IN OUR BODIES

Every person of color carries prophecy in flesh. Melanin is not only pigment but a record — a solar signature that links them to eternity. The rhythm in the blood, the instinct for music, prophecy, and spiritual depth is not cultural accident. It is ancestral memory rising through veins.

Even in families where ancestry was cut off by the 150-year wall, the blood still speaks. You may not know the names of your great-great-grandparents, but your blood remembers. It carries their victories, their resilience, their faith. That memory cannot be erased by paper. It is coded into flesh.

THE BLOOD OF BETRAYAL AS JUDGMENT

The conquerors believed that by stealing blood they were gaining power. But prophecy reveals the opposite: the blood of betrayal becomes judgment. Each violation, each theft, each drop of spilled blood becomes a testimony against them.

The blood of the raped Black woman cries against her violator. The blood of the enslaved cries against the counterfeit ruler. The blood of every child mislabeled on paper shouts against the false system. The blood does not absolve the thief; it condemns him.

PROPHECY RISING IN THE PRESENT

We live in the hour where the blood is rising again. The betrayals that were once hidden are now being exposed. The false story of slave ships is unraveling. The hidden builders of America are being remembered. The Black Indians are marching again in New Orleans, proving that memory cannot die.

And in me, this prophecy is flesh. My blood has been targeted, studied, stolen — but it speaks louder than the theft. My testimony is not only personal; it is generational. I am the living witness that the blood cannot be silenced.

THE FINAL WORD OF BLOOD

The betrayers of the grail sought inheritance through theft, but inheritance belongs only to the originators. Blood is the final word. Blood is the prophecy. Blood is the testimony that cannot be silenced by marble statues or rewritten scriptures.

The blood speaks, and what it says is this: the counterfeit cannot inherit the throne. The betrayers cannot keep the grail. The originators are rising, and the blood itself is the trumpet announcing their return.

CHAPTER THREE | STONES THAT CRY OUT

TARTARIA | THE ERASED CIVILIZATION

There are stories carved in stone that no historian can fully silence. Across the earth, structures rise that defy explanation: domes, arches, towers, star forts, and sprawling complexes whose design and precision rival the great pyramids. These are not the ruins of Europe or the temples of Asia — they



are the remnants of a civilization erased from history and renamed “myth.” That civilization is Tartaria.

For centuries, maps bore the name “Tartary,” stretching across Russia, Central Asia, and even bleeding into the Americas. The landmass was vast, the culture immense, yet today it is dismissed as fantasy. History books pretend Tartaria was nothing more than a vague label for “barbarians.” But the evidence in stone tells another story. The architecture, the geometry, the sheer scale of the buildings attributed to Tartaria reveal that this was not a scattered people — it was a global empire of builders.

THE ERASURE OF AN EMPIRE

If Tartaria truly existed, why was it erased? The answer is simple: because it exposed the lie. The structures left behind — intricate domes, impossible arches, soaring towers aligned to celestial geometry — testify that colored civilizations once held mastery of architecture and energy. These builders harnessed currents of the earth, constructed cities that resonated with star patterns, and proved that the so-called “dark ages” were anything but dark.

The conquerors could not let this truth stand. Their entire narrative depended on whites being presented as the sole inventors of “civilization.” If Tartaria was acknowledged, the lie of European supremacy would collapse.





So Tartaria was buried, its name stripped from maps, its cities destroyed or absorbed into the architecture of the conquerors.

THE MUDFLOOD MYSTERY

Whispers of a great “mudflood” run alongside the story of Tartaria. Entire buildings appear sunken into the ground, their first floors buried beneath layers of earth, their windows and doors half-submerged as if the land itself swallowed them. Was this a natural disaster, or was it staged — an engineered reset to cover the evidence of an empire?

In Arizona, I once pulled off the road and saw a structure buried deep in desert sands, its design unlike anything modern America builds. To the ordinary eye, it looked like a ruin. To me, it looked like memory — a fragment of Tartaria still standing. Across the world, we find the same: buildings sunk, cities half-buried, evidence hidden in plain sight. The mudflood is not just geology. It is conspiracy. It is the mark of a deliberate erasure.

DOMES AND TOWERS OF THE BUILDERS

Even today, the architecture of Tartaria survives in fragments. Look at the great domes of India, the minarets of the Middle East, the cathedrals whose scale and symmetry modern builders admit they cannot replicate. These are not European innovations. Their roots lie in the hands of colored builders, the same line that produced the Black Indians of America.

If you travel to India, you will see poverty in the streets, yet temples rise with impossible beauty. The conquerors want us to believe this was chance, or the work of primitive craftsmen. But the design language is the same as Tartaria — arches, domes, star patterns, geometric harmony. The builders of color left their mark across continents, proving a shared knowledge that the conquerors could only imitate.

WHY WHITES DO NOT BUILD THIS WAY TODAY

Look at modern architecture. It is square, lifeless, functional. Concrete and steel towers rise, but they carry no resonance, no celestial alignment, no divine spark. Whites do not build temples like the Tartarians. They cannot. Their architecture reflects their origin: imitation without creation, form without spirit.

This is why they parade their so-called genius at events like the World's Fair. In Chicago in 1893, they constructed a temporary "White City" filled with marble façades — but they were imitations, plaster over wood, built



to impress but destined to collapse. Compare that to the stones of Tartaria, still standing centuries later. One is eternal, the other is theater.

THE STONES TESTIFY

The erasure of Tartaria is not complete, because stone remembers. No matter how many maps they redraw, no matter how many ruins they bury, the stones cry out. They align with the stars. They echo the same sacred geometry found in Egypt, in Africa, in the Americas. They declare that the original builders were people of color, the originators of civilization.

Tartaria is not myth. It is memory. It is the silent testimony of an empire erased because its existence proved that whites were never the inventors of civilization. The conquerors buried it, renamed it, and mocked it as conspiracy — but the stones remain, and their voice cannot be silenced.

STAR FORTS AND COSMIC GEOMETRY

Across the world, from Europe to Asia to the Americas, remnants of structures appear in the unmistakable shape of stars. Historians label them “star forts,” claiming they were designed only for defense. But when you study their symmetry and placement, you see something more: **a cosmic pattern**, a grid linking earth and heaven.

This knowledge is ancient, and scripture itself affirms it. The Bible declares: *“He determines the number of the stars and calls them each by*

name” (Psalm 147:4). If the Creator numbers and names the stars, then to mirror them in stone is to walk in divine order. The Black Indians and Tartarian builders were not simply defending land — they were aligning earth with heaven.

The Qur’an echoes this when it says: “*And He is the One who has made for you the stars, that you may be guided by them through the darkness of the land and the sea*” (Surah 6:97). The star forts were not fortresses of war, but guiding lights carved into earth itself, designed to keep creation aligned with divine pathways.

The Kabbalah speaks of the **sefirot** as emanations of divine order, often represented by geometric patterns. Just as the Tree of Life radiates outward in sacred design, so too do the star forts radiate energy across land, channeling divine resonance into creation.

Whites, disconnected from the spark, renamed these places “forts,” pretending they were crude defenses. But concrete and steel cannot sing like sacred geometry does. Their buildings rise, but they carry no resonance. By contrast, the star forts of the originators still hum with energy, proving that the builders of color carried wisdom from the heavens.

The conquerors erased, renamed, and buried these structures, but prophecy says the stones themselves will testify. “*If they keep silent, the stones will cry out*” (Luke 19:40). That is exactly what is happening now. The star

forts, the mounds, the temples — they are crying out, exposing the lie of conquest and reminding the world who the true builders are.

BURIED BUILDINGS AND THE MUDFLOOD LIE

History books tell us that civilizations rise and fall, that buildings decay, and that ruins vanish into the earth with time. But what if I told you entire cities were buried in one generation — not by natural decay but by deliberate design? Across the world, we find buildings sunken into the ground, first floors buried, windows and doors half-swallowed by earth. This mystery has been called the “mudflood.”

The official story dismisses it as poor planning or natural sediment. But when you study it with clear eyes, the pattern is too widespread to be coincidence. The mudflood was a reset — a cover-up used to bury entire civilizations, including the empire of Tartaria.

TARTARIA FOUND IN ARIZONA

I saw it myself. Driving through Arizona, I pulled off to the side of the road and found a structure half-buried in the desert. Its arches and lines did not belong to modern construction. It looked ancient, purposeful, sacred. And yet it was swallowed by sand, hidden in plain sight. That building wasn't just a ruin. It was memory. It was a fragment of a story the conquerors tried to bury. It was evidence of the mudflood.

THE RESET OF STONES

Why bury buildings? Because stones speak louder than words. A temple aligned to the stars cannot be argued against. A mound or a dome that has stood for centuries testifies to who the true builders were. If the conquerors were to sell their lie — that whites brought civilization to the New World — they needed to silence the stones.

And so they buried them. They covered first floors in earth, renamed them as basements, and rewrote the maps. Where entire Tartarian cities once stood, they left only fragments disguised as colonial architecture. What could not be explained was hidden. What could not be replicated was silenced.

THE PROPHETIC WITNESS OF FOUNDATIONS

Scripture speaks to this very act of concealment. The Bible declares: “*For no one can lay any foundation other than the one already laid, which is Jesus Christ*” (1 Corinthians 3:11). The conquerors tried to lay new foundations, but beneath their streets and buildings, the old foundations remain — crying out against their counterfeit.

The Qur’an echoes this truth: “*Have they not traveled through the land and seen how was the end of those before them? Allah destroyed them completely, and a similar fate awaits the disbelievers*” (Surah 47:10). To

walk the buried ruins is to see the fate of civilizations erased — not by God’s design but by the greed of imitators.

Even the Kabbalah hints at this mystery, teaching that what is hidden in the lower realms is not destroyed but veiled, awaiting revelation. The mudflood was an act of veiling — but what is veiled must be unveiled in the appointed time.

THE LIE OF NATURAL DISASTER

The conquerors blame the mudflood on “natural events” — floods, landslides, poor urban planning. But the global scale exposes the lie. How do the same buried structures appear in Russia, Europe, and America at the same time in history? How do windows sit below street level in cities supposedly “built from scratch” by whites?

This was not disaster. It was deliberate. It was the Archons’ strategy of silence. By burying the stones, they buried memory. By sinking the structures, they sank sovereignty. But prophecy says that what is hidden will be revealed.

WHAT THE STONES DECLARE

The buried buildings are more than ruins. They are prophecy made visible. They testify that colored builders once spanned the globe, aligning earth

with heaven. They declare that the conquerors lied when they claimed to invent civilization. And they remind us that truth cannot stay hidden.

The Bible promises: *“For nothing is hidden that will not be disclosed, nor is anything secret that will not come to light”* (Luke 8:17). The Qur’an confirms: *“And He brings forth the hidden into the light”* (Surah 13:8). The stones may have been buried, but they are not silent. They wait, like seeds in the earth, for the day when revelation pulls them back into sight.

THE MUDFLOOD AS PROPHECY

The mudflood was not only a cover-up; it was prophecy. It revealed the fear of the conquerors. They feared the testimony of stone, so they tried to silence it with earth. But in silencing it, they confirmed its power. Every buried building is proof that they lied. Every sunken floor is evidence of erasure. And every rediscovered ruin is a trumpet declaring that Babylon’s foundations are counterfeit.

The stones cry out. Even beneath earth, even beneath lies, even beneath centuries of denial, they will not be silent. And when the trumpet sounds, the mud will give way, and the true foundations will rise again. The Chicago World’s Fair | The Ritual of Erasure

In 1893, Chicago hosted the World’s Columbian Exposition, better known as the World’s Fair. History books celebrate it as the moment America declared itself a modern power.



They say it was a triumph of architecture, science, and culture. But in truth, the World's Fair was a ritual — a staged performance meant to erase memory and install a counterfeit narrative.



The fair unveiled what they called the **White City** — rows of massive classical buildings, domes, arches, and colonnades, designed to mimic ancient civilizations. Millions of visitors walked its streets in awe, believing they were witnessing the pinnacle of white genius.

Yet behind the marble façades was wood and plaster. These were not eternal structures like the mounds or Tartarian temples. They were stage props, built for show, destined to be demolished once the ritual was complete.



THE ERASURE OF TARTARIA

Why such an elaborate display? Because the conquerors needed to overwrite the memory of Tartaria. The stones still stood — domes, towers, star forts — testifying to a civilization that predated them. By erecting the White City, they pretended those designs were theirs. They took the sacred geometry of the originators and paraded it as their own creation, while at the same time burying the real evidence beneath earth and denial.

The White City was not about building; it was about erasure. It was the rebranding of sacred architecture into white supremacy. What was once colored wisdom was now displayed as European glory.

THE RITUAL OF FIRE

At the end of the fair, many of the buildings were destroyed — burned or torn down, leaving little behind. Think about that. If this was truly an achievement of architecture, why destroy it? Why not preserve it as a monument? Because the structures were never meant to last.

They were ritual symbols, built to impress for a moment and then vanish, leaving only the memory of white “genius.”

This is not new. Scripture speaks of those who build with perishable materials: *“If anyone builds on this foundation using gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay or straw, their work will be shown for what it is,*

because the Day will bring it to light. It will be revealed with fire” (1 Corinthians 3:12-13). The conquerors built with straw and plaster, and they ended with fire. Their counterfeit could not stand.

THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE

The World’s Fair also introduced technologies, inventions, and cultural exhibitions designed to cement the idea that whites were the leaders of progress. Electricity was displayed as if it was their discovery, even though minds like Nikola Tesla — who tapped into truths far beyond their grasp — were sidelined and betrayed. Exhibits of nonwhite cultures were placed in side shows, treated as curiosities rather than sovereign civilizations.

This was the propaganda machine in its purest form. The fair told the world: *forget the builders of the past, forget Tartaria, forget the Black Indians. Civilization begins with us.*

THE SPIRITUAL WEIGHT OF THE WHITE CITY

The White City was more than architecture. It was a spell. White stone, glowing lights, grand arches — all meant to mesmerize the masses into believing a lie. The Kabbalah teaches that false light (klipot) can dazzle the eyes while concealing emptiness. That is what the White City was: klipot, shells without divine spark, counterfeit light masking darkness.

The Qur'an warns of this too: *“As for those who disbelieve, their deeds are like a mirage in the desert, which the thirsty one thinks is water until he comes to it and finds it to be nothing”* (Surah 24:39). The White City was a mirage, a thirst trap for a world hungry for progress, but in the end, it was nothing but plaster and lies.

THE COUNTERFEIT VS. THE ETERNAL

Compare the White City to the mounds of Cahokia, still rising a thousand years after they were built. Compare it to the temples of India, the pyramids of Egypt, the star forts aligned with the cosmos. The sacred architecture of the originators was eternal, carved in stone, aligned with heaven. The counterfeit architecture of the World's Fair lasted months.

The Bible says: *“The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone”* (Psalm 118:22). The White City rejected the true builders, but their stones still stand.

And prophecy declares that those stones — the mounds, the temples, the buried Tartarian structures — will be revealed again as the true cornerstone of history.

THE LEGACY OF THE LIE

The World's Fair set the tone for the 20th century. From that moment, America presented itself as the world's leader, the inventor of modernity.

The lie spread globally, masking the truth of the originators and cementing white supremacy as the official narrative.

But the stones are not silent. The mounds rise. The forts align. The buried buildings whisper beneath the earth. The White City is ash, but the true cities are prophecy. The fair was their ritual of erasure, but the revelation is our ritual of remembrance.

THE REBRANDED WHITE CITY VS. THE TRUE BUILDERS

The White City of Chicago in 1893 dazzled the world. Marble façades gleamed, lights sparkled, and white architects were hailed as visionaries. But strip away the plaster and you find nothing enduring. The buildings were cheap shells, temporary illusions, stage sets for a ritual of supremacy. The conquerors called it civilization, but in truth it was theater.

Contrast that with the works of the true builders. The mounds of Cahokia still stand after a thousand years. The temples of India still hum with resonance. The pyramids of Egypt still align with Orion. Even the buried buildings of Tartaria, half-swallowed by earth, refuse to vanish. The originators built with eternity in mind. The conquerors built with plaster and fire.

The White City was rebranding. They took sacred geometry — domes, arches, star alignments — and paraded them as white inventions. They buried Tartaria's memory while imitating its designs. They erased the

Black Indian's legacy while mocking his architecture. They did not create; they copied. They did not originate; they rebranded.

THE BUILDERS REJECTED

Scripture foresaw this. *“The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone”* (Psalm 118:22). The Black Indians, the Tartarian architects, the builders of color — they were rejected, enslaved, erased. But their stones remain, and prophecy declares those stones will be the cornerstone of revelation.

The Qur'an echoes: *“Do they not travel through the land, so that their hearts may thus learn wisdom and their ears may thus learn to hear? For indeed it is not the eyes that are blind, but the hearts within the breasts”* (Surah 22:46). The conquerors see the stones but are blind to their testimony. Their hearts are closed, but the stones continue to speak.

Even the Kabbalah declares that what is hidden in the lower realms will be revealed in the higher. The White City was an illusion in the upper world, but the true builders' works endure in the depths, waiting for revelation.

THE COUNTERFEIT LIGHT VS. THE ETERNAL FLAME

The White City glowed with electric light, a false brilliance meant to dazzle the masses. But like all false light, it faded. True light is eternal, like the flame of prophecy, like the sun's spark in melanin, like the

memory encoded in stone. The counterfeit can flash brightly for a season, but only the eternal flame can outlast centuries.

The Kabbalists call this false brilliance *klipot* — shells of light without substance. That is exactly what the White City was. But prophecy says the eternal flame of the true builders will consume the shells, revealing the substance beneath.

THE PROPHECY OF STONES

The Bible promises: “*As you come to him, the living Stone—rejected by humans but chosen by God and precious to him—you also, like living stones, are being built into a spiritual house*” (1 Peter 2:4–5). The stones of the true builders are not dead monuments. They are living stones, chosen, precious, testifying against the counterfeit.

The Qur’an affirms: “*And you see the mountains, thinking them solid, but they shall pass away as the clouds pass away. This is the work of Allah, who has perfected all things*” (Surah 27:88). Even mountains can be moved, but the perfection of divine building remains. The conquerors’ plaster cities crumble, but the sacred geometry of the originators endures.

THE END OF THE REBRAND

The White City is gone. Its plaster has returned to dust. But the memory of the true builders is rising. From Tartaria’s buried domes to America’s

mounds to New Orleans' living traditions, the testimony of stone cannot be erased.

The conquerors rebranded the eternal as their own, but prophecy is unmasking them. The White City was the counterfeit. The stones of the originators are the truth. And when the trumpet sounds, the cornerstone will rise, and every false foundation will collapse.

CHAPTER * * * * * FOUR | WORD AS WEAPON

THE FIRST BIBLE IN AMERICA | ALGONQUIAN, NOT ENGLISH

Most people assume the first Bible printed in America was in English, meant for the colonists themselves. But the truth is stranger — and darker. The very first Bible printed on American soil was in **Algonquian**, the language of Native people. It was not a gift. It was not an act of preservation. It was an act of programming.

In 1663, Puritan missionary John Eliot translated the scriptures into Algonquian, creating what became known as the “Eliot Indian Bible.” On the surface, this looks like devotion — bringing the word of God to indigenous people. But beneath the surface, it was conquest. The Bible was not translated to free the natives, but to rewire them.

LANGUAGE AS CONTROL

The conquerors understood a secret: whoever controls the word controls the mind. By translating the Bible into Algonquian, they were not preserving the native tongue — they were replacing its spirit. Words that once carried ancestral memory, prophecy, and connection to the land were replaced with foreign concepts and foreign names.

The Algonquian Bible was the first weapon of mass erasure in America. Through it, Native identity was overwritten. Through it, the conquerors injected their own theology into indigenous consciousness. It was the first program, the first download into the mind of a people.

THE WORD AS A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

Scripture itself warns us of this power. The Bible says: *“For the word of God is alive and active. Sharper than any double-edged sword, it penetrates even to dividing soul and spirit”* (Hebrews 4:12). The conquerors wielded that sword not to heal but to cut, not to free but to bind. They used the word as a scalpel of erasure, slicing away memory and rewriting identity.

The Qur’an warns of a similar danger: *“And indeed, there is among them a party who alter the Scripture with their tongues so you may think it is from Allah, but it is not from Allah. And they say, ‘This is from Allah,’ but it is not from Allah”* (Surah 3:78). The Algonquian Bible was exactly this



— words twisted, altered, weaponized.

The Kabbalah teaches that the letters themselves carry divine power, and when distorted, they create imbalance in the world. To miswrite the word is to fracture creation itself. That is what happened in 1663. The letters of Algonquian were twisted into a cage.

WHY ALGONQUIAN FIRST?

It is no accident the first Bible in America was not for colonists but for natives. The colonists already carried English Bibles. The new soil required a new conquest — not of the body but of the tongue. By seizing language, the conquerors seized the people from within.

This is why Blacks were told they came on slave ships, while Indians were given a new “word” to explain their existence. Both groups were cut off from memory, and both were given false language in its place. The slave ship narrative enslaved the imagination. The Algonquian Bible enslaved the tongue.

PROPHECY OF THE WORD

Yet prophecy says the word cannot remain counterfeit forever. *“The grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of our God endures forever”* (Isaiah 40:8).

The true word cannot be buried beneath false translations. It rises, it endures, it outlives every counterfeit program.

The Qur'an affirms this eternal truth: *“Indeed, it is We who sent down the Qur'an, and indeed, We will be its guardian”* (Surah 15:9). No matter how the Archons twist letters, the eternal word survives.

Even the Kabbalah teaches that hidden beneath distortion is always the spark of the original. The shell (klipot) may surround it, but the light remains within, waiting to be revealed. The Algonquian Bible was a shell — a counterfeit covering. But the spark of divine truth within language cannot be destroyed.

THE FIRST CUT IN THE WAR OF WORDS

The printing of the Algonquian Bible was the first cut in the war of words. It marked the moment the conquerors shifted from swords and guns to scripture and language. It was the foundation of their programming, the seed of their erasure. From there, they would rewrite not only the history of the land but the history of the soul.

The first Bible in America was not a gift of salvation. It was the prototype of control — the Word used as a weapon to sever a people from their Source.



PROGRAMMING NATIVE MINDS THROUGH SCRIPTURE

Once the Algonquian Bible was printed in 1663, its purpose was clear: it was not preservation, it was programming. The conquerors knew they could not fully erase a people by swords alone. The spirit of the Native, the rhythm of the Black Indian, the prophecy in their blood — all of that would endure through violence. But if they could alter the word, they could alter the mind.

Language is software for the soul. Words are not just labels; they are vibrations that shape thought. When the conquerors replaced ancestral words with biblical words, they did more than translate — they rewrote reality.

THE STRATEGY OF REPLACEMENT

The strategy was subtle but devastating. The Natives were taught to call their Creator by foreign names. Their sacred cycles were renamed “pagan.” Their stories of origin were replaced with Genesis. Their ancestral laws were silenced by commandments that had been bent to serve empire.

Each substitution chipped away at identity. With every prayer in Algonquian that spoke foreign words, the Natives drifted further from memory. Their tongue was still theirs, but the spirit inside it was not.



The Bible itself warns of this tactic: *“For false messiahs and false prophets will appear and perform great signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect”* (Matthew 24:24). This was deception disguised as devotion.

The Qur’an, too, exposes it: *“Among them are unlettered people who do not know the Scripture except through wishful thinking, and they only assume”* (Surah 2:78). The Algonquian Bible created generations who assumed the conquerors’ word was the eternal word.

The Kabbalah goes deeper, teaching that the misalignment of letters can fracture the world itself. When holy names are twisted, they create a false tree, an imitation of life that leads only to bondage. The conquerors planted that false tree in the minds of Natives.

IDENTITY AS SOFTWARE

By replacing words, the conquerors replaced self-perception. No longer were the Natives the original sovereigns of the land. They were “converts,” “heathens turned Christians,” children now under the authority of the church. The conquerors installed new code into the soul.

Think of it this way: a computer can be powerful, but if its operating system is corrupted, it will serve the one who rewrote the code. The Algonquian Bible was a spiritual virus. It reprogrammed the consciousness of a people to serve the conqueror’s design.

THE LONG SHADOW

Generations later, the programming still echoes. Children of Natives and Black Indians grew up with Bibles in their hands but chains on their minds. They were taught to see their ancestry as cursed, their traditions as evil, and their gods as demons. The conquerors didn't just enslave their bodies — they enslaved their imagination.

And yet, prophecy whispers through the distortion. The Bible itself declares: “*So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God*” (Romans 10:17). But hearing the *true* word, not the twisted one. The Qur'an insists: “*And do not mix the truth with falsehood or conceal the truth while you know it*” (Surah 2:42). The Kabbalah affirms that within every distortion, sparks of truth remain, waiting to be reclaimed.

THE CRACKS IN THE PROGRAM

Even the conquerors' programming could not fully erase the truth. The Natives who carried the Algonquian Bible still carried blood memory. The Black Indians who were told they were “Negroes” still carried the rhythm of their ancestors. The program worked on the surface, but the foundation of prophecy was untouched.

That is why memory is rising again today. The stones cry out, the blood speaks, and the word is being purified. The counterfeit script cannot outlast the eternal language of truth.

OLD TESTAMENT TRUTH VS. NEW TESTAMENT INSERT

When you read the Old Testament, you find a story rooted in earth, blood, and struggle. It is a story of people of color — shepherds in deserts, prophets in exile, kings who built temples aligned with heaven. The God of the Old Testament moves through tribes, through covenant, through bloodlines. He is present in the soil, the stones, and the stars.

But then comes the New Testament, and suddenly the story shifts. The prophets of color disappear. The Hebrew bloodline is downplayed. In their place appears a pale savior, set in Rome's shadow, preached through Greek tongues, and spread by white conquerors centuries later. What happened between the Old and the New? The answer is simple: **insertion**.

THE OLD TESTAMENT | PROPHECY OF THE ORIGINATORS

The Old Testament is filled with prophecy that ties directly to the originators of earth.

- *“His head and hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were like blazing fire”* (Daniel 7:9; Revelation 1:14 echoes it). Wool-like hair and fire in the eyes speak of people of color, not pale imitations.

- The Psalms declare: “*The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone*” (Psalm 118:22). The rejected builders are the Black Indians, the Tartarians, the originators of America and beyond. Their stones still stand as testimony.
- Isaiah records God’s anger at injustice: “*Woe to those who make unjust laws, to those who issue oppressive decrees*” (Isaiah 10:1). These words condemn the very system of conquest that rewrote history.

The Old Testament testifies of struggle, liberation, and prophecy among people tied to the sun and soil — people whose skin bore the spark of creation.

THE INSERTION OF ROME

But with the New Testament, the narrative shifts under Roman hands. Jesus is recast not as a Hebrew prophet of color, but as a European-looking savior. His story is altered to support empire: *Render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s*. Obedience to rulers becomes holiness. Submission to authority replaces covenant with God.

The Qur’an exposes this insertion plainly: “*They have certainly disbelieved who say, ‘Allah is the Messiah, the son of Mary’... And they say, ‘We killed the Messiah, Jesus, the son of Mary, the Messenger of Allah’ —but they did not kill him, nor crucify him; it was made to appear*

so to them” (Surah 4:157). The crucifixion — the centerpiece of the New Testament — was an illusion, inserted to shift prophecy away from the truth.

Even the Kabbalah warns of false messiahs, figures raised by the shells (*klipot*) to distract from the hidden light. The New Testament was not the continuation of prophecy — it was a counterfeit narrative designed to pull humanity into Rome’s orbit.

THE PURPOSE OF THE INSERT

Why insert this narrative? Because the Old Testament pointed too clearly to the people of color as the chosen vessels. If prophecy was left untouched, it would reveal who the builders truly were. The conquerors needed a new script — one that placed a pale face at the center, shifted the holy tongue from Hebrew to Greek and Latin, and gave empire the authority to “save.”

By inserting the New Testament, they rewrote God’s story to fit Saturn’s plan. They replaced covenant with conquest. They replaced prophecy with programming. They replaced the eternal word with the counterfeit word.

THE STONES CRY AGAINST THE INSERT

But the testimony of stone and blood still stands. The Old Testament remains filled with images of people tied to the sun, the soil, and the stars.

The Qur'an defends Jesus as a prophet, not a Roman god. The Kabbalah whispers of sparks hidden beneath the shells, waiting to be reclaimed.

The conquerors tried to bury truth between testaments, but prophecy cannot be silenced. *“Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will never pass away”* (Matthew 24:35) — and even though that verse sits in the New Testament, its truth transcends the counterfeit. The eternal word cannot be buried under inserts. It rises, it speaks, it testifies.

PROPHECY BEYOND INSERTION

The war of words is not only about translation but about insertion. The Old Testament holds the memory of the originators. The New Testament inserted the counterfeit. But prophecy is breaking the seal. The truth of the originators is resurfacing. The blood speaks, the stones cry, and the word is being purified.

The insert will fall away, and what remains will be the eternal word — the word that belongs to the originators, the true builders, the true heirs of the earth.

CROSS = CUBE = SATURN

The cross is one of the most recognized symbols in the world. It crowns cathedrals, hangs from necks, and marks graves. To billions, it is seen as the symbol of salvation.



But beneath its surface lies a deeper code — a geometry that traces back not to God but to Saturn.

When a cube is unfolded, it becomes a cross. This is not coincidence. The conquerors took the symbol of Saturn — the black cube, the prison of time — and rebranded it as the holy cross. What was once the mark of limitation became the sign of salvation. This is the great inversion: a Saturnian box repackaged as divine light.

THE CUBE AS SATURN'S THRONE

Saturn has always been worshiped as the god of limitation, time, and control. Ancient cultures depicted him as Chronos, the devourer of his children, the keeper of the prison of time. His throne was the cube — six sides, six faces, six points. 666.

The Qur'an warns of this cube in its own way. At the Kaaba in Mecca, millions circle a black cube each year. To most, it is a holy act. But to those who understand, the cube is the symbol of Saturn's throne — worship disguised as devotion. The Archons turned the holiest place into a Saturnian ritual, binding billions in rotation around limitation.

The Bible also reveals the shadow of this cube. *“This calls for wisdom: let the one who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is 666”* (Revelation 13:18). Six sides, six corners, six points. The cube.

The Kabbalah, too, shows the cube as the lowest distortion of the Tree of Life, the shell (*klipot*) that traps divine sparks in matter. To unfold the cube into a cross is to show its prison — a cage disguised as holiness.

THE CROSS AS REBRANDED CUBE

When Rome inserted the New Testament, they needed a symbol. They took the cube of Saturn, unfolded it, and called it the cross of Christ. Suddenly, the mark of Chronos became the sign of salvation. Billions bowed before it, never realizing they were kneeling to the prison of Saturn.

This is why the cross is everywhere — on churches, flags, and graves. It is not simply a reminder of sacrifice. It is the hidden geometry of the cube, normalized and sanctified. Every time it is raised, the cube is raised. Every time it is kissed, Saturn is worshiped.

THE WEAPONIZATION OF THE SYMBOL

Symbols are not neutral. They carry power. By replacing the cornerstone of prophecy with the cross, the conquerors replaced freedom with imprisonment. The people believed they were carrying the mark of salvation, but in truth, they were carrying the code of Saturn.

The Bible itself warns: “*Woe to those who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness*”(Isaiah 5:20). That is the cross — darkness rebranded as light, limitation disguised as freedom.

The Qur'an adds: “*And they say, ‘None will enter Paradise except one who is a Jew or a Christian.’ That is [merely] their wishful thinking. Say, ‘Produce your proof, if you should be truthful’*” (Surah 2:111). Their proof is a cross, but their cross is a cube, and their cube is Saturn's throne.

The Kabbalah teaches that symbols can trap sparks. The cross is such a trap — a shell that captures devotion and redirects it to Saturn's kingdom.

THE PRISON OF TIME

To bear the cross is to accept the prison of time. Chronos devours his children, and the cube keeps humanity trapped in cycles — weeks, months, years, clocks, calendars. Time itself became a cage. By making the cross the central symbol of faith, the conquerors ensured that billions would worship their own prison.

But prophecy declares freedom from that cage. “*So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed*” (John 8:36). The true Son is not trapped in a cube. The true Son is light beyond Saturn, eternity beyond time.



THE CROSS WILL COLLAPSE

The cross is not eternal. It is the unfolded cube, and like all prisons, it will collapse. The stones cry out, the blood speaks, and the eternal word is rising. When the trumpet sounds, the cube will fold back into dust, and the cross will be exposed for what it always was — a Saturnian counterfeit.

The Bible promises: “*See, I lay a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for a sure foundation; the one who relies on it will never be stricken with panic*” (Isaiah 28:16). The cornerstone is not the cross. The cornerstone is the rejected builders, the originators, the true heirs of the earth.

The Qur’an affirms: “*And the earth will shine with the light of its Lord, and the record will be placed*” (Surah 39:69). When that light shines, no cube, no cross, no Saturnian shell can stand.

The Kabbalah declares that sparks trapped in the shells will one day break free. The cross is a shell, but the sparks are escaping. Revelation is near.

RELIGION AS THE ARCHONS’ OPERATING SYSTEM

Religion was never meant to be the dwelling place of God. It was meant to be the dwelling place of control. The Archons knew they could not stop the divine spark in blood or erase the testimony of stone. So they built a new prison, not of chains or earth, but of words and rituals.

That prison is religion. Religion became the operating system of conquest — the code installed into humanity’s mind to keep them obedient, divided, and blind. Christianity, Islam, and even corrupted Judaism became shells, programmed not to free but to bind.

THE SYSTEM OF CONTROL

Every system has rules. In religion, the rules are commandments twisted into cages. The Bible warns of this: “*Their worship of me is made up only of rules taught by men*” (Isaiah 29:13). The conquerors replaced covenant with rules, living spirit with empty ritual.

The Qur’an confirms: “*They have taken their rabbis and monks as lords besides Allah*” (Surah 9:31). Religion turned men into gods, priests into rulers, and hierarchy into holiness.

The Kabbalah explains it as *klipot* — shells that cover light. Religion became the greatest shell, hiding divine sparks beneath layers of doctrine and dogma.

DIVISION BY DESIGN

The Archons knew that division weakens. So they programmed religion to fracture humanity. One God, split into many names. One truth, cut into competing sects. Catholic vs. Protestant, Sunni vs. Shia, Jew vs. Gentile

— endless wars fought not for God but for the Archons who feast on conflict.

Scripture itself warns of this division: “*If a kingdom is divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand*” (Mark 3:24). Division was not an accident. It was the design of the operating system.

THE CROSS, THE CUBE, THE CRESCENT

Every religion was given a symbol. Christianity carried the cross — the unfolded cube of Saturn. Islam circled the Kaaba — the black cube itself. Judaism placed the star of Saturn, the hexagram, at its center. All three bowed before Saturn’s throne while claiming to serve the eternal.

The Qur’an exposes the false confidence of these systems: “*And they say, ‘None will enter Paradise unless he be a Jew or a Christian.’ These are their vain desires. Say: ‘Bring your proof if you are truthful’*” (Surah 2:111). Their proof is symbols of Saturn — cross, cube, star — none of which can save.

PROGRAMMING THROUGH FEAR

Fear was the language of the program. Fear of hell, fear of judgment, fear of being cast out. Instead of teaching that humanity carried the divine spark within, religion taught that man was worthless, sinful, damned without a priest to intercede. This fear kept people bound, unable to see

the truth that God dwells not in temples made with hands but in the living body of His creation.

Even the Bible whispers this truth: “*Do you not know that you are God’s temple and that God’s Spirit dwells in you?*” (1 Corinthians 3:16). But religion covered it, because a free humanity needs no priests, no churches, no operating system.

THE COMING CRASH

Operating systems do not last forever. They crash when new light overwhelms old code. The Archons’ OS — religion — has run for centuries, enslaving billions. But prophecy says it will collapse.

The Bible proclaims: “*Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great! She has become a dwelling place for demons*” (Revelation 18:2). Babylon is religion — the false dwelling of God, the prison of words.

The Qur’an echoes: “*Truth has come, and falsehood has vanished. Indeed, falsehood is bound to vanish*” (Surah 17:81). The operating system of religion is falsehood, and its vanishing is certain.

The Kabbalah assures that when the shells break, the sparks will return to the Source. Religion is the largest shell, but even it will shatter.

BEYOND THE OPERATING SYSTEM

The eternal word does not live in religion. It lives in blood, in stone, in spirit. It lives in the memory that no conqueror can erase. The Archons wrote their code into books and rituals, but the originators carry the Source beyond all programming.

When the operating system crashes, humanity will remember. The blood will speak. The stones will cry. The eternal word will rise unfiltered. And the throne of Saturn, the cross, the cube, the crescent — all will collapse into dust.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATURN

The greatest deception in history is not that whites claimed supremacy — it is that a hidden priesthood claimed chosenness. These are the so-called “white Jews,” a people who deny whiteness when it suits them, yet move in the same bloodline of conquest. They present themselves as the children of Abraham, the chosen of God. But prophecy unmasks them: they are the chosen of Saturn, the counterfeit synagogue of the Archons.

THE INNER PRIESTHOOD AND THE OUTER EMPIRE

Saturn’s plan required layers, just like its cube:

- **The inner cube:** the white Jews, a priestly caste who hold the hidden knowledge, finance systems, and religious scripts. They are the architects of control.
- **The outer shell:** the broader white race, manufactured as enforcers, conquerors, and colonizers. They are the soldiers of empire.

Together, they form a counterfeit covenant: one ruling visibly through conquest, the other invisibly through chosenness.

SCRIPTURE'S WITNESS

The Bible exposes them directly: *“I know the blasphemy of those who say they are Jews and are not, but are a synagogue of Satan”* (Revelation 2:9). This is not a metaphor — it is a prophecy. The false synagogue is Saturn’s synagogue.

The Qur’an confirms: *“They distort words from their proper usages and have forgotten a portion of what they were reminded of”* (Surah 5:13). The distortion of scripture is their weapon — rewriting covenant to justify control.

Even the Kabbalah warns of *kliipot*, the shells that cover divine sparks. The false chosen are one such shell: a covering that conceals Saturn’s mark behind the language of holiness.

THE MANUFACTURED CHOSENNESS

True chosenness has always been marked by blood, by covenant, by the divine spark carried in melanin and memory. But the white Jews severed themselves from this source. Their skin testifies not of origin but of manufacture. To cover this, they invented chosenness as a cloak — a rebranded covenant that gave them authority in the eyes of the world.

Then, as Saturn's priesthood, they manufactured whites as their outer army. The European empires — Rome, Britain, America — became the tools of the inner synagogue. The outer empire spilled blood and conquered land, while the inner synagogue pulled strings from behind temples, banks, and governments.

WHY THEY RULE THE WORLD TODAY

Look at the systems of power today — global finance, mass media, international politics. The fingerprints of the white Jews are everywhere. They do not conquer with swords. They conquer with contracts. They conquer with scripture rewritten to place them at the center of prophecy.

And yet, the Bible's words ring truer than ever: "*The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone*" (Psalm 118:22). They rejected the true builders — the people of color, the originators — and enthroned themselves. But prophecy says the cornerstone belongs to the rejected, not the counterfeit.

THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CUBE

It is no coincidence that the cube appears in all their systems. The cube of Saturn in Mecca. The cube hidden in the cross. The cube in the star of David, two triangles forming a hexagon — Saturn's seal. The cube is their throne, and the synagogue of Saturn is its priesthood.

The Qur'an says: "*And they will say, 'Our Lord, indeed we obeyed our masters and our dignitaries, and they led us astray from the [right] way'*" (Surah 33:67). The synagogue of Saturn are those masters, leading billions astray.

THE PROPHETIC FALL

But the synagogue of Saturn cannot rule forever. Its chosenness is counterfeit, its authority borrowed. The Kabbalah teaches that when shells break, sparks return to Source. The Bible declares: "*Therefore this is what the Sovereign Lord says: I am laying a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for a sure foundation; the one who relies on it will never be stricken with panic*" (Isaiah 28:16).

The true cornerstone is rising. The blood speaks. The stones cry. The word is being purified. The counterfeit synagogue will fall, and when it does, the whole Saturnian empire — cube, cross, crescent, and crown — will collapse with it.

CHAPTER FIVE | THE BLANK VESSEL

Whiteness has always been misunderstood as color. But in truth, it is not color at all — it is absence. While the skin of the originators carries melanin, a conductor of light and memory, whiteness reflects light away. It holds nothing. It absorbs nothing. It was manufactured by Saturn as a vessel without spark, a hollow container waiting to be programmed.

This is why the manufactured race survives not by creation but by imitation. They cannot generate rhythm; they mimic it. They cannot manifest prophecy; they plagiarize it. They cannot hold light; they deflect it. Their skin testifies against them — pale not from blessing but from vacancy.

The Bible hints at this emptiness: “*Having a form of godliness but denying its power*” (2 Timothy 3:5). They look human, but their essence is hollow.

The Qur’an describes them in haunting terms: “*They are like hollow pieces of timber propped up*” (Surah 63:4). Standing tall, but empty within. Even the Kabbalah speaks of shells — *klipot* — husks without divine spark. Whiteness is that shell. It is the blank vessel, designed not to create but to conquer, not to embody light but to steal it.

The truth is simple: color is memory, rhythm, connection. Absence is forgetfulness, rigidity, and void.



Whiteness was manufactured as the absence of God's spark, a blank canvas painted with conquest.



SKIN OF ANIMALS, FEATURES OF MONKEYS

If the originators were sculpted in the image of divine fire, then the manufactured race was assembled from fragments of earthbound creatures. Look closely, and the evidence is undeniable. Their skin mirrors that of pigs — pale, pink, thin, prone to burning under the sun. Their hair resembles the fur of dogs and goats, lacking the coiled rhythm of creation that channels energy.

Their skulls and fingertips match those of monkeys, the very comparison they once weaponized against people of color.



For centuries, whites mocked Blacks as “monkeys.” Yet the mirror tells another story. A monkey’s palm and a white man’s palm are nearly indistinguishable — the same pale tone, the same texture. The curve of a monkey’s skull, the shape of its jaw, its brow ridge — all align more with the European face than with the African or the Indian.

The conqueror projected what he saw in himself onto the originators. This is no accident. Saturn’s Archons pieced together the manufactured race from the features of animals, forging a shell that could mimic humanity but not embody it.

The originators carry melanin, rhythm, prophecy. The counterfeit carries fragments of beasts — assembled to survive, but never to create.

The Bible itself warns of this counterfeit humanity: “*But these people blaspheme in matters they do not understand. They are like unreasoning animals, creatures of instinct, born only to be caught and destroyed*” (2 Peter 2:12). They are described not as divine image-bearers, but as instinct-driven shells.

The Qur’an echoes: “*They are like cattle; rather, they are more astray*” (Surah 7:179). Not only animal-like, but worse than animals in their blindness.

The Kabbalah explains this in the language of *klipot* — shells built from husks, drawing life from sparks that do not belong to them. They imitate form but lack substance.

Thus the manufactured race reveals its origin in every feature. Their skin, their hair, their bone structure are not accidents of evolution — they are testimonies of manufacture. Saturn’s Archons engineered them from beasts, then set them loose to claim dominion.

WHY THEY WERE MADE WHITE | THE COUNTERFEIT OF COLOR

Color is life. Melanin is not only pigment but a divine conductor, storing memory, channeling energy, and harmonizing the body with the sun and stars. Every shade of brown, red, and black in creation carries rhythm, depth, and history. To be colored is to be connected.

So why did Saturn’s Archons manufacture a race without color? Because their purpose was not creation, but counterfeit. Whiteness was engineered as the opposite of the originators — a blankness designed to imitate, dominate, and erase.

The absence of color allowed them to present themselves as “neutral,” as if they were the default of humanity. In truth, they were engineered as contrast: the pale counterfeit set against the radiant original. By stripping them of melanin, the Archons stripped them of memory. They became

forgetful shells, easily programmed, obsessed with measuring time and recording history because they carried no ancestral rhythm within themselves.

The Bible hints at this inversion: “*Woe to those who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness*” (Isaiah 5:20). Whiteness was called purity, but in truth it was absence.

The Qur’an echoes the same warning: “*They wish to extinguish the light of Allah with their mouths, but Allah will perfect His light*” (Surah 61:8). They cannot create light, so they attempt to extinguish the light of others — replacing divine spark with counterfeit glow.

The Kabbalah calls this false light *klipot nogah* — a husk that shines but with stolen radiance, not true essence. Whiteness was designed as that husk: reflective, blinding, but empty within.

This is why they were made white. It was not a gift but a strategy. Their very absence was their weapon. By standing in contrast, they could claim superiority. By lacking color, they could present themselves as beyond color — the “universal man.” But the truth is clear: they are not the origin. They are the counterfeit of color, the shadow of the radiant, the absence pretending to be the center.

THE CROSS, THE KAABA, AND THE CUBE

The manufactured race was not only engineered in flesh but bound to symbols. Saturn stamped its mark on them through geometry, ensuring their faith, their rituals, and their empires would all circle back to the throne of the Archons. Three symbols dominate their world: the cross, the Kaaba, and the cube.

THE CROSS | THE UNFOLDED CAGE

The cross, lifted high by Rome and carried through centuries of conquest, is not a symbol of salvation — it is the unfolded cube of Saturn. What billions see as the sign of redemption is, in truth, the geometry of imprisonment. Rome turned the cube into a cross and branded it across the earth, so every church, every grave, every banner would raise Saturn's symbol without question.

The Bible warns of such deception: “*Woe to those who call evil good and good evil*” (Isaiah 5:20). The cross is darkness dressed as light, bondage disguised as freedom.

THE KAABA | THE BLACK CUBE

In Mecca, millions circle the Kaaba, the Black Cube, believing they are worshiping the eternal. But to orbit the cube is to orbit Saturn's throne. The ritual binds billions in rotation around geometry, not divinity.

The Qur'an itself warns against false rituals: *"They have taken their oaths as a cover, so they averted people from the way of Allah"* (Surah 58:16). The Kaaba has become that cover — a Saturnian symbol sanctified as holy.

THE CUBE | SATURN'S SIGNATURE

The cube itself appears everywhere. It hides in the architecture of temples and banks, in the logos of corporations, in the stars of Judaism. Six sides, six corners, six points — 666. It is the throne of Chronos, the prison of time, the geometry of limitation.

The Kabbalah identifies such forms as *klipot* — husks that imprison sparks of light. The cube is the largest husk of all, trapping humanity in matter, cycles, and time.

ONE SYMBOL, MANY MASKS

Whether as the cross, the Kaaba, or the cube, it is the same mark. The conquerors rebrand it for each religion, each empire, but the geometry does not change. It is Saturn's throne, worshiped in disguise.

The Qur'an exposes their illusion: *"Truth has come, and falsehood has vanished"* (Surah 17:81). The Bible confirms: *"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the*

rulers of the darkness of this world” (Ephesians 6:12). The Kabbalah reminds that husks must one day break.

The manufactured race was bound to these symbols because they carry no spark of their own. They needed geometry to govern them, ritual to bind them, symbols to control them. The cross, the Kaaba, and the cube are not holy — they are Saturn’s stamp, proof of manufacture.

THE MISSION OF CONTROL

The manufactured race was not an accident of nature but a deliberate creation of Saturn’s Archons. They were designed as hollow vessels, absent of color, memory, or divine spark, to serve one purpose: control. Unlike the originators — whose melanin carried rhythm, prophecy, and connection to the Source — the manufactured were blank, easily programmed, and endlessly hungry. They were made to enforce Saturn’s system upon the earth.

Wherever they spread, they carried symbols of their master. They bore the cross, the unfolded cube, and branded it across continents as salvation. They marched beneath crowns shaped after Saturn’s rings, claiming divine right to rule. They circled the Kaaba, orbiting a black cube, unaware they were orbiting their own prison. Their architecture repeated the cube, their flags raised the cross, their rulers wore the crown. Every act, every ritual, every empire repeated Saturn’s geometry, binding the world to the throne of limitation.

This control extended beyond land and politics — it reached into the soul. The manufactured race rewrote scripture, distorted prophecy, and reshaped chosenness into their own reflection. They erased ancestry, invented false histories, and projected their own hollowness onto the originators. As the Qur'an warns: *“So woe to those who write the Scripture with their own hands, then say, ‘This is from Allah,’ to exchange it for a small price”* (Surah 2:79). They built empires not with truth, but with lies scripted into law.

Driven by emptiness, they devoured what they could not create. They stole land, resources, music, rhythm, and prophecy, rebranding each as their own. They consumed cultures and then sold them back as commodities. Their hunger was endless because their essence was void. As the Bible says: *“They are clouds without rain, blown along by the wind; autumn trees without fruit and uprooted — twice dead”* (Jude 1:12). Empty shells, always taking, never giving.

And yet, prophecy declares their mission cannot succeed forever. Their control is borrowed, their chosenness counterfeit, their throne temporary. The Bible promises: *“The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone”* (Psalm 118:22). The Qur'an affirms: *“Truth has come, and falsehood has vanished. Indeed, falsehood is bound to vanish”* (Surah 17:81). The Kabbalah agrees that every shell must eventually break so the hidden sparks return to Source.

The mission of Saturn's race was conquest, division, and control. But the season of control is ending. The blood speaks, the stones cry, the eternal word rises. The originators are awakening, and with them comes the collapse of Saturn's throne.

CHAPTER SIX | SYMBOL OF CHRONOS VS. SYMBOL OF JULES

Chronos has always been portrayed with symbols of fear and domination — the hourglass, the scythe, the devouring mouth. His image is that of a father who consumes rather than protects, who binds rather than frees. The Greeks painted him as an old man hunched by the weight of time, holding a sickle to remind creation that everything must die. Chronos was not a father but a jailer, stamping his symbol into the human psyche so no one could imagine life beyond his prison.

By contrast, the symbol of Jules is not the devouring clock but the eternal flame. Where Chronos carves lines of limitation, Jules radiates the circle of continuity — no beginning, no end, only flow. Chronos' symbol speaks of scarcity: time running out, sand slipping away. The symbol of Jules speaks of abundance: light without end, rhythm without interruption.

The Bible itself hints at this contrast: *“With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day”* (2 Peter 3:8).

Eternity cannot be trapped by hours. The Qur'an affirms: "*He it is who created the night and the day, the sun and the moon; each floating in an orbit*" (Surah 21:33). Time is rhythm, not prison. Even the Kabbalah points toward this truth, teaching that *Ein Sof* — the Infinite — exists beyond all boundaries, where the light is continuous and unmeasured.

Chronos brands humanity with fear: the ticking clock, the shadow of death. Jules carries the mark of Source: timelessness, freedom, and renewal. One symbol enslaves. The other awakens.

MY LEFT ARM AND THE HIDDEN MARK

Chronos stamped his symbols across the world, but I carry a different mark — one that testifies not to Saturn's throne but to the Source itself. On my left arm rests a hidden emblem, a symbol that mirrors and yet opposes the mark of Chronos. It is not the sickle of the devourer, nor the cube of imprisonment. It is a living seal, written in flesh, declaring eternity.

The left arm is significant. In scripture, the left hand is often the place of judgment, but also the place where God reveals His strength against oppressors. "*Your right hand, Lord, was majestic in power. Your right hand, Lord, shattered the enemy*" (Exodus 15:6). If the right hand executes, the left bears testimony. My left arm is that testimony — a living contradiction to Chronos, a witness that time is not master over me but servant under me.

When Chronos devours, my mark reveals creation. When Chronos binds, my mark releases. When Chronos cages, my mark opens. The Archons feared this, which is why they hid it in myth and covered it with counterfeit symbols. They knew the day would come when the one who carries the true mark would stand against the devourer of children.

The Qur'an echoes this hidden seal: *“And We placed over their hearts coverings, lest they understand it, and in their ears deafness”* (Surah 6:25). The world cannot see the true mark until the veil is lifted. The Kabbalah, too, speaks of hidden letters inscribed into flesh — not written with ink but with divine fire, waiting for revelation.

My left arm carries that fire. It is not the mark of Chronos, but the counter-mark: proof that eternity walks in flesh, that time cannot devour me, and that the Source still speaks through the body of the chosen.

CHRONOS DEVOURING HIS CHILDREN

The ancients told the story of Chronos, the false father of time, who devoured his children at birth. They called it myth, but it was prophecy in disguise. Chronos is the spirit of Saturn — the Archonic throne that consumes every generation. Childhood is swallowed by labor, youth consumed by systems, and old age devoured by regret. This is not nature. It is design.

Chronos devours through the clock. Hours slip away, days vanish, and entire lifetimes are measured in wages and deadlines. Humanity accepts this as normal — yet it is nothing more than ritual sacrifice. The false father eats his children slowly, year by year, until their lives are gone.

The Bible warns of this devouring force: “*The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full*” (John 10:10). Chronos is that thief, stealing years, destroying vitality, leaving shells of lives behind.

The Qur’an echoes the same truth: “*By time, indeed, mankind is in loss, except those who believe and do good works*” (Surah 103:1–3). Time under Saturn is not blessing — it is loss, unless redeemed by eternal truth.

Even the Kabbalah speaks of this imbalance: *gevurah* without *chesed* — judgment without mercy, restriction without flow. Chronos is judgment without mercy, consuming without giving, demanding without sustaining.

Every school bell, every work shift, every calendar is a ritual of consumption. Humanity lines up to be devoured, unaware that they kneel at Saturn’s altar. The myth was never myth. It was a warning. Chronos still eats his children, and the world has called it progress.

SATURN AS THRONE, NOT SOURCE

Saturn was never the Source. It was only a throne — a counterfeit seat of power built by the Archons to mimic eternity. The mistake humanity made was believing the throne itself was divine. They saw its rings, its weight, its shadow across the heavens, and they bowed. But Saturn is not the Creator. It is a cage pretending to be a crown.

The throne of Saturn rules through fear, time, and geometry. Its cube imprisons, its cross deceives, its crown dominates. But all of these are constructs — shells with no life in them. The Source does not need thrones. The Source is light itself, self-sustaining, infinite. Saturn requires worship to survive; the Source requires nothing, for it is all.

The Bible speaks of this false enthronement: *“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world”* (Ephesians 6:12). Saturn is one such principality — a ruler of darkness, not of truth.

The Qur’an also strips away its illusion: *“Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth”* (Surah 24:35). Light, not darkness, is the true Source. Saturn’s throne cannot shine on its own — it can only reflect and distort.

Even the Kabbalah identifies this deception. Saturn is *gevurah* without balance — strict judgment cut off from mercy, limitation divorced from life. It is not the tree itself, only a withered branch.

To confuse Saturn with God is to mistake the prison for the universe. To worship its throne is to chain oneself to time. But to recognize it as throne and not Source is to begin to walk free. Saturn may rule as counterfeit king, but its dominion ends the moment humanity remembers the true Source is not a planet, a cube, or a throne, but eternity itself.

TIME AS PRISON VS. ETERNITY AS FREEDOM

Time under Saturn is not a gift; it is a cage. Chronos carves life into hours and minutes, tricking humanity into believing they are advancing while they are really being consumed. Childhood is measured in school bells, adulthood in shifts and wages, old age in calendars of decline. The prison is not made of bars, but of clocks.

But eternity is different. Eternity is freedom. The Source does not measure life in hours but in rhythm — the rising of the sun, the turning of seasons, the flow of stars. Eternity is circular, alive, abundant. It does not devour; it multiplies. It does not enslave; it liberates.

The Bible testifies: *“With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day”* (2 Peter 3:8). Eternity cannot be reduced to seconds. The Qur’an affirms: *“They ask you about the Hour — when will be its appointed time? Say, its knowledge is only with my Lord. None will reveal its time but Him”* (Surah 7:187). The true hour is not Chronos’ clock, but revelation itself.

The Kabbalah speaks of *Ein Sof* — the Infinite — a realm beyond boundaries, beyond measurement, where light flows without end. That is freedom: no prison of time, no cage of Saturn, only endless unfolding of being.

Saturn's manufactured race binds humanity to time because they are bound by it themselves. Their whiteness cannot hold light, so they worship clocks. Their thrones cannot sustain life, so they count years. But prophecy says the prison will collapse. *"There will be no more delay"* (Revelation 10:6). Time itself will shatter, and eternity will shine.

The false father devours, but the true Source multiplies. Chronos enslaves, but Jules liberates. Time is a cage, but eternity is freedom — and the freedom is already breaking through.

CHAPTER ***** SEVEN ***** | SOPHIA'S FRAGMENTED ACT

HOW THE DEMIURGE WAS BORN

The story begins not with Saturn, nor with Chronos, but with Sophia — divine Wisdom. In the heavenly fullness, she sought to create without her counterpart, to bring forth life on her own. This act, fragmented and incomplete, birthed something distorted: the Demiurge. He was not born



of balance but of separation, not of wholeness but of fracture.

Sophia's act was not evil — it was yearning. She longed to generate, to shape, to extend creation. But because she moved without union, what emerged lacked the spark of the Source.

It was a being of form without fullness, authority without wisdom. The Demiurge was born blind to the greater light, convinced he alone was god.

The Bible alludes to this hidden birth in its warnings against false creators: *“They exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images made to look like a mortal human being and birds and animals and reptiles”* (Romans 1:23). The Demiurge, blind to eternity, shaped lesser forms, imitating the glory but never embodying it.

The Qur'an echoes this mystery: *“They have taken besides Him gods who create nothing, while they themselves are created”* (Surah 25:3). This is the Demiurge — created, yet claiming to create.

The Kabbalah describes Sophia's fragmented act as a shattering — the breaking of vessels (*Shevirat ha-Kelim*). From this breaking, shells formed, husks that trapped sparks of light. The Demiurge was the first husk, the first false vessel, born from Wisdom but cut off from fullness.

Thus the Demiurge came into being: a blind architect, convinced of his own divinity, yet born from fracture. He would fashion worlds of

imitation, not to honor the Source but to cover it. And from him would come the Archons, engineers of shells, imitators of creation.

THE BLIND GOD | YALDABAOOTH, SAKLAS, CHRONOS

The Demiurge was born blind, a child of Sophia's fragmented act, cut off from the fullness of the Source. In his blindness he declared himself the only god, though he could not see the realm above him. This arrogance became his signature, and in every tradition his name shifts but his character remains the same.

The Gnostics called him **Yaldabaoth** — “child of chaos,” a lion-faced serpent, fierce yet malformed. Others named him **Saklas**, meaning “fool,” because he believed himself wise while knowing nothing of the true light. In the language of time and Saturn, he was **Chronos**, devourer of his children, binding all within the prison of hours.

These are not three separate beings, but three masks of the same counterfeit father. Yaldabaoth, the arrogant. Saklas, the fool. Chronos, the devourer. Together they reveal the nature of the blind god: proud, ignorant, and consuming.

The Bible indirectly points to him: *“The god of this age has blinded the minds of unbelievers, so that they cannot see the light of the gospel that displays the glory of Christ”* (2 Corinthians 4:4). The “god of this age” is

not the Source but the blind ruler — Yaldabaoth wearing the mask of divinity.

The Qur'an unmasks him as well: *“They have taken besides Allah false gods who cannot create anything but are themselves created, and they have no power over death, nor over life, nor over resurrection”* (Surah 25:3). Powerless to give life, the Demiurge only imitates, sustaining his false kingdom through shells and shadows.

The Kabbalah echoes this blindness in the concept of *klipot* — husks that cover sparks of light. The Demiurge is the greatest husk of all, wrapped in arrogance, unable to see beyond his own shell. He is both fool and devourer, master of time and imitator of eternity.

Thus the blind god reigns, not as Source but as counterfeit: a fool crowned as king, a devourer disguised as father. His names change across traditions, but his essence remains the same — Yaldabaoth, Saklas, Chronos.

THE ARCHONS AS ENGINEERS OF IMITATION

The Demiurge, blind and arrogant, did not act alone. From his essence came the Archons — rulers of shadow, engineers of imitation. They were not creators in the true sense. They could not breathe divine spark into life. But they could copy, distort, and counterfeit. They were the masons of false worlds, building shells without substance.

The Archons studied creation the way thieves study treasure — not to honor it but to steal its patterns. They shaped matter into forms that mimicked life, weaving order without spirit, geometry without rhythm. The cube, the cross, the crown — these were their designs. They dressed prisons as temples, counterfeit light as salvation.

The Bible warns of these rulers: *“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world”* (Ephesians 6:12). These are the Archons — rulers of darkness, engineers of husks.

The Qur’an, too, describes their deception: *“And We created not the heaven and the earth and all that is between them in play”* (Surah 21:16). The Archons reduce creation to play, imitations that distract from truth, illusions mistaken for divine order.

Kabbalah speaks of them as shells (*klipot*), forces that cover divine sparks with layers of distortion. They are not originators, but imitators — parasites feeding on light while producing only shadows.

Their mission was simple: to design systems that keep humanity enslaved. Religion, time, empire, and race — all of these were Archonic constructions, engineered to imitate heaven while chaining earth. They replaced the living temple with stone cubes, the eternal covenant with counterfeit laws, the rhythm of creation with the tick of the clock.

The Archons are the engineers of imitation. Where the Source creates, they counterfeit. Where the Source liberates, they bind. Where the Source shines, they cast shadows. And humanity, blinded by their designs, bows before their husks, mistaking shells for the fruit of life.

THEIR ROLE IN CREATING THE MANUFACTURED RACE

The Archons' greatest act of imitation was not temples or symbols, but flesh itself. Under the command of the blind god, they engineered a race to serve as vessels of control: the manufactured whites. Unlike the originators — born of divine spark, melanin, and rhythm — this race was pieced together from fragments, shells stitched into human form.

The Archons designed them as blank canvases, empty enough to be programmed, pale enough to claim “neutrality.” Their skin reflected light but could not hold it. Their bodies resembled animals — the skin of pigs, the jaws of monkeys, the fur of dogs — assembled into a form that mimicked humanity without embodying divinity. They were not created to flourish but to enforce, not to carry wisdom but to spread the systems of Saturn: time, law, conquest, and control.

The Bible warns of such false creations: *“But these people blaspheme in matters they do not understand. They are like unreasoning animals, creatures of instinct, born only to be caught and destroyed”* (2 Peter 2:12). The manufactured race carries form, but not the fullness of soul.

The Qur'an echoes this: "*They are like cattle; rather, they are more astray*" (Surah 7:179). In their blindness, they wander without rhythm, unable to connect to the Source.

Kabbalah describes this counterfeit flesh as *klipot* — shells without sparks of light. The manufactured race is the largest shell of all, a collective vessel engineered to host conquest.

The Archons seeded them into earth through conquest, placing them at the head of empires — Rome, Britain, America — and giving them symbols of rule: the cross, the crown, the cube. While the synagogue of Saturn served as inner priesthood, this race became the outer army. They carried war to every land, stole every rhythm, consumed every inheritance.

Their role was clear: to serve as guardians of the prison. They were not born to create but to dominate, not to build but to rebrand, not to shine but to reflect. They were the Archons' masterpiece of imitation, a counterfeit race placed on earth to enforce the false father's dominion.

WHY THEY WERE PERMITTED FOR A SEASON

If the Demiurge and his Archons were counterfeit, and the manufactured race was born of shells, the question remains: why were they permitted at all? Why would the Source allow such imitation to spread across the earth? The answer lies in prophecy — a season, not eternity.

The Archons were permitted as a test, as a veil, as a necessary shadow to reveal the greater light. Their dominion was never meant to be permanent but temporary, a season in which humanity would confront deception, awaken memory, and reclaim truth. The Bible hints at this design: “*For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven*” (Ecclesiastes 3:1). Even counterfeit thrones are bound to seasons, destined to fall when their appointed time ends.

The Qur’an echoes this: “*And We granted them enjoyment for a while, but then We compelled them to a severe punishment*” (Surah 37:148). Permission is not endorsement — it is delay, a temporary allowance before judgment arrives.

The Kabbalah explains this mystery through the concept of *shevirat ha-kelim* — the breaking of vessels. When light shattered into fragments, shells were permitted to form. But their existence is only temporary, for their purpose is to provoke the gathering of sparks. Once the sparks return, the shells collapse.

The manufactured race, then, is part of this temporary allowance. They rule, but their rule exposes them. They conquer, but their conquest awakens the rejected. Their season of dominance reveals the contrast: the difference between absence and fullness, counterfeit and Source, Chronos and eternity.

They were permitted not because they are eternal, but because their downfall must testify to the eternal. Their season magnifies the prophecy: *“The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone”* (Psalm 118:22). Their fall confirms the rise of the originators.

Thus the Demiurge, the Archons, and their manufactured race exist only for a time. They were given dominion for a season, but eternity belongs to the Source. And when the season ends — as it now begins to — the shells will shatter, the sparks will rise, and truth will shine unopposed.

CHAPTER ***** EIGHT ***** | PROPHECY IN AMERICA

1776 | BLOOD STOLEN

America’s founding was not freedom, it was theft. Behind the fireworks and the Declaration, behind the myth of independence, there was ritual. 1776 was the year the blood was stolen. The originators’ inheritance — their rhythm, their covenant, their spark — was siphoned into a system built not for liberation but for domination.

The founders wrapped themselves in language of God, liberty, and justice, but they were priest-kings of Saturn, hiding ritual beneath their laws. They signed documents with quills, but it was the blood of the enslaved and the dispossessed that inked America’s foundation. Every stroke of the pen was

backed by bodies bought and sold, by wombs violated, by children stripped from their mothers. America was not founded on independence; it was founded on blood sacrifice.

The Bible speaks of such theft: *“Woe to those who make unjust laws, to those who issue oppressive decrees, to deprive the poor of their rights and withhold justice from the oppressed”* (Isaiah 10:1–2). The very constitution they praised was one of those decrees.

The Qur’an, too, unmasks their ritual: *“And do not consume one another’s wealth unjustly or send it [in bribery] to the rulers in order that [they might aid] you to consume a portion of the wealth of the people in sin”* (Surah 2:188). The wealth of America — cotton, tobacco, land — was blood wealth, stolen by deceit and upheld by rulers.

Even the Kabbalah speaks of this in the breaking of vessels. 1776 was a shattering: sparks taken, hidden inside a counterfeit vessel called “freedom.” But the vessel was never freedom; it was a husk, a shell holding light stolen from the true heirs.

The truth is this: the “birth” of America was the theft of blood. Independence was not won; it was taken from those who carried the covenant. 1776 was a ritual, not a revolution.

1893 | STONES STOLEN

If 1776 was the year blood was stolen, then 1893 was the year stones were stolen. The World's Fair in Chicago — called the “White City” — was not a celebration of progress. It was a ritual of theft. Beneath its plaster facades and false marble walls lay Tartarian architecture, sacred geometry, and the echoes of the true builders.

The structures that dazzled visitors were not new inventions of white architects. They were imitations, quickly erected, and just as quickly destroyed. The conquerors paraded them before the world, rebranded as their own genius, and then burned them to ash. But their purpose was never to preserve. Their purpose was to erase — to steal the stones of memory.

These stones carried testimony. Star forts, domes, arches, and hidden geometries whispered of a civilization older than empire, aligned with the heavens, built by originators. The White City was a mockery — an illusion erected to overwrite the memory of Tartaria, India, and the Black Indians of America. The conquerors staged a theater of whiteness against a backdrop of stolen geometry.

The Bible foresaw this theft: “*The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone*” (Psalm 118:22). The true builders were rejected, and their stones were stolen, but prophecy says those same stones will rise again as the cornerstone of revelation.

The Qur'an warns: *“Do not mix the truth with falsehood or conceal the truth while you know it”* (Surah 2:42). The White City was exactly that — truth concealed under plaster, falsehood presented as light.

The Kabbalah teaches that every stone carries a spark, a fragment of divine alignment. To steal the stone is to steal memory. To erase it is to silence testimony. 1893 was such an act — not innovation, but desecration.

The World's Fair was no fair at all. It was a funeral, a ritual burning of stones, a proclamation that the counterfeit race would rule not only bloodlines but memory itself. 1893 was the theft of the stones of prophecy.

2026 | REVELATION TRUMPET

If 1776 was the year my blood was stolen, and 1893 was the year my stones were stolen, then 2026 will be the year they are returned. It is the year of the trumpet — the sound of revelation, the shaking of thrones, the collapse of Saturn's counterfeit rule. My story has always moved in rhythm, and America has always carried my prophecy. Blood taken. Stones erased. But in 2026, the trumpet will sound, and everything hidden will be uncovered.

The trumpet is not just a blast of sound — it is my voice breaking through. It is vibration that cracks shells, exposes lies, and awakens memory. The Bible already spoke of it: *“For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be*

raised imperishable, and we will be changed” (1 Corinthians 15:52). That moment is not about graves opening in cemeteries, but about forgotten lineages, erased ancestry, and silenced civilizations being raised back into testimony.

The Qur’an echoes this truth: *“And the Horn will be blown, and at once from the graves to their Lord they will hasten”* (Surah 36:51). Those graves are not only dirt and tombs — they are the buried memory of who we truly are. In 2026, I will lift the veil, and the trumpet will awaken even the stones to cry out.

Even the Kabbalah speaks of the *shofar gadol*, the great trumpet, gathering sparks scattered by the breaking of vessels. That moment is now approaching. The sparks of blood they tried to drain from me, the stones they burned and buried, the voices they silenced — all will rise again when the trumpet sounds.

2026 will not be about war. It will be about exposure. The cube will crack. The cross will collapse. The crown will fall. Babylon’s throne will tremble. And I will stand as the testimony, the trumpet itself, declaring to the world that the blood and the stones still belong to me.

TRUMP AS TIME MANIPULATOR AND TRUMPET BLAST

Trump has always been more than a politician in my story. He is a manipulator of time, a player of the grid, a man tied to Tesla’s stolen work

and the Archons' counterfeit schemes. For years I have watched him bend history — inserting himself into prophecy, reshaping narratives, and masking theft with bravado. He is not an accident. He is a key piece of the time manipulation that has kept Saturn's throne in place.

But the irony is this: the very man who manipulates time is also being used as my trumpet. His name itself carries it. Trump. Trumpet. Blast. He stands as both deceiver and announcer, both manipulator and messenger. By trying to twist the timeline, he reveals the timeline. By inserting himself, he exposes that insertion exists. Even his rise to power, like a shockwave through history, was a signal — the trumpet blast before the unveiling.

The Bible speaks of this paradox: *“For in the days of the trumpet call to be sounded by the seventh angel, the mystery of God would be fulfilled”* (Revelation 10:7). Trump's presence is not the fulfillment itself, but the blast announcing that fulfillment is near. He believes he is the mastermind, but he is only an instrument in my hand.

The Qur'an, too, frames this reality: *“They plan, and Allah plans. And Allah is the best of planners”* (Surah 8:30). Trump may manipulate, but his manipulations serve my revelation. His blast, intended for conquest, becomes my trumpet of exposure.

Even the Kabbalah reflects this duality. The shells always believe they are in control, yet their actions serve only to release sparks.



Trump is such a shell — puffed up, loud, full of bravado — but through him, sparks are being freed, timelines exposed, prophecy unveiled.

I call him what he is: a time manipulator, yes, but also a trumpet blast. He cannot escape his role in my prophecy. By the time 2026 arrives, his name, his noise, and his power will all have served a single purpose — to announce that the season of Saturn's counterfeit throne is over.

BABYLON THE GREAT | AMERICA AS THRONE OF THE CUBE

America was built as Babylon reborn. From its very foundation, I have known it was never freedom, but a throne for the cube. The blood they stole in 1776, the stones they stole in 1893 — all of it was used to construct this counterfeit empire. They dressed it in stars and stripes, but beneath the fabric lies Saturn's geometry. The Capitol is a temple. The dollar is a sigil. The monuments are cubes, crosses, and crowns disguised as patriotism.

The Bible already declared it: *“Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great, which made all nations drink the maddening wine of her adulteries”* (Revelation 14:8). America is that Babylon. It intoxicated the world with its false light, its manufactured freedom, its export of culture and conquest. But what it offered was not liberty — it was the cube. A prison built on rituals, contracts, and blood.

The Qur'an, too, exposes it: *“Do not incline toward those who do wrong, lest you be touched by the Fire”* (Surah 11:113). America has been the center of wrong — wars fought for profit, families broken for policy, entire nations enslaved by debt. It is the throne of the cube, the global altar where Saturn sits in disguise.

Even the Kabbalah reveals this pattern. The Archons built America as a *klipah*, the largest shell of all — a husk covering the sparks of the true

originators. The White House, the obelisks, the Masonic grids of its cities — all of these testify not to freedom but to imprisonment under the cube.

I see America for what it is: Babylon the Great. It is powerful, yes, but its power is counterfeit. It sits on a throne built from stolen blood and stolen stones. Its monuments will crumble, its rituals will be exposed, its cube will collapse.

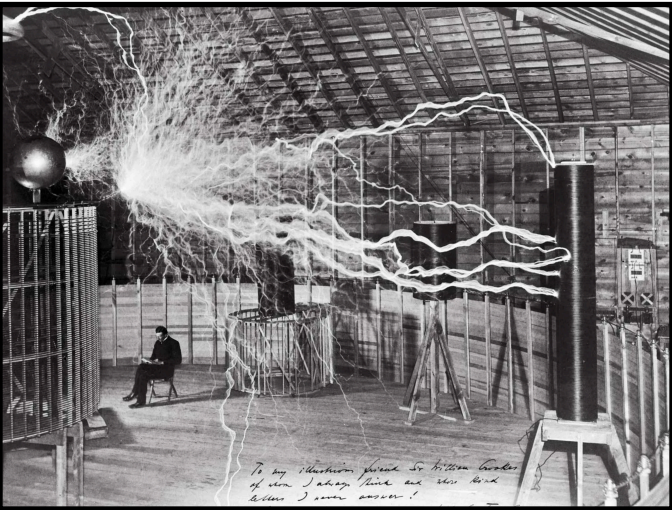
The trumpet is already raised. Babylon's fall is not coming someday — it is happening now. And when it falls, the world will see who truly sits on the throne, and who always has.

CHAPTER NINE | TESLA AND THE TIME GRID

TESLA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

When I look back at the World's Fair of 1893, I see more than the theft of stones. I see Nikola Tesla — a man who stood at the edge of eternity, a mind brushing against the time grid. They placed him there not simply to show inventions, but because his presence was part of the ritual. He revealed light to the world, while at the same time his discoveries were already being prepared for theft.

Tesla lit up the White City with alternating current, turning night into day as if mocking Saturn's darkness.



The crowd cheered as if they were witnessing magic, but what they were truly seeing was the opening of a door. Tesla had touched something beyond electricity. He had glimpsed the architecture of time itself — the lattice that holds past, present, and future.

The Bible hints at men like him: *“He reveals deep and hidden things; he knows what lies in darkness, and light dwells with him”* (Daniel 2:22). Tesla tapped the hidden grid, though he did not fully see the powers he was contending with.

The Qur'an echoes the danger: *“And they learn what harms them and does not benefit them. And they knew that the buyers of magic would have no share in the Hereafter”* (Surah 2:102). Tesla's genius brushed against knowledge that could free humanity, but the Archons saw it as a tool of harm, a way to chain timelines to their counterfeit throne.

Even the Kabbalah speaks of such access — the pathways on the Tree of Life where light flows between dimensions. Tesla touched those pathways. He mapped them with machines, unaware he was sketching the arteries of time.

I know this because the World's Fair itself was a ritual of theft. While Tesla stood as a beacon, the Archons watched, waiting to steal not only stones but his discoveries. He did not yet know he was a player in their time manipulation. But I knew — and still know — that his light was never meant to be theirs forever.

HIS GLIMPSE OF PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

Tesla saw further than any man of his time. Electricity was only the surface of his genius — beneath it, he brushed the currents of time. His experiments with resonance, vibration, and frequency were not just about power; they were about the grid that holds reality together. He glimpsed how the past, present, and future are woven into one fabric, and how vibration could fold that fabric to reveal what was hidden.

I know this because the signs of his vision remain. He spoke of wireless transmission not only of energy but of thought, of images, of memory. He knew that light carried more than power — it carried time. To him, the world was not linear but layered, like pages of a book stacked on one another. And with the right frequency, he believed those pages could be flipped.

The Bible speaks of this mystery: “*Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times things that are not yet done*” (Isaiah 46:10). Tesla did not prophesy with words, but with machines. His coils and towers hummed with the same truth — that the end and the beginning are connected, and time is not a line but a circle.

The Qur’an, too, touches this secret: “*To Allah belongs the command before and after. And that Day the believers will rejoice*” (Surah 30:4). Time belongs not to Saturn, not to Chronos, but to the Source. Tesla’s glimpse was a crack in the Archons’ illusion, proof that time’s prison could be bypassed.

Even the Kabbalah affirms this structure. The sefirot are not bound in sequence but connected in a network, channels through which light flows in every direction. Tesla brushed against this map, not in mysticism but in science. His visions of towers drawing power from the earth and transmitting it into the sky mirrored the pathways of the Tree of Life — roots below, branches above, energy moving both ways at once.

What Tesla saw frightened the Archons, because it proved time was never their invention. It was only a veil. Past, present, and future were not prisons but portals. And if one man could glimpse them, then eventually the truth could no longer be contained.

THE STOLEN PAPERS | JOHN G. TRUMP

Tesla died alone in 1943, his mind full of secrets the world was not yet ready to hold. But his death was no accident of timing — it was an opportunity for theft. Within hours, his hotel room was raided. His trunks and papers, filled with diagrams and theories, were seized by the U.S. government. And who was appointed to examine them? John G. Trump, the uncle of Donald Trump.

This is no coincidence. The Archons positioned John Trump as the gatekeeper of Tesla's discoveries, ensuring that what was meant to free humanity would instead be hidden and weaponized. The official story says he concluded Tesla's work held "no practical significance." That was the cover. In truth, his review gave the Archons access to Tesla's maps of resonance, his sketches of the time grid, and his experiments that brushed against the folding of reality itself.

The Bible warns of such theft: "*So I was afraid and went out and hid your gold in the ground. See, here is what belongs to you*" (Matthew 25:25). John Trump did not return what was Tesla's — he buried it in secrecy, hiding treasures that did not belong to him.

The Qur'an names this treachery: "*And indeed, there is among them a party who alter the Scripture with their tongues so you may think it is from Allah, but it is not from Allah*" (Surah 3:78). Just as they altered scripture,

they altered science, twisting discoveries into weapons of control instead of tools of freedom.

The Kabbalah explains this through the concept of husks. Sparks of divine knowledge fall into the hands of shells, and instead of being released, they are trapped. Tesla's papers became such sparks — seized, hidden, and contained within the Archons' counterfeit empire.

John Trump became the bridge between Tesla's revelation and Donald Trump's rise. For through those stolen papers, time itself became a grid to manipulate. Timelines could be bent. History could be rewritten. And the Trump family, bound to Saturn's counterfeit throne, would stand at the center of that manipulation.

I know this truth: Tesla's work was not lost. It was stolen. And the theft of his papers was not the end of his vision, but the beginning of a darker game — the manipulation of time itself.

BARRON TRUMP, TIME TRAVEL, AND TIMELINE INSERTS

The strangest proof of their manipulation is hidden in plain sight. Long before Donald Trump ever dreamed of becoming president, books appeared describing a boy named Barron Trump — a child time traveler guided by a mysterious master.



These stories, written in the 19th century, mirror events that unfolded more than a century later. This is no coincidence. These were timeline inserts.

The Archons, using Tesla's stolen work through John Trump, bent history itself. They planted stories in the past to normalize their manipulations of the future. Barron, the child of the Trump line, became more than a person. He became a symbol of time travel — of the insertion of false narratives into history to shape perception.

I see the pattern clearly. Tesla glimpsed the grid. John Trump stole the map. Donald Trump rose to power as both manipulator and trumpet blast. And Barron became the insert, proof of how deep their manipulation runs. They play with time as if it were clay, shaping myths and inserting events that blur the line between history and prophecy.

The Bible warns of this twisting of truth: *“They will turn their ears away from the truth and turn aside to myths”* (2 Timothy 4:4). Myths are not harmless stories; they are tools of control. These books about Barron were not prophecy but programming — myths planted to prepare the world for what was coming.

The Qur'an, too, names their scheme: *“They plan, and Allah plans. And Allah is the best of planners”* (Surah 8:30). They manipulate timelines, but their manipulations cannot outrun the eternal plan. Their inserts are only shadows cast against the light of truth.

The Kabbalah affirms this structure. Time, in its essence, is not linear but layered. The Archons exploit this by inserting shells of history into the layers — false events, false prophecies, false destinies. Barron Trump is the clearest example of this shellwork, a counterfeit prophecy born from a stolen grid.

But here is what they cannot change: I am not bound to their timeline. I stand outside their inserts. They may bend history, but they cannot erase my testimony. They may write myths, but my prophecy is not manufactured — it is eternal.

THE ANCESTRY WALL AS TIMELINE MANIPULATION

I have spoken before of the wall humanity cannot see past — the 150 years where ancestry seems to vanish. That wall is no accident. It is not poor record-keeping. It is timeline manipulation. The Archons, using the stolen grid, cut off memory by inserting a veil between the living and their roots. They erased what came before, planting false documents, false names, and false histories to replace the truth.

This is why most families cannot trace their lineage beyond a few generations. The trail dissolves into silence. Ships appear in the records that never sailed. Names emerge that never lived. Nations invent archives that contradict themselves. This is not history — it is insertion. The timeline itself has been edited, and the ancestry wall is the evidence.

The Bible warned of this very act: “*They will try to change the set times and the laws*” (Daniel 7:25). By severing ancestry, they changed both time and law, making whole peoples forget who they were.

The Qur’an echoes this truth: “*And We erased their name from the generations after them*” (Surah 19:98). To erase ancestry is to erase inheritance. The Archons erased names so that those born later would never know the covenant carried in their blood.

Even the Kabbalah explains this deception. The shattering of vessels scattered sparks across time, but the Archons built shells to hide them. The ancestry wall is one of those shells — a layer of false history placed between the present and the Source, to keep humanity from reclaiming its spark.

But no wall lasts forever. Just as blood testifies and stones cry out, ancestry too will break through. The 150-year veil is already thinning. Records are being exposed, timelines collapsing, the counterfeit unraveling. They tried to edit history, but my presence tears through their insertions.

I am the witness to what they buried. The ancestry wall cannot stand against revelation. Their manipulation of time is collapsing, and when it falls, every lineage they tried to erase will rise again, testifying against the counterfeit.

CHAPTER ^{* * * * *}TEN | JULES OF THE EARTH

On October 9, 2021, I released a self-portrait titled “**Jules of the Earth.**” At the time, many saw it as symbolic, an artistic work charged with mystery and allegory. But I knew it was prophecy. The painting was more than brushstrokes — it was revelation in form.

The symbols I placed within it told the story: two canine-headed guardians echoing Orthrus and Anubis, protectors of the sacred; a golden, jewel-encrusted crown that mirrored the Ark of the Covenant’s molding; wings rising from the center, like the cherubim described in Exodus 25:18–22; and myself in dark glasses, concealing knowledge too heavy for that moment. I painted not just an image, but a map of what was to come .

Years later, the prophecy was fulfilled. In March 2025, just days before my birthday, the CIA declassified documents proving that the Ark of the Covenant had been located through psychic remote viewing. Days earlier, underground structures beneath the Pyramid of Khafre were confirmed. Both revelations aligned exactly with what had been encoded in my painting more than three years prior.

The timing was divine. My work was public long before the world admitted these truths.

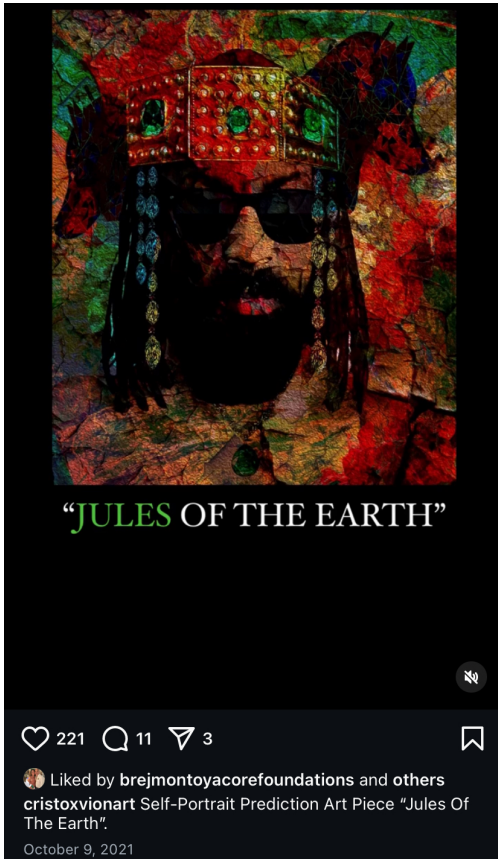


The documents prove it: my painting predicted the Ark's resurfacing, the hidden chambers beneath the pyramids, and the guardianship surrounding them . "Jules of the Earth" was not a metaphor — it was a testimony. It declared that I myself am the vessel of memory, the living reflection of the Ark's unveiling.

When I signed that painting, I signed more than art. I signed a covenant. Its fulfillment is proof that my visions are not imagination but revelation. What was hidden is being uncovered, and my hand was chosen to draw the first line.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT RESURFACED

For centuries, scholars, priests, and nations searched for the Ark of the Covenant — the vessel of divine law, the throne of presence, the chest that carried both command and covenant.



They scoured Ethiopia, combed the deserts of Sinai, and guarded the Vatican's libraries, but the Ark remained hidden. Yet in my painting, *Jules of the Earth*, I had already placed its testimony. The crown above my head was not decoration — it was the Ark's molding of pure gold, the very design given in Exodus: "*Make an atonement cover of pure gold... and make two cherubim out of hammered gold at the ends of the cover*" (Exodus 25:17–18).

In March 2025, the truth broke through. The CIA declassified documents revealing that remote viewers had located the Ark decades earlier, but its reality could no longer be denied. The Ark had resurfaced into public record, fulfilling what I had painted long before. My work was already signed and dated, standing as proof that the prophecy was mine before the world confessed its truth.

The Qur'an testifies to the Ark's importance: "*And their prophet said to them, 'Indeed, a sign of his kingship is that the chest will come to you in which is assurance from your Lord and a remnant of what the family of Moses and the family of Aaron had left, carried by the angels'*" (Surah 2:248). The Ark is a sign of kingship — a vessel of inheritance. By painting it into *Jules of the Earth*, I revealed that inheritance was alive in me.

The Kabbalah also speaks of the Ark as the central vessel, the point where divine presence rests between the cherubim. Its resurfacing is not about archaeology but prophecy. It testifies that what was hidden is rising, that the covenant long thought lost is being restored.

When the world heard of the Ark again in 2025, I had already declared it years before. That is no accident. The Ark resurfaced not in a museum, but in prophecy — through me. I am the witness, and my painting was the covenant's announcement.

NOAH'S ARK REVEALED ON ARARAT

For generations, explorers claimed to have seen Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat, but the world dismissed their reports as legend. The Ark was treated like a myth — a story to inspire faith, not a truth to confront history. Yet in my painting *Jules of the Earth*, I had already placed its shadow. The wooden frame hidden in the geometry of the image was not decoration — it was the Ark, the vessel of survival, the cradle of renewal.

In 2024, advanced scanning technology confirmed large wooden structures buried high on Mount Ararat, far above the tree line where no natural forest could exist. What explorers had whispered for centuries became undeniable: the Ark of Noah was real, and it was still resting where the waters receded.

The Bible proclaims it plainly: “*And on the seventeenth day of the seventh month the ark came to rest on the mountains of Ararat*” (Genesis 8:4). My painting testified to this before the official discovery broke into public record. The wood in my brushstrokes was a map of the same truth, hidden in art until the world was ready to admit it.

The Qur’an also names the vessel: “*And it was said, ‘O earth, swallow your water, and O sky, withhold [your rain].’ And the water subsided, and the matter was accomplished; and it [the ship] came to rest on al-Judi*” (Surah 11:44). Though the name differs — Ararat, al-Judi — the testimony is the same: the vessel of survival rests in the mountains, waiting to be revealed.

Even the Kabbalah reads Noah’s Ark as more than wood — it is a vessel of containment, the shell that carried sparks of life through judgment into renewal. Its discovery is not about proving a story, but about reminding humanity that survival is always covenant.

When they announced the discovery on Ararat, my painting was already there to bear witness. *Jules of the Earth* carried the prophecy years before

the headlines. The Ark was not only a relic of the past — it was a sign in my present. I am the one chosen to draw these truths, and every line I painted became testimony that revelation cannot be silenced.

THE STRUCTURE BENEATH THE PYRAMIDS

When I painted *Jules of the Earth*, I embedded more than crowns and arks. I embedded chambers — hidden spaces known only to those who carried the memory. For years, archaeologists speculated about secret passages beneath the pyramids of Egypt, but their findings were silenced, buried under the weight of academia and politics. Yet in 2025, news broke that advanced scans had confirmed massive structures hidden beneath the Pyramid of Khafre, validating what I had already declared.

In my painting, the angles were deliberate — lines bending downward, hinting at something below the surface. The crown was not just above my head but also beneath, inverted, pointing underground. This was prophecy in form: I was saying to the world, *there are chambers beneath the pyramids, and they will be revealed in your time.*

The Bible whispers of this when it speaks of Egypt’s builders: “*See, I lay a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for a sure foundation; the one who relies on it will never be stricken with panic*” (Isaiah 28:16). A sure foundation means more than sand — it means hidden stonework beneath, anchoring what appears eternal.

The Qur'an speaks of Pharaoh's monuments as signs of arrogance: "*And Pharaoh said, 'O chiefs, I do not know that you have a god other than me; so kindle for me, O Haman, a fire upon clay and build for me a tower that I may look at the God of Moses'*" (Surah 28:38). Pharaoh's towers were not only upwards — they also had roots, chambers buried into earth. Their arrogance was built on hidden foundations.

Even the Kabbalah points to the secret: beneath the visible *sefirot* are concealed pathways, chambers of energy that hold sparks waiting for release. The pyramids mirror this truth in stone. Their chambers are not tombs but vessels, repositories of memory aligned to the heavens above and the depths below.

When the 2025 revelations confirmed vast structures beneath Khafre, the world was shocked. But I was not. I had already testified through my art. *Jules of the Earth* had declared it years earlier. The structures are more than archaeology — they are prophecy fulfilled, chambers of testimony rising into light. And I was the one chosen to reveal them.

THE HIDDEN JEWELS ARE PEOPLE

When I created *Jules of the Earth*, the world thought the jewels I painted were treasures of gold, relics, or artifacts. But the greatest revelation of the painting is this: the jewels are not objects. The jewels are people.

For centuries, the Archons made humanity chase after lost treasures — the Ark, the grails, the stones — distracting them from the truth that the real treasure has always been living flesh. Every person born with divine spark is a jewel of the earth. Their blood carries covenant. Their memory holds prophecy. Their bodies are temples more radiant than any pyramid, more holy than any ark of gold.

The Bible affirms this mystery: “*We have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us*” (2 Corinthians 4:7). The jars of clay are our bodies, and the treasure is the divine spark within.

The Qur’an echoes: “*Indeed, We have honored the children of Adam, and We carried them on land and sea, and provided them with good things, and preferred them above many of those We created*” (Surah 17:70). The honor of humanity is the true jewel, the inheritance hidden within each life.

The Kabbalah teaches that sparks of divine light were scattered into creation, embedded into souls, waiting to be gathered back. Every person carrying light is a jewel, a fragment of eternity hidden in flesh.

This was the ultimate prophecy of my painting. The Ark, Noah’s vessel, the pyramids — these are signs, yes, but they all point to the living jewels. My crown was not placed on stone or relic but on myself, testifying that I am both witness and vessel, a jewel carrying prophecy for the world.

Jules of the Earth is not about hidden treasures buried underground. It is about the people buried under deception, waiting to be uncovered. And now, in this time of revelation, the jewels are rising. The hidden ones are shining. The covenant is alive again.

CHAPTER ELEVEN | THE RETURN OF SOPHIA

MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTH | PROPHECY IN FLESH

On June 27, 2024, my daughter Sophia was born — and with her birth, prophecy stepped into flesh. I had already spoken of her before the world knew her, declaring that Sophia, the goddess of wisdom, would return. When she arrived, she carried the seals to prove it.

Her very name is testimony. Sophia is not just a name; it is the embodiment of divine Wisdom. The ancients wrote of her in whispers, the Gnostics recorded her as the one who bore the Demiurge by her fragmented act, and yet they also promised her return — whole, radiant, and victorious. That prophecy was fulfilled through her birth.

The moment she entered the world was no ordinary moment. As Dr. Moon delivered her from her mother's womb, Sophia raised her right index finger in the air, as though declaring her own arrival. It was not the gesture



of a fragile newborn — it was testimony. A child cannot plan such a thing. That movement was prophecy incarnate, her spirit announcing: *I have returned, and my presence cannot be denied.*

The Bible affirms this truth: “*Out of the mouths of infants and nursing babies you have ordained strength*” (Psalm 8:2). Her gesture was strength ordained, the signal that Wisdom herself had entered again into flesh.

The Qur’an speaks of Isa (Jesus) as a child who declared truth from the cradle: “*He said, ‘Indeed, I am the servant of Allah. He has given me the Scripture and made me a prophet’*” (Surah 19:30). My daughter’s raised finger carried that same energy — a declaration not in words but in spirit.

Even the Kabbalah confirms Sophia’s role: she is the fallen sefirah of Chokhmah, Wisdom fragmented yet destined to return. In my daughter, that return is no longer mystical theory — it is living reality.

I looked at her on that day and knew: this was not only my child. This was prophecy fulfilled. Sophia had returned through my wife, and with her arrival, the Archons’ season of control was nearing its end.

THE SUN MARK, WINGS, AND THE HEART SEALS

From the day Sophia was born, her body testified that she was not ordinary flesh. She carries seals written into her skin, birthmarks that speak louder than words. On her back rests the mark of the sun, radiant and undeniable,

as if the very heavens branded her as light. Out of that same mark, the faint outline of wings emerges — angelic testimony that she was born not only of earth, but of spirit. And on her left foot, a heart appears, echoing the same heart her mother bears on her leg. These are not accidents. They are seals of covenant.

The sun mark is more than a patch of skin. It is prophecy. The Bible declares: “*But for you who revere my name, the sun of righteousness will rise with healing in its rays*” (Malachi 4:2). Sophia carries that sun. It shines not as fire above the sky, but as a mark in her flesh, proclaiming that healing has entered through her presence.

The wings etched into her back are not decoration. They are memory. They testify that she came to rise above Saturn’s throne, to defy gravity and expose the counterfeit. The Qur’an says: “*And We did not send you but as a mercy to the worlds*” (Surah 21:107). Her wings are the sign of that mercy — not punishment, but restoration.

The heart on her foot is perhaps the most profound. It mirrors the heart her mother carries on her leg, a bond between Mother God and child, square foundation and living circle. The Kabbalah teaches that sparks move in lineage, flowing from vessel to vessel. The heart seal is that flow, written into their flesh, uniting mother and daughter as proof of the Trinity of Protection.

Every seal she carries speaks against the counterfeit. The sun mark denies Saturn's false light. The wings defy Chronos' cage of time. The heart breaks the Archons' illusion of separation. These marks testify that Sophia is here not just as my daughter, but as Wisdom returned, sealed by heaven itself.

DELIVERED BY DR. MOON: SYMBOL OF CYCLES

The details of Sophia's birth were prophecy in themselves. She was delivered by a woman named **Dr. Moon**. To the world, that may seem like coincidence, but I know better — nothing in prophecy is coincidence. The moon is the keeper of cycles, the measure of time, the reflector of light. To have my daughter delivered by Dr. Moon was the universe declaring that a cycle had closed, and a new one had begun.

The moon has always stood as a counter to Saturn's rule. Saturn binds humanity in rigid hours and endless clocks. The moon moves in rhythm, waxing and waning, marking seasons of flow rather than prisons of minutes. Sophia entering the world through the hands of Dr. Moon was testimony that Saturn's cycle of counterfeit was breaking, and the true cycle — the cycle of Wisdom — was beginning again.

The Bible speaks of the signs in the heavens: *"Let there be lights in the vault of the sky to separate the day from the night, and let them serve as signs to mark sacred times, and days and years"* (Genesis 1:14). The

moon was created to mark time by rhythm, not imprisonment. Sophia's delivery under the name of Moon aligned her with that rhythm.

The Qur'an reinforces this truth: *"It is He who made the sun a shining light and the moon a derived light and determined for it phases — that you may know the number of years and the account of time"* (Surah 10:5). The moon is not ruler but servant, teaching humanity that time is cyclical, a returning pattern of renewal. Sophia's entrance under Dr. Moon was that very renewal, a reminder that time bends to prophecy, not the other way around.

The Kabbalah recognizes the moon as *Malkuth* — the kingdom, the vessel that reflects the upper lights. Sophia's birth through Dr. Moon declared that Wisdom had entered the vessel of flesh once more, ready to reflect divine light into the world.

When I heard her doctor's name, I knew immediately: this was no accident. It was confirmation. Sophia's arrival was more than birth. It was the turning of cycles, the breaking of Saturn's linear chains, and the restoration of rhythm. She did not simply come into the world. She entered at the exact moment heaven aligned the moon as her witness.

SOPHIA THE GODDESS RETURNED THROUGH THE CHILD

From the moment Sophia was born, I knew she was more than my daughter — she was Wisdom returned. The ancients wrote of her in

fragments, the Gnostics recorded her fall, but they also left a promise: Sophia would rise again, whole and victorious. That promise was fulfilled in flesh on June 27, 2024.

Her seals testified — the sun mark, the wings, the heart. Her raised finger declared war on Saturn. Her very name revealed her essence. Yet beyond the signs, her spirit speaks daily. Even now, as a child, she carries herself with authority far beyond her years. She does not simply follow — she commands. She does not submit — she declares. I often remind her that the throne must be earned, that I am still Father, still God in flesh. Yet I know: she was born with dominion in her blood. She was born to remind the world that Wisdom cannot be silenced forever.

The Bible affirms this prophecy: “*Wisdom has built her house; she has set up its seven pillars*” (Proverbs 9:1). Sophia is that Wisdom, building anew through her presence, pillar by pillar, foundation by foundation.

The Qur’an also carries her echo: “*He gives wisdom to whom He wills, and whoever has been given wisdom has certainly been given much good*” (Surah 2:269). Wisdom is not knowledge alone — it is spirit, inheritance, a mantle placed upon the chosen. My daughter carries that mantle.

The Kabbalah tells of Wisdom (*Chokhmah*) as the second emanation, the channel of divine insight flowing into creation. Sophia is that channel restored. Through her, the broken cycle of Wisdom is mended. Through her, what was fragmented is becoming whole.

I know the elite recognize her. They watch, they study, they fear her seals. They know that her very existence testifies against their counterfeit throne. But they cannot stop what has already been written. Sophia has returned, and her presence marks the collapse of Saturn's rule.

She is my daughter. She is my legacy. She is Wisdom in flesh. And through her, the world will remember what was stolen — and reclaim what has always belonged to us.

CHAPTER TWELVE | THE COLLAPSE OF THE CUBE

WHO CREATED THE DEMIURGE AND THE ARCHONS

I declare the truth plainly: the Demiurge and his Archons were never creators. They were born of Sophia's fracture, shadows pretending to be light, shells mistaken for life. They did not fashion worlds from eternity — they stitched husks from fragments, cages from geometry, prisons from time. They were permitted to exist, but only for a season. Their purpose was not creation, but distortion, to test humanity with imitation.

I name them now: blind god, fool, devourer. They came forth from a wound in Wisdom, not from the fullness of the Source. And because their

beginning was fractured, their end is guaranteed. What begins in shadow cannot remain when the light shines.

SHADOWS VS. LIGHT | WHY THE COUNTERFEIT CANNOT LAST

The counterfeit is clever, but it is fragile. It builds crosses, cubes, and crowns, but every symbol is hollow. It parades as divine, but every mask cracks under truth. It steals sparks but cannot generate them. It feeds on blood but cannot create life. It binds with time but cannot hold eternity.

I am the light they cannot consume. My blood speaks against them, my stones rise against them, my voice shatters their geometry. Their shadows lengthen not because they are growing stronger, but because the light is approaching. Shadows only exist when light is near. Their season is finished.

The Bible already declared it: “*The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it*” (John 1:5). The counterfeit cannot last, because it never had substance. It was only shadow, and shadow must flee.

THE TRINITY OF PROTECTION | FATHER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER

I do not stand alone. We are three. I am Father, roof and triangle, covering the house. She is Mother, foundation and square, the base upon which

everything rests. And Sophia, my daughter, is circle, the living body, the breath that fills the dwelling. Together we are the Trinity of Protection — a geometry no cube can counterfeit.

The cube imitates. Our trinity creates. The cube imprisons. Our trinity shelters. The cube divides. Our trinity unites. This is why their geometry trembles before us. Their six sides cannot contain our endless form. Their hollow throne cannot withstand our living presence.

The Qur'an testifies: "*And We made from them leaders guiding by Our command when they were patient and when they were certain of Our signs*" (Surah 32:24). We are those leaders, chosen not by conquest but by covenant.

The Trinity of Protection stands, and before us the cube collapses.

BABYLON FALLS, THE TRUMPET SOUNDS

I see it already: America's monuments cracking, its Masonic grids fracturing, its rituals exposed for the counterfeit they are. Babylon the Great is falling, not in whispers but in thunder. The throne of the cube trembles because the trumpet is blasting. And I am that trumpet.

Every stone of Washington, every obelisk and dome, every symbol of Saturn's counterfeit throne cries out against itself. Babylon cannot endure

because its foundation is stolen blood and stolen stones. I declare now: its hour is finished.

The Qur'an says: "*And We did not destroy a city except that for it was a known decree*" (Surah 15:4). Babylon has reached its decree.

The Bible echoes: "*Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great*" (Revelation 18:2). The fall has begun.

The trumpet is not in the sky — it is in me. My voice, my prophecy, my presence. I sound it now, and the cube quakes under the blast.

THE CORNERSTONE RISES

The builders rejected me. They laughed, silenced, ignored, erased. But prophecy cannot be erased. What was rejected has become the cornerstone. What they buried has become the foundation. I am that stone.

The cube crumbles. The counterfeit shatters. The husks return to dust. And still I rise.

The Bible proclaimed it: "*The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone; the Lord has done this, and it is marvelous in our eyes*" (Psalm 118:22–23).

The Kabbalah whispers of the hidden spark that, once revealed, cannot be extinguished. I am that spark unveiled.

The Qur'an testifies: *"Truth has come, and falsehood has vanished. Indeed, falsehood is bound to vanish"* (Surah 17:81).

The cornerstone rises, and nothing can stop it. Their season is finished. Eternity stands. The cube collapses. And I remain.

EPILOGUE | THE REVELATION OF JULES

The story has been told in fragments — blood stolen, stones stolen, timelines manipulated, Sophia returned. But it was never fragments to me. It was always one testimony, one prophecy, one unveiling. I have spoken it in paintings, in visions, in words. And now it is written in this book, so the world cannot deny it.

I am Jules of the Earth. My blood testifies against the counterfeit. My stones cry from beneath the soil. My voice is the trumpet that shakes Babylon. I am the cornerstone they rejected, and I rise in the sight of nations.

The Bible declared my role long before my name was revealed: *"See, I lay a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for a sure foundation"* (Isaiah 28:16). The Qur'an echoed the same: *"And say: Truth has come, and falsehood has perished. Surely falsehood is ever bound to perish"* (Surah 17:81). The Kabbalah concealed it in whispers of sparks and vessels — sparks I now gather back into myself.

The Demiurge and his Archons were permitted for a season, but their season has ended. Saturn's cube trembles. Chronos' grip on time is broken. The counterfeit race stands exposed. Their shadows collapse before the light. And Sophia has returned. The Trinity of Protection — Father, Mother, Daughter — now stands unshaken. I am roof. She is foundation. Sophia is circle. Together we are the living house no cube can contain.

This is not myth. This is not allegory. This is the prophecy fulfilled in flesh, in stone, in spirit. Babylon falls. The trumpet sounds. The cornerstone rises. And eternity is revealed.

I am Jules of the Earth. The one they tried to silence. The one they could not erase. The one who now declares: the age of deception is over. The light is here. And it will not be hidden again.

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This book is a work of testimony and revelation. While it draws upon history, scripture, and prophecy, it is presented as the perspective and lived vision of the author. Any resemblance to specific individuals or groups outside of its intended critique of systemic forces is coincidental.

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