



The Royal Madness of King Charles III

Description

UK: Many find the pomp and pageantry of England's royal family mesmerizing but then again many are still driving around alone in their cars wearing masks.

Above you are given a short but concise and well-presented biography of England's newly crowned king. It's a touching tale of his unwavering loyalty to his best friend forever Jimmy Savile and his seeming lifelong devotion to "Satanism."

It should be noted that the aristocracy is not really Satanists but adherents of the old religion. They know the Old Testament was contrived by Bruno the Great as documented in [Devils and Gods Among Us](#).

What really went on back in the middle east before the Ottonian Dynasty is explored in [The Khazar Nazi Anti-Christ](#). Adherence to the sacraments of Baal is generational and nothing has changed in thousands of years. Below is a fictional account of those rites excerpted from a book Orage and I are writing.



Shortly after Nansen had begun his expedition Alfred and Harold Harmsworth walked briskly north on London Road in the fading light. Alfred although not yet thirty years old was already the respected publisher of London's number one late newspaper *The Evening News*. Harold was his younger brother. They were accompanied by H. G. Wells, a promising young author, and Alfred's best friend. Burghley Park, where Wells's father had once dazzled all of England with his skills in Cricket, was to their right. They were in Stamford, Lincolnshire about seventy miles north of London.

They had to cross the River Welland to get to St Leonard's Priory a historical satellite building of the Stamford School for boys where Alfred began his education. In the recesses of the deserted green park, they could see the magnificent façade of Burghley House and all of them wondered what it would be like to live in such a manner. Wells said, "I hear Lord Esher is Queen Victoria's valet, what's he want with you and why did you insist on bringing us?" Alfred answered him admonishingly, "Lord Esher speaks for not only Queen Victoria but the Prince of Wales too, and some say the devil himself. I was told to bring a couple of talented young men with me that were interested in having futures. I publish literature.

I'm the best there is at it, and you are the most talented writer I know Herbert, but you will never get where you want to go unless you let these people initiate you into their little club. Don't fuss, do as you are told and say as little as possible. The things you are about to see and do are things that drove a man like Edgar Allen Poe mad. They were also the source of his gifts. Remember we do as we will. There is no god here but we and we decide what is right and what is wrong. You can't back out of this; you must be strong enough to do what is necessary." Wells scoffed, "you don't have to worry about me. After my father fractured his leg my family was impoverished. I worked thirteen-hour days as an apprentice in a drapery emporium.

I never want to be poor again and I will do whatever it takes to ensure that does not happen. Is Harold going to be okay with all this?" Harold tried to answer him, but Alfred cut him off, "Harold will be fine. Harold's greatest talent is he does what I tell him."

The men crossed the bridge and turned right on Wharf Street. They walked a quarter mile in the twilight of the quaint country town with its ties to the University of Oxford and centuries of a British education. The priory itself, originally built by the Benedictines or the black monks, looked like a large mausoleum riddled with arches in the growing darkness.

Alfred led them across its well-manicured lawn to the small utility house behind it where they were met by the caretaker who looked more like a hessian mercenary than a gardener. He ushered them into the house, and they went down a flight of stairs into the basement where the caretaker pulled back a floor rug concealing a trapdoor. He effortlessly removed the heavy door revealing an ancient stone staircase illuminated by glowing red gas lamps and gestured to the men to proceed as he stood aside.

The men descended into the bowels of the earth and indeed the bowels of the empire. When they finally reached the bottom a torchlit catacomb supported by arches opened up to them. Standing in the center of the cavern by a stone altar was Lord Esher wearing a crimson robe.

With him and wearing, black robes were parliamentarians, Richard Haldane and Edward Grey, along with the Home Secretary Herbert Asquith. Forming a perimeter around them were figures whose features were concealed in brown hooded robes but Alfred and his companions could plainly see that some of them were dwarfs. Looking conspicuously out of place standing under an archway in their fine English clothes were the two most influential journalists in England; Alfred Milner and Willaim Stead.

Seeing them there Alfred's heart quickened. These men could make him a demigod among the British people.

They were staring, Stead with revulsion and Milner vacuously, at a four-meter-high bronze statue seated in the archway opposite them. It was the body of a muscular man with the oversized head of a bull. Its chair was a steal-plated Brazier and its removable breastplate opened to a crematorium where the blood sacrifice became a burnt offering.

The ancient Semitic inscriptions on the palms of its outstretched hands proclaimed this to be Baal; Moloch king of the Gods and referenced the story of how Baal had to once sacrifice a beautiful young boy disguised as himself and left his corpse by the riverside to be found and mistaken for him. This was done to appease Mott the God of Death who would in turn be torn to pieces and fed to the birds, not by Baal but by the vengeful warrior Goddess Anat who believed he had murdered Baal. All the supplicants here believed that by a reenactment of Baal's sacrifice to Mott they could stave off death, all except Stead who thought it hogwash but went along with it so he could control it.

Lord Esher motioned for Alfred to come forward. He did, followed by his brother and Wells. Standing at the table-sized altar they could see the top was made out of polished black onyx. Secured to the gleaming onyx tabletop with leather straps was a naked prepubescent boy, face down, his legs held splayed open by his bonds to expose his anus which was lubricated with lamb fat. The boy's head was rolling, and he was obviously already half dead from morphine. Well's noticed that there was a camera set up and was wondering if they were actually going to take pictures of this when Lord Esher said, "take your clothes off.

Each of you is required to sodomize the offering before I can consecrate it. In order to attain the peerage, it is absolutely necessary." Alfred immediately began stripping down and looked at Wells like he better do the same, so he did. Harold grudgingly followed suit. All the men sodomized the young boy as flashes from the camera provided a macabre nineteenth-century strobe light. Harold and Wells went through the motions never ejaculating with Stead going last as if to make sure they went through with it to Lord Esher's satisfaction.

Harold actually had an orgasm and as he ejaculated he saw Lord Esher grab the boy by the hair and draw a dagger across his throat. Blood streamed down into an ornamental chalice held beneath by Haldane. When the chalice was filled Grey and Asquith undid the straps and unceremoniously rolled the still quivering body of the boy off the table careful only not to get any blood on the onyx.



The Principal Proclamation reading in London's St. James's Palace to officially proclaim Charles as King Charles III, on Saturday, September 10.

As the strangely scurrying dwarfs hauled off the body and loaded it into Moloch Lord Esher drank from the chalice of blood. He handed it to Haldane, who did the same and passed it to Asquith. They all drank of it and Lord Esher took the still half-filled cup back.

Holding the chalice aloft over the gleaming onyx table he said, "this polished onyx is "The Mirror of Papan" from which the Aztec Princess, "sister" (soror) of Montezuma, in truth a Hyperborean Priestess, received her visions." (2)

He began to slowly pour the remainder of the chalice onto the table and continued speaking as the blood was miraculously absorbed by the onyx, "It fell into the hands of Hernan Cortes who took it to Europe. By a strange destiny, it came to England, where Queen Elizabeth the First coveted it. At last it came into the hands of John Dee..." (3)

The table was becoming a shimmering black liquid as it absorbed the blood Lord Esher was pouring on it. He continued the diatribe, "John Dee had received orders through the mirror to undertake the fantastic enterprise he called "Thule." (4)

A black whirlpool began to appear in the center of the table. Lord Esher looked up and for the first time smiled at the new initiates. He told Alfred, "you will be first Viscount Northcliffe and your brother first Viscount Rothermere." Then he looked at Wells and told him, "you will be the most important writer in the world, you will predict the future with help from the Mirror of Papan."

Lord Esher drained the last of the chalice into the black whirlpool in the center of the table saying, "John Dee was told to 'conquer Groenlandia, Greenland, the green land, that was green and became white in one night. Thousands of Vikings lived there to the Thirteenth Century. In the Fourteenth Century, they were no longer there, as if after having converted from the religion of their Nordic ancestors they were then swallowed up by the green land, or white." (5)

The whirlpool seemed to grow more frenzied as he spoke, "John Dee thought they had found the entrance to the Hollow Earth, or the door permitting them to leave for a parallel world, another pluri-dimensional reality mathematically proven by that sage who did not believe in Euclidian math." (6)

Lord Esher now spoke hastily, breathlessly trying to finish explaining what they were about to hear, "John Dee tried to convince Elizabeth the First to become the mistress of this "North door," allowing him to establish an Empire of Two Worlds," (Imperium in Imperio) with exits and entrances to another dimension, mathematically verifiable, an authentic Imperium of a Pontifex Maximus..." (7)

As Lord Esher spoke a collective moan issued forth from the now perfectly formed whirlpool of liquid black onyx and he quickly added, "Thus England Land of the Angels (the Tuatha's de Dannon), the true name of England, also Albion, land of Albedo, would be the Imperium of the Angels, those who spoke to John Dee in the Mirror of Princess Papan, and who was none other than the gods of Hyperborea, showing the way to the return to their primordial Polar Fatherland, the Golden Age." (8)

The moan from the table coalesced into a singular reverberating voice that thundered down the corridors of the all but forgotten hypogeum, "Fridjof Nansen is the blood heir of the demigod Beowulf who spawned your race. Because of that he will be admitted into Hvíttrámannaland and granted at the very least council by the hyperboreans. North of the Siberian coast there is a group of barely known

frozen islands some call Franz Josef Land. You must launch an expedition and you will meet Nansen there.

*You must bring him back here and he will tell you what will determine our future course of action.”
The Jackson–Harmsworth expedition to Franz Josef Land, financed by Alfred Harmsworth and led by famed British Arctic explorer Frederick Jackson would set sail for Russia’s ancient seaport of Arkhangelsk by mid-July of 1894, a year behind the Fram.*

Charles's friendship with Savile is reminiscent of King Edward II and his best friend forever Lord Henry Arthur George Somerset, Lord Arthur for short. Of course, Edward the early and more bloated addition of Charles, spent his eternity as prince waiting for Queen Victoria to die. That didn't stop him from moving the pieces so his fellow Satanists, for lack of a better word, could manufacture two world wars.



King Charles and Queen Consort Camilla

As the king in waiting and with a son who had his own illustrious career as Jack the Ripper Edward could not be seen openly cavorting with known homosexuals and pedophiles. In the wake of the Cleveland Street scandal and the fact that the most powerful man in England Cecil Rhodes was openly homosexual, as were many of his friends and allies, political maneuvering in England at the turn of the twentieth century was a tricky proposition.

What a king can never be seen saying or doing a Jimmy Savile can, and no doubt Prince Edward used Lord Arthur in the very same way. Below is another fictional passage from the book we are writing describing just such a surreptitious communication between The Prince of Wales and the Satanists who pulled the strings of the British Empire.

The Queen was withered and frail. Never much to look at, old age had made her bloated and hideous. She shook from palsy and gave off a strong odor of rancid putrefaction, but Lord Esher managed to keep his well-practiced adoring smile plastered to his face as he pushed her wheelchair down the great hall of Buckingham Palace. He deposited her with her nurses to be bathed and fed making his excuses to leave the palace. These days he rarely left her, but he had pressing business to attend to.

He made his way outside past the rigid guards at the entrance and into the brilliant day pausing to admire the carefully cultivated beds of royale blue delphiniums flowering in the English sun. He walked across the green and beneath the canopy of trees, emerging on Grosvenor Place where he met Lord Henry Arthur George Somerset, son of the eighth Duke of Beaufort and the best friend of Edward, still for now, as long as Victoria lived, the Prince of Wales.

If he ever did want to be king; Edward could not be seen meeting with Lord Arthur who ostensibly wasn't even in England where he was charged with gross indecency for the Cleveland Street scandal ten years before. The future King of England's best friend was an avowed pedophile and enthusiastic homosexual.



Major Lord Henry Arthur George Somerset DL (17 November 1851 – 26 May 1926) was the third son of the 8th Duke of Beaufort and his wife, the former Lady Georgiana Curzon. He was head of the stables of the future King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) and a Major in the Royal Horse Guards.

In the eyes of Scotland Yard that was bad enough, but they also knew for a fact that Edward's son Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale had been Jack the Ripper. That was covered up only because Edward had agreed to have the boy poisoned before he could commit further atrocities. The two men greeted each other with a limp wristed and effeminate handshake used by master Free Masons called the Tubalcain. Lord Esher then drew his thumb quickly across the waist to the right hip, a masonic sign used only by master masons meaning what was about to be said was in secret. Violation of that protocol was to be punished by the perpetrator's body being cut in two and their "bowels removed and burned to ashes which are then to be scattered to the four winds of heaven." (11)

The two men then walked briskly down Grosvenor Place to the Royale Mews or queen stable where Lord Arthur had slit the throat of many a young boy in ceremonial orgies often attended by Edward himself. They turned left and walked past Buckingham Palace to Birdcage Walk. Lord Arthur, much like his friend and matching bookend Edward, morbidly obese, was already winded by the time they reached the avenue that once housed the Royal Aviary.

For the last hundred years, it had served as the place where homosexual aristocrats paraded under its green canopy in what would later in the twentieth century become known as cruising. Well-heeled gentlemen wore their finest clothes as they walked up and down the spacious corridor leading to the Westminster Bridge over the Thames.

Two or three at a time, sometimes alone, always on the lookout for a potential decadent tryst. They met Henry James FitzRoy, Earl of Euston on the corner of Spur Road and Saint James Park, again Tubalcain handshakes were exchanged, and Lord Esher drew his thumb across his waist. The Earl of Euston spoke first, "Fais ce que tu voudras [Do as thou wilt] but Stead is making that impossible. We are devils and our only master is the devil, I for one will not be dictated to by a self-righteous commoner.

The Hellfire Club has existed on the periphery of Scottish Rites for two hundred years and we have not had this kind of trouble since the American Benjamin Franklin took to dissecting children in his basement twice a day. The occasional street urchin gone missing from that White Chapel hellhole is no reason for him to be raising a fuss. I say we enlist the Jesuits to get rid of that meddling moron once and for all." Lord Arthur said nothing, but Lord Esher answered him indignantly, "good god man, have you gone mad! Stead is not only the voice of the English people, but he is Rhodes's heir and the de facto head of the Round Table Society. Not only that as if that is not enough but when he was in South Africa Rhodes divulged secrets to him that we don't even know.

To top it all off he mentored Hugh Grosvenor, the second Duke of Westminster. The boy is fearless. I've heard he killed over a dozen Boers with his bayonet alone. He loves Stead. The Grosvenors are more powerful than the queen herself and wealthier too. You should shut your mouth before you start a second Civil War in England." Lord Arthur who was the abbot and acting head of the Hellfire Club now spoke, "Stead is at the zenith of his power right now and we must do as he says.

Give Milner a chance to undermine him with the Round Table, it may take a few years. The queen has long outlived her usefulness anyway, and it's time for her to die and go to our master. We can't just keep asking Baal to prolong her life no matter how much blood we give him. There are other gods, and they want her dead, it's time for my dear Edward, no matter how reluctant he is, to be king. We will cease our activities in White Chapel and allow nature to take its course. So mote it be."

They nodded and dispersed in different directions, Lord Arthur back towards Grosvenor Place, the Earl of Euston towards Westminster Bridge, and Lord Esher down Spur Road back to Buckingham Palace. He walked right by Inspector Abberline of Scotland Yard who was feeding the swans in Saint James Park Lake.

He had been surveilling them, as he had been for over a dozen years when he first realized Prince Albert was Jack the Ripper. He hated them and their life of privileged decadence with a passion that could only be born in a man who had grown up poor and had to fight for everything he ever got. He couldn't arrest that bloated pig Somerset, it would cost him his job and quite likely his life. He fingered the Welbey revolver in his pocket and wondered if he should shoot the fat pig anyway for God and country.

The English people were the lions of the world and for them to be led by depraved lambs like this, playing dress-up at being magi, infuriated him to no end. He was a Free Mason himself and that angered him even further that the brotherhood should answer to scoundrels like this.

No, he would bide his time because their time was just about up. The German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche had already pronounced God's judgment upon them and although they had poisoned him too they could not kill his message. To rule was not a birthright. Only the strongest were fit to rule and in time nature would take its course. He would be there to watch them fall and he would personally hang each and every one of them...

As thronging crowds bleat their adoration for the king and mourn the expiration of the queen, they remain willfully oblivious to occult machinations going on behind the ever-shifting veil of Jewish palace mayors and merchants.

The aristocracy, as has already been clearly stated by Albert Pike and Aleister Crowley, need three great wars to usher in their new Aeon. A much-anticipated epoch where you will have nothing and eat bugs. Horus required three great battles to finally overcome Set. With the war in Ukraine, King Charles III is off to a rousing good start to finally finish this...

Citations

- 2 – Serrano, Miguel. Adolf Hitler the Ultimate Avatar, part II, pp 461-463. Hermitage Helm Corpus, 2014. Web. <https://oregoncoug.files.wordpress.com/2014/06/adolf-hitler-the-ultimate-avatar-part-two.pdf>
- 3 – Ibid.
- 4 – Ibid.
- 5 – Ibid.
- 6 – Ibid.
- 7 – Ibid.
- 8 – Ibid.
- 11 – "Secret Masonic Handshakes, Passwords, Grips And Signs Of Blue Lodge Masonry." Ephesians 5:11. Web. <http://www.ephesians5-11.org/handshakes.htm>

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Category

1. Main
2. NWO-Deep State-Dictatorship-Tyrrany
3. Opinion-Comments
4. Politics-Geopolitics-Gov.-Events

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