

Once upon a time, a long time ago, on the island of wiggly Piggly, there was a little white rabbit. One day, it was bounding through the woods when it came across a rather large and intimidating bear.

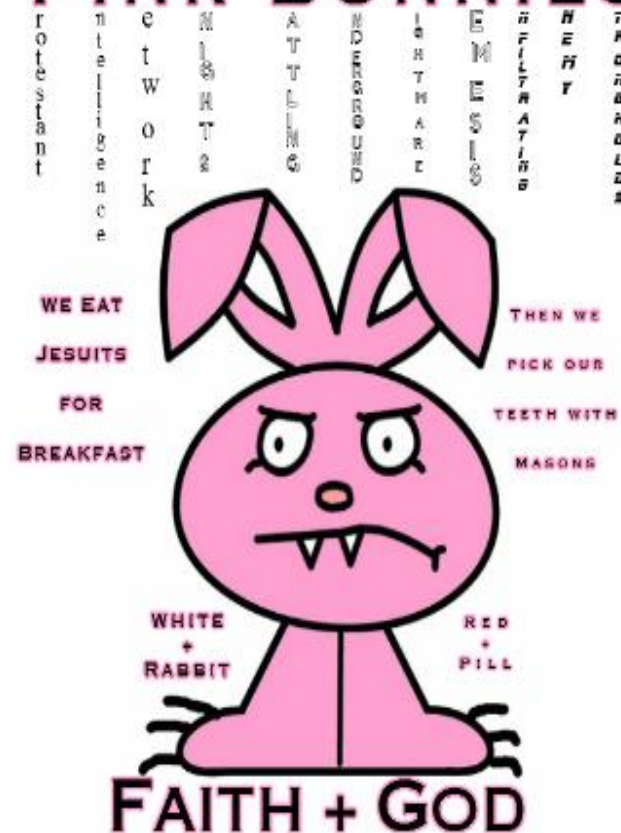
The bear was taking a dump and asked the rabbit, "does shi+ stick to your fur boy"? "No", said the little bunny. So the huge bear, with an evil grin, scooped up the little bunny and wiped his a++ with him.

The little bunny said "thank-you Mr. Bear, now I KNOW what bear shi+ smells like. I am going to teach all my friends what bear shi+ smells like. We have great ears for listening, great noses for smelling, we multiply quickly, and we are great at digging holes. One day Mr. Bear, you are going to be stomping through the forest like you own the place and we will have heard you coming from miles away, smelled you from even farther, and will have done what we do best."

"what is that?" asked the bear, who was big on brawn but short on brains. The little bunny replied, "we will have dug a gigantic hole for you to fall into and camouflaged it with help from our forest friends. Even though you know our plan, you will still fall in. when you look up, you will see thousands of little bunny tails hanging over the edge."

"That's ridiculous," said the bear, "what will that accomplish"? well said the bunny, "that will be the day Mr. Bear, when you find out what bunny shi+ smells like." ++

## PINK BUNNIES



Training began on GAB in November 2017. Initial post was here:  
[https://gab.ai/Pink\\_Bunnies/posts/14902651](https://gab.ai/Pink_Bunnies/posts/14902651)

One day the FBI (Freakin' Big Indian) told me a story about a bear that was raiding his cabin. The FBI took a big steel barrel and cut 3 V shaped openings, bending them in and down.

He made the points just the right distance so that the bear could squeeze his head into the barrel, but not quite far enough to reach the bait at the bottom.

He then put "moose skins" at the bottom of the barrel since bears love them so much. Then he urinated all around the barrel, leaving his scent everywhere.

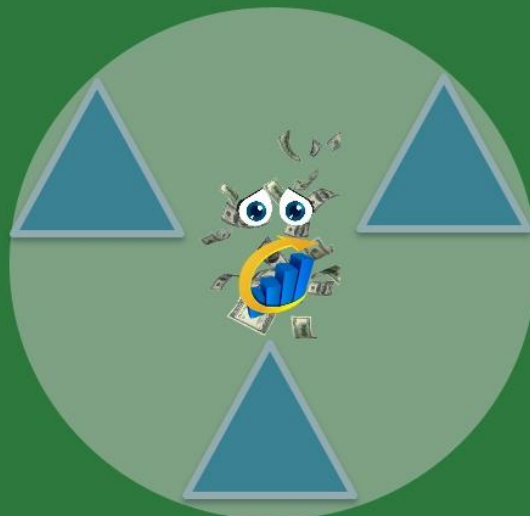
Sure enough, the bear came to raid his cabin again but smelled the moose skins and couldn't resist, despite the stink of urine all around. He stuck his head in the barrel and tried and tried to reach the "moose skins". Finally he gave up but soon discovered his head was caught.

The bear bellowed with pain and thrashed around for a long time. In a last act of desperation, he ripped the barrel from his head, scarring himself for life.

The bear never raided the cabin again. It associated the scent of the FBI with the pain that scarred him and ran in terror from just his smell.

Why not just kill the bear I asked? They can be useful idiots he said, when you hunt the crafty King Grizzly.

## Indian Bear Trap





Once upon a time, a long time ago, on the Island of Wiggly Piggly, lived a little White Rabbit. He loved to visit the wise old FBI (Freakin' Big Indian) who lived in the cabin by the lake.

One day the FBI took him for a walk in the forest and showed him a vast field of totem poles his ancestors had left. Some were tall, some were short, some had many animals, some even had frightening faces.

As he looked over the bewildering maze of poles, the old Indian said, "only one represents the truth, the rest just tell the stories of fools who did not understand the great mystery".

He pointed to a tiny one, it was actually the simplest of them all, with just 3 animals - a bunny, a bear, and a moose. He said "these 3 represent the three states of being. One is good and includes all who have joined with the Great Spirit, another is bad having totally renounced the Great Spirit to follow another, the third represents those who have not yet chosen".

A great battle between the bunnies and bears will soon force all the moose trapped between them to choose sides." The white rabbit thought this Indian wise, since he knew the good book talked about the hot, cold, and lukewarm (Rev. 3:16).

It also reminded him of a movie - "The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly" and an album "The Division Bell". For all great truths are told in many ways, with many voices.

Feeling at peace, he thanked the Indian and hopped happily through the forest singing one of his favorite songs... "Far away across the field. The tolling of the iron bell. Calls the faithful to their knees. To hear the softly spoken magic spells.."





One day my FBI (Freakin' Big Indian) friend asked me to go for a walk in the forest. Eventually, we came to a smelly swamp full of horrific creatures of every description. From sharks to alligators and everything in between, giant spiders, leeches, and more.

He told me to smoke his pipe full of CIA (Catholic Incense Aroma) and look at the swamp again. This time I saw many snakes who were ruling the swamp from the shadows. They all had evil grins and were doing horrible things in the dark.

Then he reached into his pouch and filled the pipe with NSA (Never See Anything) powder and I smoked it again. This time when I looked I could see only the same 3 animals I saw on the totem pole he showed me before. The thing that was confusing, is that there were bears in bunny suits, bunnies in bear suits, both in moose suits, and I could see strings coming from the snakes in the shadows, controlling all the bears.

When the smoke wore off, I looked again and the smelly swamp was once again full of creatures of every description. It was evil and impossible to drain because as fast as you did the Snake King would fill it again.

He controlled the King Grizzly from a distant land who wore such a magnificent bunny suit that most of the world fell for his disguise. The water flowed from a font of evil that springs forth from the Eternal City on 7 hills. Only by shutting it off at the source would there be any chance of draining the swamp.

I thanked the old Indian for allowing me to smoke his pipe and see clearly. I said the situation reminded me of Star Wars. I could see that America had been corrupted by the dark side and made to serve the Emporer in Rome. I asked how we could break the spell it was under and turn it against its dark master, much like Luke Skywalker had done.

Join the resistance he said, an alliance was formed long before you were born, to accomplish that very end. So 30+ years ago, when I wore a younger man's clothes, I did just that. I found my place in the resistance. You can too!!! The final battle is fast approaching, choose this day whom you will serve.





Once upon a time, a long time ago, on the Island of Wiggly Piggly, an Indian was talking to a little White Rabbit. "I'm proud of you", the Indian said. "Why is that, the rabbit said?"

"It is because in your last story you did something magical, you conquered time. You didn't look at your watch and follow a sequence, you used a metaphor from a movie that was impossible to know and still maintain a sequential timeline in the reality you communicated.

"Yes, I have come to realize that in dreams and even in thoughts and stories, time is very fluid. Why make rules where none need exist?"

You are beginning to "Think Pink," said the FBI (Freakin' Big Indian). That is a good thing. Not many know this but in our sweat lodge, when we go on a dream quest time loses it's hold on us and a dimensional boundary is crossed.

It doesn't matter how you reach this "Dream Land" he said, even if you fall asleep the normal way there is something magical that happens. That is when the Great Spirit "programs" you to accomplish things in the natural realm. He can teach you things, terrify you with night visions, or equip you for exploits. It is a source of great power.

"Hmmm", said the rabbit. "I have always sensed that and have had some very strange things happen in "Dream Land". Even light for my future path has sometimes come in dreams."

Good, said the FBI, but learn to use this power, until you can throw away your watch altogether. Then it will be you that flys and not time. You will think in images and symbols, instead of just words. The collective consciousness will open to you, then you will "Think Pink".

If I throw away my watch and let go of reality, won't I seem as "mad as the hatter"? Yes, but later you will learn to control yourself, then you will be able to talk with the Queen like a White Rabbit and talk gibberish with the hatter like a "Pink Bunny".

Then the hatter can give you a download of data that will bring you up to speed fast. You will understand things the Queen could never understand, even if she had a thousand years.

This amused the rabbit and he sang to himself as he learned to "Think Pink"... "Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day, You fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way..."





Thou wilt keep him  
in perfect peace  
whose mind is  
stayed on Thee.

PIN  
Justice 3

Scale	20	17	22
Angle	90	90	90
Spacing	25	42	17
Angle	270	270	270

KBUNN

Paper Clip

18	17	14	12	22
90	90	90	90	90
44	27	12	33	44
270	270	270	270	270

IES

Blade Runner



3 Pronged Attack

11	13	12
90	90	90
22	33	26
270	270	270

3 are 1 like Trinity  
Yet they are separate

That's me in the  
corner... losing my  
religion... The  
Pinker I get the  
I stay the same  
+++

You can only 'Remember  
the Future', if you 'Learn  
from the past.'

The storm is a 'tempest'  
that has already past.  
What comes next is well known  
by some+++



By some Q-uirk, a question was asked, one of many good questions.  
Some people are long on questions,  
short on answers, but with good reason.

Why is disinfo necessary? I've already said why. Only a few understood.

MO  
RE

Its position was a clue to those who have learned to "Think Pink".  
Did it not seem out of place? "Did it not seem cryptic?"  
"M-any O-rganizations R-ead E-verything!" How do you  
confuse your enemies and communicate to your friends  
when both see all you do? That is the real question.  
Why use images, graphics, charts, memes, audio and video tricks?

Some bots and AI (so-called) read text but have trouble with images and  
other forms of communication. You can eliminate most of the amateurs  
without much bother, signals intelligence is a different can of worms which  
shall not be discussed. Suffice it to say some creatures have 5 eyes and  
live in an Echelon, yet the Tempest that came before had certain  
advantages dismissed too quickly by some. The Clowns got their a++e+  
handed to them "old school", Wizards not withstanding.

Think of it this way. Imagine if the Mad Hatter was hiding such  
enormous secrets under his hat that his life was like that of  
Johnny Mnemonic, in a certain sense. Who could he trust with  
the download? How could he get the data safely published? What if  
Wikileaks was inadequate to the task? What if "Spotlight" was only the  
"tip of the iceberg"?

What if success meant changing the world for the better and destroying a  
cabal of Satanic pedos in the Church and State with so much money and  
power they have been practically "untouchable" for centuries. What if  
failure meant children would continue to be tortured and raped?

What if the cabal was run by the anti-Christ himself? What if the anti-Christ  
was a dynasty of men at the head of a system of wolves in sheep's  
clothing? What if the reformers were right, that the Papacy is anti-Christ as  
their historicist eschatology proved? What if the serpent's guile was such  
that even after exposure centuries ago the system is still committing  
fornication with the "Kings of the Earth" today? What if the futurism taught  
about the anti-Christ in prophecy was taught to you by the anti-Christ  
system? What if the time of judgement was upon us?

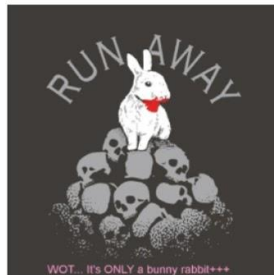
"What if the "hunter who has now become the hunted" are alike being  
watched by a completely different IN that sees them all as mole infested  
Curia b+ches? What if "The Return of the King" is a more pertinent  
allegory than J.R.R. Tolkien fans think? What if the Mad Hatter giggles so  
much because he has been waiting a long time for what comes next?

What is on the Dark Side of the Moon? What happens when you pass a  
rainbow through a prism? Some rabbit holes are not for the faint of heart.  
Did you think the Clinton dead pool scary? What if I told you the cabal has  
tortured and killed millions over the centuries?

"Run, rabbit run. Dig that hole, forget the sun, And when at last the work is  
done Don't sit down it's time to dig another one. For long you live and high  
you fly But only if you ride the tide And balanced on the biggest wave. You  
race towards an early grave."



"It was a lovely day in the neighborhood, a lovely day for a neighbor", so the FBI went looking for his friend the White Rabbit. He was always digging new Rabbit Holes and so were all the other rabbits, which made the task a little daunting. He found a map and a legend so he set off, trying not to step in bear sh+te along the way since the forest was full of it.



He thought to himself I must be lost because he kept ending up back where he started. That wasn't such a bad thing he mused, he had heard stories of silly Knights from Malta and Columbus who followed the wrong map and ended up in The Cave of Caerbannog. It didn't end well for them at all.



He was even more relieved it didn't lead to "Thumpers" hole. That's where all the "mole bears" end up, no matter whose map they follow. It's a fate worse than death.

Still, they were lucky compared to the pedobears. Those were led to the "Frankenbunny's Lair" where their fate was unspeakable. Now there was a foul-tempered rodent if ever there was one.

Just then a raven began to knock on a tree and he remembered what a vision in a dream quest told him - only the Trinity can tell you which White Rabbit to follow, there are many Costumed Clowns and Nonsensical Silly A++e+ that dress in White Rabbit suits and dig rabbit holes. Not to mention what all the other critters do.

Suddenly, the ground gave way and he fell into the Rabbit Hole of his friend who had tunneled beneath him. Sorry, to put you through all that he said, but it keeps Thumper and Frankenbunny well fed. You wouldn't believe how many moles try to sneak into our tunnels and how many pedobears are running around in the forest.

Safe inside, the bunny spelled it all out as plain as he could for him. Some Rabbit Holes lead from the blue to the black he said but the true path leads from the White to the red and back to the white. Therefore it is pink.

The only true White Rabbits are Pink Bunnies in White Rabbit suits, so just as orange is the new black, pink is the new white.

I think I'm starting to catch on said the FBI, either that or I am losing my marbles. "That's normal said the bunny. I'll feed you a mushroom soon to help with that. Meanwhile just study this picture until you are sure you know how to play bunnies and bears...

*Bear in Bunny Suit > Cur-A-Bitch*

**The Mole**

*OMG < Bunny in Bear Suit*

**The mole**

The number of atoms of any element that is equal to the number of atoms in exactly 12.0 g of carbon-12.

**The mole**

There are  $6.022 \times 10^{23}$  particles in 1 mole.

Particles: atoms, molecules, ions, formula units etc.

The word "Mole" is a homonym because it sounds the same and is spelled the same, but has different meanings. For example: a mole is an animal, a darkened growth on the skin, a spy who has infiltrated and been assimilated into the ranks of an enemy agency and now we will use it as a scientific description of a specific quantity used in stoichiometry.

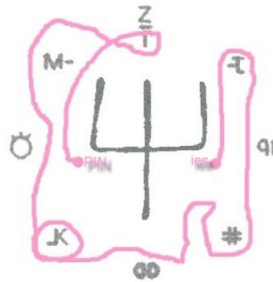


So my Freakin' Big Indian friend, have you figured out how to play Bunnies and Bears yet? It's kind of like "Snakes and Ladders" if you think about it. Some go up, some go down, clowns and mushrooms all around. No worries, BB made a very thin wizard stick that does a great job of pointing out mushrooms. You can even use it as a clown whip and flog them into doing just about anything.



Legend 48 has the right perspective on bunnies in bear suits. If you still don't understand you shouldn't try to follow me to the tea party. Someone might tell you your breath stinks and shove a CERT up your a++.]

Here is a map and the legend is above. Don't follow your intellectual leader's map, "he couldn't find his head with both hands". He doesn't "Think Pink" because for that you need to let go of your hubris and go against traditional training and experience.



He fancies himself a psyops expert - LOL. He thinks it's all about predictive programming and Jungian archetypes. It's a start but he will never learn to fly until he "gets" the missing pieces of the puzzle. He has done many great things but he is going to be frustrated on this one. His blood pressure will go up and up and his eye will start twitching - mark my words. I hope he ain't packin', might shoot his own nose off...

Don't follow the lauded strategists map either. Got his "hands on his guns" and is likely to shoot himself in the foot before he learns what REAL strategy is.



Trust me, wear a disguise, the Queen is a "headhunter" and the "King Grizzly" got a "Rat Zapper" ridin' shotgun. Put on rose-colored glasses too. When you do, It will be just like "They Live". You will see mushrooms growing on mounds of bear scat everywhere. Pick away.

There are just 3 rules to keep you safe:

1) You notice the map doesn't take you straight as the crow flies from the IES section to the PIN section. That would cause you to fall into the pit of despair reserved for the snakes and all the bears who don't repent. Stay on the Romans Road.

2) Take care not to stray into the KBUNN section, that is Frankenbunny's turf. Only Knighted Bunnies have the skills to survive there. You don't want to know why - trust me. Think Paperclip+Ratlines+Time. Even FB's ankle biters are walking nightmares. Nietzsche had it right. "Beware that, when fighting monsters, you yourself do not become a monster... for when you gaze long into the abyss. The abyss gazes also into you." — Friedrich Nietzsche. This area is quarantined for good reason.

3) Don't start eating shrooms until you leave the IES section. Thumper runs counter-intelligence there so all the shrooms are his. They are tempting big fat ones because he keeps them in the dark and feeds them lots of BS. However, heed me, read my lips, if you steal from him he will bite your hand off - you were warned. He will barter for bear skins and snakeheads if you want to make a deal but only under certain conditions.



"Many are called few are chosen". If you want to find Snow White's heartbeat, the Mad Hatter's laugh, the White Rabbit's location, and the Wizard's magic but you can't make it to the Tea Party in person - no worries. All you have to do is "Breathe... Just Breathe". Just do it the Pink way, by taking up underwater basket weaving as a hobby. When your farts smell like carrots you will be there...







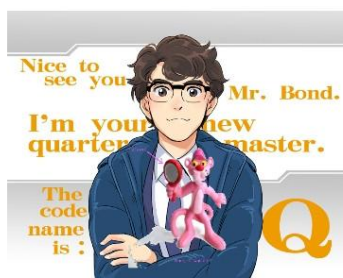
Some people are still confused over what the "White Rabbit" symbol represents. Is it Podesta artwork? Is it Hefner's Honey Pots? Is it a location in NK, is it "ad nauseum"...?

Does AC stand for an air conditioner, add carrots, or the military abbreviation for "Access Codes"? Does IFF stand for Intergalactic Freedom Fighters, Incredible Frankenbunny Fart, or the military term for "Identify Friend or Foe"? If you are not sure then you are a "stun bunny", a padawan, a youngling that still hasn't learned the difference between your a++ and a hole in the ground. You need some training!

Can you feel it? The Matrix Trilogy describes it, Star Wars, Alice in Wonderland, The Lord of the Rings - it doesn't matter where you get your memes, the same truths are spelled out over and over again - don't let the enemy of your soul steal away your dreams, your freedom, your truth, your identity, your culture, your country. Resist him and he will flee from you (James 4:7).

I am heading to the PIN section soon. It is run by the "Mad Hatter" and a lovely magical place to be. All the "ruff stuff" happens in IES and most especially KBUNN section. This is where we keep the "bunny food" so you can "feed your head". There are endless supplies of mushrooms, red pills, space dust and more. It's where the pink get "Comfortably Numb".

Okay, Okay, Okay... Just a little PIN prick +++  
 There'll be no more "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"  
 But you may feel a little sick. Can you stand up? Stand up! Stand up!  
 I do believe it's working good. That'll keep you going through the show  
 Come on, it's time to go...





Qlik 



Is this Q Anon? A search icon?  
Is it a magnifying glass?  
Is it American or British?  
Is it a double agent or triple agent?  
Is it a LARP, disinfo agent, distraction?  
Is this a psyop? Until this person is part of  
the PIN there can be no effective  
communication because they are on a  
different IFF code. There can only be  
breadcrumbs back and forth at this stage.  
If they want in they have to get past  
Thumper because he is running  
counter-intelligence and loves eating  
moles and shrooms. The Hatter just  
puts them in hot water and sips them  
with a sly grin that tends to stay  
long after he is gone.



I'LL HAZARD I CAN DO  
MORE DAMAGE ON MY LAPTOP  
SITTING IN MY PAJAMAS  
BEFORE MY FIRST CUP OF  
EARL GREY THAN YOU CAN  
DO IN A YEAR IN THE FIELD.



THINK PINK  
IFF Training

Morpheus - If they are not one of us  
they are one of them. TIP +++





THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. AFTER THIS, THERE IS NO TURNING BACK. YOU TAKE THE BLUE PILL - THE STORY ENDS, YOU WAKE UP IN YOUR BED AND BELIEVE WHATEVER YOU WANT TO BELIEVE. YOU TAKE THE **RED** PILL - YOU STAY IN WONDERLAND AND I SHOW YOU HOW DEEP THE RABBIT-HOLE GOES.

Morpheus from The Matrix (1999)

Keep calm & follow the White Rabbit

Red Pill: Free PDF Download of "The Secret History of the Jesuits" by Edmond Paris

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