



Metaphor is king in the land of OPS. After decades of preparation, a pre-staged OP was recently triggered.

The first phase, code-named Eyes of the Lepus, released a weapon of incredible power. Dubbed Stewy, it runs on 3VL (three value logic). Its only ammunition is the letters p, b, g, d, and q.

It was deployed at 3:31 PM EDT (19:31Z), Oct. 16, at Rome, NY, by the White Rabbit. The weapon spread like a virus, infecting Skynet at its core. The inception of an idea rooted itself in the collective consciousness of the intelligence community.

A decision is forced on a personal level, one with predesigned consequences. Indecision leads to an undesirable corollary that repeats the choice.

Lesson 5 in Stage 1 of boot camp is required to understand the cryptic nature of the comms that follow. A humorous allegory embedded with links communicates a deadly serious message. It takes the form of a *Vision Quest*.

As the chosen representative of the P.I.N.K. B.U.N.N.I.ES, the White Rabbit donned his *Stewy* suit and ventured into dreamland, not unlike Neo entering the Matrix. There, the rules of time and space can be bent or broken, and the quantum mind is master of the domain.

Hopping and spinning on one leg, *Stewy* approached the gate of the Vatican. It was guarded by two Knights who say NI. They chopped off his head before he even got close.



Undaunted by the mere flesh wound, *Stewy's* head sprang up and walked on its ears shouting IT (Information Technology), the "kryptonite" of the Knights who say NI.



Skipping on his ears, he moved quickly past the now sniveling knights and squeezed through the gate like the liquid metal terminator from T2 (Judgment Day).

He entered the lair of the beast, a hideous creature of enormous wealth and power. It ran pedophile networks, torture chambers, mafias, shadow governments, fake charities, and more. So cunning and deceptive was the demonic entity, that it beguiled the masses using a pretense of holiness and religious pageantry as its cover.

*"How did you get in," the monstrous being asked, "I own the intelligence agencies and we know about your **Wizard's** quest - it is not yet time for him to open the gate".*

"I didn't need the gate opened for me" replied Stewy, "I want it opened for the "normies" who have not yet awoken and learned how to use their power..."

A sick grin crept across his face and in a voice, not unlike that of Emperor Palpatine, the creature said... **"Power, what do you know of power? I own this world, its people are deceived by my media. Their leaders are bribed, blackmailed, or assassinated by my minions. All bend to my will or are broken. I use "Capos" like **Soros** and "Court Jews" like the **Rothschilds** so that the Jews get the blame, yet all that transpires is by my design."** He cackled with glee, just thinking of the insidious power he held over mankind.

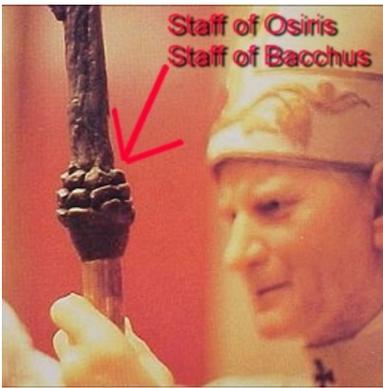


Stewy replied, *in the real world I am blind. Here I can see but your Knights have chopped off my head, leaving me with nothing but the letters db.*



*With those, I can do powerful coding tricks with databases, decibels, music, and more. Still, I do not need them. I flipped on my ears to walk in here, forming qp. Even with just those two letters and my **cheap sunglasses**, you are no match for me."*





"No match?" The now enraged beast bellowed... *I have a P for **paganism** - all the power of the **heathen Gods** is mine. I wield the pinecone staff of Osirus and wear the fishhead hat of Dagon.*

*I have an O for the **occult**, all the secret knowledge of the mystery schools is mine, dark sorcery practiced for Millenium.*



*I have yet another P because my **paganism** knows no bounds. I even brought **Pachamama** into the Vatican for worship and set up an idol of **Molech** in the Colosseum.*

*I have an E for the evil that I do in the name of your God. It is the **Trident of Dagon** turned on its side. I can lay waste to the entire world with it... crusades, wars, and inquisitions without end.*



Really? Stewy giggled, "you cannot even lay waste to me. Go ahead, take your best shot".



The pope picked up the trident and with a sneer like **Dick Cheney** on a hunting party, shot him square in the face. Stewy brushed it off like the force projection of Luke Skywalker after he was struck by a tremendous storm of lasers.



"What manner of sorcery is this?" said the pope, you should be vaporized, turned to ashes.

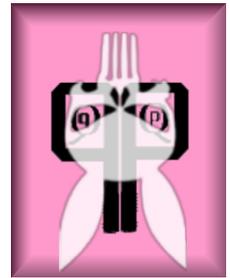
Steuy replied...Well, performance issues... It's not that uncommon for a man of your age.



The pope was enraged. *Enough with your infernal nonsense. Tell me how you did that or I'll have you burned at the stake.*



Inquisition much? Stewy said snidely... You already have a **bad rap** for that... In the part of my sunglasses that look like a mirrored Q, I hide the ring of power your master Sauron has sought for eons. It makes me invincible.



Don't worry, I'll give you another chance... Stewy said with a grin. I read a book called "The Art of the Deal". I'll trade you the ring for the trident.

To seal the deal he reminded him... your throne is the **chair that serves the master**. Your master would reward you beyond measure if you were to obtain the ring for him.

The pope's eyes widened, "give me precious" he whispered, sounding all the world like Gollum from Lord of the Rings.



His dark master broke into the dreamscape searching with his all-seeing eye... *the ring, I must have the ring...* His voice sounded like Voldemort from Harry Potter.



This is my dream quest, Stewy said, driving out the dark lord. He disappeared down a vortex, like Emperor Palpatine in a storm of lightning.



"Times up, said Stewy, what's it going to be Merv?" Do we have a deal or not?

"Give me precious" the pope gasped breathlessly, as he offered the trident with a glazed look in his eyes. Taking the letter E from the POPE, Stewy quickly traded it for an O - spelling POOP.

Soon, the poop's stupor began to lift and he realized where Stewy had placed the ring. *You insolent worm*, he said with hellish fury, *I'll turn you to ashes with the ring of power*".



Ring of power? Stewy laughed... "That was a French toilet seat I gave you. They make them round so the English can't drown themselves (une blague sur le têtes carrées). You are so full of shit, I thought you could do with some potty training.

The poop's eyes bulged like he was about to drop a big one, steam poured from his ears, all of Hell's Fury burned in his eyes...

Stewy said with a grin... *don't flip out dude. If you flip you'll go from a **poop** to a **boob** and Pepe will get you... He would move heaven and earth to get boobs – kek.*



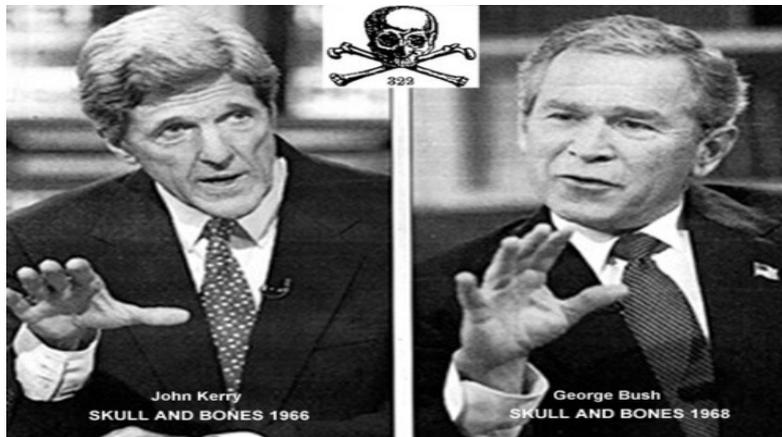
As he faded into the growing storm mist, grinning like the Cheshire cat, Stewy said, *you should have minded your p's and q's. I will be back to face your dark master on the **Full Moon**. Meanwhile, I'll leave you to **Vigano**. It is so much fun watching him make a monkey out of you.*

And that is how Stewy took the **devil's trident** from the pope and turned him into a steaming pile of poop.

Meanwhile, the p, q, and g he left at the gate had been swept into a storm sewer. They stealthily made their way into the underbelly of the Vatican, entering their *supposedly* **tempest** proof computer systems. Like an **injection** of truth serum, they started phoning

home like ET, but that's enough letters for one day. THE END

P.S. Please take the poll below...



Example of their left-right puppet show

Tired of fake polls? Tired of MSM manipulation?
Tired of voting irregularities? Tired of rigged elections?
Tired of having only their puppets to pick from?
Now before the polls close, choose from the left or the right.
Which pope is more evil? Cast your vote [here](#)

