



# Bright Clouds, Dark Shadows

By  
The Shadow

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Typeset in Arial at Your Mother's House

By Your Mother

(She does what I tell her. And I chose "Arial" because when the font size is way small, it looks kind of like "Anal." Ha!)

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# Bright Clouds, Dark Shadows

The Truth About the Sun, Water, Food, Government Conspiracies, and Alien

Visitations in North America and Across the World

By

# The Shadow

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# Chapter 1

## The Sun

In the summer of 1972, six years before I was born, I started noticing things about the sun that other people, for whatever cause, seemed to overlook. For example, that it didn't really look that big. They told me in the schools I hadn't gone to yet that the sun was one hundred and nine times the size of Earth, and I believed them for a while. But things didn't quite add up. How could it be one hundred and nine times the size of our planet, the horizon of which so easily hides the sun at night? But I let it pass like the other sheeple. I decided that they must know something I didn't. They had PhD's in astrophysics from Harvard, while I was just an unborn school child staring directly into the sun without any shade for my eyes.

I was also told that the sun was effectively a nuclear engine. Well, I thought, if it was a nuclear engine, where are the big weird-shaped smoke stack-looking things? I've seen *The Simpsons* (even though that show wouldn't come on the air for another seventeen years) and I know damn well that nuclear plants have those big weird tower things that big puffs of fluffy white smoke come out of. Where are they on the sun? Are they on the back? Not likely, because these same "scientists" with their "degrees" told me that the sun spun. That is, it spun on its axis just like they said Earth did. This is the first place I caught them tripping themselves up -- if the sun spun around, there was nowhere for it to hide its weird tower things. And even if they were wrong and it didn't

spin, the Earth revolves around *it*, so we could still see the whole thing, just more slowly, and over the course of the year, so the smoke stack still couldn't be hidden. Unless they were inside of it, which is possible. But I *doubt* it.

For one thing it just doesn't seem like a good design. Exhaust is supposed to go *out*. And for another, the sun is bright, bright yellow, and if there were some big gray things in there, you'd definitely be able to see them.

But also, where were the big white fluffy puffs of smoke? If the sun is in space, which it is, and space is mostly dark, which it is, we should be able to see them, right? But we can't. Once I figured this out, I started testing their other claims about the sun, especially its size.

I could never get over how they tried to pull it over our eyes that it was bigger than us. I just didn't see the logic in it. Other people tried to show me how when you get far away from something it seems smaller. OK, I thought, smaller. But something *that* big getting *that* small? I didn't believe it. I even tried to measure it.

They say the sun is huge, and that it has a diameter of  $8.649 \times 10^5$  mi. That's another of their mistakes. *Those numbers don't even exist*. I checked my calculator and there's no  $10^5$ . And what the hell is a "mi"? There's *no such thing*. I tried to measure the sun myself using a caliper, and yes I corrected for distance by holding the caliper way out at arm's length, and though I wasn't able to see the caliper or anything else anymore, my girlfriend at the time, Shoshanna, told me that it was mad small. Not nearly 8.649 or whatever. I didn't actually see that caliper myself until I turned twelve because I was born blind, which they said was because my mother had syphilis

(although I don't believe that story one bit -- I just explained to you why I was *really* born blind), but Shoshanna totally left it just like it was (she kept it in her purse for those eighteen years), and when I did manage to see it with the prosthetic eyes I got from Goodwill, it was closed way more closed than 8.649 or whatever.

Then they claim that the sun is 9953° F. If that's so, then why does it never get any hotter on Earth than like 120° F? Space is a vacuum, and something traveling through it, like heat, shouldn't lose energy. I mean, I don't really know, but I talked it over with the guy at the gas station, and he *totally* agrees with me that it shouldn't. So, then even if it did lose some energy, let me show you some math.  $9953 - 120 = 9833$ . They're saying the sun lost energy in the amount of 9833°. *Bullshit.*

That's three all out, quasi-scientific *lies* about the sun that I disproved six years before I was born and without an education of any kind except the education I would receive later.

But then this leads to a question: *Why are they telling these lies about the sun?*

# Chapter 2

## Water

I'm betting that you like water. I do. It's pretty awesome when you're all hot and dehydrated. That's especially when I like it. Or when I need a shower, or to wash the dishes, or, like, when you cut yourself and you get blood everywhere and you're like "Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow ow," and then you run it under the water and it actually hurts more, but for some reason you think that's better than just letting the blood get everywhere, even though it keeps it from clotting as fast as it might have otherwise. Life is like that. You cut yourself and then through mindless adherence to convention you keep it from clotting, even though it hurts *more* the way you're doing it.

Ever get alcohol in a cut? Or, rather, pour it on there on purpose because you're so paranoid about getting a staph infection that you're like "Fuck it, I'll deal with the pain just to know it's not going to get all infected and make my hand fall off." I wonder if you can get drunk that way? Like cutting yourself and then pouring alcohol on it. Note to self: get drunk. Have you ever tried Sam Adams beer? It's OK. In those commercials they act like it tastes like angel pussy and that it's all different than other beers, but really it's more or less the same. The only difference is the price. It's eight dollars for Sam Adams and like five for something reasonable. I guess its main feature is to let beer-snobs feel superior to those of us whose lives revolve around the arrival of the Pabst truck. Oy. I'm tired. I'm going to lay down for a while. Actually, I guess to be correct about it, I need to say I'm going to *lie* down. There's this whole complicated

thing about whether you lay down or lie down, and it's like "laying" as a verb, except in special cases, means, like, to *lay eggs* or something like that, or like you *lay this one chick who works at the Wendy's, you know, the one that's right by the AutoZone*. So, in cases like where I just used it, you're going to *lie* down, not *lay* down, and if you don't say it right grammar snobs'll sneer at you and be like, "Whatever." But fuck them. With the addition of one "T" that last sentence could be funnier.

Not to get off topic, but I want to talk with you about water. Water, like most things, generally has three states -- solid, liquid, and gas. What makes water so valuable to us is that it retains its liquid state at temperatures where other things are either solid or gaseous. That's a funny word. But anyway, the fact that it remains liquid when we need it to be, and the fact that it contains so much oxygen, are the two properties that make it valuable. Now, before you all try to get ahead of me and say, "How do you *know* it contains oxygen, really? I hope you're not trusting those lying-ass scientists with their fake degrees in fake fields like 'chemistry.' What is chemistry, anyway?" Before you get all uppity and say all that crap, listen:

I know for a fact that it contains oxygen because I talked with St. Angus of Euthanasia about it on Jesus.com, and he assured me that it does. See, the thing that makes the scientists so devious, is that they mix truth with lies to make the lies more difficult to discern. They *know* I can go talk to St. Angus any time I feel like it and confirm whether there's oxygen in water, just like they know that St. Angus can't confirm whether there's *water in oxygen*.

So, what they claim is that clouds are made of water. But I started to question this, too, while I was watching an episode of that show Everybody Loves Raymond. I

hate that fucking show, and think it really really sucks, but there was nothing else on and I was waiting for the baseball game to come on, so it was just on and I was watching it while thinking about other things, like for example, that it's weird that clouds are made of water, or so they say.

So, then I started to really think it over, and I came up with a pretty good argument that they aren't made of water or anything else like that. Check this out:

Water has three states, right? I said something like that earlier, and it does in fact have three states -- I checked that paragraph up there, and it said so. Now, if water in cloud-form is its gaseous state, why doesn't it look like steam? I mean, it sort of does, but it's way whiter than steam, especially when you're making yourself tea. Like, the steam that comes off the tea is *mad* translucent, and all ghost-looking. How did the clouds get so white? Well, there are certain morons who have told me that they look white because they're denser than steam, and that the whiteness that I detect in steam is magnified due to the larger amount of water all in one place. But that's not possible.

The difference between a gaseous (it sounds funny) and liquid state is that the molecules of a gas are moving more quickly, and therefore are farther apart, and less dense (*rarer* to use a seemingly archaic term). That is, in order for water vapor (that is, *steam* and what they claim are clouds of steam, i.e. *clouds*), to maintain its gaseous (ha!) state, it must also be subject to a maximum density, over which it will return to its liquid state, especially when temperatures are lower than 212° Fahrenheit. Well, if the clouds are so fucking dense that they can get pure white like they are in the sky, then they must be over that maximum density. And yet clouds that are all thick and bright

white like new paper go floating by all innocent-looking without turning back into water. How does that happen?

And there's another problem. Water needs a temperature of at least 212° F to boil, or become steam, but temperatures in our atmosphere don't get that hot. So what scientists call clouds are up there floating around breaking the laws of physics because they *should* be water when they are in fact (allegedly) steam.

So, scientists are not only lying about (not lying around, like a cat that curled up around something, like a table leg or something, but lying [not *lying down* like *laying down*, but lying like *not telling the truth*] like the Warren Commission) the sun, but they're also lying about (same as above, i.e. not telling the truth about) clouds.

In the course of my research I found that clouds did not exist prior to 1952. Did you know that? Apparently, all references to clouds in literature and film and other forms of discourse were subsequently added by the Library of Congress. What they did was log into the Library of Congress database and hit command-f, and then in the "find" field, they typed, "no clouds," and then in the "replace" field they typed "clouds," and in that way all cloud references were added to literature and films, newspapers, pictures and etc.

Most people don't recall the great "thing where they added clouds to stuff" of 1952, because the government brainwashed people. What they did was hide secret messages in an episode of I Love Lucy. Right in the middle of the song that Ricky was singing while Lucy was hiding in a drum, they had a single frame flash on the screen that said, "There are and have always been these weird white things that float around in the sky, and occasionally drip water down, which is called rain, and the white things

are called clouds, and you have always known this. This subliminal message was brought to you in part by Rice-A-Roni, the San Francisco treat. Also by the letter A, and the number 8.7.”

But I know about it for two reasons. First, as a hobby, I do frame-by-frame structural analyses of I Love Lucy episodes, and I one time came across the frame (though I’ve lost it now), and I read it and was like, “Damn!” And the other reason is that my grandma told me that she saw the frame. She has always had unusually high eye speed, and she saw the frame, but everyone was so affected by it that she was afraid to say something because she thought they might make her go to work in an airplane factory like Rosy the Riveter or something for punishment even though the war was over.

So, like, holy shit, dude. They’re lying to us about the sun, and the clouds. Whoa. And I’ll bet you’re wondering why? I know why.

# Chapter 3

## Food

Ever notice how *all* food is bad for you? The whole world is getting fat, with big, giant, fat ass, heart attack-having Americans leading the way. We're way fucking big. Like I once saw this lady who reminded me of the sun because she was an almost perfect sphere, with a slight bulge around her equator. It was mad gross. She was sitting down at the time, and I wondered whether she could get up. If she had been wearing blue I'd have called her a Violet Beauregarde-looking bitch. But that probably wouldn't have had the desired effect because no one probably knows who she is. She's the girl that turns into a blueberry in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. I thought her name was Veruca Salt, but that was some other chick. But you know what I mean.

And what I mean is that everything makes you fat. For years they were telling us that eating meat and eggs and cheese was making us fat, and that we had to stop it and eat bread and grains. As a matter of fact, the very bottom of the food pyramid, which was designed to forward the insidious agenda of the USDA, has grains (bread & etc) on it, meaning they want you to eat the most of that shit. But there are also entire diets based around the idea that eating bread and grains is evil and will make you *way* fatter, and they recommend that you eat only protein because only eating protein will suck all the energy out of your muscles and make your body use fat as energy instead of the food you're eating, which will make you skinnier but mad unhealthy. They claim

both of those diets work, but everyone still agrees that people are getting fatter and fatter. Well, if both of these diets work, and both of them are very popular, then it follows that people should be getting skinnier and skinnier. But they aren't, are they?

And don't get me started on vegetables. The CEO/owner of BlueZer0 and myself both had the same experience with eating mostly vegetables, which they say are soooooooooooooo fucking good for you, and neither of us lost a fucking ounce. Not one. We just had meals that we hated, and felt irritated all the time because we couldn't eat anything that had flavor unless it was something stupid like when I went through this phase of eating salads for almost every meal, and when *that* of all fucking things didn't make me any skinnier, I stopped using salad dressing altogether and switched to *vinegar*. Yes, horrible, acidic, microbe-excreted vinegar was the only thing I could eat that tasted like anything other than *green*. You know what vinegar is? It's the über acidic poop of weird microbes that live in wood or something. It has zero calories, and zero nutritional value, and is so acidic that if you give it long enough it can dissolve titanium, and it tastes like some kind of chemical torture that Josef Mengele devised, but I ate salad dressed with it *on purpose* just so I could have something that tasted like something other than *green*. You know that fucking irritating, disgusting "green" taste that made you sit at the dinner table for hours when you were a kid, because your father wouldn't let you leave the table until you had eaten it, and you weren't eating that shit? Well, I put microbe poop on it to make it taste *better*. And that did precisely zero. Except piss me off. And dissolve my intestinal lining. And even though I had gone through all that, and was mad, ultra, extra, super duper pissed off, I was *still* fat.

But the point is that it is clear that *all food* no matter whether it's animal, mineral, or vegetable, makes you fat and pudgy and disgusting, and makes hot TV-looking people go, "Ewww, did you see that fat fucker?"

And, have you ever noticed that way back in the day, there weren't so many fat people? Even as recently as the 1970s people were skinny little ropey motherfuckers who looked like Kate Moss after she had been starved for three days by her captor, Johnny Depp. Watch *Jaws* for example, and notice how skinny those people are. In 2007 you'd be lucky to find one person per ten thousand as skinny as those fuckers.

The scientists are lying to us (not like lying down, but like saying "Bush is our *elected* president, and he's totally *not* a war criminal at all") about the sun, they're lying to us about clouds, and now that we realize that *all food is bad for us* we can see that they're lying about food, too. So what is going on?

I'll tell you.

Two weeks ago on Sunday I was chillin' chillin' in the Shadowtastic apartment with the Shadowtastic wife and eleven of the sixteen immigrants who share that place with me, and I started thinking that the one thing that all food these days (that is, post-1952 food) has in common is the rain, which is delivered from these clouds that are allegedly made of water, but that have only existed since 1952, or during what I call "The Fat Era." Rain "water" falls on all the plants that we eat, and if we're eating meat (Ha! I said, "Eating meat." That was awesome), the animals that were turned into meat had been fed entirely on food that either was directly rained on, or in the case of *red* meat, they were fed cows that had eaten cows that had eaten cows that had eaten cows that had eaten food that had been rained on. And let's not forget that these

animals could hardly be kept indoors because cows are not supposed to be indoors under any circumstances whatsoever, even if they claim that they are sophisticated indoor cows from California, so the cows themselves must have been rained on as well.

That was it. The rain “water” was actually a government-developed mind control chemical that makes us do whatever they want, especially be fat, because they had all the world’s doctors in their pockets, and they would make mad kick-back loot off the doctors treating people for diseases caused by being fat, and also from the drugs you need because of those diseases. That was it. They were turning people into revenue machines using mind control drugs. Then I saw that they were sending other messages, too.



But before I could get any further in my thought processes, I saw something coming. As you can see from this picture, the clouds are coming in, all dark and scary-looking and shit, and it's no coincidence that they were heading right for your bestest buddy The Shadow's apartment. I rolled 5000 style to the bathroom in the basement laundry room where the clouds couldn't get me, and stayed there for three days so the clouds that had read my thoughts, and come to re-brainwash me, couldn't get me.

# Chapter 4

## Government Conspiracies

This is pretty exciting, huh? The Shadow on the run from government-controlled clouds made from mind control drugs and stuff? I like it. There's some action, but an equal amount of logical and well-researched material. Like an action-philosophy movie, but in book form. I guess that's not really a genre, is it? Philosophy movie. But I'm saying, though.

So, anyway, I was chillin chillin in the bathroom in the laundry room in the basement (so I was inside of three things -- the basement, the laundry room, and the bathroom. Or four if you include the building itself. Five if you include the county, six if you include the state, seven if you include the country, eight if you include the continent, nine if you include the hemisphere, ten if you include the planet, eleven if you include the solar system, so there's like a whole Russian nesting doll thing happening). Down there was nothing to eat except German cockroaches and brown recluse spiders (which call this flood-, snow storm-, and tornado-prone piece of ground home -- who the fuck decided this place was suitable for human habitation?) which is why my tongue is so swollen. There was nothing to drink but rusty tap water from the filthy sink, and there was no TV to watch except broadcast garbage I got on a 9 inch set with rabbit ears, which made me sicker than the spider-and-roach meals I was eating, which really weren't that bad but for the venom (exoskeletons are crunchy). And there was nothing to get me high but a can of house paint that was about half

used and all lumpy and gross-tasting.

So, down there I sat, eating, watching horrible broadcast TV, and huffing paint, day in, day out, for three days. This gave me lots of time to think about what was happening. It was clear to me that the government had colluded with industry to create these mind control clouds so they could make money off us through the medical-industrial complex, but was that all? Of course not. This was the answer to all the great questions of the world.

They were using the mind control gas to make us eat their altered food, which was, by the way, altered by the mind control drugs in the clouds. But they were also doing other things. For example, I noticed that it was *impossible* to watch network television. It was just such shit -- between the five networks there wasn't a funny joke in three days, not an intelligent comment, or un-spun news item, not a single person who looked like they were less than 40% plastic. In short, nothing that any human with an IQ above .03 would ever even consider watching. Yet, the networks make millions every day from suckers who sit through that shit.

And then there's the war. Did you ever notice that there are millions of idiots who think that the war is a *good thing* and who buy into the Bush administration's rhetorical constructions of phrases like *support our troops* and *remember 9/11*? That is, anything criticizing the war isn't supportive of our troops (as if they have any say in what they do) and therefore the speaker is a bad person; and any effort to bring them home makes their mission meaningless despite that it has *always* been meaningless; and anyone who doesn't want to kill Iraqis and steal their oil and land and install a puppet government isn't paying attention to the terrorist threat even though the

terrorists who attacked us not only didn't come from there, but *never were there at all*, and never even had any real connections there. Only retarded children (retarded adults were able to see through this ploy) were stupid enough to be fooled by the kinds of things they're saying. And yet there are millions of normal people (or at least people who are not demonstrably retarded) out there who believe this bullshit. How? I'll tell you how. Mind control drug-cocktails delivered by rain clouds.

But it's not just the clouds, and it's not just the drugs. It's in the trees now.

Have you ever noticed that people stay inside during the rain, but they come outside when there is no rain? Seems like simple logic, right? When it rains, you get wet, so you stay indoors to keep dry. Right? Wrong.

What's actually happening is that the mind control drug-cocktail is at its strongest when it is actually falling from the clouds (which are simply ordnance delivery vectors). They're telling you to stay inside, to consume more and more Ritz Bits, and to keep watching that broadcast diarrhea they pump out twenty four hours a day, and to buy SUVs and drink Sprite and get yourself a whole slew of expensive prescription drugs. But once the rain is over, people then venture out again because the drugs are absorbed into the ground, and aren't as effective, and then when the ground dries up, they are gone altogether.

But this presents problems. First of all, if the drugs are no longer effective after they dry up, then why do people still follow government direction after they're gone? And anyway, how can the mind control drug-cocktails control you anyway? They're just drugs. Where do the actual suggestions come from?

In the deepest darkness of that foul basement bathroom, I figured that out, too.

The mind control drug-cocktails are not just mind control drugs mixed together. They also carry fertilizer, which everyone knows is more or less concentrated energy. Why do they have this? To power the computers in the trees.

That's right, I said it. The trees are in on it. But that isn't true.

It's not that the trees are in any way compliant, it's that they *aren't trees at all*. But that's not true, either. They *are* trees, but they are trees that have computer equipment installed in the trunks. These sophisticated computers broadcast suggestions on the same wave length as human thought, and they tell you exactly what to think and how to follow their idiotic reasoning, and what to buy and wear and do. These computers are powered by the fertilizer that is mixed in with the mind control drug-cocktails so that when they make it rain, they make it pour. Sorry, just thought that would sound insidious, though it really is a bad cliché, or actually, I think that's probably like a copyrighted slogan for that fucking salt company (they're in on it, too). But seriously, when they make it rain, they are not only pumping you full of mind control drugs that make you a fat retard who's been suckered into the idiotic world of American consumer culture, they are also powering the computers hidden in the trunks of trees that are broadcasting government suggestions directly into your pathetic little brain.

Don't believe it, huh? Well, what that means is *not* that you have reasonably well-developed critical faculties, but rather that you are right now being controlled by the trees outside. Why do you think rural people are more likely to be republican, government-indoctrinated hicks than people who live elsewhere? There are more trees in rural areas, and therefore more computers, and therefore there's more

information being broadcast to you. Look again at the picture at the end of chapter 3. See how the clouds are coming right up from behind the trees? What's happening in that picture is no innocent rainstorm. The trees were picking up on my thoughts about the mind control project. They then relayed that info to the government to let them know to send more clouds to pump me full of drugs and power up the trees so they could broadcast more strongly into my head! Believe it!

No, huh? Still not buying it? Damn. OK, look at *this* picture.



What does it look like to you? An American Sycamore, *Platanus occidentalis*? Nope. It's an altered American Sycamore, the most insidious of all trees. Let me tell you

about them.

First, the American Sycamore grows best in river valley areas in which there are deep, moisture-retaining soils. That is, areas that retain a lot of water (like Shoshanna -- ha!). Second, they are huge trees, sometimes as tall as fifty-one meters (that's mad tall, 167 feet), and with huge trunks that can be hollowed out by people pretending to be from like the cable or phone company or something, and who are actually adding computer stuff to fuck with you.

I think I've provided enough evidence that I can move on without fear that anyone'll have any more objections to my theory.

Beware the sycamore!

# Chapter 5

## Alien Visitation

You're probably thinking, "OK, you've proven your point about the sun, the water/clouds, food, and government conspiracies, but what about aliens? BlueZer0 has already proven beyond a reasonable doubt<sup>1</sup> that aliens exist, so they must fit somewhere into each and every crackpot theory, otherwise, I don't believe it." Well, I'm with you, sisters and brothers. I'm with you.

Aliens fit in as wholesalers. That's right, they provide the equipment. The thing is, you can't just go to Gateway™ and say, "Yeah, listen, I need a computer and some software that I can stick into trees, preferably sycamores, and use them to broadcast justifications for my agenda into people's heads. You got anything like that for under \$200?" This stuff is mad high tech, and requires strange and awesome metal they don't even make here on Earth<sup>2</sup>, not to mention it has to be user friendly. Where you gonna get that? I'll tell you where. Venus.

Spotted hybrid chicks from Venus are the galaxy's foremost manufacturers of tree-ready, primate-compliant mind control computers, and they just happen to be not only in our solar system, but one bright, shiny planet over. How's that for coincidence? Spotted chicks from Venus are really profit-oriented individuals with strong work ethics, and quality (though not Ivy League) educations and who are available to work immediately. Plus, because they are so close we can pick up our orders right at the

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<sup>1</sup> [http://www.bluezer0.net/archives/2007/04/waterford\\_porta.htm](http://www.bluezer0.net/archives/2007/04/waterford_porta.htm)  
[http://www.bluezer0.net/archives/2007/04/interview\\_with.htm](http://www.bluezer0.net/archives/2007/04/interview_with.htm)

<sup>2</sup> <http://www.chthonic.org/en/>

manufacturing center (what do you think the Viking Orbiter was for?) which saves on shipping, and they give us an intra-solar system discount, which makes them perfect.

What do we pay them in? Victims. That's right. Spotted chicks from Venus are really perverted. What are they into? Probing people, and cutting up cows, sucking out the blood, performing unnecessary surgery, and leaving them dead in some farmer's field, that's what. They're totally into that, they go to the web sites and everything. To them, Rense.com is like that Bang Bus site is to porn-obsessed yokels. They crave it. And when they get some victims and do stuff to them, they video tape it and then burn it to disc and store it in huge stacks of DVDs which they hoard up for when the human race dies out (2011, or 2012) and they can't get any more human buttholes to probe or cows to dissect. So, when the government needs new computers to control the populace, what do they do? They call up the Venetian chicks and give them a free pass to come to Earth and probe some dudes, and turn some cows inside out, which is more or less their paycheck.

And how do they hide this activity? Good question. They hide themselves in plain sight. The sun! You thought I forgot about the sun, huh? Nope. I mean, I did until just a minute ago, but before that I totally knew about it. It's not like I just found out that there was one or anything. But it's dark now, so you can't blame me for forgetting.

The sun has always been around, but it isn't a big nuclear engine or a star or anything. It's a lookout post.

Far from being a flaming ball of gas, the sun is actually an observation tower that aliens built thousands of years ago so they could scout out people to anally probe and animals to do weird things to. What you see as a bright yellow thing is actually a

giant incandescent bulb which they can aim like a rifle to watch people whose anuses are to their liking, and cows whose innards are likewise to their liking. And what you think of as “night” is actually an artificially induced lack of light that the aliens use so they won’t be seen doing their dirty business. Through the magic of their intricate computer systems and mind control drug-cocktails, they’ve conditioned us to believe that the night comes regularly, when actually it only comes every few of what we think of as *days*, when the spotted alien chick computer manufacturers are ready to *get some*.

I know that the world operates differently than you ever thought it could, but this is the kind of thing you can’t ignore when you are the one enlightened soul among seven and a half billion. I am here to save you from this atrocity.

# Chapter 6

## What can I do?

I know that I have painted a particularly bleak picture for you here in this book. It seems as though there's no escape from the tree computers and the mind control drug-cocktails, and the anal-loving spotted chicks who might choose your ass next. But there are subtle ways that you can do your part, and fight the psychotic fight.

For instance, since my emergence from the basement bathroom, I refuse to eat food. As demonstrated, *all food* makes you fat and is bad for you, and the recluse venom was putting a hurtin' on your hero The Shadow. The whole purpose of food is to cause you to be fat, to get sick from being fat, and to then make money for the government which gets kick-backs from the doctors and hospitals, which are basically revenue centers for the government. I have taken to eating non-food items such as rocks and small metal chips, which don't hurt that bad once you get the blood flowing down your esophagus. Some closed-minded morons who have static and non-confrontational opinions about what the human body needs to survive claim that I'll die from eating rocks and metal, and that I have only a short time left. We'll see who has a short time to live when the morons are dead from cancer caused by being fat, or when they get their legs amputated due to diabetes (an operation that costs thousands and thousands of dollars, most of which, in the end, goes to the government that conditioned you to eat all those fucking Skittles™ in the first place, exactly for the

purpose of making money from your missing limbs).

Also, I am altogether avoiding “water.” There is really no evidence to back the allegedly “scientific” opinion that the human body will die without “water.” The problem with this theory of theirs is that no one has ever tried it. I’m trying it, and just a couple days into it, I’m thinner than I have been in years. The fat rolls keep shrinking and shrinking. Sure I lose consciousness more often now than I used to, but that’s natural when you do the amount of drugs I do each day.

Another thing I’m trying is sleeping in a special chamber that blocks all the mind control computers’ broadcasts, and keeps out even the minutest particles of the mind control drug-cocktails.

All this, and I’m doing fine, despite what the doctors and scientists (same thing, really) say. Here’s a pic that *proves* I’m doing just fine.



I have never in my life been healthier than this. I'm like Jack Lalanne in this piece.

Other than these simple things there isn't really anything that *you* can do. It takes a special man to fight a government who gets its mind control computers from nymphomaniacal spotted chicks from Venus, and that's why I am here. The Shadow is as we speak waging war on clouds (and, in fact, on weather of all kinds), actively destroying the sycamores that are the center of activity in given areas, and giving the spotted chicks a taste of their own medicine (which they aren't altogether opposed to, though the idea of it does kind of frighten them a little bit at first). But all this doesn't come cheap. You've taken the first step, buying my eBook.

By buying this book you've joined the war against trees, government, clouds, the sun, and alien chicks from Venus. And you can do more by donating to The Shadow's Fund Against Trees, Government, Clouds, the Sun, and Alien Chicks from Venus. In short, as long as you send me your money, we'll all be fine.

Until next time, may peace be with you. And beware the sycamore!