

{ This page has on 2023-12-09 14:16:30 UTC been updated in place since 1'st posted with a final 9'th part, replacing the earlier (2023-12-09 03:58:30 UTC) version. The web link is unchanged, only content updated.

Also, Clif High have now himself posted the full text at <https://clifhigh.substack.com/p/scenario> .}

Clif High, scenarios of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god'

"Jack, or maybe you, it had yet to be determined, killed a Jewish 'god'.

As stated, things got a bit strange after that."

clif 💎 @clif_high 12:29 AM · Dec 6, 2023 UTC

scenario: You are staying at Cousin Jack's place. Out in the country. He has a couple of acres with a little pond. You guys are going fishing at the river on Saturday, & you got there a couple of days early just to hang out.

You're kick'n back with some cold ones after dinner, just settling into some gamin', when Jack's terrier, (that he bought from your friend Russel), hears something outside in the back. He sets off barking up a storm until it penetrates to both of you to listen. You both hear it, sort of muffled, but definitely something out there. Jack says "sheeeit! Coyotes! After my trash!" as he is rushing off to the cupboard to get his pistol. He jerks his head back at you....saying "better get the forty-ought outta the closet! May be it's bears!"

So you go get the 'forty-ought' which turns out to be a Marlin 1895. It was Jack's pappy's favorite. Hell of a kick. Chambered for 45-70s. While you are picking the heavy rifle out of the closet debris, and grabbing some rounds out of the satchel on the floor, you realize that whateverthefuck it was, it was BIG, and coming right for the back door.

Jack shows up with his .45 caliber Colt Peacemaker revolver, quickly pocketing another fully loaded receiver.

"You set", Jack asks, as you fumble to load a few rounds into the chamber. "Cock it!" he yells over the noise of it stomping through the back yard, " If it's a bear, don't hesitate, just start blasting...."

That's when the little bead of sweat running down between your eyes started telling you this shit was real & could end very very badly!

You both hear the crashing noise of the fiberglass patio cover coming down out back. And the 'CRUNCH' of 2x4s breaking. Not good.

Jack puts his now cowering doggo into the cupboard under the gaming console & shuts the door as he motions to the back door.

You both turn to face it. You pulling the lever on the Marlin & hearing that resounding click as you bring the butt to your shoulder and Jack prepares to open the door.

Before he could move, the door is flung open so violently it breaks in half, revealing the BIGGEST, darkest, you don't know what it was, but it filled the door & was coming in so you shot it. Then you shot it again. Working that lever like it was a slot machine you kept firing. That's when you noticed that Jack had emptied his 6 rounds into the middle of WTF it was, and green shit was pouring out all over the rug & your boots. Still it kept coming so you reloaded & kept firing as jack shoved his revolver forward and fanned it like Wyatt Earp!

That's when you figure it probably died. At least that's Jack's claim, that he actually killed it.

It fell backward with a great KA-THUMP, and was ozzing & gushing from holes all along its midsection which had been at your head level. It was a big fucker.

It was a space alien, wearing a space alien suit, & you, or Jack, shot it dead. Mostly cause it wasn't acting friendly, as you both told the sheriffs when they showed, then the staters, when they appeared, and finally, also them fed bastards when they landed their helicopter out back & blew the crap out of the carport roof!

"We killed it 'cause it broke in here!" Jack had said.

That wasn't too much trouble, not initially, as the Feds backed off when they found out that Jack's legal skills were sharper than his terrier's teeth.

"NOT FUCKING HUMAN ERGO NO FUCKING CRIME TO KILL THE FUCKER WHEN WE FELT ENDANGERED".

They backed off a bit, but still threatened to get us on 'destruction of objects of scientific interest (which would be retroactively declared to be govt property)'. But that was when things got really sticky.

This little fellow shows up, suit & tie kind of guy, gov't man obviously, walks around the corpse of the alien, nods his head, and leaves, carefully avoiding being run over by the rented crane arriving to move the remains.

Later we learn that he was verifying that, yes, you did shoot an Elohim.

Jack, or maybe you, it had yet to be determined, killed a Jewish 'god'.

As stated, things got a bit strange after that.

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scenario 2: Jack's buddy Big Ferd met you at the county corrections intake. He worked nights & weekends managing the dozen cells the sheriffs had. Mostly they just held people needing to sleep something off, so Big Ferd had an easy shift, and got free food. He prepared all the meals that the inmates were given between 6PM and 6AM. It was easy money if you didn't mind cleaning up puke. And, there was free food. It was a good deal for Big Ferd.

"Jaaackk??!", Ferd said when he first saw the deputies bringing you inside. It wasn't until you were close to the intake counter that Ferd saw that Jack's hands, under the Terrier, were cuffed. "Jack?", Big Ferd asked "WTF"? Then the Terrier barked at him, and Ferd reached out to stroke his little snout, "Is that the pup you got from Russel? Man has he

grown?! What're you feeding him? He was the runt of the litter, no?",

Jack pushed the dog forward, off his chained hands and onto the counter. "BF. Take Sparky here. Some major shit is going down and..."

At that point, you see the Feds have caught up with the State patrol people outside, and a crowd of more than twenty people started shoving into the small reception, de-cuffing area. Big Ferd started looking a bit alarmed. He pulled little Sparky through the access window and the dog seemed to disappear into Ferd's bulk somewhere near his shirt pocket.

"Gentlemen? Officers? What's" Big Ferd started to ask, but was quickly cut off by the short Fed who seemed to be both the bossiest, and the bitchiest among the group. It was obvious, this little Napoleon was in charge, and determined to stay that way.

"YOU!" he shouted at Big Ferd! "You! Put these men in a cell! Now! Without the dog! "

Ferd started to ask about charges, and booking status, but Boss Fed was not having it. "NO FUCKING QUESTIONS! Just DO IT NOW!". He yelled.

Ferd saw the State Patrol Sargent nodding at him, so he tucked Sparky into a crevice in his clothes and came around to collect you and Jack. When he got there, Jack held out his hands to the Deputy, who took the cuffs off. That's when you knew Jack was really, terribly, deeply, murderously ANGRY....because he didn't say a thing. He just turned and walked behind Big Ferd, motioning you to follow. That's when the realization hit. You had heard of people getting into Deep Shit before, and this was DEEP SHIT!.

You ended up spending the rest of the night in the county lock-up. You were asleep on the central bench when the ruckus at the cell door woke you. It was Boss Fed throwing a fit and a half about finding you and Jack in the, now, almost empty at 8AM, general holding cell.

"How many?! How many people were in there with them?" Boss Fed was shouting at Mabel, the day shift supervisor. You can see by lifting your head that Mabel, nearing 62 and retirement is just about to have a bladder incident. Mabel's weak bladder was well known. She even had

a claim in against the county saying it was caused by her getting whacked over the head by 3 cue balls in a sock during the escape attempt from the juvey section 5 years back. Just as you're thinking any minute now that bladder is going release, Mabel starts talking back to Boss Fed.

"Listen here, mister, officer? Whatthat lever you are! Ferd's my employee. He did right. If'n he don't have a booking slip, a court order, or an arresting officer filling out paperwork, NO prisoner gets a cell. They go into general holding UNTIL we get paperwork! Ferd did right! Now get outta my way! I got to go ladies room!".

That left Boss Fed fuming and stewing while Mabel had a long morning pee, and a bit of a cry by the look of her. When she returned, Boss Fed motioned, and Carl, the Deputy Sargent opened the door to let you and Jack out.

The strange group of you, led by short Boss Fed like a high school band leader went down the hall to the main meeting room behind the sheriff's office. That was the room that Mabel's daughter Dorothy had been waiting for her mom in one afternoon while picking her up from work, and she found a human foot. Yep, just the foot. Well, in a shoe. A nice shoe, Dorothy had said at the time. "I would probably have wanted to date someone wearing that shoe." Dorothy had a thing for clothes. That may have contributed to why she tried to run down those 3 boys who whacked her mom on the head during the escape. Ever since she had to spend so much time caring for her mom's problems from the weak bladder that she hardly was able to go shopping at all. Life Sucked for Dorothy a bunch.

You, and Jack, most of the county's deputies, more than a dozen State Patrol officers, maybe 2 dozen suited up Feds, hard for you to count, being in the middle of the parade, all go into the Sheriff's meeting room.

Boss Fed instantly comes to a full blown stop. The rest of his little parade, including you, start piling up into him. It turns into a real clusterfuck of uniforms and people suits falling and cursing. That's when you realize the room was not empty.

Sitting on the other side of the long meeting table, are three people in the sharpest suits you have ever seen in your life.

There were four of them sitting there, in the middle of the long table. A very very dark haired woman with captivating eyes who was difficult to look at, but nonetheless you could not look away. You can't tell her age. Her skin is flawless, and her face had just enough maturity, not lines, not wrinkles, but rather, somehow, 'experience' showed through on her face. You knew, just by looking at her, that she had seen SHIT, and done SHIT. She was more than a little scary, but having those eyes look at you drew out a feeling that it would be perfectly rational and sane to kill and die for this woman.

"What?" you sort of mumble at Jack, standing next to you. You are vaguely aware he said something. You reach into your mind to find it, trying to sort past the swirling feeling coming out of her, now what color are they... lavender? eyes....oh, there it is...Jack had said, "M I B!".

"But she's not wearing black." You say in response. Confused, then you start to become aware of the men on either side of her. Yep. Jack nailed it. Those two flanking her were definitely MIB! No doubt about it!. "Hey" you say, pointing at the small man down four empty chairs on the woman's right, "you were there. Last night. You came and looked at it!"

"Right you are, sir.", the man rose from the table. You can see he's in his 60s, with a neat beard, and a very precise manner. He has a tablet in front of him on the table that you can see the pages on, but you can't read the language.

"And you, Jack Percival...may i call you Jack?" he asked, moving slowly down to take the seat next to one of the MIB. Continuing without an answer, he said, "Jack, you've caused a bit of a problem. By killing it, i mean."

"The space alien. " Jack says in response.

"Yes. The space alien. Let's talk about him for a minute. First, my name is Jacob. Jacob Turcomon. Have a seat gentlemen. We need to speak."

Sitting down, you can feel the DEEP SHIT getting deeper under you as your ass searches for the seat of the chair. Everything in the room

collapses down to just a tunnel vision occupying your whole attention, all of which is focused on Jacob, and what he is saying.

"Gentlemen, you", Jacob motioned at Jack, "killed a god."

"A space alien." You blurt out. "It's a space alien. You saw it!." You stab your finger at Jacob with an accusatory flourish.

Jacob holds up his hand to forestall more protests.

"Yes, a space alien. But also a 'god'. That creature you blew to it's hell, was one of the Elohim. That species were the conquerors of the tribes of Judea that were written about in the Torah....the Old Testament of the Bible." Jacob waited to see that you were with him before continuing.

"You, Jack, killed a god. That's not supposed to happen. These Elohim are the 'gods' of the jews, and they are really pissed off. This is a major diplomatic problem. "

"For you." Said Jack, warily.

"Well, no, this is more of a problem for you. These gods that you have pissed off by killing their relative....they want to see you."

Jacob looked around. No one moved. You sure didn't. Your anus was ready to squeak like a mouse, as you heard Jacob say, while pointing at you...." they want to see you. Both of you. And the dog."

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scenario 3: "ELON MUSK??! Fuck! You have got to be shitting me! Are you telling me that ELON MUSK is the head of the space aliens?! What the actual fuck!" you were yelling at Anne while feeling your brain staring to hurt. Looking at other-worldly beautiful Anne and her two MIB escorts who, so far, had not said a word, you were sure you were in Hell.

You kick your foot HARD against the table JUST to be sure you are actually here and not in some drunken stupor dream.

"No." Anne said, calmly. "No, I said 'EL EL-YON', not 'Elon'. EL Elyon, is the head of the Elohim Council." She waited for you to calm down. Looking at the MIB on her left, she continued, "though we are, of course,

keeping an eye on Mr. Musk." Both MIB nodded affirmation.

"El Elyon 'requested' your presence when he found out that a human had killed El Ukricria. One of the MIB said something softly. Anne responded, "Yes, more appropriate to say he 'insisted' on meeting you."

Jacob rose from his chair, walking around the long table as he spoke, "They are all called 'El' something. El Ukricria was an 'angel', this is a rank within the Elohim Army. Sort of like a non-com, a 'Sargent' in our military. El Ukricria is, well, was, a 'master Sargent'. He was what the Bible and the Torah call an 'arch angel', so he was up there in the ranks."

Jacob came around to where you were sitting. Leaning back on the table, he looks at first your cousin Jack, then you, before continuing. "You have NO idea what you have done." he said. "Humans are NOT supposed to be able to kill the Elohim. As far as we know, this is but one of only two cases in all of history of a human killing an El. Yours, and one other incident about six thousand years ago when twenty of the El were poisoned at a drinking party after they had raided an area of western Persia where they had killed, or 'harvested' as they say, something over four thousand people, including about half of those being children."

Jacob stared very intently at Jack and you, then said, "The Elohim are NOT nice people. They love a good bowl of fresh baby blood with their beer while inhaling the fumes from smoldering baby adrenal glands. They get off on it. Really loaded, minds fucked over. Think humans on fentanyl."

"In the past," Jacob continued, "The Elohim were also called 'Am Lak', or 'blood lickers', among other names that humans have given them. And yes, these are the 'vampires' of history. And you killed one, Jack. But we still do not know how."

"Colt Peacemaker, .45 caliber." Jack replied.

"Yes," Anne said. "We know that the El died from the bullets. The thing is that the bullets should have just bounced off it."

"They wear these suits." Jacob explained, taking up where Anne had

stopped. These 'suits', are 'alive' for lack of a better word. The suit itself is a separate, living creature, separate from the Elohim that wears it."

"What the fuck??" You say, "is that why it smelled so bad?".

"Ironically, yes." Anne replied. "Yes. Even though the Elohim are hugely smell sensitive. More so than any dog you have ever met. More than a bloodhound. The Elohim can smell a burning baby adrenal gland from about ten miles away. BUT they have no problem with the stink that is put off by their live-clothes, even though they freak out with human smells getting through to them. When the Elohim are in their field-suits, they are completely covered. The suit even extends itself a ways up their noses, and down their throats..."

Jacob said, "even up their anus some distance." He looked at Jack directly. "We would not have had even this much information had you not shot and killed him, Jack. This was the first time we have had access to a dead El. We learned much before we turned Ukcricia's body back over to the Elohim. These suits provide a force field that should have made it completely bullet resistant. No matter should have been able to penetrate it."

"El El-yon is very upset." Anne said, looking at Jacob, who nodded for her to continue. "He insisted on having you in his presence. So we had to have this talk. You need to know what you are facing."

"Hey! Fuck that shit!" You say, "I'm not going anywhere near these fucking things. In fact, I want out of here right now!" You are near to shouting as the Freak-Out starts climbing up your spine.

"Neither of you have a choice." Jacob said, a hint of resignation in his voice. "We don't want a pair of civilians being our first ambassadors to the Elohim. Not a good thing for any of us. Not what we wanted to hear when we informed the Elohim that their negotiator had been killed."

"Well just tell Elyon to go fuck himself", you shout, now on your feet and moving towards the door. "I am not going."

Jack stood up. "Yeah, we're going back to my house. Y'all can work out your Elon problem on your own."

"El El-YON! ", Jacob said. "you two had better listen up. Get this information, and get it right". He was raising his voice. " Understand NONE of us have any choice in this now. We are all committed to delivering you to the Elohim. If we don't El Elyon will just send a few more arch angels down to come fetch you both."

"Well, he'll know where to find us. At my house." Jack said. " we killed one of them. I have a shit load more rounds. Let him send some more."

"Uh, well, about that. No, you won't be going back to your house. It's not there any longer. We had to come take it." Jacob said.

"Take my HOUSE!" yelled Jack. "What the fuck!?"

"Well... You should not have been able to have your bullets penetrate the time distortion shield of the Elohim clothing. We don't know how that happened. Likely El Elyon also wants to discover why that occurred. That's why he needs you in his presence. To read your minds. To see what went down. Why Ukcricia is dead."

Anne took up from Jacob, "we have to know. It's imperative. There was something about your house, your location, your actions that caused an Elohim to become vulnerable. You do not know how rare it is for an Elohim to die."

Jacob sighed. "I didn't want to get into this now, but the Elohim spend all their time, as much as they possibly can, in these force field containers called 'ganz'. These bubbles contain the energies that the Elohim need to live a very long time. We think that El Ukcricia was somewhere over twenty thousand years old. Twenty thousand. Years. Our years. Think of that."

"And we killed it." You say, a little solemn.

"Yes. You, or rather Jack, shot it in a vital organ, and it died. And now for the first time ever, we had access to an Elohim body for several hours. And that body was fresh. For that, we are truly grateful. You have no idea what this means to us, and to all of Humanity....all of Life here in this Solar System." Anne stated.

“That’s WHY we had to take your house, Jack” said Jacob, leaning back on the table.

“Wait, ‘had’? Like it’s gone?” Jack queried.

“Well, no. Not like moved, but no longer visible. We have put a thing we call a visual fence around it. This distorts the light so it looks like the house is gone. It’s there, but you can’t go back. At least not while they are running their experiments. Besides. You have no time for that. You’re due at the uptake to Ceremonial in just a few hours, and we need to prepare you. Both for that, and what comes after.”

“Ceremonial?” you ask, not really wanting the answer.

“Decontamination.” Said Jacob. “Think of it as decontamination before going into the Elohim ganz...”

Anne cut Jacob off with a wave of her hand. “We’ve not time for details now, Jacob. Let’s get to what they really need to know.”

“Yes.” Jacob replied. Looking at you he continued, “and does it really matter what they are shoving up your ass if you can’t avoid it?”

Clif High, scenario 4 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god':

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scenario 4:

“I am NOT taking my dog!”. Jack said, firmly, but almost not audible. More quiet than a whisper, it was a barely mumbled threat. You knew he meant it as he was not yelling. Whenever Jack went all quiet like, that’s when you needed to worry.

“There’s no need. And I don’t want to have to look out for him ‘over there’” Jack said.

The Feds had had Big Ferd bring Sparky out to meet us at this field on the other side of the county airport. Jack saw him and for a brief instant was mellow Jack, then it all went South.

The MIB tried to take Sparky from Big Ferd. Jack saw this, and started to run. Just then Jacob went all stupid on us, grabbing Jack’s arm. Not a wise thing to do as you tried to tell him, “Hey! Don’t do that...”.

Jack didn’t even turn around. He clamped Jacob’s hand to his arm with his other hand then threw them both to the ground in a wheeling motion. It was a judo move. It was not as brutal as it looked. Jack’s body was well cushioned by the chubby Jacob on which he landed. Jack was up with a bounce, leaving a gasping, and very distressed Jacob on the ground. It all went downhill from there.

First Jack shouted to Big Ferd to take Sparky and get back. He did this as he was running those few yards to the two MIB who were ready to take his dog from Big Ferd. The shorter of the MIB took Jack’s foot across his face as the taller one received the brunt of the impact of Jack’s body flying into his chest. Both went down in a heap.

You expected better from the MIB guys. It was really pathetic. Jack was an old man, barely 150 pounds when wet and recently fed. You would have thought that the MIB guys could maybe have held their own. They were each taller, and more muscular than Jack, and the big one, who went down like a tall fir in weak soils in a strong wind, was easily 100 pounds heavier.

But, then again, Jack had that whole “died in ‘Nam, came back, leaner, meaner, keener” thing going. Usually people, even dumb fucking law enforcement people, even stupid normie civilians working in bars and grocery stores, could see it in Jack’s eyes. Well, at least the one eye. Jack’s good eye said that when he died in ‘Nam, in Pleiku, in the Tet offensive of 1968, and was thrown back, it was because he was just too mean to keep, so he was re-born here explicitly to Fuck Shit Up.

Big Ferd was there as quick as his bulk would allow. He was fast for such a big man, and inserted himself between Jack and the shorter of the two MIB.

“Jack! No. Please. Stop.” Big Ferd said, pushing the terrier pup out towards Jack. “Stop. It’s not worth it.”

Jack’s attention was taken by Sparky as he started barking and growling. “Ok. Ok. You’re right. Fuck’em.” That was when you saw

that Jack had his little one and a half inch, razor sharp, pocket knife out. He had been moving toward the smaller MIB's head. Not good. Jack had this thing about fights. He took a body parts when he won. And he never lost. An ear, a part of your nose, maybe an eye if he was really pissed at you, or a handful of teeth. There was this one fellow who irritated him, kept saying to him during the lead up to the fight, "am I getting under your skin, Jack?". It was not wise. Jack beat him to a pulp, then pulled his pants down, and sliced across his ass, and inserted a mug under his skin. Then Jack broke the mug with his boot.

Usually you were knocked the fuck out by the time Jack went looking for a souvenir , so mostly you did not feel much of the mutilation. Nor would you likely hear Jack saying "vengeance is mine, sayth Jack".

This time the fight ended with Jack holding Sparky, and the two of them barking together at the MIB guys as they were getting their legs under them.

After that, Jack got stubborn. Maybe an hour later, you could see that 'they', Anne and the gasping Jacob, white as a sheet, and probably suffering some broken ribs, were coming to the realization that they did not have a lot of options. That was when they sent Big Ferd and Sparky home, then turned their attention to Jack, who was angry, and making a lot of statements like "El Elyon can go fuck himself!" and "damned if I will." and even "What's the worst that can happen?".

It was at that point you realized that you were in DEEP SHIT, getting DEEPER by the moment, and your cousin Jack had decided to Fuck Shit Up.

At least her told them, just as the UFO was dropping down through the clouds, and only a minute before he yanked you by the collar to follow him, running out of the field towards Billy's Diner at the county airport.

"Sweetie", Jack had said, " I don't know what agency, or part of what government you are from, but I hate them all, so Fuck You. El Elyon can go fuck himself in the ass, if he has one. What's the worst that can happen? Let him try an find us. If he does, there's another opportunity for y'all to go Elohim body snooping...we're out of here..."

As your cousin Jack is pulling you out of the field, you can see the UFO

coming closer, and Jacob, struggling, heaving, trying to sit up, trying to speak, while Anne just stood there, her head tilted slightly as though extremely puzzled by something.

Turning your head, you saw Sparky, and Big Ferd, floating up in the air, maybe 50 feet off the grass. No wonder Anne looked puzzled. You did too.

And that was when you blacked out...

Clif High, scenario 5 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god':

clif 💎 @clif_high 2:41 PM · Dec 7, 2023 UTC

scenario 5: You came out of your stupor with dog slobber all over your face. At least you were hoping it was dog slobber. You vaguely remember Sparky licking you, but at this moment it sounded more like someone puking. A lot.

It was Big Ferd puking. Turning your head sent swirly thingeys floating by your eyes, so you kept them closed until your face was all the way to your left side. Your head was resting comfortably on some very soft grass that smelled wonderful, earthy, and freshly mowed. Opening your eyes, you could see Big Ferd, on his side, looking your direction with very glazed eyes, and throwing up for volume, and distance. He made a lot of noise, but very little was coming out as most of his lunch was strewn over the grass in front of him where the grass was actively grabbing the last of Ferd's lunch and seeming to pull it into the ground. The Fucking grass was eating Big Ferd's puke.

You shut your eyes again. Obviously, they were not helping your brain.

WTF? You had just decided to make your mouth move, when you see Jack lurching over to Big Ferd, while carrying Sparky. Though he was not too steady on his feet, Jack was up, and moving. Two things that, at that moment, were very elusive to you. You kept sending instructions to your body, but somehow they did not make it to their destinations. Commands to move your leg resulted in a weak, squirmy motion that rocked your head. Your arms were not much better off. They flopped around like slow moving bass on a long line. But your hands moved. At

least it felt like you were able to make your fingers clench. Not that you could move your arms enough to see them. But at least there was some form of feed back coming from them, whereas your legs were giving you nothing at all.

Jack was talking, you thought. Maybe. You thought you were hearing something. And it seemed that his mouth was moving. That's when you decided to concentrate on your eyes. Making them work seemed to be a bit easier than your legs, so you put a little energy into blinking. That seemed to help. Things weren't so 'scritch'. The eyelids went up and down several times. It seemed to work. Your eyes felt better. You put a little energy into focusing them on Jack who was leaning over Ferd, patting him gently while Sparky walked around Big Ferd's back like a seven pound Japanese foot masseuse.

Your eyes started really working, your brain started making things make more sense, and you discovered a really bad taste, and an incredible dryness in your mouth, as more parts of your body started reporting into Brain Central. You started coming back to yourself, and your personality began hugging itself into cohesive cogitation.

It didn't help.

As soon as you lurched yourself into a sitting position, looking forward, your mind blew apart. As your mind left, your stomach tried to follow. You started puking at the receptive, even welcoming, blades of grass. It wasn't the sitting up part that did it, it was what your brain decoded from what your eyes saw that said, "Fuck! We ain't in Kansas any more".

In front of your swirling vision, while you are retching so deep you question if your 'nads are at risk, you are wondering about just what the fuck is that giant shimmery thing that seems to go from the grass up over a mile to disappear into gray mists.

About that time, your ears start reporting to your brain that they're hearing a steady hissing noise, that they had passed up chain, but had not gotten any feedback from brain, but now, hey, better listen up, and put attention on your ears. So you do, and then you recognize that the hissing noise that had been in the background the entire time you were coming back to reality, or whatever the fuck this was had been slowly

changing for the last few minutes. Now it was a clearly rising sort of hissing steamy kind of noise. Worse yet, your eyes started to report that they were picking up some strange shapes moving through the shimmery thing, and that the movement seemed to be syncing up with the increasing in volume and tenor of the hissing noise. Worse yet, the shapes were growing within the shimmery thing so they were likely coming right at you. In fact, wasn't one pointing at you? Just there off in the crowd of them? How many are there? JeezLouise! Maybe there were over 200 hundred of these bastards headed right for you! FUCKKKKKK!

That's when you tried to get your legs up under you, and realized that you had done more than puke, you had peed, and shit yourself too.

Just as your mind is trying to come to grips with your bowel and bladder and clothing issues, you look up to see that the shapes in the shimmery thing were rapidly, very rapidly, coalescing into near regular human size, and actually exiting the shimmery thing. They came out with a sort of a hissy pop, a strange slick sort of a noise as though they were being expelled like a pit from an electric olive. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop! They started coming out faster than street people after a rain.

They were not your regular humans.

Clif High, scenario 6 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god':

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Scenario 6: They were not regular humans. But you decide that they probably are human. Looking at them moving quickly up around you, you see that they were shorter than regular humans by perhaps a foot. They were all, except for one, women. They were all, with no exceptions, naked, and bald. Well, hairless, really. Totally, completely, really hairless. No hair on any part of their bodies, with the single exception of their eyelids. Being totally hairless everywhere made their eyelid hair stand out like it had spotlights on it.

They all looked alike. The man didn't look like them, but all the women looked like they were sisters. Any three of them together at a bar and you would have said "triplets" without hesitation.

Being naked, it was quite clear there are no gender issues where you are now. And no beauty salons. Not that any of the women need one, especially being smooth bald as a pool ball. All of the several hundreds, yes, there were more behind those first that you could not see as they were walking out of the shimmery wall thing, and perhaps there were five hundred or more hairless, naked women, with shockingly dark eyes, soft glowing olive skin, and short of stature and all looking like a near twin with every other one. It was really spooky.

And there was one circumcised man. Also short of stature.

The man started speaking, not loudly, but with authority, in a language that makes no sense to you at all, but certainly energized all the women, and suddenly there are hundreds, of hands fluttering like little birds all over you, presumably Big Ferd, and Jack. You can't see Sparky, but you can hear him complaining so he was getting the same treatment as y'all.

Treatment consisted of your clothes being sort of 'dissolved' off your body, followed by gentle swabs with warm waters somehow springing from the grass supporting you while any number of naked women turned and scrubbed and washed you with exquisite tenderness while you were being held carefully by warm pulsing waters at a level of about their hips. It was very much like everything you imagined heaven to be.

Of course it didn't last.

Within a second of the realization of the pleasure of floating on the mysterious warm water jets, they instantly turned cold and foamy. The women held your hands and feet, and turned you this way and that as the cold foam started increasing in pressure, threatening to wrest you out of their grip, as you became encased in a foam that was first cold, then cold and slimy, then cold, and slimy, and slick and suddenly hard. Rigid, like a plastic. You are coated in a plastic like foam a foot or more thick everywhere except your mouth. Your eyes were closed, and glued shut by the foam. You are desperately breathing slowly through your mouth, when you feel the foam around your nose being gently removed, allowing air in.

It also allowed something else into your nose. Just as you were starting to breathe again, you feel 'it' crawling down your nose like a sentient liquid, spreading, oozing around all the surfaces, slowing, then faster, then slow again.

The 'thing' in your nose threatens to drive you freaking mad. You are just about to try to yell, to scream your lungs out in restrained madness while still feeling the women glued to your hands and feet, holding you suspended, when you realize that the 'thing' now crawling up your nose is also in your anus. And your penis. And your ears. And then, just as it could not get any worse, it does, the 'thing' starts oozing down your mouth, and into your throat.

That's when it dawns on you that this must be the "Ceremonial" that Jacob had spoken about. And that must mean that you had been abducted by the Elohim.

It was only later, after the 'thing' had withdrawn from all your orifices, after the slimy plastic had been washed off with first cold, then hot waters. After you had been dried with rushing, whirling, swirling warm air, after the women had held you in various, mostly uncomfortable ways, thoroughly rubbing you with one after another herbal smelling oils, including rubbing the oils into your nose, ears, anus and penis, that you are told that the 'plastic' is this solar system's finest, deepest cleanse possible and it kills all, not 99%, but ALL 100% of the micro parasites including bacteria, fungi, and nano-what-nots, that could possibly adhere to a human. Or a dog, as you discover that poor Sparky got the same treatment. And it was not just the parasites, bacteria, fungi, and whatnots, the treatment also detoxed you where ever it touched, restoring mitochondrial function, and even stimulating cell regrowth on marginal cells.

It was a thorough cleanse. You had heard about cleanses before, and hoped to never ever have another. Aunt Jude was famous for always being on a cleanse. You're willing to bet one of these would finish that impulse forever.

It was deep. It was painful, it was also smelly as actual liters of herb-upped oils were swished, swashed, pushed, squirted, painted and swabbed every place on your body you had never thought possible to

touch, and then some further removed than that.

When it was done, when all the women had walked back into the shimmery wall, each with a small electrical 'queek' noise, when you were standing there with Jack, and Big Ferd, and Sparky, all of you trying to wrap your minds around being naked, and hairless, this last for Sparky was much more embarrassing and humiliating than the aromatic oils squirted up his ass, and almost as bad as his ears being oiled. A hairless terrier is something you do not want to see.

That's when the short hairless man moved over and started speaking.

First he spat out a bunch of noises that made you think of a German with a toothache cursing after sitting on the business side of a grooming brush for bison.

He watched you all for your reactions, but the grunt from you, and the tentative 'Howdy' from Big Ferd, and the cold stare from Jack were not what he was seeking. So he tried again. This time it sounded like silky Mexican.

"Benvenuti nel Ganz di El Elyon, il Ganz Luna. Benvenuti, oh 'Consacrati'."

To this, Jack said, "It's Italian. He's speaking Italian."

The small man lit up like a candle when he heard Jack, and replied, "Jolly good! Jolly good. English. I have not spoken English for simply decades."

Then with a bit of a flourish, he waved his hand at the shimmery wall, and said, "Welcome to the Ganz of El Elyon. The Ganz Luna. Welcome, oh' Consacrati!"

"Wait a minute", said Jack, "what did you call us?"

"Consacrati....il nuovi Christì, the newly anointed Ones". He said as he made small gestures like he was sweeping you with his hands towards the shimmery wall.

Clif High, scenario 7 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god':

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scenario 7: Walking behind Jack as you all were exiting the shimmery wall, you saw the reason that they called him, "Jack of all scars", or "all scars Jack". There seemingly was not a space of four inches anywhere on his body that was scar free. Big scars, little scars, pucker scars (bullets?), and that one big long one that ran from the back side of his right thigh, up over his butt, up his back to his neck then around the neck to come out on his face right above his bad eye. It was the first time you had ever seen The Scar. It was fucking amazing. It was wide, lumpy, pale pale white the entire length, looked like thick white poly rope glued to his skin.

You were looking at that part of the scar on his neck, questioning just how far open that skin had to be to get a scar that thick, when Jack walked out that last step through the shimmery wall. He was, like you, and even Sparky the terrier, completely hairless, and quite a bit dehydrated, and an old man, and there was a sag in his skin that you could see as he walked. When he started to put his foot down outside the shimmery wall stuff, you could see the whatever-it-was pulling Jack's skin taught as he made that last step. It was like it was magnetic to his skin and he had to put a little bit of effort into walking out of the shimmery wall field. Then there was a big boom, not a little pop, and Jack was out of it, along with your guide, who had said his name was Pietro Georgio.

"You may entitle me, Georgio, at your pleasure, most kind Christos", he had said as you were all heading into the shimmery wall field. "No one here ever does."

Then Georgio motioned at the wall, saying, "walk this way, good sirs." He extended his arms together like he was going to dive into a pool, and stepped into the field, which made a 'queek' noise as he entered.

Once you entered the field, all noise was amplified. When you tried to ask Georgio where were you all going, it came out as such a large booming 'W' sound that you were shocked. You could feel your own voice reverberating in all your bones! Instantly you clamped your mouth down just as Georgio turned around, seemingly very slowly, and

put his finger to his lips indicating silence.

That's when you felt it, as you tried to walk. It was like moving through invisible gelatin that some how was trying to suck your whole body. It was very damn strange. Not quite as difficult to take as losing all your hairs, feeling them all be plucked out, by that decontamination goo, but sure was odd.

It made walking, all movement, breathing even, quite a bit of a chore.

But, as soon as you pushed your body out of the cloying grip of the field, everything, and you mean EVERYTHING changed.

The air on the other side of the shimmery wall field was IN-FUCKING-CREDIBLE! It seems as though you had never had air, like REAL AIR, in your life. Suddenly you could not expand your lungs far enough or suck your abdomen down deep enough, to get enough of this incredible air into you.

It was when you were taking that second deep deep breath that you noticed you had the biggest, and most hairless, erection of your life.

You were not alone. You had to force your eyes away from your own prowess, but could see that everyone, excepting Georgio, had a raging hard-on. Even Sparky.

You were looking at your own dick, swollen, rigid and demanding, and so were not paying attention, when quickly there appeared two of the hairless women in front of you with a small, intricately shaped flask that one held, while the other gently touched your shaft, instantly causing your orgasm, which was neatly captured by the woman with the flask. You all, even Sparky, were having specimens collected.

It all happened between one deep breath and the next. Then it was over, and you were deflating, though you still had the intense wishing to get more air into your lungs, and that intense tingling in your whole body, down even to your bare feet which were standing in a field of blue-green grass that actively tried to massage your toes when you did not look at it.

"WHAT THE ACTUALHOLYFUCK!?! " yelled Jack!

Clif High, scenario 8 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god':

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scenario 8: He looked over at you, but you were looking and pointing at what lay in front of your disbelieving eyes.

It was the most fantastic garden you had ever seen. There were trees that must have been a quarter mile tall, and birds, with brilliant multicolored plumage lazily flying between branches at that incredible height. There were plants and butterflies and other, much more strange things that were probably insects flying everywhere. Some were clustering around your head, flying in slow circles as though curious about your presence.

It was a vast expanse stretching for miles. It was hard to see either the far side of the apparent valley you were standing in, or the sky above. Both seemed to melt into a gray sameness at the far extent of your vision.

Yet there was sunlight, everywhere. Not dominating, but light that seemed to come from nowhere, and every place simultaneously. There were no real shadows, and every plant, every blade of that 'grass', and every bird, or tree or rock or pebble or anything was so crystal clear that your vision almost made your eyes hurt.

It was like that even looking at Jack, or Big Ferd, or Sparky. They were all lighted up like they were glowing. In fact it did seem like they were glowing...as were you! Your hands started projecting an aura that you could see when you held them up. They left trails in the air as you waved them around, laughing as loud as you could. You felt like shouting forever. Or dancing forever.

Being there, in the garden, the air so ???!?!? that you could barely stand it, was hitting everyone the same, except Georgio.

Sparky was up on his hind legs, bounding, bouncing, and barking up a real storm. He was doing dog-shouting. Trying to make big woofs come out of his small frame.

Big Ferd was behind you, shouting "Hello!" at the top of his lungs, reverberating it out into the cacophony of animal noises coming out of this most amazing garden-jungle. Off in the distance, the hairless, naked, women attendants, stopped their work tending the plants and animals to point and laugh with you.

"Jolly good. Jolly good." said Georgio, very jovially. He pointed behind you, back at the shimmery wall field, and once again made sweeping motions with his hands.

Though you were terribly reluctant to do so, you found it impossible to ignore Georgio's impelling you towards the shimmery wall. Something in your mind 'pushed' at you. It was strange. Maybe. Hard to say then, or now. But, you waved at the women, at the fantastic garden-jungle, at the animals, and the insects, at everything, then went 'qweek' as you walked back into the field.

You know that you had walked a straight line from where you threw up on one side of the shimmery wall, into the garden on the other side. And the walk felt like it could not have been more than a few hundred yards. Once there, you know y'all just basically milled around in a space likely no bigger than a small garage. Then you turned around and walked straight back to the puke cleaning grass area. But that's not where you came out of the field.

Your feet emerged onto warm sands, golden in color, that imparted gentle heat, but somehow did not actually touch your skin. There was a small gap between your feet, and contact with the actual grains of the sand. Which, was it sand? It looked different than sand, crystalline in nature. And it seemed to be looking back at you somehow. That was not unpleasant, just yet more strange.

That was not the only strangeness, nor the only thing looking at you. As you raised your eyes seeking the source of the almost orange light, up in the distance, a few hundred feet up over where Jack was standing just slightly ahead of you, was a very large UFO.

"It looks like a giant version of a clam shovel", you were just about to say when you blacked out.

Clif High, scenario 9 of the aftermath of the killing of a Jewish 'god'.

It began in the 1'st part:

"Jack, or maybe you, it had yet to be determined, killed a Jewish 'god'.

As stated, things got a bit strange after that."

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scenario 9:

"It's that whole missing time thing. That's what's doing it."

You hear the words, and they make sense, but not really. Then you realize that you are coming out of it...again? This is, what? Your third time waking up, fourth? or coming to consciousness since....since what...oh, then it all returns in a rush of memories...and you sit bolt upright, opening your eyes, and looking around.

You are in a very plush, high end, hotel suite....but you're in a hospital bed. Well, a really lush bed that has a lot of hospital bed features.

There are several people in the room, in medical clothing, including sort of haz-mat suits. Jack is on a bed like yours over on the opposite wall of a very large suite with a sort of living room area to which small alcoves opened. Almost like an Emergency Room in a hospital, but not.

The people, the medical staff, were moving around. Jack was nodding off, holding a sleeping Sparky in his arms. Big Ferd was in his alcove off the corner of the room. He was eating, but took time to wave at you.

"Awake again?", Big Ferd said. "Eat a breakfast. It helps!".

That's when you saw the trolleys in the room piled high with different foods. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, all steaming, hot, and aromatic to the point that your stomach was so empty you felt like puking, but you could tell you would not, as there was nothing in it. That's when your arm started hurting a bit, just as you were starting to make moves to get up to grab a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon that was calling you. Your arm was an impediment to moving though as it including an

IV drip going into your arm that is the irritation and the obstruction to movement.

The man in the hazmat suit closest to you, hearing you move, turns and motions to lay back. He moves over to examine your IV. Then he wipes his face plate, while grinning at you through the breath-fog. It's Jacob, from before, now in the pressurized bubble suit. "Want some food?" he asks, gesturing at the trolleys.

"Yes..." you try to say, but somehow it comes out to sound 'errkggh'. Your throat is so dry and scratchy that you start coughing. Big mistake. Dry heaves are next. When that passes, and your abdomen has decided to keep your stomach in your body, you point at the bacon and eggs platter, suddenly salivating like a dog at a barbecue.

Jacob brings you the plate, as well as a tray with orange juice, some toast, and all the kit for a proper breakfast. It was like being at a 5 star hotel with in-room service...excepting for the hospital beds, people shuffling around in hazmat suits, medical accouterment and supplies, and all the cameras...oh, and the hairless terrier, Sparky, now chewing on a bone at the bottom of Jack's bed.

And the hairless Jack, and Big Ferd, though thankfully, neither of them, or you, were still naked.

While shoveling bacon in with one hand, you rub your bald head with the other, feeling delicate little hairs tentatively peeking out of your scalp. Same when you feel the skin on your arm, and your jaw. The hairs are coming back, fine, and wispy, but coming back.

"Yes", Jacob was saying to Big Ferd, "We did expect you to be returned. It was part of the deal. They had to give you back to us after El Elyon had seen you. Living or not, we wanted you back. It was part of the deal we made to give them back the body of El Ukricia. And yes, Ferd, I, and we," Jacob said, waving at the cameras at the corners of the ceiling, "are incredibly pleased that you all came back alive."

That's when you mumbled something, choked, spit out a piece of bacon, slurped some orange juice, took a swig of very weak coffee, thought to complain about that, but instead said, "but we never saw El Elyon. He wasn't anywhere. We just saw this guy George and a big herd of naked,

bald women."

"Well," Jacob responded, "the deal was never for you to see him. We didn't expect that. The arrangement was for you to be seen by him. Which you were. Er, he did."

"How", asked Big Ferd. "Did he use a telescope? We could see all the way over to the other side of that valley. Weren't no Elohim nowhere."

"Uh, no, the Elohim don't use that level of devices." Jacob replied. "They are very sophisticated with their technology. From what we have learned from you all, in your states of consciousness as you recover from this experience, we think that the whole of the Ganz into which you were taken, is sort of a laboratory, and very likely has AI picking up information from all the plants, and animals, and humans around you. Hell, maybe even the very air reported back to their AI. So walking into their Ganz was enough. El Elyon most probably has a brain scan that shows all your actions, responses, every thing from when El Ukricia was killed. He has your DNA," Jacob said, continuing as you felt a blush rising even while grabbing for more bacon, and motioning for more coffee, "and he has all manner of samples. Also, we do not know what we do not know. So do they have some form of mind reader? That can go back in the past? We don't know."

"Why am I so hungry?" you ask Jacob.

"Ah. That we do know. Humans don't eat while they are in the Ganz. No need. Apparently the air is so charged, with a 'something', that there is no need to eat. So you don't. But back here....and you are all dehydrated. Thus the IV saline. We'll remove yours now." Jacob motions to one of the other hazmat suits who walks over & starts undoing the IV, but not extracting the needle.

"So we were scanned?" you ask? "That's what happened? Like an MRI?"

"Much more advanced. Much more sophisticated. But basically that is the case." replied Jacob. Busying himself with a tablet held by one of the other hazmat suits while they took away your empty IV bag, and finally, most reluctantly, your tray.

“So?” you ask. “Did you find out? Why we were able to kill that EI?”

“We think so.” Jacob motioned, and hazmat suited people moved equipment around, coming over to your bed as he continued. “We located some doorbell, and security camera footage across the street, and around Jack’s house that produced some clues. We think that Jack was correct. That he was the one who actually killed El Ukricia.” The hazmat technicians came around with another bag for the IV.

Jacob leaned around so that you could see him through the hazmat helmet before saying, “The bullets from your rifle were located. They had bounced off the Elohim armor. We found them in the ceiling, floor and walls. Shattered, but identifiable. So we know a few things.”

“We know that Jack fired the fatal shot. We know which one it was, and we think, maybe, that we know why it was fatal. But,” Jacob turned to you. “there are now a few other mysteries to consider. For instance, you went some place with Ferd, Sparky, and Jack.”

“The Moon.” you say, “we went to the Moon. That’s what Georgio said. We were on Elyon’s lunar base.”

“Well,” Jacob pondered, “you may very well have been on A moon, but you were not on OUR moon.”

Walking around the technicians attaching the IV bag, and continuing, Jacob pointed at one of the cameras, “Central tracked that vessel that...uh...took you away. It dilated at about sixty thousand feet.” Seeing your look of confusion, Jacob said, “dilated. Uh, projected, then went into a space/time dilation, a ‘worm-hole’. We can’t track them after that. However, we’re pretty sure you didn’t go to our Moon. You may even have been in a galaxy...far, far away.”

“But it was a quick trip.” You protest.

“...how long? How long were you gone? Would you say?” Jacob interrupted.

“Uh”. You think about it. “A day.” You look over at Big Ferd for confirmation, but he is nodding off, a couple of the hazmat technicians hovering around him.

“A day.” You say with conviction. “No more than that. Maybe less. Like eighteen hours.”. Yes, that seems right. In your mind.

“Try two months, two days, two hours, two minutes, and two seconds. To be precise.” Jacob replied.

“What?!?” you sputter. A snort comes out, also. You protest. “Naw. That ain’t right.” You’re starting to get a bit sleepy. Probably all the food. You’re feeling full, and tired. A bit too tired to be arguing with buttheads.

But Jacob persists. “I’ll tell you something else that isn’t right. Well, better yet, you tell me. Who went with you?”

“Don’t be an ass.” You say. “you know damn well it was my cousin Jack, and Big Ferd. And Sparky. Sparky went too. Poor doggo.”

“All right.” Jacob steps aside. He points to Jack’s bed where poor hairless Sparky is just settling down in a nice curl on the covers over Jack’s feet. “So, look carefully,” he said, pointing at Jack. “who’s that?”.

You did look. Followed his finger down to focus your sleepy eyes on Jack’s face. Something was not right. Something more than simply his being hairless. It was nothing that was visible, at first. Then you started to see it.

Jack’s bad eye! It was gone! Well, actually it wasn’t. It wasn’t gone. Nor was it bad any more. No more scar running up to the empty socket. There was an eyeball there now. He was sleeping, snoring, but you could tell. He can see out of that eye.

Then you notice that ALL the rest of the scars on Jack’s face were gone. Healed. Holy fuck!

“Holy shit!” you say as excitedly as you can with the sleepy coming over you. Pointing at Jack you mumble a bit incoherently... “what has happened? To Jack?”.

“Exactly! That’s one of the new mysteries that I have to solve.” Jacob wrote something on his tablet. “Another mystery I have to solve, which we will approach when you wake next time,” Jacob was speaking as he

motions the technician who opens the spigot on your IV line a bit wider, "is not only, what happened, to Ferd, Sparky, Jack, and you...."

You were starting to get very very sleepy. You didn't really hear him, so you grunt a bit.

"Don't worry about it." Jacob says, reassuring you as you start to drift down, slowly down, into the enveloping darkness of sleep.

Patting your leg through the blanket, he says, "when you wake next, we'll get into it then. Perhaps this time you can help me solve my other mystery.... Are you a clone?".

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"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only."

'A Tale of Two Cities' by Charles Dickens

Those who don't learn from History, are Doomed to repeat it. Probably why the communists don't want History taught, but once they stop teaching it, we repeat it yet again.

Humanity tends to balance decades of Oppression, with months of Revolution.