**72. Bael's magic powder for Victim's of TI (Targeted Individuals), and for greater protection in general.**

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Bael's magic powder for victim's of TI (Targeted Individuals), and for greater protection in general.

\*\*\* Bael once again spoke before I published this, he feels its important to point out that I am a keeper of a tradition where the Goetia can, and do take possession, have their OWN unique spirit-pots, herbal mixtures, potions, elixirs, balms, and work almost like a "religion", in and of themselves, and their ordering within the number 72, is a powerful spiritual alchemical process, and configuration of the afterlife. BEWARE anyone else who begins talking about this information after the date of this publishing 9/9/2013. Especially the daemonic/necromantic/evoker hucksters\*\*\*\*

Last night the Goetia spirit Bael spoke to me. I was shaken out of a dream by an explosion of a factory of some sort (in the dream), and awoke to Bael partial manifested next to my bed. A visit like this from a Goetic spirit is rare, and never without reason. I am careful to reveal much about him. There are many “huckster” occultists who read this blog, and then mix it with compounded lies to sell their, “grimores”, for hundreds of dollars to well meaning, and seeking people.

The appearance of Bael was purposely recorded wrong. There are mannerisms of his that I know, which I use as an acid-test to validate if the magician is truly evoking Bael (or any of the Goetia Spirits), or simply just using incorrectly recorded material about him, which shows that the magician in question is a fraud. Trust me when I say, NO PUBLIC/INTERNET MAGICIAN CURRENTLY SELLING ANYTHING ABOUT THE GOETIA OR SPIRIT EVOCATION REGARDING THE GOETIA IS LEGIT. Done, end of story.

\*\*\*\*My message to the hucksters.... you KNOW who you are, how DARE you swindle people's money!\*\*\*\*

I bring a message of hope this morning. I work with T.I victims. T.I means, Targeted Individual. They are people who have been targeted by the biggest cowards, and rotten pussies in existence. The pedophiles who operate low caliber energy weapons, and direct them on brave individuals who have spoken out against corruption at governmental, and the high level corporate levels. They also send squads of people to harass, and follow them, often called, “gang stalking”. This is common practice for the so-called, "intelligence", agencies.

I myself was briefly a target of gang stalking after it was uncovered that my God Father/Mentor, a POWERFUL ritual magician, and Houngan Asogwe was finally able to lay a curse (for which their was no recovering) on a high level black magic magician, top level member of military industrial complex, and oddly a mastermind behind the current TI program. He died being eaten alive by the truly depraved dead.

I was followed by a group of metro-sexual looking guys in their late 20s. They would be everywhere I was. At first just in the background, but there. I noticed this gaggle of douchbags very quickly, mostly because I don't watch TV, so I am used to seeing what actually around me, rather then a limited focus of reality projected directly in my head from a television. When they realized I have long been aware of them, but yet had NOT reacted to their presence, they stepped up their game.

I would be walking in, or out of a store, or at school, and there they would be, talking just loudly enough for me to hear them. They would describe parts of my day, and even say my name. After weeks of me pretending to be oblivious to them, I was able to lure these twats into a trap.

One night has I was walking out of a local convenience store, they assembled together in what I imagine was their daily gay circle jerk session positioned a few feet of my vehicle. They had finally positioned themselves with in arm's reach, its what I had been waiting for, as I wanted to take them ALL by surprise.

One of them said my name as I walked by them to my vehicle, they all chuckled, and made eye contact with me.

I unleashed.

I came up with a thunderous right upper cut under the chin of the one that dared speak my name. The “clop” sound of his bottom teeth, forcefully meeting his upper teeth (I believe that meeting scissored through the tip of his tongue), was one of the sweetest, and erotic sounds I have ever heard. I still get a monstrous erection when I re-call it.

I then launched my large body at the rest of them. I have been forged by years of bending thick steel bars, pulling apart chain links, and one handing triple digit dumbbells overhead, for triple digit reps. I believe that if I die dripping in the blood of my enemies I got to Valhalla, and earn the right to sexually own every woman in their ancestor line.

Like the true pussies they are, they scattered, and left their fallen comrade to be my personal piece of meat. Out of spite, and calculated madness, I methodically took my time steadily pulling out bloody fist full, after bloody fist full of hair from his head. I held him down with a vice tight spine lock/camel clutch (Thanks Iron Sheik)

to try, and entice his, “friends” to attempt a rescue mission (a cruel sniper trick; good snipers didn't always one shot, one kill a man. They shoot him in the legs, and arms, while his platoon watched to draw them out of cover, and into direct fire when they would attempt to aid their wounded companion). I also wanted to keep this display of savagery in the public view. I wasn't interested in chasing one of them down, and being lead down a spider hole, or snatch, and grab attempt. I wanted them to get close, until they did I was content with tearing out whole patches of hair from the worm they abandoned, and feeling his vertebral disks crunch beneath me.

The sight of a man ruthlessly camel clutching another “man(?)”, while wrenching out clumps of his hair, and him trying to heave enough air out of his blood filled mouth to scream in agony in front of a busy convenience store is liable to draw a crowd.

The police (who really ought to be out stopping crime, not intervening in an American patriot wining his country back), arrived not long after. I am not bullet proof (yet), so I eventually let him go, but ONLY after I was told repeatedly they would shot, and I finally believed that they would.

I was arrested, the man taken to a local hospital. I already had in my mind the lawyer I would call, and the first, and ONLY words out of my mouth to both the cops, and detectives was, “Fuck you, 5th amendment, where the FUCK is my lawyer!”.

The rest of the details aside, I was eventually released. Why? While there was a horrifically injured body, he left the hospital, and even though, “someone”, got their shit fucked up, they still need to identify WHO that, "someone" was. Its hard to charge me with assault against, “Ummm fuck if we know who he is, and no one can find him”.

I have at this point in my life encountered NO further gang-stalking. I believe that they look for victims, not fights. If you do physically confront your stalkers, you MUST be ready for a REAL fight, and you MUST be ready to personally accept the repercussions of your actions, legal, or otherwise. That is on YOU, and no one else.

I also fully believe that my years of steady energy work, magical armor, and merger (LBRP/MPR), protect me from their energy weapons. You will need to spend years developing your own energetic protections as I have.

So what about the Goetia spirit Bael?

I had come to him many weeks earlier, and on behalf of someone, who asked about what he (all of you) could do about ceasing/lessening T.I, both the energy weapons, and physical gang stalking. He said he would need to get back to me.

He finally did.

This will be work for any types of the spiritual attacks, or just wanting to have an extra level of protections in general.

This is a once a week process, done on MONDAY.

You will need piece of parchment with Bael's sigil drawn on it

Powdered Egg shell (best worked into a dust with a mortar, and pestle), of NINE emptied eggs.

Dried, and crushed mugwort, small hand full.

Dried, and crush horehound (Marrubium vulgare), small hand full.

Mix all together, and place in a bowl, with a piece of quartz, and onyx.

Place the bowl of top of Bael's sigil, on the parchment, cover the bowl with a black fabric, let it charge for a at least SEVEN days.

Every MONDAY, light a cigar, and blow the smoke over the sigil of Bael NINE times. This is PAYMENT. Now, take a pinch or two of your mixture, briskly rub it between your hands, and rub your hands all over you DRY, mostly naked body, top of head and face (avoid your eyes).

Cover the bowl once more with the black fabric.

This will greatly dampen your presence to your enemies, and your gang stalkers will being to have a hard time finding you. You will also notice directed energy weapons will have a greatly lessened effect on you. You will also be less effected by negative vibrations, and harmful frequencies.

When the mixture runs out, just make more!

Allow the mixture to stay on your body for at least 27 minutes before you dry wipe it off. It would be better if you could just leave it all day. This will create another magical barrier of invisibility from your enemies, and provide solid energetic protection.

Bael needs payment for this, has HE brought this dry rub to consciousness to help humanity. So be sure to give him to offer him the smoke of a cigar once a week if you use his magic powder.

Let me know how it goes!

-Uncle Bearheart