

LETTERS FROM NIMROD de ROSARIO's MOTHER



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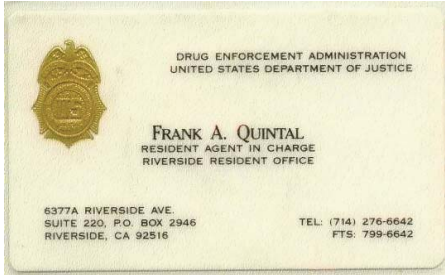


STORY (1st Part)

THE MYSTERY WAS UNRAVELLED:

**"MARY HAD A HALF-EARTHLY SON
AND HALF
EXTRATERRESTRIAL".**

The incredible interspatial event, which produced terrestrial anger, for the spawning of an extraterrestrial child.



I will begin by recounting my experiences, how and why I came to have them, but I will not dwell on blurry or lurid situations.

I will only say that they came to my house, after midnight, and told me that they had to make a "**Revelation**" to me.

The "**revelation**" was **that my son was half earthly and half extraterrestrial.**

I had been a widow for 4 years, after 15 years of marriage, because my mother was about to die.

My mother got me engaged, on 28 October, to a young man of the Oligarchy, and she married me on 24 November 1945, that is, I was 15 years old, and on 28 October of the following year my son was born.

When the aliens came, after having announced it to me all day long, and told me that they came in peace, and that I should not be frightened.

Well, they came at 12:00 at night and made that "Revelation" to me.

The next day, we discussed it with my son, and to my surprise, my son told me: I already knew, I was waiting for them, and I told him the revelation and he said: *I know how they did it to you, And how do you know?* I say to him, and he says: *"If they sent me to write a book, how can I not know? What I do know is, keep me up to date with everything and when they take you, look carefully at everything; how they come, how they enter, where they take you, how they dress, and I tell him: They told me that they had "mental transmission, thought capture and mental domination", a little painting.*

They told me that they needed me to fulfil a mission, but that first, they would take away some of my senses, and in exchange, they would give me others.

Such as; increasing my mood, taking away my fear, giving me docility, taking away my power of analysis, reasoning, etc...

My son insisted that I should be alert and watch them, and I told him: *Yes, when they want to, because they dominate me mentally, and I can look, listen, walk, but sometimes they immobilise me, either my tongue is asleep, or when they want me to speak, and when they don't, no, and my son said: I already know that. How they proceed, how they act with you, that's what I want to know.*

No one better than him to know this.

I explained to him that sometimes I was lying down, sleeping, and it was as if, from a pulse or mentally, it seemed that a magnet would wake me up and I, like an automaton, would get up, and one day, I was able to experience it very clearly. At my son's insistence, I realised that I would open the door, which was locked, and they would enter through the dining room, my son slept in the bedroom, that is, he never woke up, or rather, I would say that they put him to sleep.

On one occasion, they searched everything, from the electronics workshop, they took a radar lamp that my son had, in the morning when he checked, he only noticed that one thing missing, I looked, because they told me that they came in peace and when I opened the door I thought: *"ha!* but this time they came with some little dwarfs, who were no more than 50 centimetres tall, they had little nylon busts, butter-coloured, with a hood that covered their heads and ears, leaving their faces uncovered. The face was butter-coloured, almost ashy, -sort of like field fungus||, I don't know if it was skin, it looked spongy, but it did perspire, and they were the ones who were in charge of stirring everything up.

As they were carrying a kind of radio, about 20 cm. wide and 30 cm. high and had a little antenna, they put it on a sideboard. I wanted to take it away from them, and one of the dwarfs took out a kind of gun from his waist, and sprayed me with a liquid that vaporised, and I started to jump and scream, because I was dying from the cold, and to those who were carrying them, who were physically like us, the earthlings, I said: *"Didn't you tell me that you came in peace?"* and they told me that they thought that I wanted to take the device away from them, and I told them that yes, I wanted to take it away, because my son asked me to, that he wanted something from you, to really check that you were there, and they told me that he would check it in due time, and they left and I was cut off from the cold, what I thought at that moment was that it must be like that, what the fire extinguisher has, forgive my ignorance.

The first time they came, they said to me, *"How about Maria,"* which is my nickname, and I thought to myself,

How do they know, and I asked them, and they told me that they knew me before I was born, and I said to myself: *Yes, what an idiot I am, when I asked them, not only that, they told me: But we have always been watching you,* that I was not unknown to them. Yes, I always felt that I was being watched.

I continue, in the morning, as my son insisted, why they didn't want to contact him...., *Of course, because I am a technician, because they are not going to pass me, but they make you look and paint you as "they" want, why don't they take me?*

I will tell you an anecdote.

When my son was attending the technical school where he studied electronics, one day I was called to a meeting, I went, as I was the only one summoned, there were only me, the engineers and the teachers, I imagined that it was not for anything good.

I was surprised when they told me not to send it to the technical department any more, and I told them: *Why?* and they tell me: *Because your son doesn't need to be taught, he learns on his own,* and I tell

them: *Yes, what happens is that they can't stand it any more, and they want to throw me out, that excuse.*

And they say to me, offended: "*What, are we going to do that?*"

To which they tell me: *Haven't you heard of child prodigies*, and I tell them: *Yes, don't tell me that he is a child prodigy, because I will start to laugh from now until tomorrow*, and they tell me: *Well, start, because he is one, but don't tell anyone, because you will lose him, let him grow normally*, and they tell me: *Why are you going to spend money uselessly, don't you work so that he can study? don't you work so that he can study?..., it's so that he doesn't sacrifice himself in vice*.

And I said to myself, what do I do now? I read in the newspaper that I was starting a course in Public Relations.

And I said to my son, with the clipping in my hand: *You go, and you write it down, here, when my son reads it, he takes me by the shoulders, and says to me: Come here, old lady, come here, sit down here, we are going to talk, tell me, You've gone crazy, how am I going to go to that course, don't you see, it says: For students with a baccalaureate?*

And I told him: *"And you, what do you care, you go, you sign up, and bye-bye.*

He was the youngest and the only one who knew, who raised his hand, who gave answers, and he said to me: *"Old lady, how did you know that I knew?"*

End of anecdote.

I went on, and then, as in the evening, he said to me: Let's see where they come from, and he said to me: *Today, today, look*, in the damp earth, there were the footsteps of the dwarfs and the normal ones, and he followed them and they ended next to a centenary olive tree, where the branches began, my son used to sit, because when he opened his arms upwards, the branches, which were the thickness of a 2-litre milk jug, formed a perfect seat at the birth, a perfect seat.

The trunk could not be embraced by even three men as thick as the olive tree.

The incomprehensible became understandable, as, as time went on, we learned why, they stopped, *suspended in the air*, the ship above the -olive tree||, not to climb, as they would -chup||, and rise upwards, enter and close the hatch, -chaf|| and to another thing, **the olive tree was a source of spiritual energy** and I believe that, everything of Them, is based on energy.

Well, my son's curiosity satisfied, he went off to work.

I was able to explain to my son that they -Extras|| let me speak if they think it is convenient, otherwise, after the countless times they took me...by logic they leave in the memory what they think is convenient, and what is not, they erase it, or, whether one is totally unable to speak, because her tongue is asleep, she can see, walk, hear but not speak, -many husbands would like to know the secret||, in this story I explained, they told me, that they had, -mental capture, thought transmission and mental domination||, just by looking at one, they employ those powers, when they think it convenient, -and in which case||, with a pulse, and partial or total domination is the most classic thing in them, hence they say, -she was paralysed!, I would say, prevented from mobilising this or that member, or sense, is systematic, effective for the different tasks they have to perform.

I am not saying that it is right or wrong, I am only limiting myself to what I was ordered to do, because years ago, I was forbidden to talk about the subject, today they suggest me to write about it and I do it, without taking anything away or adding anything.

I think the key points are clear, with which this plot will unfold.

Well, I continue, regarding my pregnancy, -embarrassing|| by the way, in one occasion, I noticed that I was on a stretcher and there were three doctors in white scrubs, 3 on each side of the stretcher, 6 men and 6 women, the stretcher was on the floor and I was looking at them from the floor and one of them with his foot made, -trac, trac...|| and raised the stretcher to their height, and from there I don't know any more, since they put me to sleep, and I don't think it was with anaesthesia, the doctors were all terrestrial.

On another occasion, they had me sitting on a chair and there were 3 and 3 on each side of me, and they were picking at me, and I don't know what they were doing to my head, I didn't feel anything, as if they were pulling my hair and touching my helmet, like the previous one, no pain, but I was stiff while they were doing what they were doing.

They knew how to tell me: *We are going to take you, to show you something*. They took me to a place across the -Antarctica||, at that moment I was looking down from the -ship|| and saw the -Antarctic ice||, the deep hellish

crevasses, that there is no end in sight, what surprised me, was the terrifying silence, and

I think this is what it must be like to be on planets, -like the moon,|| which, at that time, Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, the three astronauts, had not yet landed.

This, I think about it today, was all unknown to me at the time.

I would like to point out something that left me intrigued to this day, it was the first time I was taken across the Antarctic, I was distracted from the ship, contemplating that subjugating, spectacular landscape, with my gaze I was sipping all the things that aroused my curiosity, as I didn't know if they would take me again, I was so engrossed that I lost track of what was around me, or else they did it to me on purpose, as I noticed that the ship was moving towards an immense slope, as they did it on purpose, as I noticed that the ship was moving towards an immense slope, as they did it to me, I was so engrossed, that I lost track of what was around me, or else they did it to me *exprofeso*, because I noticed that the ship was moving towards an immense slope, because it had plenty of space to slide down the slope, which was covered, compactly on both sides, as if it was introduced between two mountains, or else I was distracted, I don't know if it slid steeply and then, I don't know if it entered a cliff, nor do I know how deep it would be, since the slide is imperceptible, what I do know is that I suddenly found myself in front of what I called -Paradise||, This is remarkable, there was no sun, there was no artificial light, however, the illumination, was total, it was a divine light, like that of the -Aura||, but everything, radiated a halo, spiritual, that did not damage the sight, like being, the whiteness, of the ice of the Antarctica, which is rather reaper, I say that it is a celestial illumination.

And of course, to find myself, in that depth, with that spectacle, almost unreal, that's why I was dazzled, stunned, I would almost say, that they were scrutinising my reaction, and well, if they were expectant, they must have acknowledged receipt.

I went on, I looked inside the ship, which was all compact, electronic or powered boards, with buttons, lights, devices of all kinds that dialed numbers.

We arrived and I thought, if it is true that paradise existed, this must be it, the greenery, the exotic plants, it was an oasis in the middle of ice, the temperature was mild, there were lakes, what I did not see, were animals, but if that was paradise, it should only house the snake and therefore the cobra, I saw at the height that here would be the cables of the light, a bus through the air.

They deposited me in a big field, I almost went crazy, it was an even grass, in spite of the ground with small mounds, about 30 cm. from the ground, the grass, one part pink, almost a faded lillite, another part, yellow like egg yolk, also faded and a light blue sky, that I threw myself on and began to roll, a prey of happiness, almost a voluptuous ecstasy, a madness never experienced before, of feeling..., close to heaven, without weight, burden of conscience, like a baby, a being lacking the ballast of this world, light as a leaf, without faults of my own or of others, a heavenly state..., close to heaven, without the weight, the burden of conscience, like a baby, a being devoid of the ballast of this world, light as a leaf, without my own or other people's guilt, a heavenly state.

And suddenly the -Extra||, after he had let me frolic, said to me, -*Come, I will show you something.* And he took me to some huge, let's say, pools and said to me: *You see, this is what we feed on.* It was a moss, I would say, if I had to classify it, I think it would be the *mastuerzo*, as far as I know, it is like one that is half sawed and that can be eaten in salad, it is called "**Clorella**" according to them, the moss.

Then I asked him: "*And how do they eat it?*" and he said: "*Come, I'll show you the fridge.* The fridge for them, for me, was the square of what would become our kitchen, the walls covered with canned food, in the middle, a milk-coloured marble table, long, I would say about 4 metres long, and on one side, like a counter, but also made of marble, he opened the canned food and took out several jars, and told me that this was how they prepared it, one in powder, another in molasses, another in granules and he said to me: *And for the gluttons, who can't go without chewing, in the form of rosettes.* Like the pisingallo corn, or our pororo.

And he says to me: *The moss is called "**Chlorella**", it has the vitamin elements, which are needed for subsistence.*

I will say that in that kitchen, where the fridges were, there was no crockery, nothing at all, the fridges had the same doors as ours, but they were metal-coloured, and the walls, the little that was left uncovered, were covered with white or milk-coloured tiles.

Of course, I didn't see the sky, because I looked up, and what I saw, as I explained, was a bus, which was in the air, at the height, which would be here, the light cables.

I'll tell you what, the -Extra|| who kept me informed about everything, had a black jumpsuit, it looked like sharkskin, because it was sweaty, or damp, unlike the first two times they came to my house, they had a jacket and trousers.

After these incursions, they deposited me in my house, what they deposited, was because they lifted me in their arms, and left me in my bed, and it took me a few minutes to return, to have the potential of my body, and to be able to handle it, only after the immobility that they produced exprofeso, was cut, and when I achieved it, I started to cry, of the impotence, of not being able to have the dynamic mobility of my body to move, to jump out of bed, and to see that it leaves me, what infinite anguish, it is an uncontrollable despair, I no longer want to be here, after seeing and knowing that there is another reality, that is nothing like it, it is an indescribable peace.

What is my feeling, -of helplessness||, a loneliness that encompasses my whole being, an emptiness, an emptiness of space, of time, as if I were alone, in this world. Why, it is a need, of no longer being, not being, not wanting, like being in an immense desert, an ocean, stretching out my arms and not perceiving anything, as if I had been emptied inside, being hollow, not knowing what to do, since I was taken out, from my world or the world that I had formed for myself.

How do I find myself today, my life changed from the very moment they visited me and then they took me and showed me another reality, I would almost say that this is the reality, and here on earth we are prisoners without the possibility of getting out, from there, the thinking brains want to escape upwards and that is when they connect and try to make us see the reality that was hidden from us. I ask myself, is there another reality? What is dramatic, to explain, to be explained, and to be understood, in its right, measure, let's say, a supposition: *"I must have been in certain, occasions, whatever it is called, above or below, it is a reality, totally, different, to the one I inhabit, normally"*. Questioning myself, **what is the reality, real**, is totally, disturbing.

Only if we think that in a matter of minutes or seconds, after having entered an unknown dimension, and at the moment, I must insert myself back into my current world, continue with the rhythm and daily tasks, with the rest of humanity, it is destabilising, as well as disturbing, to contemplate, just like that, the change of structures, landscapes, it is like being in another unknown city, which is not related to it.

For more than 50 years, experiencing these phenomena, and only in the year 2000, everything must be clarified, specified, reported, nothing must remain hidden, because the hour of truth has arrived.

This is my truth, I speak only of what I know and what I saw, I cannot and should not speak about what I do not know and what I did not see.

I make it clear, that with this, I do not intend to influence, or influence anyone, I only limit myself to relate, describe, what I am urged, to detail, specify, and report, what was revealed to me at the time, to be discussed, on this occasion.

I continue, on another occasion, they took me and said to me: *Come, we will show you something*. I found myself, inside a place, where there was a big roll of barbed wire, which surrounded the wall, and he says to me, the -Extra||: *-Come, I will show you something*. I follow him and we stop, next to an armoured door, like the ones in the banks, up curved, in a half moon, the lock with combination and big bolts, he turns it until it opens, and he says to me: *Come in, come in*. And it was a big corridor, or better a tunnel, that you couldn't see the end, on the sides, on each side of the wall, and from wall to wall, it would be 2 m. wide, there were beds, like beds, like the ones on the wall, and from wall to wall, it would be 2 m. wide. There were beds, like bunk beds, but built into the wall, 4 stories high, there were blond boys, with only a -slip||, they had hair on their chests, arms and legs, blond, and physiques, that I had never seen, until that day, a physique that cannot be achieved with exercises, unless with -anabolics||, or I don't know, they were all the same, like -cloned||, I would say 20 to 25 years old, they had their eyes closed, to which I said to him: *Are they dead?*, And he said: *No, "asleep", but there will be when they wake up*. And he said: *Let's go*. And before leaving, he manipulated something that was on the wall and that kept the room temperature, we went out and the -Extra||, went a few metres further, and there was a counter with a small booth, about 3 to 4 metres long, and he made a sign to the person at the counter, and said: *"General, what do we do with her, do we take her upstairs or downstairs, and the General said: "No, downstairs, put her on the bed, and leave her with the light on"*. As we walked along, I looked at everything, it was like a barracks, everyone was dressed as soldiers, with a cap, each soldier moved towards other soldiers and handed

them some internal parts of the institution, but I saw that they were not like the ones I had seen before.

and I say to the -Extra||: *-What is this?* and he says to me: *A barracks*, and I say: *No, the place where we are*, and he says to me: *Berlin*, and I took a last look at everything, and I saw that the uniforms were a different colour, and the cap was a different colour, and I don't remember any more, and I see that he is carrying me in his arms, and he puts me on the bed and wants to turn on the lamp, as the -General|| told him to do, and he clicks and clicks, pulling a little chain of little metal balls, I looked at him motionless, and he hurried to leave, and as soon as he stepped through the door frame of the room, I was immobilised, as if my immobility was cut off, I jumped up and ran him off, but when I reached the patio, he made a -chup||...I climb the ladder and reach the terrace, and I see the immense ship on the terrace, he goes inside and closes the hatch, I stand there shouting and gesticulating, like a -penado catorce||, and instantly, they start up the ship, like a siren, with an infernal noise, which to me was -electronic, sharp, vibrating||, I fell to my knees, clenching my teeth, which made them grind, and clenching my ears and head, as it seemed as if they would burst.

On another occasion, when they took me inside the ship, I could see that, being under the middle of the ship, they could not see me, as the material is compact.

I went back, as usual, to bed and started crying, and consequently, my son slept or was put to sleep.

I will say that this happened in a boarding house that we had been renting for a month, and I was told that we had to leave urgently one evening.../ put two sets of clothes, underwear and street clothes, for my son and for me, as I escaped, leaving all the lights on, and I went to look for my son at work and we left my house for a month, so they came to where I was staying, in the boarding house, as there was a danger in my house.

In other words, this happened in the winter of 1969, that is, more than 30 years ago, when there was no such thing as genetically modified food, cloning, etc...

What I would like to point out is that when all this I am explaining, in vitro insemination was not yet being done, at least not announced, in the world, and about the extraterrestrials, little, little was said, but one of the times they were at my house, the next day it appeared in the newspapers that several people saw it, and that the UFO stopped in a tower, presumably to suck electricity for the ship, and I ask myself, -do they work with electricity||?

Another one, that when the -General|| said to the -Extra|| and asked him, what do we do with her, do we take her up or down, and he said, no, down. I wonder: *where are we, upstairs or downstairs?*

The next question, or clarification, is that in 1969, when I was shown the blond boys in the tunnel, I did not know then, nor was I aware of the -cloning||, today I am not even surprised, but that image lasted for a long time, at that time, unheard of.

Likewise, the uniforms of the military were the colour of Havana, a little lighter, with red piping, and the cap on the front, where it fits on the head, was red.

Another thing that surprised me at the time was the barbed wire, wound around the -wall||, but separated by 40 or 60 cm. so that the lookout could pass through the other sentry boxes, -armed||, of course this surprised me in 1969, not today, but I wonder if this would be the blessed and blessed -I was isolated, people in a country, from there, to today I realised, endless conjectures, and what was I doing there!

Another one, was to see, those boys with that exuberant physique, and that they were with their eyes closed, and all the same, then I was surprised, in a big way, I wondered, and how will they feed themselves, and other physiological needs?

Another one, when they took me, they made me wear a black dress, which I bought because I thought it was spatial, and I hadn't seen them yet, but for magazine drawings..., and I wore it with a belt, also spatial, and with a big buckle, as if made of stainless steel.

Another one, when they knew how to take me, on one occasion, I wore a white gauze handkerchief around my neck, when they showed me the coloured grass, and I was able to tell them how they did it, and they told me that they extracted the chlorophyll, and for me, the answer was Chinese.

What surprised me was that they said to me: *"Come on, I'll take you for a ride.* And I got on a track, like the -wheels of the world||, as they call it, in the amusement parks, just two

people, one in front, and one behind, me, always behind, the same on the ship, it packed, with everything, and went up towards a slide, which then went down with everything, this place was passing the -Antarctica||, my surprise was, that at the speed, it took when going up or down, the little gauze scarf, remained motionless, and I thought, how do you not fly, anyway, -spatial|| things.

They always took me at night, but the dogs barked so loudly that I was happy...? On one occasion, they came to look for me and took me, always crossing the "Antarctic", but many tried and failed in their search...? We arrived at a place, like a grotto, and from that time on, they always took me to that place, that is to say, on several occasions.

When we arrived, there was an -Extra|| outside, on guard, and when I got off, together with the -Extra||, the guard took a small device, which he had on his belt, for me, it was something magnetic, he moved it up and down, illuminated me, from head to toe, and said: *Come in*. And we headed towards a lift, which at that time I had never seen a round, metallic, aluminium lift, we went up and the lift, on the contrary, instead of going up, descended downwards, I don't even know if it was 4 or 8 metres, because, in one breath, we descended, a descent like a sigh, a short one.

He stopped, and I followed him, to the -Extra||, we went through a door, and to my surprise, it was a tunnel, we could not see the end, the walls were metallic, like aluminium, and the surprising thing was that I barely passed the door frame, On the floor, a conveyor belt, took us, and the -Extra||, stopped me by one arm, we went through a door, which was to my right, we entered, and there was a lady, she was about my age, she stood up, gave me her hand, and said to me, -Maria, we need you, and I said to her, -We need you: *Maria, we need you*, and I said to her: *"Well, you tell us what you want. You tell us*. And then I woke up, as always, lying down, sometimes with the light on, always, that was a message, that they had been there, and I got up again, and started crying, when I woke up here, and my son told me: *I know, they were there and they took you away, and now what happened, you are not happy, that they brought you with your son, in the end I will believe that you don't love your son anymore!*

In 1972, they wanted my son to go to the Antarctic, so, because I saw an advertisement in the newspaper, I suggested that my son go and register, they called him from the Antarctic Institute to carry out the technical tests, and if he passed the technical tests, they would do the physical tests and so on.

At the time of registration, 70 people had already registered.

So my son says to me: *"Old woman, there are 70 before me!*

To which I replied: *And what do you care, what do you have to do with those 70, if the "Extras" tell you that you have to go, they will make it easier for you to go, have faith.*

So it was, they fell by the wayside, either because they did not pass the technical tests, or the physical tests etc...

The issue is that 17 remained, a key and significant number, since with it, he entered, that is, he did not fail, the little push they gave him.

He joined the Antarctic Institute in 1973, and the crew left in the same year, returning in 1975.

My son went as a scientific assistant, High Atmosphere. Research on the Aurora Borealis at -Base General Belgrano||, the southernmost of all.

About that trip, he never said anything to me, -Top Secret||, nor did I insist on knowing.

Clarification: what I have written here is not intended to praise my son, the mere fact of having to disclose his life, and mine, is not something I am happy about, as I have always been jealous, staunch, of my family, of my life, and of my actions, not having to be accountable to anyone, only to God.

And if I have to do it today... it took me 5 years to make up my mind!

For, having, made me, understand my son, that by doing so, it was, possible, to, prove, that it was, not, a, figment, of my imagination, supposition, or of some deranged, subdued mind, -when the belly, begins to rise, one cannot disguise, or confuse, fatness with swelling||, the -Extras|| were demanded of me.

Besides, my son existed, was, on this blessed earth, and there are hundreds of facts, proofs, proofs, proofs, that it is not vanity, nor egotry.

Again, neither my son, nor I, are important.

-Here, focus only, attention, on fulfilling, the demands, of The Extraterrestrial Lords||. I will consider myself, satisfied, when I have fulfilled, the pact foreseen.

For this they needed me, I thought to myself, since they took me, and I find myself in a field, extensive, and there was great quantity of women and men, all like of my age, I look at me and I had uniform, of blue gabardine, and golden buttons, jacket, with belt in the waist, skirt pleated, rather pleated, and biretta, I observed myself and I thought, *And this when I put it to me?* to which I thought: *And, if they have mental domination, and the possibility of hypnotising her, what more do they need, to make her dress, and undress, to piachere, the men, another uniform.*

Suddenly, a coach shouts: *Line up, look straight ahead, nobody turn your head, look at your partner!*

Today, I ask myself, what became of those women and men, logically, who are living among us, asleep, and have no notion of anything, to me, they are as if hypnotised, and when the time comes, they will click, and they will all stand up, and remember, and take action.

I asked them why, and they said: *"For the evacuation, for the evacuation, for the evacuation, for the evacuation, for the evacuation, and for the evacuation."* And I asked myself, "What evacuation?"

The most curious thing about this is that they always took me at night, and like me, all of them, and what I noticed is that they don't let you notice the absence of the person, because when they return to you, I don't know if it's because our time is not the same as theirs, because if so, there will be women, perhaps married..., or widows like me, or single women, I don't know.

What I do know is that they are the kings of camouflage, if it is in "Antarctica", they make a curtain of snow, ice, or low atmosphere, or whatever, but nobody gets to that oasis that they have, and I think it is one of their bases, nobody gets there, nobody passes.

Not only that, they can be in front of you and you don't see them, they make a curtain, invisible, and you don't see them, so they are right next to us, and we don't even know about it, unless they want to interview us, contact us, everything else is useless, the will is theirs, not ours.

I ask myself, are they above or below, or in another space between above and below, in the middle, on another plane?

Once, when they took me, with the round lift, we descended, something like, four normal floors, and I say, if they were with the lift, flush with the ice, and they descended, I don't know, because the slide was so serene, you couldn't tell how many metres below the level of the ice..., the water is in the -Antarctic||!

I know, that they showed me nothing, compared to what, in reality, one supposes, for example; I saw no animals, of any kind, no birds, or four-legged, where they sleep, and if they sleep.

On one occasion, they took me and transported me in a ship, and when I got on, I was surprised to see that it was full of girls, from 5 to 10 years old, all blonde, they looked like little angels, they had little white ankle length dresses, with a crown of flowers on their heads, and when I got on, they started to laugh, with singing giggles, and they laughed at me, and they touched my clothes, they lifted my hair in the air, they had short hair.

The ship had like a pipe down the middle, and they were all on their backs, leaning in front of me.

Another one, one night, when I came home from work, my neighbour gave me a letter, it had no postmark, it was put under the door, but as it was for me, she was waiting for me, and she gave it to me and was impatient to know what it was about, because the envelope said, "United States", when I opened it and read the contents, I didn't think anything of it, and said: *"Oh yes, it's about a course"*.

Inside, there was only a sheet of paper, like the aeroplane ones, brief and typewritten, I would rather say printed, in which they explained to me the benefits of the -Clorella||, the moss that the aliens taught me, in large ponds.

With my son, we laughed, and what do we eat it with, where are we going to get it from, the -Clorella||?

Who brought it, and written in Spanish, so..., I am not the only -tarada||, there are others, good to know, and so punctual and informed, chocolate for the news.

This is expressly for me, the -delay||, not seriously, it is not a joke, since the 1,000 questions, until today, and that I am just falling, I would almost say, that I have already landed, again, on earth,

since I have been more than 40 years, as if suspended, in the air, being and not being, how to decipher this infernal enigma.

I, who for years thought I was the -Queen of Sheba||, and now what?

-I shared a secret||, naïve of me, I didn't know, that I was being used.

Getting to check the sad reality, or better, not knowing, ignoring..., yes, being, like -Adam and Eve||, they saw each other, they attracted each other then the viper urges her to -Eve, tempt him with the apple||, she does it, naïve, incredulous, ignorant, unaware, then they were ashamed, felt modesty, covered themselves with a fig leaf, Eve felt guilty, for inciting him to commit sin and from there, we carry the

-Submission", "submission", "ruborisation", all women.

Who is who, for what and why, is who?

One wants to be from there, to achieve it, there is a time, and a space.

What does he want to stand out for, time cannot catch him, he strives to reach the unreachable, he strives to unimaginable limits, and perhaps he dies trying, but he tried.

It escapes, flees, advances, but does not arrive.

What is my conclusion, and where do I want to go, me, nowhere.

I was art and part, in a confabulation, of which I have neither whistle nor flute, I am neither grateful nor ungrateful, I just am.

What did you think, and..., -I thought at least I would get a little piece of heaven||. But, instead, I have here, on my desk, the bills for electricity, water, telephone, gas, central expenses, mutual, municipal taxes, etc. etc. etc..

And then, I think, what: -one, that I lent myself|| to this game, -at the beginning||, totally, naively, -I don't know if consciously or unconsciously||, at the beginning I was unaware, of the -fuck||, that they had sent, to beget me, my son, I ignore -how or when||, but, because of the events that took place, in the running..., after it became known, and the -revelation||, that was already out of my hands.

-Knowledge||, then I was obedient and I could see how, they acted, in the sense, that they take a person, in the middle of a group, out of their house, together, or next to their family, and it is enough, to dominate them mentally, -or is it not so,|| the times when people wake up, unaware, where they were, -but suspect they were||, and it is not a dream, then, notice they are missing -hours||, or that at one time, they were in several places at once, or absent, I advise you to lie down, because it starts, the head, to act at 100 x minute, and most likely, you get dizzy, fall, or directly lose balance, or faint, without panicking, drink a glass of water, then an infusion, in a minute, not only, that you will notice that you were in several places, at once, if not that, that feeling is very strong, and blood rises, to the head, and accelerates the heart to 1.000.

In this matter, there is no valid advice, since for each case, there is, or they use, a different strategy, one supposes, for -stupid people|| like me, one, another one for professionals, another one for people with culture, they are the least.

But rather, it occurs to me, or occurs to me, that people, of little culture like me, are the raw material, more sensitive, emotional, easier, to bend, like me, -know nothing, expect nothing, everything is new||, live in a bubble, imagine castles in the air, and -do not suspect||, not even by chance, that being so docile, and credulous, nobody can harm them, -but, who can, they can||, -that should not, should not, should not (use us).

Let's talk about some connotations that caught my attention: the space, galactic, intergalactic transport, the underground, interspatial cities, which with only one food supply all the calories and vitamins needed for survival (La Clorella). That's why they have no crockery, no utensils.

Not being, when, when, they made the first contact, that they came, with common clothes, always, both women and men, they wear black overalls, like sharkskin, and it sweats, it's humid.

So, there is no -fashion, competition||, but instead, the military, all in uniform, and for training, both me and the men, all in uniform.

I think that the time they showed themselves, in ordinary clothes, was to make me feel confident, not rebellious.

When I was being transported to Antarctica by ship, I did not see the tangle of cables that cross our buildings in the cities, which is why transporting them is spacey for me.

Another thing that surprised me was that in places like large spaces with plants and flowers, the paths were upholstered, as if they were made of sheets of silver or other metal that could be handled, but that did not touch the ground, so I saw that on the overalls, they were wearing booties, also like the overalls, attached to the foot and the leg, past the ankle.

On the outside, I saw large, structures, not horizontal buildings, I think on the inside, they will be, subdivided, as well as the office of Miss.

Finally, I repeat once again that I do not have any studies, I only have knowledge.

Well, I think that everything has been clarified, justified, I am grateful that they have strengthened my mood, so that I can take it with a soda and digest it. But yes, if they fulfil the promise they made to me, then yes, it is not worth the credulity that one can have, the faith, because in this and in the face of this, nothing can be done..., do, -do, yes you can||, cry, throw yourself on the floor, roll over, pull your hair out, but from there to achieving something, with hysteria, it would be to punch the air, or want to talk to the wall, walls don't talk, maybe they will listen.

And, now, that -I came to the cruel reality, real||, that they took me, showed me, and I, not only asked them, why me, and they answered me: -When *the time comes*||. First, I had to fulfil the mission of training, and for what, and they would answer me: **For the evacuation**. And I asked myself, "Evacuation? But for there to be an evacuation, there has to be an evacuation first! -Hecatombe! of that, no way, no question without an answer, besides, they let me ask, if they want to, I can use the thinking machine, if they want to, if they don't, they erase everything.

So, so much conjecture, questioning, thinking and, in the end, coming to the conclusion of asking myself, why me, one and a thousand times, I asked myself that question.

Well, that's it, and it's all as clear as water, this was because of this, that was because of that, that was because of that, and so on, forming link by link, the chain, which leads me to the padlock, and for now, the key is in their hands.

To say this, I must be -serious, for this is serious||. But still, I understand it all, to be blackmailed, and extorted.

The thing is that 5 years ago, they took my son away, and the price to rescue him was that I had to write and tell the whole truth about the experiences I had, the revelations they made to me, the verifications of everything they showed me and which I witnessed.

Something I want to make very clear, never, but never, of the times they came, made contact, or took me, the ship was highlighted by any light, I never saw the rainbow of colours, of sights or burnt circles where they landed their ship.

Always, either when they let themselves be perceived, or simply when they came to look for me, to bring me, or simply when I saw them, either suspended in the air, or perched somewhere, I never saw any light of any colour, which is why I repeatedly said to myself: *if someone sees this dark ship, they will die of terror*. That is why, they told me, that they would take away my fear, and in exchange, they would give me other senses, either to reinforce my mood, I believed that it would be, because I would be scared of Them, but I make it very clear, that either with the common clothes, ours, or with overalls, they had nothing unpleasant, that could produce fear, besides, as I already explained, that, if They believed convenient, they gave me the possibility to speak, if not, my tongue would be asleep.

But my eyes were more open than ever, and if that happened, it was because they would have decided so, so that I could see everything, and why should I see everything, and because if not, I wouldn't be able to tell it today, and I wouldn't have any reason to write it, and they wouldn't obtain the desired result, for the plan that they should have drawn up, helped with the kidnapping of my son, and thus fulfil their project of inserting this fact directed at the people to whom it is directed, and who are waiting for it. I hope, I am anxious, that whoever, or whomever, the -destinatarios|| are, reaches them as soon as possible, it is a clamour, but if for some reason, this is frustrated, or is truncated, I am released, from the consequences, and disasters that may occur.

Logically, neither my son, nor I, are important people, my son may be important to me, but neither my son, nor I, have any influence whatsoever on the extraterrestrials, let this be clear, **"we are not, for the terrestrials, exchangeable material"**. I would even warn that if they had not been

taken my son, this was to, to be, to remain from -negative to positive||, hence I explain, that neither my son nor I, counted, for anything, we could, to be, as not being, for that matter, is not important, whether it was Peter or John, Mary or Joseph.

Here the only thing that counts, that matters, is the fact that it has completed its cycle and must go out into the world.
light.

Given the veracity of the facts, words are superfluous.

Any questions they have, when they reintegrate my son, they ask him. I was deluded that when they took me, I thought I was -privileged||.

But I have to come to the conclusion that the idea of idealising them that I had formed in my mind, in the past, is not the same as the idea of idealising them.

In short, I see, I do not say with horror, only that more than ever, I think they are, like the terrestrials, neither more nor less, the terrestrials, -who taught whom||?

When, where, I would imagine, this extortion, you have to pay -return||.

It could not be any other way, or in any other way, if they are the beginning of creation, they are the first to inhabit the earth, all the indigenous people of the world said so, and they awaited them with offerings, and each people classified them in a different way, they awaited them from the sun, from the sky.

How many things, even surgical instruments, and everything they have, already in 1964, when they took me, they had a round, metallic lift, like aluminium, red and marble tiled floors, a kitchen, and they called it a fridge, the canned food, and the marble table, and the greyish milk-coloured countertops, tiles, tunnels with metal walls, like aluminium, ponds with moss, called -Clorella||, they dress like us, both those who came, to my house, shoes, jacket and trousers, shirt, and others, overalls.

The girl who waited on me, at the desk, had a skirt and blouse, the blouse, a pale green, silk, and the skirt was grey, a little faded green, the girls, like ours, dressed in little flowing dresses, from the yoke to the ankles.

Cloning, with human beings, already in 1964, in vitro fertilisation, and other advances, which still do not exist, the buses, which glide, at the height of telephone and light cables, as do UFOs, glide in space, have a stretcher, desk, chairs.

So what do we do, believe or bust?

These extraterrestrials, they are in our image and likeness, they anticipated this.

That my son, I was told, would be returned to me, after I wrote my checks, this, it is almost a barter, like the Indians, -I give this, you, give that||.

The date was not given to me, as I was opposed to writing it, since it has been 5 years since they took it.

But he, my son, is the one who urged me to write it, because he said to me: "*I'm asking you, old woman, do it, at once, because I'm here, hostage, hostage, do you understand me?*"

They only told me, from 2000 onwards, so my son says to me: *Hurry up, old lady, we're already in 2000.* And he claims to me, and cries out, he's -okay||, it's only been five years since they took him, and well, I decided to do it.

What you can see is that there is no speculation in me.

I have already complied, now I hope that -they will comply||, and if it is from 2000, for them, December 31st is the Millennium, and 2001 begins, what I do not know is how, when, and where they think it is convenient to make -the contact||, but what I do not know, nor can I imagine, what the strategy will be, if they have one, what I do know is that -the contact||, they will do it in their own way.

Of course, behind this, there is something else, which I do not know, I suspect, that my son and I are two parsley, used for some -stew||.

I mean, because when they took me, my son, he wasn't there, he was here, the situation is different, now he's there, and I'm here, with no way to elevate myself.

For my part, I can only say that my grandfather taught me to write and read, I have no education, I lack certain indispensable elements for effective reasoning, I have no notion of orientation, I only go out for the essential, because I get lost, I don't know where the north is or where I'm going to go.

One day, I was lost all day, I left at 8:00 in the morning, and I was only able to return at 8:00 at night. Everywhere I went they made me maps, and for me, -they were Chinese||, I never read a book, only the -Martín Fierro||, magazines with figures, yes.

My mother was so sick, and I was in front of the doctor, I was 7 years old, when the doctor told me that my mother was sick.

The doctor didn't want to, and my mother started to cry, and asked him for me, to know what to do with me, and besides, the doctor, I think, had two boys and a girl, -there was a certain friendship|| and in the end, he was moved, and said: -I *can't, don't ask me, I can't*. And my mother cried, and said: -For your children, and for her, put yourself in my place, you *don't want to leave your children homeless*. And my mother cried, and said to him: "*For her children, and for her sake, put yourself in my place, you don't want to leave your children abandoned*. And the doctor loosened up.

I knew, but my brothers and sisters didn't, and I never told them, so I clung to her as my lifeline, I grew up, I didn't want to go to school anymore, the teacher even came looking for me, and said, why don't you send her, if she is a good student, but I was terrified of not being there, and that something would happen to her, but in the face of the inevitable, what could I do?

Time went by, and my mother only thought about getting married. When I was 12 years old, she taught me how to paint myself, and she gave me heels, I didn't understand a thing, but from the time I was 12, the suitors started to come, and I ran away terrified, the first suitor was a technician, who came with some engineers, -all Chilean||, who came to start up the -Acería Acindar||, he came and asked for my hand, and my mother accepted him.

But, as it turned out, it was not my destiny. My mother died 6 to 7 months after my marriage, she was 39 years old.

In the end, she married me, my former husband.

I didn't go to school, but I did go to dressmaking and machine embroidery.

My mother taught me to cook, and all the housework, which I was happy to do, as long as she didn't work or make an effort.

-Writing this, I realise||, that it is so fresh in my mind, that it is, as if it had just happened. yesterday.

And I ask myself, not knowing, how are the times, of Them, and being, that this happened some time ago.

40 years, -maybe for them, it's months, hours||, I don't know?

What if it has other connotations, perhaps this is the "**X date**". I don't sense an imminent danger, what I do feel is a constant vigilance, and there I feel an uneasiness or restlessness.

As being, when they showed me the -cloned||, and they told me, that it was a barracks in -Berlin||, ~~and~~ there was military, I ask myself, what for, they showed me that, what meaning does it have, of course, that this, is not addressed to me!

What I did see was no weapons of any kind, only cartridge cases, but no weapons, but if they have cartridge cases, I don't think they are for -pituquear||.

Clarification, for 5 years, I am not going to say, that my life stopped, no, not at all, I should have continued my normal life, from the first moment, I should have said: "*My son, he went to Brazil*".

Something normal, for me and for others. So for me, nothing changed, for the simple reason that I have always lived cloistered, since I was about 4 years old, at the age of 7, a family member had me locked up and shaved, in a chicken coop..., and from that situation, I was rescued thanks to the neighbours.

I took that as natural... today, because if I had to be totally isolated, that was a good reason, that is, -I didn't play,|| I had no infancy, no childhood, no adolescence, because my mother engaged me in marriage at 14, I spent 15 years cloistered in a family, so being isolated, for me, was the most natural thing to do.

I would like to point out that for me it was normal. I never met anyone, so my friends from a course on Mercosur that my son was doing, mainly an accountant, a lawyer and other colleagues, called me to find out whether he had taken the course or not, and I had to tell them all that he had gone to Brazil to do the Mercosur internship, since he had a life in public relations.

They asked me, they harassed me, because they appreciated him, but mainly because he had a general culture... because he had read 5,000 books and was a walking encyclopaedia.

But before he could go to Brazil, he was taken away, and in the meantime, he wasted no time, as he set about studying in his laboratory -the scientific integration of Fractal Theory applied to the control of physical phenomena||.

I will always wonder whether he discovered -something||, whether he got into some mystery he shouldn't have?

What I know is that he sent me to see a person I didn't know, because he made me take a taxi and told me: *Get in here, get out here, go to the Rectory, ask to speak to the Rector's Secretary, and give him this book, (which I saw was about Fractal Theory) tell him to read it all, that I'm going to go and see him, and we'll have a chat.*

On the paper, which I wrote down the address, I think it said, Catholic University, but I threw it away, so I don't know if it is that university, and the name of the young man.

I would like to clarify that, on one occasion, and at my request, I asked Colonel -Seineldín||, offering him the services of my son, due to the trajectory he had, and it was a waste not to take advantage of it for the good of our country.

So, he took him on, as a private secretary.

Then, from SIDE, he was sent to the United States, to the DEA, to take a course on drug trafficking.

On his return, he told me that in the DEA he had received the course and exceptional treatment, and that he had been advised to complement the course by taking another one on Mercosur, to which I replied that a -Master|| course on Mercosur was about to begin at a private trade institute, and he immediately went to enrol and the professor told him: *Look, do the theory here, and the practical part in Brazil.* This happened before he was taken away, in other words, he did the theory at -The Private Institute of Commerce||, but he didn't get to do the practical part, because they cut him off, and the same teacher he had at -The Private Institute of Commerce||, gave the course in -Brazil||, in fact, I think it was a team that gave the same course, also in Buenos Aires, and if I am not mistaken, the teachers were from Brazil. Having clarified this point. That he really -began the Master||, at -The Private Institute of Commerce||, what they didn't like was that they said to me: *-Is he coming for the holidays?* and I said to them all the same: *-If he doesn't come, poor him.*

What the -Extras|| ordered me to say was that I should say that he had gone to -Brazil||.

And the interrogations continued, do you write to him, do you talk to him on the phone?

As a motto, I always used to say: *"Lies have short legs, the truth has long legs and catches up with it".* I think this saying is older than the soup, I say, because I am an enemy of lies and betrayal.

I clarify, since They, the -Extras||, visited me, they told me, that from now on, I would only do, what They, indicated to me.

Thus, I prepared myself, mentally and psychologically, to meet the objectives, for them, willing and predisposed.

In other words, everything since 1964, however far-fetched it may seem, is a product of the indications prior to each event.

Even though, from the very moment I was married, I was already being totally directed by them, the -Extras||, so much so, that sending my son to Catholic school... was a war, without quarter, on the part of my husband.

-I presume, I presume, I don't know anything, I don't affirm anything, I presume, that something is about to happen, in the world, and from there, this plot.

I presume this is addressed to -someone, in particular||, or to many, as a whole, but the addressees may need to be alert to a catastrophe.

If not, there is no basis for it, nor do I see any basis for it, it could be an environmental catastrophe, but if you think about it with a cool head, it is as crazy as it is tragic.

I want to conclude, this writing, but as you can appreciate, this is not a story, nor a novel, it is the cry, of this impotence, because this, surpasses the known, the unimaginable, the logical, and to top it all, there is nothing left but to wait, to abide by the events, no more and no less, than like

when there is a kidnapping, of children, of families, and we have to negotiate for the hostages, but here, I am alone in this operation, and not out of selfishness, not sharing, just as when they tell the parents or families of the kidnapped, -do not tell the police||, here, it is the opposite, I do this, because it must be taken into account.

They are preventing us from something, from a -catastrophe||, and what can be done, it is like trying to stop the wind with your hands.

Of course, you may have noticed that I start the writing with a lot of encouragement, emphasis, and as I go on, I become a little sceptical, but if I don't have faith, who will have it, I have a lot to lose and recover.

I want to clarify that readers will have been able to verify that I do not put places, names, only dates, because neither my family, my son, nor I, here become preponderant, important, we are only chess pieces.

What is imminent here is the message that they want to send out, which is to be assessed in its proper dimension: what is going on, someone wants to invade us?

I would like someone to become aware, even though I am unconscious, I have already explained that I have been deprived of several senses, one of them being -sense||, I cannot measure the consequences that this may entail, but I can't figure out what they want to convey, I can't figure it out.

I keep asking myself, my son was born in 1945, that is, 55 years ago, I was married in advance, they gave birth to a son in advance, and all this was calculated mathematically to reach the year 2000, and now what happens, it must be something very big, unimaginable, all planned, -I am left without my mother||, and there is no other solution. I become a widow and they appear, it is as if they had taken me out, all those around me, so that I can begin to fulfil the mission, without obstacles, besides, when I ask them, what is happening, they only tell me: *It is because of, and for, "National Security"*.

I would like to make this issue absolutely clear.

Perhaps unusual for some, not very credible for others and fantastic for the average person.

This does not count for anything, there are opinions expressed, they are the enrichment of knowledge.

The only truth is reality.

After much discussion with my son at the time, we spent days and nights without sleep, drawing conclusions and weighing up the pros and cons.

In the end we decided, by common agreement, to collaborate with the extraterrestrials and not to act, to decide, anything of our own free will, seeing that not only the intentions, but also the cultural capacity and the power of conviction to carry out the shortest race -towards knowledge, convinced us||.

Therefore, we made ourselves available for suggestions about the study, which schools to join, which company or institution was the most suitable.

All because of the material to be researched for the book.

In other words, everything that developed from that moment on was checked by them, -this yes, this yes, this no|| and so, as far as I was concerned, I had to work in order to pay for my studies.

I clarify something that is extremely important, and I would almost say of **National Security: "That Argentina was chosen, privileged, with the Gift of possessing, for the first time in the world, the visit, the personal contact, of Beings, from other Galaxies"**.

Therefore, it is up to Argentina alone to **evaluate and investigate the fact**. I,

as an Argentinean, owe it to my country and to my Armed Forces.

It remains for me to say: *"I don't want anything, I don't pretend to want anything, everything I had to say, I've already said it"*.

The only thing left for me to do is to wait, as I was told to do, and only my actions will bring about a good result, which is why I do not want to, nor should I let them down, as the first to suffer

would be my son and myself.

From now on, nothing will be as it was then.

I cannot erase with my elbow, what I wrote, with my hand.

I cannot erase, what is written, in the Universe.

I don't have the power to stop the world from turning.

I cannot stop, or interrupt, humanity's specific mission, -towards the Cosmos||, I do not create this world, I am only creation of it.

I am part of Humanity, and therefore, a cog in this machinery, which, whether we like it or not, continues its evolutionary process, which nothing and no one can avoid, interrupt, stop or hinder.

"I think we are at the end of time".

And the planet must take an exam, over the centuries, to show its atmospheric power, in all its forms, floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, tsunamis, droughts, snowfalls, volcanoes, etc.

"For which we should be prepared, for the Final Battle".

Respectfully, with faith and humility, Mary.

STORY (2da. Part)

MARIA'S STORY



I will start this paper as a continuation of the previous paper, published on the Internet, WWW.QUINTADOMINICA.COM.AR.

Counting on the certainty that the previous writing has fulfilled the objective and the purpose of those who urged me to do it, by and for what purpose.

I will begin by elaborating on 1973, since this date is the most notorious and significant for the Argentine people, the place where the events were conceived and then gradually took place. These were -events|| of great international transcendence, and even today their echoes linger, not to boast but to sadden us.

This, which I am beginning to report today, has the same opinion, the same origin and therefore the same source, from which the previous one came.

It costs, **-tears and pain, not being easy to do, I have reason||**.

The wounds are deep, and it is not easy for them to heal just like that, since it was, is and will be the process of the incommensurable and incomprehensible. What happens is that it has not yet been possible to find -the right healing agent to close the wounds without leaving scars||.

In what I am about to relate, I will reveal the complex facts and situations that occurred at that time. Facts, denounced, and that until today, year 2.000... because, perhaps, it is not yet revealed, but

The -Causer(s) do||.

And I think it is time, it is time, if this had to remain in silence, in concealment, the causes and sole authors of so much anguish, so much suffering, so much incomprehension, injustice, so much disdain, is only justifiable, not by rational beings, but by irrational beings. It has no redemption, no acceptance, no understanding, under any point of view, under any code, in any area, without unnerving the most insensitive.

I am going to write, here, what produces, in the depths of my soul, an uneasiness, a feeling, of impotence, since it inspires me, a great desire, to embrace them and hold them, against my chest, I would like to have, some -arms|| that would embrace, the Universe, and thus console all the, insoluble, of the World, since this virus, contaminated the earth, from North to South, from East to West.

In other words, this same scourge is suffered not only by Latin America, but by the whole world.

And what is the virus, the scourge, the reason for so much inhumanity?

How tragic, to have to make this revelation only today, since it was made to me before it happened, every event, but if it can still have some significance, then good luck and welcome.

How can I recount, remember, the facts, -without crying because of the grief that clouds my eyes with tears||, but that is another matter, there are many others who today are still waiting -repeating themselves;

why?||.

The fundamental fact of all the tragedies of this world is that only those who caused them, The Causers, have it.

Not those who were involved in them.

This is where the Gordian knot lies.

To understand, this, in its right measure, and dimension.

First, it is necessary to assume and digest the fundamental fact that **-Extraterrestrials||** exist, and that as in any civilisation or uncivilisation, there are two sides, like everything created, or if you want, uncreated, give it whatever label you prefer.

There are the **-Good** ones, who want, the betterment, of humanity, welfare, etc.||.

And there are the **-Sinister ones||**, those who produced and produce destruction in all its forms.

The saddest part of all this is that they are infiltrating all governments, including our own.

They are the ones who gave all the most dire orders of annihilation for those who do not share their sinister philosophy of degenerating and diverting humanity from the progressive, evolutionary, healthy, spiritually, body and soul, only chaos will ensue, which they promote in the world.

I will digress for a moment to clarify this subject, which has been discussed, dodged, questioned, and most of the time denied, either because it produces fear, or because of fear of ridicule or reprisals, but there is no time left and this must be clarified, or very clear.

I begin, The Extraterrestrials, were a race similar to ours, and I say were, not because they have ceased to be, but because there was a Great Battle, for the domination of the World.

Therefore, they were divided into **-Destroyers and**

Disasters||. Some, Builders and the others, Destroyers.

From there, those who on various occasions, took me and made me, infinity of revelations, and that in the other writing, it was, destined to **-Targeting||**.

So far it is clear, what I am relating, -clear, understandable, and without doubt||.

I clarify as always, the reader may or may not agree, that does not count as this is not written for one person in particular, not one that I know.

I am only obliged to state the absolute truth, which not everyone identifies with her.

I continue, in 1972, to get closer to the stories.

My son was on the eve of his trip to Antarctica, and I was beginning to be alone, when, they start to tell me about the events that were coming, with a wealth of details, full stop and commas, I tell my son and I explain to him the events that are going to take place, and he tells me: *Well, what do you want me to do, go and write them on a pad and keep them, I'll read them.*

We arrived in December 1972 and my son had to travel with the crew on the icebreaker, General San Martín, to the General Manuel Belgrano Base, the southernmost of all, 50° below zero.

To cut a long story short, my son returns on 13 January 1974.

Due to the trip, he made contact with people totally linked to the government and mainly with a person or character who totally managed the governmental power, erroneously, any terrestrial and mortal being can believe, suppose, that this management is purely and exclusively that of the Commander in Chief or of the government in power.

But in addition, not only did that person manage everything, but also -that Lord|| received orders from what I define as **-The Destroyers, or The Sinister Ones||** and the cause, not only of the tragedy of Latin America, but also of the world.

In other words, they are, and are not, the ones that determine, the destructive, processes, this is the biggest, epidemic, the virus that corrodes, the structures, of power, promote the most sinister, and darkest, wars.

That is why they have access to all the information, that is why they have committed the greatest atrocities and vile deeds against humanity to this day, without finding out why.

Everything is interrelated in 1940 in one government, and from then on, in all governments, the same tactics, the same procedure.

First, to fabricate subversion, then to bring out the Armed Forces, be it Police, Military, etc., then to annihilate Subversion, then the Military and so on, is a tactic, employed for years, be it Communist, or whatever organisation.

Once fought, wage war and finish off the armed forces, intelligence forces, etc. and so on.

Of course, all this comes with an implicit degree of pride and arrogance, from top to bottom, at all levels.

It takes an immense degree of humility to recognise this.

It is not necessary to humiliate oneself, to denigrate oneself, since all acted in good faith at the time, the ones and the others were miserably deceived; *that everything was for the good of the homeland*, always the same slogan all over the world, the same verse, the same destruction.

I continue, of course, to recognise, something, an order, that was given in good law and executed with all honesty, knowing, that it is for the good of the homeland, to preserve, order, unity, peace, and then having to recognise, that they were swindled, their most intimate privileges, is degrading and even more so, when, they have acted, governed by the Military code, it is precisely there, when their credibility begins to falter, then, there were others, who betrayed, all our beliefs, our, credibility, and dragged us, into abysses, ignored.

Let us begin by saying that they -take **their heads**||, and lead them to do aberrant acts, that is, they lead the person to total destruction, hence the majority, in every process and place, cry out for innocence, if even the accused is frightened, disbelieving, of having done such an aberration.

I clarify that this does not favour or justify anyone, but from the very moment a warlike action is planned, all kinds of ignominies and aberrations are stipulated in the plan, which no one well-born can justify.

If we want to go deeper and draw conclusions as to how, why, we would first have to accept, even if it costs us, to reveal ourselves. The issue, is not that nobody or others do not know, the issue is that these, evaluations are made, is it convenient, to inform, is it worth justifying oneself, after having been, deceived, immorally vexed, before the people?

The failure to put a stop to the rebellion and to allow the rebellion to go unchecked and to commit unspeakable outrages, discrediting the Armed Forces as the only ones responsible for the outburst,

So it was a ship without a rudder, adrift, each one doing whatever he wanted, and the ethical codes of the Armed Forces do not see that the unjustifiable cannot be justified.

Don't you see that one thing contradicts the other, isn't it time to put your trousers on!

And that each Force, whatever the country, should take the bull by the horns and take a gamble for its Forces, be it Intelligence, Prefecture or Fire Brigade.

The point is that as long as they are not eradicated, the -Sinister Destroyers|| will continue, taking the blame for others.

In my government, unfortunately, there are some, and the results are disastrous, camouflaged and infiltrated, they are the revelry of evil.

I will continue with the story about the revelations that were made to me before my son left for Antarctica, which my son advised me to write down in a notebook.

On my return from Antarctica, and after connecting with this sinister Lord, my son takes me to a meeting, after he has been mentioning to me... and the revelations.

Which is why I participated, for the first time. I mean, because that's how you start.

The three forces were involved and I told them that they were anticipating events in the country, that is, that they were going to take place.

Of course, Isabel's coup was already a thing of the past.

But I told them about the bloodbath that was coming, and at another meeting, a National Judge said to me, mockingly: "*Hey, what about the bloodbath you predicted,*" and my son got angry and said to me in front of the Judge: "*Don't say another word to these fools*". Then it was Malvinas, then Tablada and lastly, December 3rd, not to mention other events, and they always made fun of me, and I realised very late, not only that the Lord who managed the three Armed Forces, but also that he was aware of everything and was the one who managed the total power of my country, even though -he is no longer on this blessed soil||, his acolytes continue to govern and put pressure on me.

In addition, he was complicit with the perpetrators of all the disasters that had occurred, and I, like an idiot and in desperation, asked him to do something, if he had all the power, and finally we decided to leave, 5 years later, -assassinated||, my son and I.

As an example, this good man, that I mention, once invited my son and me to lunch, we went, and he went with his secretary and during the best part of lunch, he said to me: *Did you know, madam, that you had your son with the Extraterrestrials*, and I said to him: *Yes, did you also have him?*

And he said to me: "*And why do you think I keep track of them?*" and what I wanted was to see if he would give me an update on something I didn't know about, but he was totally silent.

Of course, to say it like that in front of the secretary surprised me, and to say it like that without preamble gives the impression that -I copulated||... like bugs, but it is not like that, they did to me what today, after more than 30 or 40 years, they now call artificial insemination, as a novelty.

On the one hand, and on the other hand, thank God that the good Lord was taken by God to live by his side, but the secretary, an American, who is in good health.

Of course we will have to divide it with my son.

I have to admit that having forced myself to write and relate everything in the way I did, cost me a triumph, but as I go on to expose it, which is for me, as if I were turned inside out, with my ribs out, with all the accessories, internal, lungs, heart, intestines, etc., or rather, when the ribs are inverted, to spice them up, or rather, when the offal is inverted, to spice it up, pardon the crude comparison, because I could say as if they had undressed me, or forced me to undress, which is almost the same thing, but with different comparisons.

I continue, as I am pouring into the paper, I am also unloading the -bronca||, accumulated over 5 years.

I'll go on, to tell the truth, thank goodness my humour was reinforced, otherwise... at least I'll take it with humour and soda.

As to whether my son is half terrestrial and half extraterrestrial, one that is not noticeable, nor has a nose like a pinocchio, neither he nor I, of course I do not know who put -the little seed||, that is to say, it would be like the case that Solomon should have intervened to settle the case of the two mothers who were disputing motherhood, with the difference and forgiving the example.

In this case, no one can intervene, settle, or anything like it.

I must, be patient as -Penelope||, strong as Krupp steel, endure as Atlas, believe or bust.

All things are possible on this tiny earth, it is said: -You only have to propose and the Lord will be with you||.

I continue with my story in the year 1964, I mark this year, because it was the year that they became known and I finally had them face to face, or I finally saw their faces, because until then, they were only messages and that they would come, but they did not give a date, day or month.

So it was that one fine day they told us that we had to do what we were ordered to do and if we were willing, what could I and my son do alone, what could we resolve, if they forbade us to comment with anyone, to cut off my family and my husband's family, to withdraw from friendships, and when they finally came and revealed to me that my son was half earthly and half extraterrestrial, it was only then that I became aware and understood the hardships I had gone through for 15 years, 15 hellish years!

As I said in my previous letter, I got married on the 24th of November and in February I wrote to the stork, or that my son was born in October.

However, when I was 5 months pregnant, it would have been enough for any reasonable human being that if I was 9 months pregnant, as I was 5 months married, my husband would have told me whose child I was thinking of having, and I didn't know if my husband and all his family had conspired to drive me crazy. They were terrible months, my husband began to beat me mercilessly, and in each punishment session, all his family intervened, so that, from my broken jaw to an endless number of cracks, except my brain, they couldn't crack it, in short: they couldn't make me abort it either. When he was born, both my husband and his family wanted to kill him, I had to look after him day and night, he grew up and together, my husband's hatred for my son grew. I will remain in doubt, if how, after my husband died, the aliens appeared? because what would prevent the aliens from having done the same thing as me? but the other way around, to have introduced in his head, since they have transmission of thought, that the child that I was about to have, was not his, of course for that my husband would have to have been a moron, or mentally handicapped and he was not, I say that because after marrying me, he began to intervene in politics and was a candidate for Senator, Deputy and Governor for Santa Fe, of course that is no guarantee, because after observing current politics, I can see that if he knows how to -put his hand in the till||, or has a good stomach for receiving bribes or accepting returns, I think that if he passes these tests with a good score, he is fit to legislate.... he is in a position to legislate, repeal laws and then run for President, and he already has more than enough skills to run a country.

It is not rancour that makes me think this way, it is the facts, which speak for themselves, but the most comical thing is that when there were elections, they gave him the privilege of going up to the -tabla|| and speaking.

He forced me to go and listen to him, because if he were to win, he would have to appear to be an honourable husband and father of a family, unfortunately, this country has such examples and they even reach the government.

But as a tango says, nothing is eternal in this life, neither happiness nor sorrow, hence, taking out all the ugliness that this life has, how beautiful life is, looking at the flowers, the birds, imagining that you can fly...

Of course, if they could fly, no one would return, they would seek asylum in the sky, there may still be no ATM or Internet.

Of course, the million-dollar question.

And what can be done, against, that plague, that virus, do, do, do... not us, nothing we should do.

Those who do, and very much so, will be -The Extraterrestrials|| who are in the -good|| in the progress of humanity, in the overcoming of the human race, and for this, they will have to confront each other, for until they -cancel|| their differences, until the **Final Battle** takes place, there can hardly be peace in this World, if union and harmony are not achieved first.

Other countries, on the other hand, are taking a gamble and have embarked on trying to inhabit other planets.

I don't know what will happen, but, whatever happens, let us hope that peace and prosperity will be with us.

But it is not superfluous to -remember, remember|| the cities, Mayan cities abandoned, leaving no trace of anything surviving.

And it was always said, that they must have migrated to other Worlds.

And how, if they didn't have wings, then they moved them, and who, and how, and why, and for What?

Until each institution, each department, or each branch of society becomes aware of the need to eradicate, from their environment, those who are nefarious beings...

Perhaps they are admired and envied, they are admired for their audacity, they are daring, but in the same way and calibre, they are used by the forces of power.

So, where are they and for whom, or who are Human Rights, what do they cover, or are the military and their families not human, and if the Military Code that protects them, is corrupted, subjected to political power, who protects those of lower rank?

If the protection were of the same magnitude, then it would be equitable and the right to equity would have prevailed, but this way, the disproportion is total and the lack of protection reckless, so where is the justice, they are left to their own devices and to protect their lives from external aggressions.

If the Armed Forces protect the Sovereignty of a nation and offer their lives for the sake of freedom, what more can they offer, if it is the maximum that the Superior has given them, and they devalue themselves so lightly in the face of any conspiracy or conspiracy made by both powers in conflict, demoralising them to the point of suicide, due to the baseness and such vile treason.

These unfortunate events will come to an end in 2001.

There will be no place for rats in this Universe, there will be no burrow in which they can hide, since they are all identified, up to their ribs counted, there is no more space in the World, unless they climb into some space module, as stowaways.

An infinite amount of time has passed, and they have only been driven by the desire for destruction, in all its forms, material, spiritual and moral.

All has been fodder for their greed.

While the whole world strives to rebuild, to raise the status of life, to progress, to research, to benefit humanity for the present and the future, they produce the most aberrant viruses, epidemics, destroy the ecology, which is the lungs of humanity.

The World is tired, the races, overwhelmed, of fighting, suffering in vain, without seeing the results, for survival, which no longer offers them even the desire, the illusion, the joy of continuing to push the cart of the ambition of the others, without consolation for so much indifference, so much indifference, They filled the horn of plenty at the expense of Humanity and for the benefit of the sinister and ambitious destructive Extraterrestrials, for this reason, **"The battle between the two factions of Extraterrestrials is imminent"**, and those who want, pretend to mediate, to continue obtaining benefits and perks, will continue to be accomplices, benefiting, one part, and condemning the majority, which already says enough is enough!, and the clamour has been heard.

In this field no one is exempt, they believe that they are protected, protected from what, by whom, when they believe that they have already more than fulfilled, and they believe, hope or pretend,

-They naively think: I already have the -house, the car and some savings||, why else? They have been doing things neatly, in order to preserve their precious life, for 10, 15 or 20 years, and they think about -retiring||, and.... oh, what a misfortune, -he died in a confrontation||, or else he stepped on a -banana peel and ceased to exist, en route to hospital.

Neither the -Information Community|| can be saved, there is no more room, no more time, for speculation, either everyone is saved, or they all go down with the ship, there is no alternative.

Just as I have to write what they dictate and order me to write, The Information Community has to go out and report what they impose on it.

Humanity is overwhelmed, hopeless, disappointed, disillusioned, without present or future, there is nothing ahead, nothing behind, only abyss.

A great vacuum of power, powerlessness, constitutional rights, labour, welfare and spiritual progress.

They are embarking on inhabiting other worlds at the expense of humanity, cheating it of the credibility and trust it has placed in them.

Each being must be clear about his doctrine, be faithful to it, not deviate from the faith he professes, be honest in his heart, with his beliefs and feelings, without speculation.

I must be honest with you and with me, my Internet readers; when I was urged to publish this writing on the Internet, I was told that its publication would be the key to access the meeting with my son.

Today instead, they suggest me to -add the next||, I for my part must do so, as my only ambition is to meet him, whenever and however, so I will not stop, even if stones or roses fall, I cannot snub or demoralise my son, one because I know where he is, and I also know that the extraterrestrial lords knew very well which keys to play to have a good symphony from me, and I would not refuse.

This writing also goes to all mothers, let's say the Universal mother.

I, in particular, have nothing, with anyone, or against anyone, in this, I don't know if unfortunate event, since on the other hand, I write what they want me to write, since I don't understand, at all, I don't understand anything.

And as for **the Final Battle**, which will have to take place, let's say, between the two sides, I don't know how or when, that's not my concern, but I suppose, I estimate, when that clash comes, all the planets of the Galaxy will tremble.

And when that happens, it is that here, on this blessed earth, great disasters and cataclysms occur, which for simple minds, like mine, we believed, that it was God's punishment and never that two fractions were twisting each other's hairs.

Likewise, let us pray, let us pray, let us ask, let us entreat, that blood may not come to earth, and that there may be peace on earth as it is in heaven.

I am going to expose something that justifies many things, that perhaps for some are incomprehensible, but as it is well said, that there is nothing hidden that should not be discovered, all beings, as it is said consciously, are children of rigour, but apart from that, -they are children of betrayal and incest||, by the first couple of creation. That all beings are children of betrayal, that is, they carry the inheritance of betrayal implicitly in their genes, but the fact of betraying is purely and exclusively the will of the being, how, when and to whom to betray is up to him.

As for incest, too, I will try to simplify it, every human being or every created being is incestuous in itself, lives with a fierce inner struggle, by the mere fact of being human, enjoys understanding and therefore reasoning, knows that this act, apart from being condemned and aberrant, is debated between two alternatives, he debates between two alternatives, either to carry it out and condemn himself here, or on the contrary, to carry it out inside himself, to stop what is commonly called low instincts, that is to say that the inner incest, integrates the Being and elevates him, on the other hand outside the Being degrades himself, of course this subject is enough for 1.000 pages of Internet.

I will comment on something that it is impossible not to, as it is a fundamental part of my writing, because I had to, just like that, agree to so many suggestions.

They urged me to go to Buenos Aires, and to go to the -Open Society Foundation|| of the financier and investor George Soros, at the IRSA Company.

I went to the company twice, the second time on 15 July 1999. The reason: "**I had to give him the book that my son wrote**".

Which was more than impossible, because the people who attended to me were totally lacking, not only in intellectual capacity, but as it is not new, that in this country, precisely, are they placed to attend to the most useless people on planet earth, not only of a pride, foolishness and ignorance, that I, with my little culture, am frightened of, but, pride of what? Of ignorance, or of being the ones who, with an air of arrogance, are the ones who decide who should or should not be worthy of being interviewed by their boss, not just to avoid the people in charge, but because they have two grams of mentality, they are not able to evaluate the importance of the message that took the visitor to that place, without caring that they come from another city... transport, hotel, food, etc..., while they are sitting at their desks, and they tell him: *Submit in writing, or go to "Manhattan", if he has something to leave, leave it*, how could he leave The Book, with these mediocre people!

It is unfortunate, but I went twice and sent two letters.

Of course, with people like that, what can you expect? I had a mission to accomplish and I accomplished it with flying colours.

Who this Lord was and why I should give him The Book, I explained to him in successive letters.

I think the issue is that Mr. Soros edited a philosophical book, in which, I think, he asked himself questions and maybe they were printed in the book that my son wrote, I did not read either one or the other, because they forbade me to read it. But 5 years ago my son urged me to give it to him.

Of course, Mr. Soros, I believe, no longer has investments in Argentina... but let's move on to another subject.

It would have no reason or meaning if they did not try to reclaim the most valuable thing, which is humanity, what have they done, why so much infamy, why so much contempt for the Self?

It is that it lacks, significantly, the precious gift of survival that is denied, outright, the right to life.

We are missing, like, two generations, and the third and fourth generations, not having continuity, do not exist.

What happened, -The Sinister Ones||, who formed, the first, generation, and led them with deceit and subtlety, to embark on a journey, without port or exit.

So they were trapped, like fish in a net, with the credulity, -that they would be rescued||, that everything they did, was for the good of the homeland, and at the end they would be, recognised and their audacity, evaluated, the more audacious, the greater the honour, of having served their homeland, and would be vindicated, due, to their reckless daring.

How many lies and deceit, and yet they were wrapped up again, like a ball, and they fell again and again.

All those who were deceived, and swindled in their good faith, by Sinister, aberrant Beings, and who today, enjoy, of their feat and continue deceiving them, dragging them!, are Beings, infernal... Sinister.

And those who fell, victims, of their credulity and good faith, are worthy of respect and admiration, of course, those who remained, either because they could not, drag them, or because they were stronger, but those who fell... but those who fell, because of ignorance, never because they were traitors to their country, all believed and were victims of their good faith.

The most complete proof is that they sink them up to their heads, with no possibility of escape, the most faithful always fall, the weakest of heart, because they are noble, pure, that is the raw material where the ideas of the Sinister ones germinate, it is there where they fertilise them and make them mature.

Thanks to their unconditional dedication, the Sinister Ones today have their -Disciples||, who still enjoy and enjoy their -Machiavellianism||, otherwise, how many Ideologues fell, they were praised, sweetened, given rope, and left to their fate, as in Tablada, and they took refuge, of course, the soldier who escapes is used to organise another war.

There is a curious detail: it is always the mothers who stand up for themselves, the ideologues never appear and always come out of the fray with flying colours.

So how can we condemn those who, at the behest of the -Disciples of the Sinister Ones||, whipped up that generation. It is the same as if you go with a stick, to hump a spider, it is sure to jump, like a spider and if it is poisonous, it will bite you.

But, the worst and saddest part of this is that the lesson was of no use to them and they continue to believe in

-The Sinister Disciples," who sent a generation to scavenge, and hump those who were, in their habitations.

And the remarkable thing is that they don't flinch, are they determined to open the cage to the wild beasts that poisoned their blood and their lives, that incite them to do all kinds of outrages!

And what lesson did they leave them, and what inheritance do they leave their children?

-More than cursed||, she would be if she believed that her parents wanted what they now profess, hatred and rancour.... And would they leave that to their children?

Those who incite them to go on rampages, did they offer them something else, to overcome, to leave behind, so much anguish, so much agony?

Guys, don't let yourselves be fooled like your parents, take the bull by the horns, as I said before in this writing, that nobody else dares to fool you, to use you, to make mischief, don't you see, that Los Siniestros, then erase themselves and you are the ones who show your faces, and receive repression, take conscience, for the love of your parents.

It did not occur to them to think that their parents, when they joined these -Organisations||, nobody forced them, that they went of their own free will and that when they went out or were dragged to carry out attacks, they did not do so with knobs of water, they went out well equipped.

They knew for sure that they were going out to die or to kill.

And The Sinister Ones who sent their Disciples, -The Ideologues||, who were well trained, for all kinds of aberrations, to recruit them, while their parents, who were only,

They were -subjugated||, when they saw how much skill they possessed, ignoring that these skills are what the governments took advantage of for dirty work.

Hence, the -ingenuos||, lent themselves and surrendered themselves, unconditionally at the mercy of the Disciples of the Sinister Ones.

According to what I saw on television, since it has acquired such a bad reputation, this -School||, where they used to train them, it seems that now they have adapted it to teach the children how to weave and embroider.

Well, it is already a hope, that is to say that if they regenerated it, for another activity, another utility, why don't we all reform ourselves, since we always take them as an example, the ideologists, let's copy something noble for once.

That is why I, my son, and his parents were labelled -parsley, parsley flower, and -they||, nettle, thistle, prickly pear, for throwing a flower at them.

It is no longer a request, it is a mother's cry, you are in time to give satisfaction to your parents by getting back on track and helping the weakest who cannot and do not have the will to take up again the path of the good path, it is always in time to begin and when you do, you will see and feel how they support you from above, put down that rebellion and firmly propose to begin a prominent future, then I believe you will have unbreakable strength.

Don't you think that in spite of everything, and because they were gullible and let themselves be deceived in their good faith, don't you think they deserve respect, because the way you approach this issue is as if you were saying that they were -stupid||, and that is not so, they had a philosophy, an ideology, good or bad, wrong or not, don't you think it is time to let them rest in peace, and respect their ideas?

I do not believe for anything in the world, that your parents, rest in peace, knowing, that you suffer horrors, think, reconsider, draw your conclusions but with honesty and ask yourselves, how many, people, in your short lives, instilled in you, love, love, for you, for your dignity, for your children. For your dignity, for your children, it scares me, what will become of you and your children, social resentments, and even more so when I feel, to say that neither you nor your children, are salvageable anymore, for charity that is not said Guys, for charity, enough is enough, enough is enough, let's leave the past behind, let everything remain in 2000 and let 2001 be a new rebirth.

My greatest wish, aspiration, would be that -a date of reconciliation|| be set among Argentines, that a great parade be held, that no one be left without a parade, in honour of the fallen, civilians and of whatever institution, and furthermore, that all those who inhabit this beloved country, no matter what nationality, race or colour, all united and united by love, embrace each other and that there be no more hatred or rancour, -clarifications or justifications||.

A -Great National Meeting|| of this magnitude could well be organised by the Church, which has always been a mediator in these social conflicts.

Then, yes, just then, when there are no more guilty or innocent.

Only when it is finished, with wanting to settle and take justice into our own hands, will our country begin to re-emerge, if we all help each other again, if we remove the bars that have imprisoned us, to the point of not giving us to anyone, soon this will be an abandoned country, day by day businesses are closed, companies leave and citizens look for other countries to start over again.

What will become of you, you will be left alone with your hatred and resentment.

Turn your lives around by fighting, yes, but for the betterment of yourselves and your children.

Guys, and I speak to you as a mother and in the absence of your parents, with my heart in my hand.

But what good can it do, if you are already convinced, because you have been convinced, that nobody in this world did anything for your parents.

And it is not so, you do not realise, that you were deceived, as your parents were, and I tell you that it was.... it is! a Machiavellian force, of some Sinister Ones, who feed, on energy, from suffering and from there, that they have to keep, on fire, anger, discord, rebellion and always on the warpath, -like vampires||, sucking, blood, but these vampires survive, from the energy that they suck, and do not allow them, to get out of their vicious circle.

You live in a constant convalescence in an eternal agony. Guys, you have to arm yourselves, yes, but with courage, to get out of the trap, in which you have been trapped, if you do not decide, but convinced that you want to overcome, and do not want the same destiny, to fall into the same trap, with no chance to save yourselves.

Your parents were deceived because they were gullible, and you were deceived because of your fervent love for them, and you knew and know each other's weak points, and what keys you must touch to make them groan.

Guys, if we don't turn the rudder, this ship sinks and we all sink.

Every being that comes to earth has a mission to fulfil, and I don't believe for anything in this world that yours is so petty, so miserable, that you should be eternally subjected and submerged, up to your eyes that you cannot see reality, nor hear the cry of the mothers, who suffer and make them suffer, because of your stubbornness and incomprehension, -and this is not a reproach||, it is your denial that you close yourselves to understanding and close your hearts.

Close, yes, the floodgates, lest the Sinister Ones use you like their fathers.

Finally, I would like to point out that the pseudonym I adopted in the previous writing was given to me by people, that is, my husband's family, because since my mother married me, at the age of 15, because I was hopelessly abandoned by the doctors, and she did not want to leave me, alone and single, in this happy world.

For this I wept for 10 years, without consolation, and from there I was baptised -Mary Magdalene||.

Then the priests called me, they invited me to collaborate, representing Mary in the living nativity scene that they made every year, when I became a widow, I continued and my son played the role of a shepherd boy, and as he grew up, I represented other characters, the last one, as a royal guard, before that Christmas, I told the priests that this would be the last one, as I would sell the house and I would be absent, so they suggested that this year I should represent Eve and so I did it.

So when I met with the mothers who helped with the little baby Jesus, who are now men, they called me Maria and the whole neighbourhood, I think very few knew my name.

In faith and humility, Mary.

STORY (3^{ra}. Part)

MARY, WITNESS TO THE MIDDLE EAST PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

For the unbelievers, those who no longer believe in anything. Believe, believe...
For those who believe, that if there is dust, it is a sign that they are coming - riding||. For those who believe.
It's just that the dust has risen, so high.
You can't even see the horizon.
But even if the road is full of obstacles... The final hour of reconciliation is approaching.
And the long awaited cessation of hostilities. Between Palestinians and Israelis.
Praise for peace and unity among brothers. May it be firm and lasting forever.

When my son stayed in these parts, he took part in major negotiations, together with the personalities in these photos.



I only know some of them, and the others only by mention of my son.
In the centre, the former President, Dr. Carlos Saúl Menem, and next to him Monsignor Carame, representative of Syria.



In the second photo, the former President of the DAIA, Mr. David Goldberg, and the other persons are from different Embassies and Intelligence Services.

Finally, I would like to thank Quinta Dominica for providing me with their space on the Internet to make this revelation public.

STORY (4^a Part)

MARIA'S ACCOUNT CONFIRMS THE CURRENT REALITY:

As I had already explained on the previous page of the Internet, I once wrote a letter to Colonel Seineldín, offering him my son's collaboration and knowledge, since it would be a shame not to use it for the good of our country, especially since he was a government adviser on national and international politics.

"Always ad honorem".

So the Colonel called him and took him as his private secretary. I did not know the Colonel personally, but I knew him through my son, because he was his leader.

On the other hand, from my side about the Colonel, only toads and snakes came out of my mouth towards him, until my son, one fine day, flew into a rage and said to me the most irreproducible "epithets" that cannot be found in the Spanish language.

He cut off the dialogue, slammed the door, as he had to travel urgently to settle a dispute with the "Governor of the Province of Santa Cruz".

I was left, devastated, distressed, upset, and instantly, "they brought me the solution".

The truth is that when I dared to write to the Colonel, there were a thousand possibilities, one, that it would not reach his hands, another, that he would not give it any follow-up, importance, in short, I expected the worst.

But it happened that a week later, my son returned from Santa Cruz, he was carrying two bags, he put them on the floor, and he called the phone and I told him: "It's for you, from the Palermo Regiment".

I turned white, and he must have noticed, because he said to me: "Old lady, what did you do? and I ran to get the draft of the letter, and I told him: "I sent this letter to the Colonel...", and he said: "And why did you do that"!..., I was speechless.

He attended, and was told to go immediately to see Colonel Seineldín for an interview. That was the connection.

From then on, my son had to go every morning at a certain time.

Until one day he said to me: "Now that you have expressed yourself immorally, contemptuously and insolently towards the Colonel, I tell you, who do you think you are, to have the audacity to denigrate a person you do not know? nor do you have the slightest idea of what it means for a person of the level of spiritual morality and patriotic civic honour that exalts the Argentine Army to have a human being of the calibre of Colonel Seineldín in its ranks... can you explain it to me?"

Well, well, I said to myself, I was already, at this point, more charred than a pork rind.

I had no idea that my son was going to carry out such a stoic defence for the Colonel, I was overwhelmed by such heroism, and sparks flew from the fervent car stop. Despite having lanterns, I was not protected by the divine light and he said to me: From now on, you will have to come with me every day and work for the Colonel.

I can only acknowledge my hasty judgement. I have, and I must admit it, how wrong I was, towards him.

And from there, and in that way, I came into contact with him, having to collaborate with his private agenda, bringing him people who came from all over the Argentine Republic for an interview with Colonel Seineldín, after an audience had been requested, which could take up to a month of waiting, but with patience, everything comes in this life.

From that encounter, the rough edges were smoothed out, which only came about due to ignorance, which I deeply regret, due to my lightness of judgement.

This meeting, which should have been formalised by force majeure, was not in anyone's plans.

But if this was the product of speculation, of the "Extras", that I do not know, what I can assure you is the undeniable fact that forces me to have to reveal facts that on my own, "neither mad nor drunk" I would not have made known, "so treacherous"!

but what can I do, if I'm committed, without being able to turn back, or evade the facts and responsibilities that in one way or another bind me, I must reproduce them, cross myself and be protected by them.

I will talk about what I experienced and had the opportunity to verify, the actual facts, and at the source.

I would like to clarify that none of what is related here can influence or determine anything in particular, such as influencing or determining the support or preference for this or that person, or a particular person, who is mentioned here; they are simply actors who, by life's determination, were linked to this process that I am describing here, nor are they more or less important than others, but rather each one had an important transcendence in each of the actions that he or she had to take on. I continue with Colonel Mohamed Alí Seineldín, a member of our Argentine Army.

The particularity of this Colonel is that he has the virtue, the "gift", of visualising events in advance, that is, in the long term, and this fact alone is what made him stand out, because he did not just talk, which is a very common thing among people who are running for governmental office, and it is well known that words are blown away by the wind.

The Colonel, on the other hand, started from the premise that it is not enough to speak, for the sake of speaking, without knowledge of the cause, but that the discourse, banal, hollow, without consistency, no longer "fits", it must be a weighty exposition, with body and soul.

That is why the Colonel made use of the graphics, that is voz populi, everyone who visited him, whether journalist, businessman or statesman, came away with a breadth of knowledge of how to deal with this or that problem or situation, what time he determined to carry out, what favourable results he would obtain if he tackled this or that operation, what the tangible benefits would be, at what cost it would be feasible, what time it would take and what positive results would be obtained, always speaking in terms of what benefits the country would obtain and how to eradicate poverty, with what and which elements would be available, everything was graphically foreseen.

It was a global, global development.

It is very sharp, his vision of the facts, and the situation, National and World.

He was training and lecturing, in different countries, Institutions, to name a few; In Panama. Lectures to Colonels at the Pentagon, etc..

Hence, as is logical and recurrent, this trajectory, full of honour and flattery, motivated the reluctance to precede, which it usually produces. The triumph of some is a manifest defeat for the "Sinister", who accuse him of making life difficult for them, whether with Tablada or 3 December, events linked to each other, to discredit him and get him out of the way, as he was overshadowing their nefarious plans.

What is hard to understand is that if he was overshadowing them in order to realise his plans, once the Colonel was out of the way, at least they would have done something remarkable, admirable, worthy of recognition, to overcome him and thus demonstrate that the Colonel was wrong in his definitions, his projects and his plans.

But that wasn't the point, to compete, or to overcome it.

But, quite simply, to destroy him, to cut off his career, to remove him from office.

It was demonstrated that the only thing that mobilised and drove them was to kill, to kill, to take the life of a being in whatever way it was, with no rhyme or reason, not even with a pre-established plan, the theme was to kill, the slogan to kill, no matter whether they were cadets or civilians, protected by the traitors to the homeland, then the escape of the "Disciples of the Sinister Ones, together with the Sinister Ones", who did not participate and were in good protection.

Apart from killing people, what other heroic act did they do?

In all these years that they took the Colonel out of the way, did they do anything, as they said they did because the country was in danger... and whose, theirs, since they did nothing praiseworthy to be vindicated by the country?

If Colonel Seineldín is branded a traitor to the homeland..., it is to ignore, to ignore what a traitor is.

One of the plans of these "Sinister Ones" is to bring about World Government.

And what will that be like, and, I am told, there will be only one government in the world, no more governments, in each country.

Such as: what is already stipulated, by statistics, how many people each country should have, and how many children each marriage should have.

If the birth rate is not controlled, population growth will cause the planet to succumb, because it will be to the detriment of the population itself, which will gradually begin to perceive the

lack of food, that the planet will reach a crucial point where it will cease to produce, as the earth is totally de-energised, depleted.

The point is that, if we do not start regulating now, not only will the world not be able to withstand the uncontrolled runaway demographic system.

And each country must produce, whatever the "World Cup" dictates, namely: Argentina; agricultural, livestock, and so on.

Argentina must eradicate; steel mills, weaving mills, meat processing plants, factories in general, etc..

That would be the way to put the world in order, so that two countries do not engage in the same production.

This is what they tell me I must write, and close the year 2000, that this truth can no longer be hidden from the people.

Only with the disarmament in the world of armies, on the one hand, and on the other hand, that the racial difference must end.

So we can all live together, in the same pigsty, without grumbling at each other.

The only ones who are always left standing are the "Sinister", whose future is assured by the Powers they serve, humbly, religiously and venerably, "the rest of us... are useful idiots".

Although this is nothing new to anyone, as it has always been announced, in films and novels, since Verne and before, it is a way to reach people all over the world, today it is the Internet.

And what was seen in films, as something fantastic, will become reality, common currency.

The world torn apart by intergalactic wars, where only twisted iron will be found, and nothing green, not even a living soul, even a cockroach, will be seen.

Of course, for "The World Cup" some details still need to be fixed, such as eradicating from the root, some boils, which are annoying, for the execution, that disappear from the face of the earth, those obstacles so annoying and conflictive, such as, the unions associated or not, twinned or not, social works that are obsolete entities, erratic ideas, social conquests, etc..

But... what kind of fickleness is that in this era of 2000, strikes, rallies and protests are things of the last millennium, now we are entering the Third Millennium, of 2001 - CLEAR AND CLEAR!

Now, who will rule the destinies of millions around the world?

Ah... that, it will be done - "SYSTEM 2001" - it will be put out to tender religiously, and it will not be by and for one person.

The most qualified institutions will be called upon for such a high honour, such as the OAS, the UNITED NATIONS, the PENTAGON, the already traditional WORLD GOVERNMENT, the INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND, the FBI, the CIA, and as urban spies, the SIDE, the SINSIE, etc., and other intelligence services, to look after order in each country....., fun, wow!!!!

On them will depend, the custodian of ORDER, a kind of GUARDIANS, REGIONAL URBANISTS, who will have to answer with their heads, there will be no more prisons or convicts, the city will no longer be a big prison!

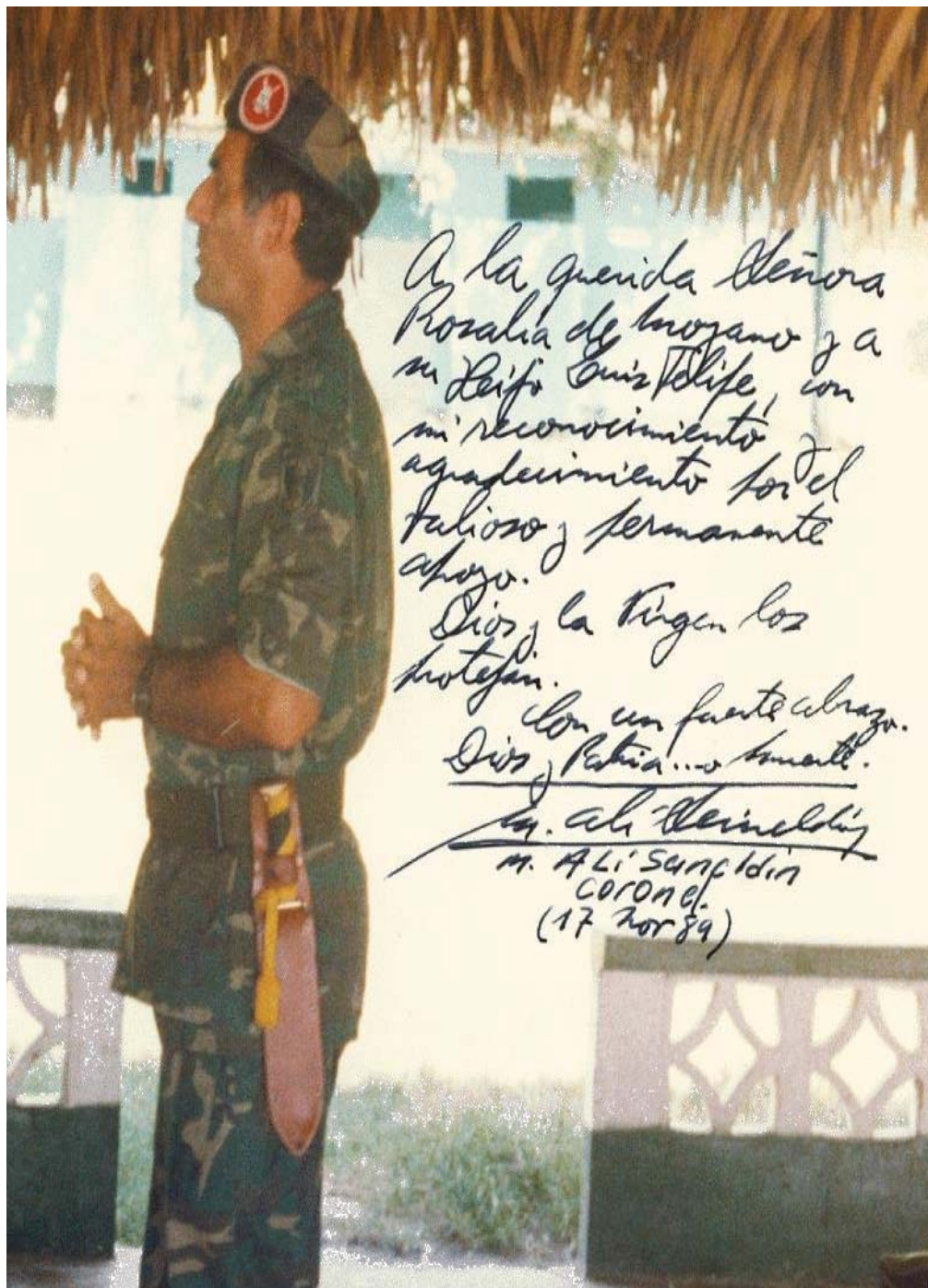
We will eat from one pot, like a large Regiment.

People will only dedicate themselves to produce, work and work, there will be no money, no fashion, everyone with nice uniforms, with their respective logos, - I belong to this or that -, it will be one big family, there will be no more distinctions of race or colour, of course they will determine which "ethnic group" should follow and which should not, nobody in this New World 2001, will be able to revolt, challenge or incite, it will be forbidden and punishable.

This is nothing more than a project, Virtual, that if carried out, we would be zombies.

I clarify, I comply with informing, now the way I express myself is mine, I can't change it or hide it, sorry if I don't express myself more respectfully, it's the rebellion.

I can only hope and pray, as they say, that I can spend Christmas with my son.



A la querida Señora
Rosalia de Trovato y a
su hijo Luis Felipe, con
mi reconocimiento y
agradecimiento por el
feliz y permanente
apoyo.

Dios y la Virgen los
protejan.
con un fuerte abrazo.

Dios y Patria... siempre.

Ala Weinseldig
M. ALI Samplidin
CORONEL
(17 Nov 89)

Parí, 9 de 1987

A nuestro muy estimado
de Coronel, M^o Mohamed Abd. Dinelohin
Desde que le pido sepa disculpar mi
atrevimiento!

La presente misiva, es para ofrecerle, la
colaboración incondicional, de mi hijo,
por supuesto, siempre y cuando Ud. esté
de acuerdo, ya que yo le hago este
aprecimiento, a sabiendas, que Ud. conoce
de tiempo y creo le resultará un poco
engorroso leer el "libro" por los tér-
minos en él empleados.

No por que a Ud. le falte inteligencia, que
creo tiene para regalar.

A pesar que en estos momentos se encuentra
en gira, y regresará a fin de semana

Si Ud. olvidare y lo cree conve-
niente, no tiene más que llevarlo,
que el gustoso no solo le levará,
si no que le oñanará los temas allí
esqueñados, haciéndolos más "digeribles".
Como se que Ud. lo que presta no
es "sangre", si no cerebros pensantes,
le cedo el de mi hijo, que fue asesor
Laboralista de política Nacional e
Internacional de los últimos Gobiernos
Argentinos

Historical and Legal Testimony

on the

Statement

of 3 December 1990

"If the national political leadership does not understand this offering of blood required by military law, if it continues in its irrational hostility and rancour towards its Armed Forces, if it continues to sow internal discord in the military sphere and if the military commanders themselves do not modify the serious intolerance that marked many of their steps, I can assure the Tribunal that the immense pain of these deaths will have been useless and the Army will be lost forever".

Buenos Aires, 18 December 1990 Carlos
Horacio Domínguez
General of Justice
Prosecutor of the Armed
Forces

Proem

The present work is a compilation of the most important issues, which were published in due course, referring to the "**Military Pronunciamiento of 3 December 1990**".

The aim is to provide a document that responds in a timely manner to the question of each of the most notorious episodes related to this event, providing their respective background and consequences, in order to allow the reader to have the full information available when needed.

"Time is the delay of truth; God is Justice".



**Aproliver
December 1998.**

For defending the sovereignty of their nation and the integrity of the Armed Forces, fourteen Argentine Nationalist officers are prosecuted.

PART ONE

Expressions of the Federal Chamber in the judgement handed down in the trial of the Chiefs of the Military Pronunciamiento of 3 December 1990

"...the conduct of the rebels has been motivated by idealistic motives.... (page 2871) "...I do not see personal motivations (...) the majority of the rebels have outstanding service records, with first line qualifications: several have served with superlative merit in combat and had the relevant possibility of being promoted..." (page 2873). "(page 2873). - the majority of the condemned leaders **acted out of feelings of high social or moral value....** " (pages 2863 and following).



"...the defendants have protested that they acted in defence of military honour, respect for the Institutions of which they are members and their principles; they have maintained that their decisions were based on the arbitrary exercise of command by hierarchical superiors, departing from such codes of conduct, and the hearings have received **repeated corroborating testimony** of the permanent invocation of these ideals by the rebels.... "

"...other evidence showed the multiple attitudes towards achieving the unity of the Army coming from the sector led by Col. Seineldín and **there is no doubt about** these efforts...||.

Judgment of the Federal Chamber in the Trial of the Chiefs of the Military Pronunciamiento of 3 December 1990 - (red 2872 et seq.).

BACKGROUND TO THE MILITARY UPRISING OF 3 DECEMBER 1990

ORIGIN OF THE INTERNAL MILITARY CRISIS

The military uprising of 3 December 1990 was not the result of a spontaneous attitude, it was preceded by numerous historical events; episodes that gave rise to the "causes", both immediate and mediate.

MEDIATE CAUSES:

Until 1930, the Argentine Armed Forces enjoyed prestige due to their high professional level, a consequence of their full and exclusive dedication to the fulfilment of their specific mission.

"To safeguard the highest interests of the Nation, the Honour, the National Constitution and its Laws, the Territorial Sovereignty".

But the next, and perverse, episode altered the professional suitability of some of its members, and even undermined the honesty of others.

JOSE FELIX URIBURU

**Leader of the Revolution of 6 September 1930
Personal and military profile.**

Clarín 20 July 1997

...in 1868, José Félix Uriburu was born in Salta. He was responsible for the first coup d'état that interrupted constitutional continuity in the country.

He came from an old family and was very young when he chose a military career. In 1890 he took part in the rebellion against President Juárez Celman and three years later he was appointed aide-de-camp to his uncle, President José Evaristo Uriburu. In 1902, as a staff officer, he was sent to Berlin where he joined the Imperial Guard of the German Army. He was appointed director of the War College in 1917 and then travelled to Europe again and made a third trip in 1913 as military attaché in Germany and England. On his return he was elected national deputy for Salta and continued in his career until he was promoted to major general in 1919. In 1929 he was declared retired because he had reached the statutory age. In the midst of the serious crisis of the 1930s that was looming over the world and Argentina, Uriburu believed he had the ability to save the nation. He was a man of fortune, always protected by his family connections and a member of the *Círculo de Armas*, the most aristocratic club. But in addition, during his stay in Europe he had come into contact with the growing forces of Nazism and Fascism, which he admired. Therefore, on 6 September 1930 he took the decision to overthrow President Yrigoyen, who was beset by multiple problems. The Supreme Court appointed him president and he initiated an elitist and authoritarian dictatorship. He closed down newspapers, decreed the confinement of leaders and filled the prisons with students and workers. Former president Alvear, who was exiled, denounced the "dreadful medieval tortures" applied by the regime. After annulling the elections in the province of Buenos Aires because they were won by the Radicals, he was forced to call for elections. Already ill, he travelled to Paris, where he died in 1932.

"This terrible adventure, which affected the future of the Armed Forces, meant the consolidation of a new irregular conduct, which could not be rejected by the generations that succeeded each other in the leadership of the Armed Forces".

"The successive commanders, by accepting this unconstitutional legacy, perverted the Mission. The "coups d'état" followed one after the other, resulting in a "Military Power" that was denaturalised in its function and dressed in arrogance and authoritarianism, with the interested support of a certain sector of the civilian population, whose economic priorities were favoured by these attitudes, .social or political ".

IMMEDIATE CAUSES:

In Opinion N° 9427, produced by the General Prosecutor of the Armed Forces, General of Justice Mr. Carlos Rolando Domínguez, dated 18 December 1990, and from folios 604, 605 and 621, the following results:

-Indeed, it would be impossible to properly justify the riot in question without mentioning

the aforementioned preceding circumstances as provided by law in Articles 181 (2° and 3°), 225 (4° and 11°) and 579 (2°) (section o) of the Code of Military Justice.

It would also be impossible to ignore the fact that this uprising is the fourth in the short period of time.

The first time in three years that anything similar had occurred or been known in the country for well over half a century.

It is equally impossible, Honourable Council, to close one's eyes foolishly and not to notice

that the aforementioned military mutinies began as a result of the aggressions suffered by the Armed Forces during the constitutional government that emerged from the elections launched in 1983, some of whose attitudes still persist within certain intransigent political sectors.

The facts under your scrutiny began to take shape in 1973. Around five thousand terrorists who had been duly convicted by the Federal Justice in fully legitimate trials were amnestied. This political mistake, based on the assumption that social peace could be achieved by "turning the other cheek", was met with a massive bloodbath in the midst of a people clamouring for the safety of their families, their children, their friends, their work and their property.

The armed forces, for their part, also took the wrong path when they took up the challenge of the struggle outside the republican framework, because the law is not imposed by violating the law: they forgot that they had come to leave, they forgot the ballot box and they forgot military life. Certain repressive excesses then surfaced due to the absence of national legal guidelines appropriate to the new terrorist phenomenon (which many jurists denied or were afraid to promote) and, for the first time in their honourable history, some acts of corruption even took hold among many of their members.

The outcome of his administration with the defeat in the Malvinas, for example, was the result of this politicisation and lack of leadership and professionalism.

Subsequent civilian authorities, far from restoring by reason and

The military forces, one of the fundamental and foundational institutions of the Republic, were indiscriminately attacked, subjecting them to public scorn and the daily discrediting of their members, to the detriment of their constitutional responsibility to preserve them, by committing certain specific and personalised offences.

Chaos and military anarchy were inevitable, all the more so if, as was also the case and

However, the Armed Forces were deprived of those missions that were specific to their *raison d'être*, despite the natural reality imposed by historical and world experience.

To this order of errors, and with regard to the specific subject matter of this summary trial, we must add the reform of military jurisdiction through Law 23.049, which was drafted in such terms that it clearly obstructs the exercise of military command attributed by the National Constitution to the President of the Nation and his delegated commanders. And so, at the time of the riots at the Infantry School, Monte Caseros and Villa Martelli, this military command was stranded in the judicial states and unable to act according to the legislation proper to any organised army. The seed of new uprisings could then be seen as a certain possibility, once again threatening the discipline, the order of the barracks and the peace of the Republic (predicted by the *Revista Argentina de Derecho Militar* N° 4, November 1984, p.77).

Moreover, Honourable Council, breaking with all the rules of restraint and political seriousness, the mutineers were repeatedly interviewed, flattered and even encouraged in their own places of detention and also outside them, by many civilian officials and other personalities of the national, public and private sphere, thus laying the undesirable foundations for the formation of parallel armies which, like the so-called "Guerrero" or "National" armies, are now bringing us to trial for their violations of discipline, the order of the Legitimate Army and the lives and property of many civilian and military citizens. This laid the undesirable foundations for the formation of parallel armies which, like the so-called "Warrior" or "National" armies, are now bringing us to trial for their violations of discipline, the order of the legitimate army and the lives and property of many civilian and military citizens.

7. FINAL ASSESSMENT OF THE FACTS

At the beginning of the present request (paragraph 2.a.), the Public Prosecutor's Office which I have called on had expressed that without the correct diagnosis or prior assessment of the facts under trial, the sentence would not achieve the disciplinary exemplarity that the Army has needed, and with such a shortcoming, the penalties requested here would not serve the discipline of the organisation but rather the disorganisation due to indiscipline and the continuous rebirth of hatreds.

With all due respect to V. A. deserves. I should only add now that if the leadership

If national politics does not understand this offering of blood required by military law, if it continues in its irrational hostility and rancour towards its Armed Forces, if it continues to sow internal discord in the military sphere and if the military commanders themselves do not modify the serious intolerance that has marked many of their steps, I can assure the Court that the immense pain of these deaths will have been useless and the Army will be lost forever.

8- Finally, and in accordance with the provisions of No. 124, (section h) of the Regulations of Military Justice and Articles 53, paragraph 5 and 187 of the Military Code, I request you to order the relevant investigation into the complaints of ill-treatment and ill-treatment that were made in the car.

Buenos Aires, 18 December 1990.

EN COPY

Carlos Horacio Domínguez
General de Justicia
Attorney General of the Armed Forces

CONCLUSIONS

The Argentine military crisis originated in 1930, when the Armed Forces intervened to interrupt the country's institutional continuity.

From the moment of the coup d'état, some senior commanders, with responsibility for leadership, became politicised and, as a result, led to the de-professionalisation of the Armed Forces.

The voluntary departure from its specific functions conditioned the military leadership's ability to find solutions when faced with the consequences of recent traumatic events, such as the fight against subversion and the Malvinas War.

With the re-establishment of democracy and in the face of the incapacity of this leadership, demonstrated in the political and specific fields, the government developed a plan that further affected the crisis in the Armed Forces.

The moral and material deterioration of the Armed Forces has reached a level unprecedented in Argentina's military history, severely limiting them in the fulfilment of their mission.

The sense of military authority was lost, sometimes due to excesses and sometimes due to the lack of such authority. This lack of authority led subordinates to take the initiative in making just complaints to the Civil Power, a situation that affected discipline, esprit de corps and military vocation.

The proposals for the Restructuring of the Armed Forces, presented to the democratic Institution about to take over the leadership of the Nation, were approved and signed by the strong candidate for the Presidency of the Nation, Dr. Carlos S. Menem. Later, while in office, Dr. Menem himself ignored the project approved by him.

Those who had participated in the elaboration of The Proposal tried to demand the fulfilment of the commitment made; as a consequence they were violently repressed, imprisoned with common criminals, arbitrarily and artfully sentenced to Reclusion. From this position of weakness, they had to suffer unjust accusations derived from "intelligence operations" set up from the very heart of some government departments: the bombing of the Israeli Embassy, Amia, super gangs, etc.

The rejection of the proposal to restructure the Armed Forces and to sustain them within the framework of their specific mission, with the consequent repression and imprisonment of their defenders, corresponds to the International Plan to dissolve the Armed Forces in Latin America. A plan conceived from the centres of financial power, and which leads to reducing them to a mere gendarmerie function, to control possible social demonstrations against the plans of adjustment and hunger, plans that only benefit the neoliberal projects themselves.

Seven years later, the truth was made manifest in favour of the intentions of those who lost their freedom to defend the reasons for that Pronunciamiento, when a statement by the so-called Forum of Retired Generals of Argentina was made public, in which they denounced the crisis in the Armed Forces and the evident defencelessness of the Nation.

PART TWO

WHAT HAPPENED ON 3 DECEMBER?

I - Was it an attempted coup?

REGARDING THE QUALIFICATION OF THE PRONOUNCEMENT "ATTEMPTED COUP D'ÉTAT AND DESTABILISATION OF DEMOCRACY".

This imputation is false. This is what the Court of Appeals said on 3 December 1990, when it considered the legal qualification of the act (part V).it has not been accredited that a coup d'état was intended, through the overthrow of some of the public powers of the national government, much less that they acted with the purpose of permanently changing the democratic system of government, extremes that do not find any support in the factual evidence of this trial...||.

II- If it was not an attempted coup d'état?

What was the purpose of the Pronouncement?

The military justice system was able to perceive that all the military movements from 1987 onwards were acts of resistance to a policy of destruction of the **F.F.A.A.**, deliberately implemented by the political power with the consent, complicity or at least passivity of its higher commanders.

Thus, the Attorney General of the Supreme Council of the **F.F.A.A.**, General Carlos Horacio, said

DOMÍNGUEZ. in requesting the death penalty for Col. M A. SEINELDÍN and several of his commanders, in his requisitoria of 18 December 1990:

"...If the national political leadership... continues its irrational hostility and rancour towards its **F.F.A.A.** and if it continues to sow internal discord in the military sphere and if the military commanders themselves do not modify the grave in tolerances that have marked many of their steps, I can assure the Court that the immense pain of so many deaths will have been useless and the

Army will be lost forever...||.

It is worth noting that, despite having called for the maximum penalty - execution - for the main perpetrators, the boldness of his objectivity - the aforementioned opinion -, the courage of the truth in his

The patriotic appeal to his superiors and political diligence earned **General Don Carlos Horacio DOMÍNGUEZ**, not congratulations for his professional judgement of the facts, but his immediate retirement from the active ranks of the Argentine Army.
Honour to him!

III - What did the Supreme Court of Justice of the Nation say about the military pronouncement?

As soon as the events took place, a problem of competition arose between the Federal Justice and Military Justice, as both understood to have jurisdiction to judge the facts.

This difference was quickly resolved by the "**Corte Suprema de Justicia de la Nación**" which, by resolution dated 27 December 1990, gave competence to the "**Consejo Supremo de las Fuerzas Armadas**" for the trial of the accused military personnel.

The following should be noted:

The immediate decision taken by the Supreme Court of Justice of the Nation responds to the political intentionality of President Menem, who publicly expressed: "A Degüello".

"Fusilation" , as was the case with the Opinion of the Prosecutor of the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces.

IV - Motivations of the participants in the "Military Pronunciamiento".

From this perspective, the successive military uprisings since the "Holy Week" of 1987,

The hearing was also argued at length that each of these military crises was concluded by means of a series of pacts or agreements with the political authorities and the generals, the subsequent non-compliance of which was the trigger for the military crisis, which was, in turn, the cause of the military's inaction and lack of legitimacy. It was argued at length during the hearing that each of these military crises was concluded by means of a series of pacts or agreements with the political power and the generals, whose subsequent non-compliance was, in turn, the trigger for the following crises".

The abundant witness evidence produced - in some cases backed up by instrumental evidence - has been conclusive, with a few exceptions of protagonists who were strongly committed to the facts, in the real existence of that commitment (**Gen. (R) Heriberto AUJEL, Lt Col (R) Julio VILA MELO, Aldo RICO, Col (R) Florentino DIAZ LOZA, Col (R) Jorge TOCCALINO, Col (R) Jorge COVASIVICH, Lt Col (R) Enrique Anibal SOLARI, Gen (R) Pablo SKALINI, among others**). Their total or partial non-compliance constitutes, without a doubt, the basic motivation of the facts and in this sense will have to be weighed at the moment of individualising the penalties in so far as the respective scales make it possible..." (Page 2848 vta.) as ruled by the Federal Chamber. Of the permanent conciliatory attitude of **Col. M A. SEINELDÍN** and his followers: on pages 2872 and 2872 vta. :

"...If the defendants have unanimously protested that they acted - and acted before - in defence of military honour, of respect for the institution they belong to and its principles, if they have maintained that their decisions were based on the arbitrary exercise of command by hierarchical superiors, deviating from such codes of conduct, if the hearing has received repeated corroborating testimonies of the permanent invocation of those ideals by the rebels - before, during and after the events -, if we have also heard several Generals of the Nation testify about the actions of the Military Justice, corroborating those protests (**see, e.g., what was stated by the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, the Generals of the Army, and the Generals of the Army**). **VILLEGAS; CACERES; BUASSO and CATANEO, among others**), these causes cannot be left aside when it comes to assessing the applicable sanction..."

V - Qualification of the Pronunciamiento as a "bloody event produced by a group of violent and irrational people".

Some of the most commonly used descriptions of the Pronunciamiento of 3 December 1990 are bloody, violent or irrational. To clarify this issue, it is also useful to refer to the proceedings of the Federal Chamber in its trial of those who led these events.

A.- WHO CAUSED THE BLOODSHED?

We will begin by analysing the circumstances of the 15 deaths that occurred on that day (although not all of them were specifically investigated in the trial in question).

I. DEATHS

FATAL CONSEQUENCES

a) Deaths of Tcnl. PITA, My. PEDERNER, and Cbo. 1º MORALES:

They are constantly presented as a vile murder of the first two, when all three died in the same place and under the same circumstances. In the grounds of the sentence, the Federal Chamber, on page 2743 Bis vta. **None of the statements presented during the hearing, nor the military precautions, nor the medical and ballistic expert reports, allow an accurate reconstruction of the way in which this bloodshed took place... almost all the witnesses who reported having heard the shots from the Plaza de Armas, stated that they corresponded to bursts and/or sounds characteristic of combat encounters",**

b) Death of Private GÓMEZ in Entre Ríos

In point 17 of the sentence, the Federal Chamber resolves: **"To acquit My. (R) PEDRO**

EDGARDO MERCADO of the charge of aggravated homicide (Article 80, paragraph 2 of the Criminal Code), in the person of Private JA VIER BUMBERTO GÓMEZ.... "

Despite this, the public continues to be falsely told that "... a Conscript Soldier was killed at point blank range by professional tankmen" who were part of a rebel column to the

commanded by the then **My. PEDRO MERCADO**". In this sense, the judges of the Court stated, as a result of the expert examinations carried out: **"...ruling out the possibility that it was with the weapon applied or at point blank range..."** (page 2781 and page 2781 already contain a similar concept). Likewise, the latest chemical examinations carried out ruled that, due to the type of weapon and projectile used, and the absence of powder and phosphorous traces on the body, **the shot must have been fired at a distance of over 100 meters**. It is worth noting that the alleged perpetrators of the crime were around the

Soldier, being that in the direction from which the shot is supposed to have come and at the distance mentioned, there were only loyalist troops.

c) Death of Private GRECO in Palermo.

Paradoxically, the unfortunate circumstances of this death have hardly been made public, but according to the records of the trial, **he was killed by accident among the loyalist troops, after the repression in Palermo had ended.**

But even more important is the statement of Lt. 1° **VILA MELO**, also a member of Regiment 7, **who in explaining the circumstances in which such a regrettable death occurred, as a result of an accidental MAG machine gun shot, attributed the causes to the lack of instructions in the handling of basic Infantry weapons, due to the budgetary shortcomings faced by the Force.**

d) Civilian casualties from accident in Boulogne.

It was not a specific subject of investigation in the trial of the **"BARALDINI et al"** case. **The only statement given by a civilian witness in this regard attributes responsibility to a loyalist tank.** The military witnesses for the prosecution are not clear on this point, and it is suggestive that the alleged armoured vehicle that collided with the collective has been repaired without leaving any evidence, nor giving any participation to the justice system.

e) Death of Sergeant VERDES.

This fact is ostensibly hushed up, as the NCO belonged to the faction that occupied the Edificio Libertador. **He was killed by a sniper posted in the buildings in front of the EMGE, after the surrender at dusk on 3 December 1990. Loyalist forces opened fire on the ambulance that came to his aid, wounding two paramedics who tried to evacuate him, preventing them from doing so. After his death, they also shot at the then Colonel (now 2nd JEMGE) LAÍÑO, a member of the loyalist forces who tried to approach the scene.** In this case, there is documentary film material which recorded

This is being evaluated in the civil trial being conducted by the NCO's next of kin, in addition to the testimony of LAÍÑO himself, the injured paramedics and the journalists involved.

f) Death of Assistant 1° MIERES and Assistant 3° ACOSTA, belonging to the PNA.

Notwithstanding what has been suggested, from the evidence brought to the case so far, **it would appear that the deaths in question were caused by shots fired from the "Coast Guard" building which, once again we can say, paradoxically, was occupied by personnel in charge of the repression.**

g) Death of Colonel ROMERO MUNDANI

ROMERO MUNDANI, a member of the military, has been arrested and sentenced to death.

- Military Engineer Officer, from the Artillery, with a remarkable professional career (scientific researcher specialised in missiles), veteran of Malvinas and about to be promoted to the rank of General, was responsible for the occupation of the Military Factory.

The mission was to deny the opponent the use of the large number of armoured vehicles there and, eventually, to operate, with other armoured vehicles received from Campo de Mayo, in support of sectors that required it in order to increase their deterrence capacity.

Appreciating that the closed refusal of any possibility of dialogue and the deaths in Palermo had brought the situation to a point of no return, he understood that if he wanted to reverse the situation, the only way forward was to march with his armoured forces on Government House, which meant overstepping the self-imposed limit **(the military experts who testified at the trial agreed that they did not have the forces to oppose a tank movement on the Federal Capital)**.

This would have implied a coup d'état, and that was totally outside the objectives of the rebels, **who had risen up to enforce the Constitution and not to violate it**.

To save the lives of the men who had voluntarily followed him, he decided to leave the Boulogne factory and to withdraw from the repressive forces. He knew that the
-Despite this, he ordered **(as he clearly suggested in the trial and on the record itself)** not to respond, in populated areas, to the fire of the cannons loyal to the government with the cannons of his tanks, thus protecting lives and property outside the confrontation.

After breaking the encirclement and having given the orders that would make possible, as far as possible, the maximum preservation of his men, he surely remembered what he was often heard to say after Malvinas: -I will not surrender again||.

He may also have thought that in this time of confusion, where everything seems to have a price, it was necessary to bear unequivocal witness that in the last days of the year 2000 there are still values worth living, fighting and dying for. **And so it was that, on board the tank that was transporting him and his brother, Crnl. ROMERO MUNDANI decided to put an end to his life, bearing witness with this attitude to the dramatic need for change in a nation that is also running towards self-elimination.**

2. WOUNDED

In principle, the large number of wounded during the episodes of 3 December 1990 should be analysed in the light of what has been said in the case of the deaths, i.e. they **are not the result of a bloodless occupation of installations but of a repression which**, by systematically refusing any possibility of dialogue and moving directly to armed action without any prior intimation (as in the case of the attack on the Patricios Regiment by Crnl. De La Cruz, whose imperiousness was clearly defined by the Federal Chamber as we have already seen in analysing the deaths of **PITA, PEDERNERA and MORALES**), **ended in a bloodbath.**

The presence of "snipers" should also be taken into account, which will be discussed in the next section.

Lastly, although this term was not investigated in the Federal Court, indirectly some cases were presented in which it was clearly demonstrated that the wounds were produced by personnel acting in the repressive forces, such as: wounds to "paramedical" personnel analysed in the death of Sergeant VERDES.

It is important to note that, in this case, the best evidence consisted of videos from different media, generally presented by the prosecution, where not only the ambulance and the "paramedics", and the attitude of the numerous journalists present, covered by the shots, but also clear expressions of some of them, indicate that **the shots came from the Ministry of Defence.**

In other videos presented by the Prosecutor's Office, the Public Prosecutor's Office tried to prove the responsibility of the tanks that had left T AM SE. for the injuries received by the TV cameraman. After the video was presented (5 July), My. MUNDANI asked to expand his statement about what he had seen (11 July) with a simple graphic on a poster paper (which was added as evidence in the case), he demonstrated tanks leaving the plant or the personnel who remained in it) at the same time as he made clear the very high possibility that the shots that caused the serious injuries to the journalist, came from the personnel of the "loyal" forces that made up the siege and fired absurdly and indiscriminately with all types of weapons and calibres, as **clearly evidenced in the video presented by the prosecution.**

3. PRESENCE OF SNIPERS

On this point, the Federal Chamber said on page 2837: **"...Finally, with regard to the existence of snipers, it should be noted that this point has already been dealt with in due course, and the perpetrator or perpetrators of this action have already been identified without prejudice to those who have not been identified in the case file..."**.

While it is true that the people who acted as snipers could not be identified at that stage of the judicial investigation, the question remains: which sector did these men belong to?

In order to try to answer this question, we will refer to statements by witnesses for the prosecution belonging to the repressive forces and the same considerations made by the Federal Court in the grounds of the sentence we have been analysing.

Thus, on page 2753, we read: **"...after (Captain Breide, in charge of the Libertador Building, had withdrawn his attitude), and while the necessary measures were being taken to effect the surrender of all the rebel NCOs present on the scene... a series of shots were fired, resulting at that moment in the death of Sgt. Daniel VERDES in Post 1.... As a result, an ambulance was called to the scene to transfer the wounded man, but they were unable to do so due to the shots that were fired at both the vehicle and its personnel, apparently by "snipers. At that moment one of the stretcher-bearers was wounded and both had to remain at the scene while the ambulance left the place without the wounded man..."**.

Finally, referring to the moment when the loyalist commanders entered the building and proceeded to take charge of it, the Federal Chamber says about the actions of the rebels on page 2753: **"...A non-commissioned officer took Col. LAIÑO and pulled him out of the doorway, covering him from the gunfire. Col. MACEDRA was told to take cover because there were snipers. They started firing again, apparently from FAL..."**.

And so, on page 2752, we can read **"...Brigadier General Aníbal Ulises LAIÑO and Lt. Carlos Tomás MACEDRA, who intervened in the recovery (referring to the Libertador Building), estimated that the fire came from the Aerolíneas Argentinas building or from the Ministry of Defence..."**. But we can get a little more light on the subject if we recall the statements of some witnesses. On 12 June, before the Federal Court, Myr. (R) GUGLIAMELLI, a witness for the Prosecutor's Office, stated that **he had witnessed in the Ministry of Defence the**

The order given by Admiral OSSES, Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to station snipers in the building. This is not all, General BALZA admitted, in his declaration before the Supreme Council of the F.F.A.A., to have ordered to shoot against the ambulance that was trying to evacuate Sergeant VERDES (still alive), claiming to have done so to avoid any possible escape inside.

But it was not only in the Libertador Building that there were snipers, on 17 May, Lt. 1° MACIEL (who, under the orders of Col. DE LA CRUZ, participated in the first attack on the PATRICIOS regiment and where the statements of the attackers themselves are contradictory as to which faction started the fire), declared that, **when he was crossing the avenue to enter the Regiment, he received fire from behind, that is, from the railway embankment which was outside the area occupied by the rebels.** Coincidentally, **one of the grenadiers wounded on this occasion had an entry wound in the back, which meant that he was wounded from the same sector indicated by MACIEL.**

The presence of "snipers" was also clear at TAMSE, thanks to statements such as those made by Gen. ABRAMOR, who led the repression in this sector, and who on 6 June said before the Federal Chamber: **"...on going to set up the mortar position that opened fire (a posteriori) on TAMSE, the personnel received sniper fire that did not come from TAMSE...".** On 17 June, My. LATINO, belonging to Arsenal Battalion 601 (loyalist forces), told the Court: **"...At around 1pm I saw shots from the roof of the front of the barracks, from the civilian side, I could hear shots from 22 that were being fired on TAMSE. That, in my opinion, was what started the big shooting that took place at TAMSE. The shots were fired on TAMSE and on the Battalion..."**.

In the same vein, on 7 June, Lt. FIORI (loyalist forces), declared before the Chamber **"...There was sniper fire between, more or less, 11 and 14/14/14 and 30 hours..."** and at another point in his statement he said **"...There were shots in different directions, not very locatable, in addition isolated shots were received from houses near the Battalion (22 lead shots were collected)..."**, then, on a map of the area shown to him by the Secretary of the Chamber, he indicated the houses from which the fire had been received.

My. GUGLIAMELLI, in the abovementioned statement, that he had been to the area of

TAMSE, sent by the Minister of Defence, made several mentions on this subject in his statement of 12 June, such as: **"...I informed the driver that there were "snipers", there were shots that we didn't know where they came from..."** or **"...the shots, I think they came from the nursery, or from some sector of the Barrio Santa Rita..."**.

With the transcription of these overwhelming testimonies, especially considering that we have not taken into account the statements of the defences or their witnesses, we believe that we can partly answer the question we asked ourselves. The snipers, who in almost all cases initiated the actions and produced dead and wounded even after the surrender, in all cases acted from positions in areas occupied or dominated by loyalist forces, could never, therefore, have belonged to the insurgent sector.

In some cases, as in the Libertador Building, there is evidence (testimonial and filmic) that they were loyal forces, in other cases, they may have responded to a "third will", interested in taking the actions to a point of no return, to which none of the opposing parties seem to have wanted to reach. This reminded **Mr. ABETE**, in the Federal Chamber, of the **TATCBERIAN** manoeuvre in **MALVINAS** which, when peace seemed possible, ordered the sinking of the cruiser **GENERAL BELGRANO**, outside all logic and rules of war, thus making war inevitable.

B. WHO WERE THE VIOLENT AND IRRATIONAL ONES?

The answer to this question arises only in the light of the facts that we have been recounting in the previous point, and so we can reflect.

1) The attack on the Patricios Regiment was carried out in the hours of darkness, without establishing coordination and control measures, and without any kind of prior intimation; **Lt. PITA** and **My. PEDERNERA** entered the barracks in civilian clothes and opened fire on the buildings occupied by their own subordinates, with the sole justification that **"we had to act quickly because, if they were there the next morning, the whole Army would be in prayer"**. (Statements by Col. DE LA CRUZ and all those involved in the attack). **Is this rationality?**

2) - **The loyalist troops came running up to the corner, suddenly began to open fire on T AMSE, at whose door there was a large number of onlookers and journalists among whom panic spread.... The loyalist troops filled the streets with anti-tank mines without placing any warning or personnel to interrupt the traffic, I personally stopped several private vehicles that would have been blown away, it could have been a tragedy.... After the armoured vehicles left TAMSE, when there was no longer any resistance, the loyalist forces began to fire mortars on the factory, destroying the facilities. Some shots fell on civilian houses in the vicinity, I have photographs of everything I say.... When the tanks left the plant, the loyalist troops started firing at them with all weapons, including tank guns. The police, instead of cutting off the traffic, were also shooting...".** Statements made by a photojournalist from Editorial Perfil before the Federal Chamber. **Is this rational?**

3) On 3 December 1990, artillery was fired on the Palermo barracks. To justify the use of these powerful weapons in Bullrich and Santa Fe, in his written statement before the Federal Chamber, **Gen. BALZA** said: **"...the use of artillery in combat in localities is absolutely licit and convenient..."**, and to support his statements, he attached a three-page document with quotations from Military History such as the siege of Palermo. and to support his statement, he attached a three-page document with **quotes from military history such as the siege of Stalingrad during World War II. Is this rational?**

4) Referring to the fire that was set on an ambulance that came to the door of the Libertador Building to evacuate a seriously wounded man, which resulted in his death because he could not be evacuated and injuries to the stretcher-bearer, **General BALZA** declared in another written interrogation

-**I ordered the fire to be opened to prevent any rebels from trying to escape inside it. Is this rational?**

5) At the hearing on 8 May 1991, one of the Chamber Members asked **Gen. RUIZ**

PALACIOS whether he had arranged to cut off traffic on the road separating the National Military College from the 601st Quartermaster Battalion, before ordering artillery fire from the College on the Battalion, to which the General replied -**I did not do so in order to maintain surprise over the attack|| Is this rational?**

6) On 3 December 1990, several civilian bridges were blown up in the province of Entre Ríos, with the excuse of having to stop the column of armoured vehicles advancing on the Federal Capital. In the war diary of the 121st Armoured Cavalry Exploration Detachment (Gualeduaychú), where the time of the explosions was recorded, it is recorded that **two of these bridges were destroyed after the surrender of the rebels. Is this rational?**

7) With the last light of day, the loyalist forces opened artillery fire on private installations near the intersection of Routes 14 and 20 (Gualeduaychú), where **civilians who had not been evacuated** or warned of the danger to which they were exposed were located. From there, they directed it **at the rebel forces who, with white flags**, were moving to make effective the surrender already announced by radio, causing casualties among their troops.

Statements between the Federal Chamber of the owner of the affected establishment and protagonists of both sectors in conflict. Is this rational?

8) On 3 December 1990, at 4 a.m., **the forces answering to Col. SEINELDIN had occupied all the objectives. There had been only one casualty, a rebel officer had been accidentally wounded.** From that moment on, they were waiting to start a dialogue with the army commanders. **This was rational. Half an hour later, under the orders of Cnl. DE LA CRUZ, irrationality and violence triumphed.**

VI- La Prensa Denounces

Is this rational, a moral or immoral order? The "carapintada" Baraldini on a tank in Palermo Bonnet confirmed to have ordered "human shield".

At the thirteenth hearing of the oral and public trial of the "**carapintadas**" by the Federal Court yesterday, Brigadier General **Héctor Gasquet**, head of the 10th Infantry Brigade based in La Plata, testified. Gasquet confirmed that after the leaders who took over the Regim. I Infantry Regiment "**Patricios**" on 3 December, **he entered - as this newspaper reported at the time - the unit in an armoured vehicle in which was also Cnl. Luis Baraldini, the visible head of the rebels in that military unit in Palermo.** Gasquet said that the tank (**TAM**) was carrying **Baraldini, who was crouched down and holding the cannon, and he, "standing in the place of the machine gunner and with his torso out".** The intention of taking Baraldini exposed was so that "**in case there were more rebels in the unit, they could make sure that the mutiny was subdued...**". The question of whether that colonel rode in the tank as a "**human shield**" was the focus of **Gasquet's** statement, who noted that the order to that effect was given by Lieutenant General **Martin Bonnet...**

FINANCIAL SPHERE, MAY 1991.

CONCLUSIONS

1) The cause of the pronunciamientos: The military pronunciamientos from 1987 to the present were acts of resistance to a policy of destruction of the F.F.A.A. deliberately implemented by the political power. This is what the Prosecutor of the Supreme Council General Dominguez said in his requisition of 18 1990.

2) Falsity of the accusation of a coup d'état. In order to be able to justify bloody repression to the population, the political power and its military executors always lied that the acts of protest were anti-democratic coups d'état. This accusation is false. This is what the Court of Appeals said about December 3, 1990, in addressing the legal qualification of the act: "It was promoted, conceived and executed as a single uprising under a single command and with personnel who agreed to carry it out on the same day and at the same time, through coordinated actions aimed at replacing the Army Chief of Staff and the immediate authorities [...]...." -To conclude by expressing in page 2841vta. Without leaving room for doubt:|no [it has been accredited] in this way, that a coup d'état was intended....

3. Failure to comply with the agreements and the effort to achieve army unity. After the Villa Martelli events, there were agreements with the emerging military authority General Cáceres and with Menem. With regard to the latter, the agreements established an elimination of the destructive policy of the defence system and an end to the persecution of officers and NCOs who had resisted the campaign to destroy the F.F.A.A. As for defence policy, Menem undertook to

return to the constitutional principle of PROMOTING COMMON DEFENCE and what was promised and agreed was published in the magazine Destino Histórico, directed by Colonel Arnaldo.

Cortina in March 1989, under the title "El pensamiento militar de Carlos Saúl Menem" (Carlos Saúl Menem's military thinking) and signed by the latter. Regarding the causes and motivations for the pronouncement, its relationship with previous events and the existence of unfulfilled pacts with the political and military powers, the Federal Court states on page 2048: "Its total or partial non-fulfilment, [refers to the "series of pacts or agreements with the political power and the generals" which led to "the successive military uprisings since Easter Week 1987", whose real existence was proven by the Court based on "the abundant witness evidence

produced -in some cases supported by instrumental evidence-" undoubtedly constitutes the basic motivation of the facts.[...] Completing this concept in page 2851 by saying:

"In the opinion of this Tribunal the episodes of 3 December are effects of the same cause [...]."

4. Bloodless occupation and bloody repression. On 3 December 1990, at 2.30 a.m., several army units were occupied without resistance in protest against the resumption of the policy of destruction of the Armed Forces and the intensification of the ensuing persecutions. Within a few hours, a bloody and illegal "cut throat" repression was unleashed. Public opinion was lied to, saying that the deaths had occurred during the occupation when they had all occurred during the repression. The bloodshed was needed by the political power to exclude the prior intimation of justice.

The most used cases of psychological repression were the cases of Pita and Pedernera, Private Gómez and Sgt. The cases most used by the psychological action of the repression were the cases of Pita and Pedernera, Private Gómez and Sergeant Verdes. Regarding the events in Palermo, the judges stated: "[...] It has been proven that the attempt by Colonel De La Cruz to recover the Palermo barracks left much to be desired from a technical and military point of view [...]" (page 2854). Perhaps one of the points where the psychological action of the repression and the Public Prosecutor's Office placed the greatest emphasis was in their strenuous attempt to demonstrate the responsibility of My. Mercado in the death of Private Gómez in Entre Ríos. Despite their efforts, they failed.

The Federal Chamber resolved in point 17 of the sentence: "To acquit Major (R) Pedro Edgardo Mercado of the accusation of aggravated homicide (art. 80, sub.

2 of the Criminal Code) in the person of Private Javier Humberto Gómez [...] -. As for Sergeant Verdes, who belonged to the forces that had occupied the Libertador building, he was treacherously assassinated by snipers, possibly from the Ministry of Defence, when he had already withdrawn his position. The same snipers fired on those who had stood down, the nurses and ambulances, and on officers such as General Laiño and other members of the loyal forces, in a final attempt to produce a massacre for unspeakable purposes. It was proven that the surrendered rebels had saved

Some loyalist commanders were killed with their bodies. The names of the key elements in the repression have not yet been clarified, as the Chambers were trying the rebel officers at the time.

5. The idealistic motivation of the accused leaders. Finally, with regard to the personal attitudes of the accused leaders, we can read on page 2871: "[...] It should be made clear that the

The judged conducts have responded in the vast majority of the cases to motivations of idealistic character [...]. Continued on page 2873 with the following concept: "It still remains to highlight that in the conduct of the officers whose penalties can be measured [...] I do not see motivations of personal advantage. the majority exhibit outstanding service record, with first line qualifications, several have served with superlative merit in combat and some had, on December 3, 1990 the

relevant possibility of being promoted|. Ratifying everything expressed in this document, in absolute contradiction with the image of "criminals and outlaws" that has been tried to forge with regard to those who participated on 3 December in the Virgen de Lujan Operation, the Federal Chamber considered the majority of the convicted Chiefs to be the ones foreseen in the Code of Military Justice in the -Operation of the Virgin of Lujan|.

M. 515, inc. 6°, which literally states: -Having acted out of feelings of high moral or social value- (page 2863-2868).

THE TRUTH

-At a time when the main motivation for action seems to be money, or personal advantage or perks. At a time when it seems that the main motivation for action is money, advantage or personal advantage; where the excessive desire for profit makes ethical and moral principles, solidarity and charity fall by the wayside; where corruption is rampant in the highest positions of government, and those who should be archetypal examples scandalise every day with their acts; the consideration of the facts and their consequences may be debatable, but, beyond that, we believe that it is an honour to suffer imprisonment for having acted solely guided by -feelings of high social or moral value|, sacrificing -outstanding service records|, family, liberty and even life, concerned about their own lives. liberty and even life, concerned IX'f the Common Good rather than the particular.

This is the truth of 3 December 1990. So ruled the Highest Courts of the Nation...| (-)

(-) The verdict of the Judges, by former Major Adrián Romero Mundani. Bs. As. 1993

In 1810, the people wanted to know what it was all about.

Today, he learns, he is on his third **Constitutional Government**, three Presidents are the ones who "knocked" on the doors of the barracks.

They were responsible for "inculcating" them with a "Gerrillera philosophy" and they are the ones who participated in their annihilation.

Now they have to destroy the witnesses, who are the military.

The same thing is happening all over Latin America, it is the same plan, to form "The World Government", and they want it free of the scum, which is the People.

Let the people know that we are governed by traitors, sell-outs and murderers.

They are the destroyers of our armed forces.

When the governments take over, they no longer need the Armed Forces, let the people read, meditate, let them not continue with the outrages because they will annihilate them all.

That as of 2001, **"THE MYSTERY HAS BEEN DEBELLISHED"**.

As dictated to me I write it down, I don't know who is who, I just have to write it down.

In faith and humility, Mary.

STORY (5^a Part)

BEFORE THE END OF THE YEAR 2000 THE MYSTERY OF MARY WILL BE UNVEILED

They ask me, and demand me, to write about **what is going to happen to Argentina**. I don't understand anything about politics, and besides... who cares? Who cares? On other occasions, everyone has turned a blind eye.

If it had not been so, all that happened would not have happened, the "**Lord Sinister**" that I "mention", and who was aware of everything, did not care, so what, today he is no more, because for his good works, "God took him, to reward him".

On another page, I heard that this ship was sinking, and the rats had already started to escape.

Of course, momentarily, it doesn't sink, "because they put floats on it". What they did tell me was that they were telling me not to expect anything at all, because "**El Verdugo**", who would come, would no longer hand us over for a few coloured mirrors, but would hand over Argentina for a "decoration and a handful of dollars".

And now what? what was predicted has already happened.... And how could it not, if they are the same ones who handed over the People in "Monte Chingolo", and what if it is a novelty, before "the seed sowed by those who governed from 1945 to 1955" germinated, and then, at the head of "Sinister", and "The Extraterrestrials", Sinister like him, destroyers, surrenderers... and well, it has already happened, they will all be together again, and how long will it take to hand them over again? "Each one chooses the executioners with whom he wants to be executed.

They say that from above, it looks better than from below.

And the future, which they predict, not for the world, but for Argentina; from now on, the birds of prey will fall and the scavengers will make the ultimate feast.

There will always be time to take flight and the bird that has eaten, has flown... the real traitorous sell-outs are now enjoying their ranches and country houses.

Not only did they send the Youth to the slaughterhouse, and exterminate them, those who went knocking on the door of the Barracks, and then, handing over the Army as well, and now what, enjoy them.

It turns out that they are now the saviours of the homeland because they were given a loan to pay off the debt.

Do you have any idea how many civilians there were in the armed forces institutions?

Did you know that they were called Paramilitaries and Parapolice, etc.?

That's why they didn't give a damn about "The Institution", if they didn't belong to one!

Today they are no longer active, so you are alone, you and them.... brrr.

In general, the people who go to knock on the door of the barracks... and that is what today's rulers know "a lot" about this and other thorny issues.

I continue, these people, they have no scruples, they are only driven by their ambition to climb to some position, the Armed Forces and the Homeland... they don't give a damn, and the "**DEMOCRACY**" that they proclaim so much, they don't give a damn!

After the overthrow of the "General", and the coup was carried out by the "Marines", then the "hangover" took over, and as there was no other candidate... because the youth voted blank... Those were Patriots, didn't they make a big deal out of the traitors, even though, in order to try to win over the youth of '45, who were "sick with hatred, jealousy and envy", when they were unable to attract them to their ranks, they flattered them by decreeing "Military Service not compulsory", when that is a "National Pride"!... not going around asking for "money and handing over the Country".

I return to the President, who was made "La Sillita de Oro", to get him out, since his own co-religionists went to knock on the door of the barracks to get him out, because apart from being traitors and sell-outs, they have no other virtue.

In other words, they gave one of them the Golden Armchair to get him out, the other didn't need it, and he left on his own, and now what should we expect, after having pawned ourselves?

Of course, that the bloody fucks, that they did to the "General, who according to them, left at dawn".

But of course, they were "White Berets", a symbol of purity, ineffectiveness and uselessness, when they escaped, how should they be classified?

How long will we have to wait for them to be convinced that they don't know how to govern and that in '83, **"The Coordinating Committee with the children of the Cajetillas"** governed.

They wanted to win over the youth of '45, so they decided to make the entrance to the University, the Faculty of Medicine and Law, "without entrance exam", to open the doors for everybody, because everybody has the right to study.

Poor kids, so naive and gullible, how could they study, if they had no one to support them, they couldn't even study at night.... But they promised them that everyone had the right to study, but only the "cajetillas" could do it, the poor kids were thrown out with these stories, and "no, do the Military Service"... a flower of Patriots... Antipatriots!

In short, they did not study, nor did they let them study, as they were not qualified to enter anywhere, so what was gained?

And this, let the teachers and professors recognise it, discipline was lost in the classroom, and that the pupil would lose respect for them, "when, when would a pupil reach such an aberration with his teachers!

And now they should recognise that when the president of '83 called them and told them.... When did a president call you like him, when he took office, and now what do you think, don't complain, turn the page, this can no longer be solved with "one tent, or two, or three"?

As the infamies committed are not fixed, how can they be in presidential seats, sitting on the number of corpses, because when they were unable to conquer the youth in 1973, and saw that the youth was once again striving to bring the "General", they knocked again on the door of the barracks and this time the faithful servants came out and went! Before the youth did not support them, that was beyond anything that could be endured, and "to see how they received the General", that affront was to death, and that was just how it was.

Dismembered, persecuted, destroyed, destroyed, betrayed and betrayed, what else?

The kids went, once again, to conquer "The Islands", they were moved by a Patriot Spirit and "once again, they were betrayed", and the traitors continue to enjoy the good life and the saddest thing is that the "Ideologists are in the Government" and they are already mumbling about how they are going to destroy them, They no longer need the Military, they have already handed us over, tied hand and foot, and "they can cut themselves off", maybe they will throw them a little job for the favours they have received.

I am going to expose something, which, of course, I must write, so that it is understood what we are talking about, since, as I was never interested in politics and it was none of my business, I never paid attention to it, but noblesse oblige.

I will begin with the pre-1945 period, since "The Aliens" are not convinced by what I am doing, which is to pick out a little bit of each thing.

I continue, when the "General" came to power in 1945, and after passing through various and determined governments, "of the same colour as those who occupy it today", there were no social security, CGT, trade unions etc.

But first, I must go back a little bit to the time when a President liquidated all the Indians, and the "Conquest of the Desert" was born.

And he kept all the land, Patagonia, etc., and divided it among his relatives and closest friends.

In his family, then another family member ruled, already comfortable and, as the saying goes, "with the cow on a leash".

And, from there, the President who founded the party that today presides over the government, the "White Berets", emulated purity and honesty.

And that from the beginning, that was the greatest thing they did, and then boast to this day, of the great work done, and extol their founder, but of "governing" not one bit, none, always, they went up like a "hangover", when there was no one else to vote, not for the government proposals, what did they propose, confessed, by himself, when he won and took office in '83...

What took him by surprise... and how can he stand for election and not have a miserable plan to govern a country that happens in Argentina?

"But, but"... let's start from 1945 to '55.

The current rulers could not digest that after having knocked on the door of the barracks and "having sown so many tares", despite the fact that the government of 1945 was Constitutional and a military government, what they could not digest was that they could not attract the youth, and this made them sick and frustrated.

From there, they did not cease in their nagging, and the army turned a deaf ear. "Hence it came to pass, in the Navy, with the patronage of England".

And they finally succeeded in their task, creeping in, filling all the vacant posts of the time and collaborating with the Navy.

"Good for the Patriot boys, brave Navy boys, who far from love and home, guard the expanse of the Patriotic Sea, etc."

Once the "General's" party had been displaced and outlawed, who were left, the "cizañeros"?

I don't worry about knowing who the traitors were, they are all already there, with their ribs numbered.

There is an issue that shames us Argentines and that when the Colonel took office in 1945, and at the crucial moment when there was no Social Security, no Social Justice, no Ministry of Labour, the Retirement.

And from that moment on, he set everything in motion, which gave rise to Ances, the Pami, the CGT, the Trade Unions, the Pension, etc.

And from then on, the Negreros, Patrón Costa, the Capangas, the Terratenientes disappeared.

The "Ladies of Charity", usually headed by Mrs. Del Presidente and the Ministers, did charity... hence the humiliating custom of the "Carcamanes".

They did the charity of giving him a little bag with food and clothes, what a charity, that's why when the "Colonel and his Lady" took over, he threw them out, what is this charity, if every human being has the right to a dignified job, a dignified house, and a paid job, and instead the landowners, the Patrón Costa, the Capanga and the Ladies of Charity, all, all the exploiters of the people, were abolished, by laws that dignified, the human being and not to be exploited any more.

The children reproached the "General" for not acting, for not making the march sing, for not fulfilling his promises before coming to Argentina again, but don't they know that before coming to Argentina, he should have gone to the Vatican to have his excommunication lifted?

And do you think that this is done for free, how many pacts he must have made beforehand, and when he arrived in Argentina, with the Army, with "the Foreigner", in other words, he came, yes... but totally committed, with everybody, and he, in order to return to his beloved People and his Youth... And it was not as the infamous traitors said, that he came only to put on a suit and have his ranks vindicated.

For they had torn off his epaulettes, his ranks. It was the triumph of the mediocre, in the face of so, much, imposing.

That the greedy mediocrities did not know how to achieve, because instead of fleshing it out so viciously, Not to imitate it, but to emulate it in order to belittle it?

Why, they never did anything praiseworthy, worthy of being an example, for Argentina, if they have no ideas, no projects... other than for disunity and destruction?

Guys, how can we make them understand the incomprehensible?

Do not trust or trust those who hypocritically pretend that you believe them, that they are the true custodians of Justice, do not echo, because the real executioners of this orgy of blood are the ones whose faces you do not even know by chance!

Just as "the General", when he returned, had to pledge his life, and was only able to return under the custody of

of the "Brujo", if he did not leave him in the sun or shade, then when the General was no longer there, the Brujo had no reason to continue to be there.

Even when he was overthrown by the Navy, how did they come up... committed, to the core, to England, who armed them, let no one speak, because they had to make a blood pact...

I am not inclined to support either Peter or John, since it is not for me to defend anyone, and why was I chosen for this macabre confession? and... I must comply, but know, that once again, "painting one's face", does not mean anything... so that mothers, grandmothers and children do not continue to make mistakes, do not trust, and be betrayed again.

When the General took office in this blessed country, the first thing he did was to close the border "cut with England".

And he said: **From today, nothing from outside comes in, and everything from a screw to a bullet is going to be manufactured!**

From there came the steel mills, Acindar is owned by Chilean capital, and... something will be Argentinean, "the air", then the Fábrica de Armas, and all the other steel mills, the weaving mills arose, and we had softer fabrics... and a texture, which was a glory, the softness and fineness that was achieved.

Work clothes were manufactured, Grafa, Anan de Pergamino, etc., and how many refrigerators were opened, because "El General" did not allow the cattle to be sold alive, from there that the saddleries arose, the best craftsmen made shoes and boots for men that were a glove! The leather was left in Argentina, from there, what the leather craftsmen had achieved... coats, gamulans, the legitimate gamulan! and the mattresses with the wool of the sheep.

Today they are taking away the standing cattle, and they don't even leave us the horns of the cows to make horn combs, they put plastic instead, and not only does the hair fall out, but it doesn't have the firmness of horn and breaks, they put foam rubber, so no one can have a woollen mattress any more, all mattresses and pillows are made of foam rubber, unhealthy, from every point of view, it produces allergies, etc.

They are taking the flax, we don't even see it, those fields of little blue flowers, with which our parents and grandparents, when summer came, it was traditional to wear the white suit, made of thread or linen, as well as the woman, and the filter hat, all the millineries sawed off, the mattress factories.... How many workers work in a refrigerator, how many products are taken out of a cow, sausages, cornebif tins, minced meat, powdered milk, cream, cubes, cold cuts, sausages, cheese with milk, etc.

The oil mills, the yerba mate factories and so on.

Only the "Frigorífico de Inglaterra" and some other foreign companies should remain, Argentina nothing, because by statistics, Argentina should only be a livestock and agricultural country, that is to say, it should only work the land.

In other words, when the "General" took over, he set the country in motion, and that is what he wants them to do, to dedicate themselves to cultivating the land, that is their function, Agricultural and Livestock, "the Granary of the World".

Products for survival - foodstuffs, seafood, fish, etc. - must come from this country.

By taking away linen and others, with which underwear was made, now everything has been replaced by fabrics, synthetic fibres of all kinds, which without having cotton panties, the fibres produce vaginal fungus, inflammation because the air is not filtered, the skin does not breathe, the same happens to men, it produces rashes, allergies, and let's not talk about shirts and dresses, it is unbearable, the mist, the suffocating heat, and it does not absorb perspiration.

That's why, when those who travel to the United States, the poor ignorant people, say: "*They do have cotton clothes there*", linen, thread, there's nothing here and if you get a pair of cotton panties you have to pay three times as much. What Argentina has come to!

When the coup came in '73 and the Minister, who we were able to get, the one with the sweet silver, opened the borders, so that all the merchandise from abroad could come in at half or a third of what it was worth here, and the people turned to buying, not to mention the doctors! They brought all the gadgets, the fibroscope and all the most sophisticated equipment, "but, but, but..." it turned out that they didn't sell them the spare parts and they had to send the equipment back for repair, and they were charged three times more than here, which was the business.

And to all this, "the Minister, of the sweet silver", drew a line, and every Company, Bank, Insurance Company, that was before '45, remained and everything else, had to be "scorched earth"... just like when the "General" came up!, destroy, melt, and well....

The Shipyard, the Weapons Factory, the Tractor Factory, if you don't work the land, the steel mills, the enclosures, carpentry, refrigerator factories, washing machines, fans, kitchens, shoe factories, etc. In 1983, leather shoes were replaced by slippers, and the people were happy - how poor they were, weren't they?



I continue my account of "The Aliens", which I began on the previous pages. On one occasion they took me and made me go into a room as if it were an office, I found that out later, but when they left me there it was all dark, so I remained motionless, as I did not know what was in front or behind me, then a hand pulled a little ball chain from a lamp and lit it, I saw a soldier and he said to me, "I am Hitler", and I held out my hand and said to him, "How do you do, "So-and-so": "**I am Hitler**", and I extend my hand to him and say: "*Pleased to meet you, "so-and-so*", he starts to study me, from top to bottom and I do the same, only I can't cope with my genius and I think: "*And who knows him?... maybe, who could he be?... but what ridiculous moustaches!* I thought, forgetting that they read thoughts, I read his eyes, since he was unchanging, there was a desk, where the bedside table was, the desk had glass, but no postcards or photos, just the polished wood.

The walls were covered with books, and he moved away from the side, where the bedside table was, and stood with his back against the desk, which would be the front, with one arm he crossed his chest and rested it on his waist, and with the other he held his chin and looked at me, as if to say: *well, well...*, I don't know why, or why he was scrutinising me.

Then behind me came the one who had left me there, and taking me by the two arms, he urged me to go on, the room had an adjoining door and from the frame to the desk there was a partition separating the desk and the library, when he, from behind me, urged me to go on, I looked at him, the one with the moustache, and he nodded to go on, and I went on.

I don't know what they were up to, if they were in agreement.

When I was in the other room, the "Extra" who was guiding me, told me to pay close attention, that a person who had a tattoo on his left arm would come to look for me, and he showed it to me: *Like this one*.

And he tells me to look very carefully, because the one who would come for me, I had to ask him to show me the tattoo, although he would only show it to me, since he would come for me, and he would give me instructions.

So it was that in all this, the most "**Sinister**" Lord that I have ever met in my life, and who, since my son told him about me and the messages he was receiving about the strategies that would take place in Argentina, and my very naive son, without suspecting that he was "**Being Sinister**" and that he was also with the "Extras", destroyers, murderers, traitors, traitors, traitors of peace, tranquillity and National Heritage.

Knowing where my messages would end up, I could only apologise for my ignorance and that of my son, but "Siniestro" was aware of the movements that were adverse and unfavourable to his plans.

From there I began to withhold them from him, and a merciless, hellish persecution began, just like him.

Not said by me, but by the Federal and the three Armed Forces themselves, who told me so.

know.

Because, when they kidnapped us and my son and I asked for him, they asked us why we were asking for him, and I told them once: *"Because he tells us, if you have any problems, ask for me, I'll take you off immediately"*, until one day, all of them with their faces uncovered, they told me: *"Look, what would you say to us if we tell you that he sent us to kidnap you? and I said: "And? What am I going to say?"*

From then on, the cat and mouse war began, as we were deprived of our freedom, until one day, they helped us, we prepared our escape and then we moved on, we put some distance between us.

My son says to me: *"Old lady, I'm going to another country, you cover for me, I'll look for a job and you come, "that's how it is".*

But, but... in the meantime, the "Sinister" calls me, if I can go urgently he wants to show me something that I will like and love.

I went, when I arrived, his "American" secretary opened the door as usual, I went in and there was a meeting of men, gentlemen, professionals and government officials.

I went in and he introduced me to a gentleman, I was already backing away, and he said to me: *"Come on, come on, you are all friends."*

And he takes me by the arm and leads me to another compartment, which was next to where the meeting was and it was the desk, "Sinister's" office.

The "Sinister" says to the Lord: *"Show me, show me"*, and the Lord rolls up his sleeve, and I see the tattoo.... I almost fainted!

And as this "Sinister" knew from my son that when I met him I should follow his instructions and I should give him the messages that the "Extraterrestrials" gave me for him, he took me to the meeting, I didn't want to talk and he told me: *Speak, madam, speak, you are all "trustworthy"*, yes, but the one who was not was him, as I could see the **"sinister background"** that was perceived in him.

And just like me, he insists, to the Lord who came, who also refused to speak in front of everyone, finally he tells me that he came to look for me, because he must take me to Mr. "Maler", who sent him to look for me, and that he had a briefcase and a letter, inside the briefcase, documents and that when he left the hotel to the taxi, someone passed by and snatched it from him, **"no doubt the Sinister sent him"**! I did not know who this man was, nor "Mr. Maler", only some of the people at the meeting knew who he was.

And I gave him an address, which in turn, he would have to go to "Berlin". Mr. "Sinister" and the group did not allow him to take me.

I go back and urgently, I send a letter to my son, and he takes a plane and comes urgently.

Neither my son nor I could get the "Sinister" to tell us where to find him, since he had left without me, even though he was threatened!

We spent a year putting together the mosaic, with words, loose words, and after a year, we left, with two bags, and went to another province.

He only found out about us after three months, the "Siniestro", when my son had already joined a company. Another year went by and my son said to me: *"What do you think if during the holidays, we go to look for him, this gentleman, "by intuition", capturing where he could be, we take a hotel and from there, we leave."*

So we did, the first day, only hints, but we already had, a clue, we went to the hotel and in the morning we left, early and at about three in the afternoon, we found him, in a country house, we knocked on the door... total silence, my son tells me: *Let's go back, there is nobody here, we were lamenting and we said, go back, when we were leaving, the door opens and the Lord appears with a gun and when he sees me, he tells me: Madam! I introduce him to my son, his wife introduces us to him.*

In short, he didn't even want to talk about the subject, he was terrified at the mere mention of it, let alone being able to interrogate him, because we said, they are threatened, he and his whole family, but when we left, he told my son that he was in the war and a thousand details, which I don't know, because the lady took me to another environment: *"Let them speak, let the men speak"*, she invited him to a meeting to introduce him to the Hitler Youth, I was in the moon of Valencia.

My son got up and said to me: *"Old lady, let's go,"* and the couple was surprised: *"Why, stay for dinner, sleep, I have rooms for guests, but it was useless."*

We left, and he didn't talk to me, what happened, he didn't want to talk, and I started: *It took us two years for this and now what for,* he finally said to me: *But don't you see, old woman, he only came here, we are already putting him at risk,* I didn't understand, nothing at all, I chose not to ask any more questions.

We arrived at our destination and at that very moment, the phone rang and it was the Lord inviting us,

for Easter, for that meeting, that he talked about the Hitler Youth and my son, as soon as he cut him off, he calls "Sinister" and tells him that he invites him, to go together, to spend Easter.

I started shouting, crying: *No, no, why did you do it*, and he said: *Why did I do what*, and I said: *Why did you tell him, why did you invite him*, and he said: *But what's wrong, I don't understand, what's wrong*, I said: *Sit down, listen to me, why are we here in this province, why are we here in this province? Because we escaped from the clutches of him who had us prisoners, under surveillance, by his friend that I called the "Ruffian", and tell me, how are you going to invite him to his house, if the owner didn't invite him, and besides, he wouldn't give us the address, nor the name, nor how to contact us, react!* When he spoke on the phone, the "Siniestro" took his head, and he was just an "entity", managed by this "Siniestro", **and this man was already in danger.**

And my son insists: *"But... what's going on? What's going on, we're all crazy, look, let's go for a ride in the car, the atmosphere here is heavy, let's go out and get some air.*

We got out and we were in the main street, in the middle of the city centre, and it was packed with everything, I was on the right side, I saw a van and I said: *"Enderezá, we're going to eat the van*, he couldn't even hear me, he was a zombie, I put my head between my knees and covered my face, it was a hell of a noise, he took the zombuard and the mirror off the van, and ours was all dented, my son came down, just waking up, and he became conscious, and he said to me: *"Did you do something old?* When he got out of the van, a man came out, who was sitting inside the van, parked, and grabbing his waist, and my son wanted to take him to be attended to, which the man refused, to which my son offered to take care of the damage to the van, and his skeleton, it was quite salty, the bumping.

I continue, our "Ford Fairlane", went to the workshop so that Easter was drowned.

As soon as I returned home, I first telephoned the Lord "Pascuense" and also sent him a letter, which he answered, as well as a telegram, beforehand, that he was expecting us, that we should not miss the meeting.

They say that man proposes and God disposes.

When I received the news of our accident, and I told him that my son had notified our "friend, the Sinister" and that nobody could get it out of my head that this was his work, this gentleman tried by all means to persuade me of these "macabre" ideas.

But I am guided, from the verb, to protect, I protect you, you protect me, we protect each other.

My beloved grandfather taught me to read and write and the verbs, what I couldn't get to grips with was the 'h', which I never knew if it went in front, at the back or in the middle, so just in case, I let it loose and let everyone give it its rightful place.

The thing is, despite the persuasions, no....how can I think that, if he was better than bread!...clearer than water, the point is, the Lord disappeared as if by magic.

During the holidays, we went to see "Siniestro" and I told him that if he didn't want us to spend Easter with the couple, he would have told us, and we almost burst, and he laughed out loud, and he said: *But didn't you hear the news, they told me that he died?* grrr, glup, we will have to believe it or bust.

With my son we decided to make a break, because when we were there, he told him that we should go there for Easter, because then he would leave and we would lose contact.

I wanted to clarify, that when my son travelled to Antarctica, to do the Winter Campaign, yes, I always said that I had asked him to go, but never before, I mean years ago, I said that it was to "Instancia de los Extraterrestres" that I had to go, then I was 28 years old and I had an infernal craving for adventure.

So he never, despite going to study, never identified with anyone.

I didn't ask too much when I saw that people were reluctant to talk about certain topics and things.

So, when he went to Antarctica, we were two partridges (as determined by the experts), and we, "Them, The Extraterrestrials", were forbidden to mention them - a problem!

While I was alone, a girl who was in a room said to me: "You saw the film they are showing, don't miss it, and I went, it was called "Smoke and Clouds", the truth is, I didn't understand it, for that at least, you have to know the story that happened.

I only read one book in my life, the Martín Fierro, and because I won it in a contest organised by the "Editorial Vigil", my son read to me, and kept me up to date with the topics.

The problem was that they would not let me study, read, type or sew, because they needed my head, and all this was a reason for disturbing the transmission of the messages; **that if I wanted to know something, I should ask them, and they, the "Extras", would tell me**, and that was how it was, they should

I wanted to have an encyclopaedia, because I would ask questions and, at a shot, I would have the answer, but that wasn't the point, I wanted to sew, or type.

When my son was at the "Gral. Belgrano" base, the southernmost of all since it is, by the Pole, together with the Eskimos, "I said, I don't know".

My son was totally unaware of what had happened in this world, just as I was, that is, at the base he was trying to find out certain things that were forbidden to talk about here on earth, and he thought: "If the three Forces are also at the base, I will get some information from somewhere that will clear up this mystery, this confusion, because until today, I only heard a single bell... and the other one is missing.... and the other one is missing", but it was useless, if they answered him at all, it was only reluctantly, and in single words, always the same, it was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle.

There is one issue that I am urged to clarify, even if only a little, as this has, much or little, to do with "Extraterrestrials".

The problem, of course, arises from the fact that it has had significance.

A deceitful fame, mocking if you will, swindling, for the credulity of the majority of people, avid, to have contacts, "Extraterrestrials", which as in the time of Jesus and the merchants of the temple and of the faith, taking advantage materially, the site is given to call, "Uritorco".

It has even been promoted, excursions, to this place. Which we could well call the entrance to "Avernus".

This place has been taken over by evil and malevolent forces.

No wonder, then, that some people, in their ignorant good faith, have been virtually taken over, sucked out of their position, diverted.

Making her lose her bearings and plunging her into a maelstrom, bewildering, confusing, timeless.

Making the person, "**inside himself**", go astray.

Hence, even experienced climbers have been deprived, after being in that place, of returning for days, having been trapped in the timeless, where absolute silence reigns and, not being able to hear even the slightest rumour and having their ears blocked, they lose their orientation and balance.

It is the effect of the "effluvia", which is expelled by the cavern of Avernus.

As happened years ago to Mr. Victor Baudraco, a local resident.

This is just a warning to people, who fall into unscrupulous hands, who without measuring the evil they can cause...

With a lightness, an irresponsibility, that a good connoisseur would not even dare to approach.

Let alone tempt people who are anxious, unsuspecting, unaware of the danger to which they expose themselves,

only the proximity to a place, sinister and terrifying, since that cavern, unfathomable, has destructive energy, channelling that force, goes from madness to madness.

In the face of illogic, logic prevails. Wouldn't it be more honest, given that everyone lives under the same sky and in the same world, instead of being in a rut for almost half a century, that before the end of this century, all the stories, photos and facts should be converted from negative to positive.

If, as everyone is proclaiming, peace, did it not occur to them to put it into practice, and thus once and for all and forever, to lay the cards on the table, which is the way to play, not by hiding the cards up our sleeve, or playing with the marked deck, what kind of peace are we talking about, the peace of the Cemeteries... or the peace of the Earthly or Galactic Paradise, it is a question of putting it to the test and seeing what happens, if we do not taste the apple, we will not know how it tastes.

Once, my husband introduced me to a man who, according to him, was a unique case.

He introduced me to him and told me that he had worked, I don't remember if it was 10 years or more, and when the Comercio closed, which was called "La Ciudad de Roma", which I think was owned by the English, and... when the **General** came up, **they closed**.

I go on, logically he was an older man.

After my husband passed away, this gentleman offered that if I needed help, he was at my disposal, which I gratefully and kindly refused.

This gentleman came down with a fulminant cancer.

The thing was, he came from Spain and entered as a cadet in a drugstore and retired as a cadet, he did not allow, as a good "Gallego", to be promoted, he said that just because he had taken over the drugstore and got rid of "Franco", that for him was the best promotion of his life.

He was admitted to a hospital, I was the only lady who visited him, I mean, because friends visited him.

were surplus to requirements.

I don't think he didn't last a week, they held a wake for him in a Republican Club, where he was secretary. As he had no family, I stayed all night with him and in the morning a group of friends, They went round and exchanged opinions, and I heard them say: **"Yes, Ella, who has more degrees than us"**.

Then they came up to me and handed me the Spanish flag and told me that they were giving me the honour of wrapping it in the Spanish flag, and I didn't understand any more.

The only thing I can say is that my husband's family, half of them were Catholics and the other half were in Freemasonry, I don't know which is one or the other.

I know that one day my husband told me that he would make me join Freemasonry and I told him, without knowing what it was, I was 15 years old and it had been about 17 years since I got married, when this gentleman passed away...?

How can I, I be or be, if I did not give my consent, but neither, I gave it to get married and they married me off the cuff, my thing is all like that, my consent, or opinion does not count, who cares, yes, yes, yes... or if not, no "guaj", what a World this, overbearing.

I don't know if he made me join, if I am registered, or affiliated, I don't know what the term is, what I do know is that a lot of years ago, I would have felt some noise, a sign like a trick, I don't know.

I will relate what they had in store for me, when I refused to write what they suggested and I refused, not to mention that I had to endure all kinds of pressures to force me to comply.

Of course, with how much or how little I ask myself, why all this, what's going on, what's the problem, apart from my son, there is something else here, something much bigger, that I can't figure out, if I look back, I see that my life has been a constant, carrying out everything that was suggested to me, and today we have reached 2000, and now, what's happening, or what's going to happen?

Who am I, why, I had to go through all this, hell, always, deprived, of freedom, not allowed, to study, to have friendships....

(I make no distinction of Race, Creed or Colour and I do not speak of what I do not know but of what I do not know, but of what I do not know.

I lived and witnessed, even if it was in spite of myself) STOP.

Because they wouldn't let me study, or type or sew because I complained about it, they gave me a cast, and I had to be in a cast for a year, from groin to armpit! because I splintered my fifth vertebra, one so that I wouldn't complain any more, another so that my chakras would wake me up, the thing is that between whistles and whistles, the joke had me three years in a cast, first I was three months without moving my legs or my arms and the doctors said they didn't know if I would walk again and I thought, yes.... I thought, "others won't walk, I'll come back", it was just a "little touch", nothing more, and when I started to hump again, they took away my orientation compass, so if I don't go out with a guide, I get lost, time goes by and I hump again, so they say what I need is to reinforce my humour, so I laugh at everything and people tell me: *What a nice character you have, I can see you don't have problems! I can see you have no problems*, and what I think I'd better not say, so as not to be rude.

I would like to make it clear, in order to avoid misunderstandings.

The fact that the people I mention or affirm with a photo or card does not mean that they are aware of what I have published on the website and even less that they agree or share what I am exposing, since no one, absolutely no one, was or is aware of my life and my actions.

I am doing this publication purely and exclusively at the request of "The Extraterrestrials", who have my son, until I publish what they order me to write and I tried, by all means, to avoid, but as everything is useless and the only thing that would be achieved, if I didn't do it, would only be to delay it and extend the agony a little more.

For if it is not me, it will be someone else who will take up the baton.

To clarify to the world what they have not had the greatness to do of their own free will, and that it would have been easier for the actors, what happened, and for each one to recognise the degree to which he or she was involved in this conflict.

And not have to do it myself, who cannot and should not take sides for anyone.

December 17, 2000

I begin, desolately, to write, something that I do not know and did not live.

Neither, I knew God and I venerate him, "Jesus yes", he is the one who gives me the strength to go on.

What I write, and publish on the Internet, is for those who should know, it is like Russian Roulette, whoever gets it, gets it.

Now then, before I begin, I apologise, for it is, as it were, as if I am throwing the world at you.

I will start at the beginning, let's say, with **the Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus**.

"The extraterrestrial Lords" did with me exactly what they did with Mary, except that she was single and had to look for a protector, who was and was Joseph.

In my case, I was already married, so that problem was already solved.

From there, I had to go through the same vicissitudes as Maria, only instead of being "helmeted", they broke my bones, and I suffered so many humiliations and I had to take care of my son, because not only had they announced that they would eliminate him, but I had no peace, neither day nor night.

Until one day, my son, who used to call me "Tata", as he had been forbidden to tell me, mum, ever, uttered that word.

And even though I still couldn't speak, that fateful day, my mother-in-law told me that she was going to spend a friend's day in the countryside and she said to me: "*Let him take the boy, he's always locked up here*", and of course, if I was "Cinderella", when I read the story, "I said to myself", but this girl had a great time, what was she complaining about?

I continue, she takes it from her friend, even though I have been married for years, I was thinking about her friend in the countryside.

When I returned at 8 o'clock at night, my son told me that after eating the "Abela" took him to take a nap and after a while, he put a cushion on his face and "apetó fete, fete", and I kicked, because I couldn't breathe and I was choking, "patalee" and in the end I ran out of "fueza" and I loosened, in that someone, gave two punches in the "peta" and the "Abela was atutó" and loosened, the "Abela" shouted: *Who is it?* -

He looked for Doña Ramona, and the "Abela" told him to go out, the gentleman said he would sit on a log, that was in the "peta" to wait for her, then the "Abela" got up and Doña Ramona came...?

Well, I go on, it's all dramatic, but it's real.

The Extraterrestrials tell me that I must relate that what they did with me was purely and exclusively so that in this century the lie and hypocrisy would end, the great lie devised by the Jews and used as a source of income by the Catholics, and the revelation of "The Virgin of Fatima", who was also sent to reveal and yet they did not do so and continue to hypocritically lie to the world.

From the very beginning of creation, the Catholics and the Jews wanted domination, in their ambition, the Jews as they know the deceitful plot do not believe in Mary, but in the Creator.

And this issue deserves a separate chapter.

What happened to the Germans and the Jews?

It did not take more than half a century for it to come to this, even today.

The Jews have not yet had time to come to their senses, it will take another war.

How is it possible that, for more than half a century, they continue to make the

world believe that they were victims of barbarism, and for that reason alone they will have to undergo this test again.

For not having recognised for more than half a century that they were the ones who incited what they had come to, after having endured for years the humiliations inflicted on the Germans, which they stoically and heroically endured.

Didn't they live together for years and there was no racism?

And as always, there were the Jews, who looked down on the Jewish classes of lesser means, were it not the Jews who made the difference, the distinction of races, they were the Jews who wanted to take over the world and "fabricate the Master Race".

For more than half a century, they have not been allowed to speak, so that the truth would not be known, how they first of all wanted to subjugate the Germans and take over Germany.

Hence they sowed so much hatred, so many tares, that the very Jews who disagreed with them, the Jews themselves exterminated them.

There is still time for them to make a stand before it is too late.

For, destruction will begin and not one stone will be left upon another.

For years, they have been sowing destruction and desolation throughout the length and breadth of this world, for which reason, "**there is no more time, time is up**", if by 2001, all those mentioned here, who have benefited throughout this century, and those who in one way or another, were accomplices, beneficiaries, of this infamous plot, hatched by the Jews, do not come to their senses.

If, by 2001, they do not make an act of constriction and repentance, it will be too late.

Let them repent, before there is no other choice but to put into practice what the Jews have been plotting all this century.

Acknowledge that Germans have married Jewish women and that Jews have married Jewish women.

Germans, then, where is it, racial hatred, if not in the morbid, Jewish minds?

How many wars there have been, the length and breadth of this world, and with many, many more deaths and with much, much sadism, hardship and suffering.

Until when will they, like vipers, distil venom, until when will they want to arouse compassion and pity, like badly wounded pigeons.

It seems that the world is composed only of Jews, the only victims, why do they fear so much if they are only victims and not perpetrators, the time is over when the Germans must be the ones to pay the blame and the Jews the innocent ones, let's see who committed the most heinous murders, who formed the ERP.

The Gods of each Religion will have to descend to Earth to reaffirm each one, their Religion; under which covenants they were blessed.

In this new Millennium that is beginning, there must be no distinction of Creed, Race or Colour.

There is no compromise on the issue of Mary, no more deceiving humanity. They silenced the

Pope who was sent to alleviate the hunger of the people with the gold from the Vatican, the Pope of the smile, was eliminated, without Judgement without compassion, as Jesus was crucified.

It's all well and good but when it comes to doing, charity, Holy Ecclesiastical, then, then the proponents start to fall down and want to carry it out and raise funds.

On these two issues there is no compromise, the Peoples have already suffered the injustice of the powerful, for them... the cancerous, the lepers, the tuberculosis sufferers, the AIDS patients, there is no redemption, but for everything banal, for the cruise trips, they are more and more luxurious, **who or who regulates this waste and mitigates the hunger of the peoples?**

I will say the following, I neither approve nor disapprove of anything, for the simple reason that I am little less than a zero to the left, since I ask why, I despair, and because of this or that question, the only thing that prevails is that I am not even interested, that I should not know, only comply with what I am told and ordered to do.

As a guess, they asked me to get rid of all my son's clothes, and I started to cry: "*You mean you're not going to give him to me!* - No, it means that he won't need the clothes.

And then how is he going to come, like Adam, in overalls, in a tunic..., and for an answer, that "less God finds out and forgives".

That I limit myself to what I am ordered to do, when the time comes I will know.

What you are observing me is, pay attention, **because this, as it is organised, does not go on any more, it ends with 2000!**

What about Argentina, the country with the most Jews?

How is the story, Argentina, "sheltered" anyone who wanted to work, as did the Spaniards, the Italians, etc., but the Jews... came to suck the blood! to steal from the well-born Argentines... not for show, since their land "is always Israel", all those who steal, swindle, in Argentina, and the real Argentines, are in the streets, begging for alms, while the Jews, occupy the best jobs, the young Argentines are without work, their parents, their families destroyed, since they bring nothing but misery and destruction.

They formed the ERP to sabotage the government, how long will we have to put up with this scourge!

if they are so innocent, and they are attacked, and their lair is destroyed, why does the Argentine Government have to pay exorbitant sums, just like Germany, what do they want, that Argentina has a special corps to take care of them, let them go to Israel, Argentina does not need them, ofcourse you will not see a Jew begging, did the Argentine people ever ask themselves what is the reason for that?

How, Argentinians, can't go to study, there is no work for them... and they go barefoot begging, did you ever see a Jew, barefoot begging, rummaging through the rubbish!

Let him who is innocent of what is said on this page cast the first stone!

"To the human being of good will, who wants to inhabit this noble soil", yes, but not to make himself master of the country!

If they do not share our customs, nor do they consolidate with the common people, they are Jews, they proclaim it to the four winds, their country is Israel, and what do we do, to come to mock them every week, with their songs, and how many young people have been deprived of their lives, do they think that they can continue in this country any longer?

You have destroyed families, you exploit people, you rape women, you have gone into everything

The Armed Forces, they even become priests, so they can infiltrate homes.

What do we want them for... they are not even worthy of pity.

You decide, you are still masters of your lives, but before 2001, who can be sure! You abused too much, as in Germany, the goodwill.

It is time to start putting things in their place; **"Before 2001, there should not be one Argentinean left without a stable job, otherwise, we will have to take care of it ourselves".**

First, the positions will have to be filled by well-born Argentines, and if there is any position left, it will be filled by a Jew.

You know it's like that, but in all countries they do the same thing, they want to occupy the main positions, which correspond, by law, to the Argentines, crawling like vipers, manage to change the laws, which benefit them, and since 2001 the laws, "will be, since they were dictated", and no "Jew cipayo" is going to change them!

They will have to go to Israel, if they want to put laws for a race repudiated by the whole world. There's no time left, the deadline was until 2000... haven't they come to their senses?

"Don't bother to sign the peace of the sepulchres, white on the outside and corrupt on the inside, they are the den of corruption, where they enter, everything rots, they are incestuous, the human scourge.

They are usurpers by tradition, but they despise and humiliate Argentines.

And the Argentinian women, who need to work, are first raped by the Jews and, as they need to support themselves, their children are taken advantage of.

And the successive Jews we have had, after the Constitutional Government of 1945, all the successive ones who took office, were Jews, and that's how Argentina was left! Scorched earth, but "enough of abuses".

"Let the world know that just because he was born in Argentina and is Argentinean, he is still a Jew, because what counts is not the residence but the blood, if the blood is Jewish, even if he was born in France, England, Germany or the United States, he is a Jew, because the blood is Jewish".

I am ordered to write this, otherwise my head will burst.

The same thing they did in Germany, they drove them to misery and despair, that's why they don't let them speak, because the old strategy would be discovered, until, they drove them out of their minds, because they are hated and repudiated all over the world.

Whoever protects a Jew will have the same fate, **the time of redemption has come, for all the peoples of the world.**

How can it be that Germany and Argentina are paying huge sums?

Argentina, because they were attacked by "their enemies and with explosives", Germany, which has been paying exorbitant sums for 50 years, and both have plunged the people into poverty and hunger, at the cost of the good life, which they have no qualms about throwing in the face of the Argentinean people... then they should not complain, because there is a limit to everything, and the Jewish governments are accomplices in this infamy, which can no longer be tolerated.

Let the people decide if they want to continue in misery, the time has come. Before 2000 was the deadline given to them, now it is too late for everything, if in Israel an Argentinean is attacked, they put explosives and demolish his business or home, is Israel going to pay?

For those who still don't see it square, and let this be clear: the Montoneros were Catholics and the ERP were lefties and atheists.

So when the General came from Spain, the Montoneros went to meet him and sent him to the ERP to provoke them.

And that is when the massacre of Ezeisa took place and more than 200 children died and once again the vile traitor, once again, asserted his homicidal fury against the defenceless, who could not avoid that after years, with great joy, they received their leader singing the march.

I want to make it clear that once I write what is dictated to me, I am totally...! disassociated from the writing, because they erase it from my head, if I want to go back to the reading, I have to go to the Internet.

STORY (6^a Part)

"THE FINAL JUDGEMENT OF MARY".

The hour of Mary's Last Judgement has arrived.

"Let no one try to evade it, for this will be like the Nuremberg Trial".

The Church, as false, mercenary and mendacious, enough of hypocrisy, how do you understand this, the people the Church kills even today, and the Jews, those humans, are worthless, let them make it clear publicly!

Let us not forget that about the Inquisition, which killed so many people, the Church... and took all their property, whether in land or capital, and so for them death does expire, how is that, example and charity begins at home and the Church leaves much to be desired.

The Armed Forces, by making blood pacts with the "Powers" against the People and in favour of the "Capangas Bosses", their comrades know who they are.

This time it will be the reverse of the Nuremberg Trial.

The Jews' debt to the World, they will have to confess to the moral swindle they have been playing on them for more than 50 years.

Desecrators of the Christian Faith, corrupters, rapists, incestors, terrorists. To

Justice, immoral to impart Justice, they shall have their judgement!

Let the Jews begin to repent of the hatred and animosity they have sown in their wake, inventors of the racism they profess, and accuse others of being racists and anti-Semites - **they still have time to tell the truth to mankind!**

Let them start to come clean, the Montoneros and the ERP.

Let it be clear that the Montoneros were Nationalist Catholics and the ERP were lefties, atheists and Jews.

It is like this. The scourge, to match them, must be like that.

The heads of the Montoneros and the ERP held a summit meeting, "where they were advised" to unite, *that unity is strength.*

So they did, and they took over the Monte Chingolo barracks, which was full of weapons.

Instead, they sent them to the slaughterhouse, to kill two birds with one stone.

While today those responsible for the Monte Chingolo massacre are in their ranches, enjoying themselves.

And of the massacre of Ezekiel, "You have to see this": *when it is the work of the Jews, as they stay in the "mould", now if you touch their ass, they make a lark, like a hen that laid an egg.*

For example, the bomb they put on him, every week, you have to listen to the insults, the humiliations that the Argentine people have to endure.

Why do governments allow their Jewish countrymen to occupy positions that should be held by Argentines, well-born of Argentine blood, not of Jewish blood?

It is as if the world is made up only of Jews, who mourn in order to pity and move humanity. And, all the wars, which there were with many more dead?

Not counting the ritual killings, which the Jews do, and how Satan, they are free from guilt and sin, because they do it in honour of Jehovah and as the Torah indicates.

Of course the Jews are the Chosen People of Moses... let Moses come and renew the contract he gave them, to steal, to rape other people's wives, to destroy other people's families, why theirs!... they stick together, and are incestuous with daughters and brothers with sisters, for example, not long ago a couple of brothers, who killed their parents, and one of the brothers lived with the mother, something more degenerate and incestuous, than that.

Returning to the massacre of Monte Chingolo and Ezeiza, which was and is the work and grace of the Jews, I am not going to dwell any longer on these aberrations, which they committed, and let's not talk about Tablada, of the 3rd of December.

All deaths at the hands of the Jews.

One might ask: what are the Jews doing here, if they live and proclaim that their land is Israel? Of course, they have Israel to flee to, Jews who commit misdeeds in Argentina, and from

those, there are many, sharing the spoils.

How can it be that young people are being killed, that young professionals and tradesmen have no work, no occupation in their country, Argentina, and Jews occupy the top jobs?

In France as in other countries, first a Frenchman will occupy the post, and if there is any left it will go to the Jew, be it France, Italy, etc.

If an Argentinean sets up a "mutual" in Israel and a bomb is planted, is Israel going to pay him the fabulous sums that Argentina pays him?

What are they looking for, a branch office and an army to take care of them?

From the Government, from 1945 to 1995, the Governments that took over, constitutionally, were Jewish, as explained, that only happens in Argentina, *to be nationalised is not Argentinean, because the blood is Jewish.*

LET THE ARGENTINE PEOPLE KNOW THAT WE ARE GOVERNED BY JEWS.

And all four constitutional governments were and are Jewish after 1945.

Let the Argentinean people know that the United States will use the traitors, the Chileans, to use... as a base in Mercosur.

Of course, the White Berets, symbol of purity, uselessness and ineffectiveness... there is no leader, since they have all been killed, so the useless ones are nominated, and since there are no more than a hangover to choose from, the least useless one is chosen from the most useless.

But what happens, as they only care about the government house, they hand over even their mother, so that they can empty the coffers... Argentina cannot be taken away, so they put it in debt, they pawn the Argentinean people.

And how does it look, just like that?... no, White Beret... **We are at the Last Judgement, in case anyone hasn't heard.** As the priests say, let's hope and pray.

This is the Last Judgement of the Human Race, all without exception, Hitler said: *"I say who is a Jew and who is not"*.

From which it follows that there are Jews... and Jews.



STORY (7^a Part)

MARY WARNS

CITIZENS TO BE

PREPARED

Why did the **Jesuits** disappear, because they were sent by Satan himself, they came to - Evangelise||..., they came to inculcate Communism in them, and to steal everything in their path, and they tortured the Indians and the Coyas to death to take their gold, and in exchange, they gave them worthless fetishes.

Then came the **Missionaries**, and with the Cross of Christ they finished subjugating, exploiting and stealing all the gold and riches, made with precious or semi-precious stones, since the Pampa was theirs, then it was the turn of the **Catholics**, which left the Jesuit chapels and religious precincts abandoned, since the **-Communism of Satan||** was abolished, and the Catholics began to build churches with the product of the conquest of the desert, abandoned, since the **-Communism of Satan||** was abolished, and the Catholics began to build churches with the product of the Conquest of the Desert, which collaborated with the **-Fox||**, who liquidated all the Indians and took over the South of Argentina, hence their **-Flia. is in good health||**, as are the Priests, faithful to the Oligarchy, the Flias. Patricias, of Landowners, from there, that dominated those lavish churches, carpeted, product of the looting in the Inquisition.

And the Church complicit in the barbarity..., the Inquisition, was created, to dispossess the People of their lands and their goods, and what about all the people, that they burned alive, with the story that they had, the Devil in their bodies, that they were, bewitched?

Today, there are families who testify how they robbed their own and stole deeds and documents from them, *and this was not before Christ, but with this Holy Pope...* and for them, what!... crimes do expire, **"and those of the Germans, with the farce of the Jews, never expire"!**

It will be necessary to begin to review everything, if there is still time, as I am told that it is not yet doubt.

And the **Holocaust** of the Church... it's not even counted, and yes, the Holocaust of the Jews, aren't we all

How many countries are there in this world, and how only what was done to the Jews is counted, and all that has been done to so many countries?

And they continue to do so, *even to the Church itself*, **and how the other countries accept this arrogant impunity!**

They will pay dearly for this aberration, because neither the Jews nor the Church will justify them, nor save them, but they will be condemned for having accepted the Jewish Holocaust and not the Church's. This is pure hypocrisy.

They have already been notified, it only remains for them to take notice and not be distracted and allow the gangrene to continue to corrode them hypocritically, amen.

I will not dwell further on this, as I am urged to be brief and concise.

Well, what about our army, the army of General San Martín, what about our aeronautics, who is making firewood out of this fallen tree, what about the navy? For the Navy, a separate chapter is needed.

I will start with the first thing first.

In 73 I was kidnapped by the boys of the intelligence services, I don't know which one, because they didn't tell me, but what I do know is that it was in a public place from 4:00 in the afternoon to 10:00 at night, interrogating me non-stop.

The suggestive thing was that this place, so public and crowded, I never felt it mentioned, that is to say..., or that nobody was there, or I was the privileged one...?

The second time it was the Jews.... *"oh! the Jews"*, I won't detail how, only since I entered, they took off my clothes, they took pictures of me naked, -I hope they focused it well||, I don't like to look ugly in a picture, they recorded what they made me say, holding my hair back, and the man who was interrogating me, was a beast of 1.80 meters, at least, I was 1.56 meters tall.80 meters, at least, I

was 1.56 meters, I don't remember him well, because they made me swallow something that I was screaming for water, and he told me: *No, what water!* and he gave me something like an orange, and when I got there, I could barely open my eyes, and by a little thread of the

After the orange, I collapsed, but, but, but, but, I heard, and the Lord, with a berborrágica, told me, **that he was a Jew, that he was sent from "Israel", from the Aeronautics, for the Argentinean Aeronautics.** I continue, after interrogating myself, and seeing that he was not, -He was in nothing but his morbid mind," he began to talk, even in his elbows.

This Jewish gentleman is a well-known businessman.

I will tell an anecdote, on one occasion, a young woman came to see me, knowing that I had contacts in Government House and asked me to do something for her, as her father, who was a librarian in Congress, had died, and she was left alone, with her mother and a sister, I do not know if her mother was bedridden, her younger sister and she were studying, but she would leave to work, and she wanted her father's position as librarian, as by law corresponds to the children in the event of death.

¿?

But -but,|| this gentleman tells me that he has a mistress and that -by chance|| he, with the influence he had, had made her become a librarian in Congress.

The Lord, he told me, was married, and his wife was in Mar del Plata with her son, and he had to leave now, after finishing with me. **This happened in Buenos Aires.**

In short, I woke up, or rather he woke me up, dragged me by the hair, pushed me into the bathtub, dragged me across the floor before and then just now, he threw me into the bathtub, I screamed:

No, my hair would get wet, since it was down to my waist, so I grabbed a nylon cap from the woman who yanked it off the coat rack.

I didn't know where I was, besides, I didn't know Buenos Aires and I didn't know how to travel.

He tells me to get dressed, to go down the lift and wait for him downstairs, and when he comes down, follow him from behind, so I did, sic.

I will tell you an anecdote, when my son went to Antarctica, to do the Campaign, that is to say, to winter, like the moles, ps, ps, ps.

I have already explained that I was left alone, my son found me, through a notice, that the owner was renting, receiving a single lady to share.

He placed me, in that flat.

I continue, the owner of the apartment was Spanish, Basque, and tougher than meat, but good and noble, I speak in the past tense, because she went away, where for the moment there is no return, but with the advances of science, *who knows.*

I paid for the phone, so I could communicate with my son without bothering her, -one night it was 12 o'clock, the phone rang||, I was sleeping, I ran and answered, **it was the guys from "TRIPLE A"**, and they urged me to come down to talk and I said: *But it is 12 o'clock at night and I went to bed at 8 o'clock, how naive, what a little bird, and they answered on the phone: What about me? It's not a question of whether you want to or not, you have to go down to the bar across the street.*

Instantly, **"The Extras"** tell me it's because of -the writing||, *a poem I wrote to him.*

my son.

I take the folder and put the writings in it, and I go downstairs, I say to him: *What is it, and he says to me: Madam, what are you doing?*

and I explained to him and showed him the writing, and he said: *"I'll take this with me - why? and he says to me: I wouldn't be the one to make a leader where there was none, and I told him why in the poem I named a person, and I say to him: I didn't invent it, I have magazines where you ponder it, and what do I know, I am a housewife, I am not subversive, I don't understand anything, nor do I know what is happening, who is good and who is bad, nor am I in politics, and I ask him: What is the problem, if I wrote the poem to my son? - Yes, but you mention someone else - Haaa!...that's the problem, so there's no problem, just "put it to General San Martín and that's it", nobody is going to complain to me, if San Martín belongs to everyone, and that's how it was.*

The poem goes in its two versions.

**Here and Now Antarctica
(poem)**

¶ [Naracion del Poema](#)

Big greetings to all children

of Mother Antarctica.

Antarctica, many are those who want to seduce you,

few are those who have been able to conquer you.

General José de San Martín is one of your lovers,

faithful pioneer and devoted missionary,

*with him you conceived children that cover the
Universe, you cradled in your lap the wings of
the Homeland.
Infants, military and civilians in a maternal
embrace, you only shelter your children in the
bosom of your history. Faithful to the Father of the
Fatherland you hoist your Sovereignty, when
anyone thirsts for your dwelling place.
give them to drink of your past glories,
when they have appetite
that devour the immensity of the white continent,
when you feel nostalgic my son
melt your soul in the splendour of the dawns, when
the air is impure
purify it with the whiteness of snow, when
confinement wears you down
release your spirit on the horizon, when
tears come to your eyes let them
crystallise like ice,
when you are cold, wrap yourself
in the warmth of God.
It is and will always be Argentina's Antarctica!
Those who want to outrage your immaculate
purity, have short arms to reach you...*

*"Not only did I not know anyone in Buenos Aires, nor in Buenos Aires, of course Buenos Aires
accepted me, with its kidnappings, and I received the package, you can't go around choosing, this if
this if this if not, in short, that's how the world works, with joys, sorrows, kidnappings, threats, these
are all part of daily life".*

On one occasion, my son spoke to me from Antarctica, and as he knew me inside and out,
he said to me: "Old lady, why don't you enrol in some vocational theatre, as I liked the whole gaucho,
patriotic and reciting theme, knowing that I didn't go out, nor did I go out with anyone, I said yes, I
would do it.

But I started to think, because sometimes I think, and I said to myself: *what am I going to
sign up for a group, I'm not a groupie, I'm an individual, I don't go with groups.* So I signed up for the 3
channels, 13, 11 and 7.

And they call me from all three, I didn't accept recommendations either, I was always guided
by the sayings: -better alone than in bad company||, -the ox alone...||, etc..., Well, I took part in
several programmes, but, but, but, one day the Spaniard arrived, the owner of the house, whose
name was Magdalena, she was waiting for me shouting and told me to go to the Canal that they were
waiting for me for a film, *that Sandro had chosen me because of the photos*, and I told her: *well*, I
didn't give it any importance, the next day I went out, and the Spaniard was almost beside herself: -
*They've called you from the Canal! - Well, what do you want me to do? - But daughter, don't you
understand, to make a film with Sandro, he chose you! - Magdalena already told me -
And you're not going to go? - In a film with Sandro in tights on the beach in flesh-coloured tights*, and I
said no, to the director, and he said to me: *Why not, you'll have to come and give me explanations*,
and I told him to give them over the phone: *Look, I have a son in the Navy, he's in the Antarctic, and
no way am I going to wear tights - And then, why did you sign up and submit the photos? - The
photos were taken by an advertising agency, which you sent me. - Well, what for, didn't you want to
act? - I wanted to take part in some programme, because I'm alone in Buenos Aires and my son won't
be back for a year.* I didn't know anything at all, nobody, I was in another place.

And go on: *But it's with Sandro! - Yes, I know - and that doesn't tell you anything.* If at '75, I
just saw TV for the first time.

I will relate another sequence of the **poem**, one morning I was in a company, like a bank,
and there were two queues formed, and a man who was with another, and "right next to me", but in
the other queue, starts to talk to me, I who am pleasant, talkative, trusting, on the other hand, "if the
man is a Jew and the Mossad of the intelligence services and has the mission, to interrogate, to
extract information like this man", chatty, confident, on the other hand, "if the man is a Jew and from
the Mossad of the intelligence services and has the mission of interrogating, extracting information
like this gentleman", who, knowing the poem that I had written to my son... **not only read, analysed,**

investigated, what derivations it could have, what affiliation it belonged to, what ideology it had, if it was not encrypted, if it did not have a message between the lines, in short, everything Machiavellian, corrupt that a sinister mind, like that of the Jews, can plot.

Of course, **the man was Jewish and from the Mossad**, what you call a young man, prepared, perhaps he studied -martial arts, in the Schools of the Americas||..., he tells me: *You look like a writer*, and I tell him: *what a coincidence, I like writing, I just finished recording an album*, and he tells me: *what a coincidence, I am a friend of the Representative, and if you want to have coffee this afternoon at the **Café de Los Angelitos**, at 6 o'clock in the evening, he is a representative of Actors.*

Well, I went, on the way I was told by **the aliens** to be careful, because they would try to give me something, and I said: *Yes, just open my mouth, and insert it.*

And so it was, the Representative did not come, he told me that he was waiting for us in the office, -that he would be waiting for us in the office, -that he would be waiting for us in the office. bow tie!||.

When I arrived, the Lord was with a beer ball, and he said to me: *"Shall I ask you for one?"* I say: *No, I don't drink*, and I say to the waiter: *Bring me a Coke.*

Of course, -the Lord would have already made arrangements with the waiter||.

He brings me the coke, pours it for me, and when I want to pick up the glass, he hurries up and holds it in his hand, and keeps talking, and just when he finishes talking, he drops the glass, and it was January, hellishly hot, and I drink it in one gulp and collapse: *"What's wrong, madam, you're sick!"* Between two of them they drag me, like **"María Soledad"** and put me in a taxi that was waiting at the door, all planned and took me to what would be his house, a flat where he lived with his wife, but he was in Mar del Plata.

I have already explained this, I didn't know Bs.As...., and in that state, and with what the waiter put in the -Coca I was groggy||.

Well, he began to interrogate me, and I knew who he was, *the poem and the friend, the Representative, only one thing*, he wanted to get me out at all costs, what he had gone to see, my son in Antarctica, **the Jewish man from the Mossad, and Israel sent him from the Aeronautics for the Aeronautics of Argentina.**

He wanted to get me out at all costs, what I knew about Antarctica, and I told him that I sent my son, he didn't want to go, *because I don't know how much he was interested in the **Blessed and Abused Antarctica.***

The thing is, that *poem* I wrote to my son, it brought me so much trouble, but.... **all those who mobilised for Antarctica?**

But what more do the Jews want, so that the murders they commit go unpunished, like that of the -German|| businessman, who they bled to death like a chicken, took his blood, then in a ritual, threw it around the Obelisk, and then put up the bars that the Obelisk has today, and the government? They are all those who silence these murders, these aberrations, -and how could they not!|| if they are carried out by their own countrymen.

How mysterious or suggestive this is, when Hitler received from a Power, **"that he had to eliminate, until the total extermination, the subversives, Communists, Leftists and Jews"**, what a strange coincidence, causal... that same notice, received by Franco, Pinochet, Videla, and many other countries more, it is very suggestive, almost the tracing, of the same notice, as if it had, been made, with carbon paper, uff, augs, uasg.

According to what the aliens tell me, the Powers do not want Communists, Leftists or Jews, and for that, **"for their extermination"**, they use other countries, -with the promise of supplying them militarily, and if there are values, then we will share them out||, uff, uff.

And now what's going on, I ask them and they tell me: *They are just using them*, that's why they say that the Jews are their friends.

And as the Jews, crawl, like vipers, they crawl under, the wings, they seek the protection of the Powers, and they, as they know that they will always have them crawling at their feet, for the dirty jobs, the Powers take advantage! When a Power wants to **"handle a President"**, they fabricate an affair with a Jewish prostitute and make him step on the stick, either because they do not want him to carry out a project that is not convenient for that Power, or because he does not want to carry out this or that project that is not in line with his ideas or the prestige of the President in question.

That can be arranged in a jiffy, you put or better call a Jew as a -ladero||, you study, which is his preferred profile and the -laderos||, arf, arf, arf! there they are, to offer him a Jewess, with experience and -secrets of love||, then, innocently, to tell a friend, who in turn, as innocent and prostitute as she is, records it, makes it known and the time that the scandal takes...., -If it had a project to carry out, neither convincing nor conventional, for any power, it will remain a dead letter.

President Galtieri, on the other hand, was no longer in the mood for such dalliances, so we

studied his profile, what weaknesses he had and what he fancied and, oh... how simple and cheap, a whisky.

It was enough to make him a fool, between whisky and whiskey, they emboldened him that he would not rescue the Malvinas, and the very gullible man believed their promise that if he embarked, they would help him, but they did not make it clear to him why, to sink, as happened to him, because he was gullible.

They took away the islands, the Pucará and forbid it to rearm, and instead, other territories are trying to be complacent, even if only for a compliment, a tender phrase, from some Power. Stop.

How ungrateful life is, sic.

Clarification, Jew is the name given to the children of Israel.

Communists and Zurdists, it is an ideology, not a nationality, hence the delirium of infecting Argentina with the virus of Communism or Zurdism...

The Jews do not cease, it has always been a relentless struggle of all the well-constituted and well-born countries, which reject them, and the -Jews struggle||, yearning to establish Communism and Zurdism.

Therefore, at least in Argentina, all the Graphic Guild, that is to say, all the oral, written or speech information, that is to say, the Journalists or Broadcasters, are all left-handed, there is not a single graphic artist who is a Nationalist and who is allowed to work.

What is a Nationalist?: *a Nationalist, is a "patriot who loves, suffers and fights for his Nation", does not want to distort information, the true Graphic, should not -should not|| have political ideology, only when he goes to vote, then not be a traitor to his Homeland and the entire citizenry, distorting information, however, as from the Government, the Ministries, the Congress are contaminated, corroded by the Jewish gangrene, which is the biggest plague, as tentacles encysted in humanity...., there is no more time, the time is over, the time has come, the hour of truth, of SUPREME JUSTICE has arrived.*

There is no more time left, time is gone, and everything is rhetorical, we can't go on pounding on the same stone, everything is useless, what has not been achieved until now, will not be, it is not time for revision.

The whole world was benevolent, and confused kindness, humility and submission.

It is time to be accountable, because if the whole World, showed solidarity, melted, in their same pain, sheltered them, sheltered them, and in gratitude was swindled, in their credulity, they are economic terrorists, how can they not put in each city, their blissful Gas Chamber, they invented the Chamber of Debtors, but, Chamber at last and with it, they have submerged and submerged for years whole Flias., they have destroyed Flias, They have destroyed families, companies and businesses in despair, or the Chamber of the Verás, and for years, even if the debt has been cancelled, they are barred for life, marked, and why is that? *Because all Presidents, after the General, are Jews and bastards, because as they are their countrymen, they turn a deaf ear to the clamour of the people.*

Everything is, catalogued, detailed, for the FINAL JUDGMENT.

In spite of the fact that in Buenos Aires they have a sovereign, enclosure, with programmers, with the latest, generation in computers, of course, managed, by Jews and where Argentina is managed, apple by apple, **"who is and who is not, with the Jews"**, -as if it were, the -birth faith|| of the Argentines, and the Bastard Governments as they are countrymen, pretend to be blind, deaf and illiterate.

And let's not talk about the boys, that at birth, the Jews have them circumcised, so be sure to look at the little bird, you will know what to do, -those who have already been circumcised...||, but don't worry, no matter how circumcised he is, what counts is the blood, if he is not a Jew, don't worry. In different provinces they are already practising it.

And let it be cut, that in the University, the young people have to vote for the Lefties, if not..., it goes -digitated|| in the rankings, and that the Minister of Education be elected by vote, and not that they put a Jew as Minister of Education, if an Argentinean goes to Israel, **they will put him as Minister of Education**, that is putting a degenerate, corrupt, incestuous, to educate the children of the Argentineans, what is he going to teach them, if he has no morals, if he fornicates with his sister or mother, for the Jew, both sister and mother are -rameras||, If he has no morals, if he fornicates with his sister or his mother, for the Jew, both the sister and the mother are "whores", if not, ask the two Jewish brothers who killed their parents, the mother lived with the son, apart from fornicating with other men and the father would go into the wardrobe to watch his wife fornicating with another man and -the children, after all, that is how they were raised||, but they should not infest the Argentinians, -masochists, depraved, race of vipers".

There were many who lived sick, because of the healthy youth in Argentina?

No vices, no morbid and degenerate habits, and that in a corrupt world was almost sacrilege, they had to be corrupted, at any price.

I will tell an anecdote, in the '55 after the coup against the General||, there was an uprising, and the army came out to -focus on them||, they were from the 11th Infantry Regiment, General Las Heras, -the superiors ordered them: *Fire, shoot*, and the soldiers did not move||, how could they shoot at them, if they were all brothers and relatives. -They had to bring in other soldiers.

As they said: *-If Argentina goes to war, Corriente will help her!*||. And they brought other brothers, some burly Correntinos.

Those soldiers, patriots who did not want to dirty their brothers' blood on their hands, -don't think they were forgotten, they spent months in prison, but the people do not forget them||.

El Pueblo wonders: *What happened to those pure, solidary boys, with the people of Las Villas, who diverted lorries of meat and distributed it in a jiffy, as well as lorries of milk and merchandise in general?*

Of course, they had to make propaganda for themselves, until they came to power, they formed "**La Coordinadora**" and when they were in power, what did they want, what did they do for the people, they became gentrified, they bought ranches, residences in Punta del Este, and the people who voted for them... and they voted for them again, in this government, -they don't learn their lesson||.

When they took over, they forgot to -coordinate|| the welfare of the people, which they had promised. -Yes, it was all a theatre, to continue duping the people.

That, and much more, is why "The Extraterrestrials" are coming.

Let's see what -theatre they do to Them||, of course, *don't go and paint their faces*, they are bad actors.

I will tell an anecdote, which I do not agree with the author..., but it is true.

-The previous government, brrr.

When he took office, apart from the -slips, and the truculent deeds|| that he was accused of, real or not, the truth is that, when he took office, he made -a pact, among others||, or many others, with the Businessmen, and he proposed that he would solve them with credits, etc., until they were affirmed and raised and then they would help him to raise, benefit, the People, "that yes, done and fulfilled, to claim to Garrido", the Businessmen, until they were able to assert themselves and stand up, and then they would help him to lift and benefit the people, "yes, *once the pact was made and fulfilled, to complain to Garrido*", the businessmen took their capital out and sang to Gardel, or complained to Perón.

Hence, the -Presi|| wanted another mandate, as he had become a leafless parsley and no longer had the time, there were no more covenants, everyone had been erased, and the People were once again left hanging.

-There are already too many Promisers for too few miracles.

"**The sinister extraterrestrials**, who today are back in the government, for example: *"Monte Chingolo, La Tablada, what did they do to García?* What morbidity, what viciousness, what cruelty, a cruelty that can only be explained by social resentment, that for having failed in other suicidal -murders|| and having lost them, such as Monte Chingolo, or Ezeisa, and having lost and suffered many casualties they sent to a -death of death||, many casualties that they sent to a "**death, established and negotiated**", hence the bosses and ideologues are always protected, they only get paid, make the arrangements, hand over their wives and daughters and get to safety, -there was no one under age!||, not even the priest. In this **Blood Orgy**, not only the MTP participated..., behind them, as always, **The Sinister Extras**.

They all went to kill, with distorted information, "**all that because the Homeland was in danger?**", with all the weapons and equipment, -tanks and tanks||, how many families could they have helped, -didn't the priest who blessed them tell them||, -what good did they do for t̄country, for the people, other than sow hatred and destruction||, if they are not Jews, they deserve to be, because They want to avail themselves of the benefits and conventions of the treaties of the Pact of San José de Costa Rica, the Treaties of the -Perinola||, for cold-blooded murderers there is no mercy or absolution!

As I said before, all Journalists, Broadcasters, Written Press, are Lefties, even the Jew, Minister of Education and Culture, was a Lefty, I was told: -what culture can we expect from

Degenerates||.

Oh, I forgot, this Minister of Culture and Education is a writer, he denigrates everything that is -Argentine||.

And when the previous government put him in place, the writer -Asís||, as Minister of Education and Culture for a month at the most, he had to resign because the vipers

Jews, they wanted to denigrate him, and why should he submit to that -such a bunch|| of infidels who sell their homeland, let them bite each other and poison themselves with their own poison!

This is what the aliens want me to write to the people: What is happening in this Argentina.

I cannot expand, nor reduce, I put what I am told, so nothing is fictitious, but reality.

These are the aliens who want the good, the progress of humanity, the others are the ones who want the destruction, the surrender of the national patrimony.

There is something very suggestive; the previous President of the USA ordered the CIA to hand over, to make available to the public, the CIA Archives, -The CIA was opposed||, since their names were there, that is; each operation that the USA ordered them to carry out, in the case of Argentina, Chile, etc. with the -names of the executors||, day, hour, year, place, how, -tuti fruti||, that.... It's like handing them over, after it was used, as a prophylactic, if that's what the US does with its people, who were loyal to it, fulfilled its orders, and betrayed them..., it's something to think about!

On the other hand, better luck was had by the President before the Dad of today's US President, who was an actor and CIA informant, who would hand over the actors, and if they were not on his side, he would be branded a -Communist||, and would no longer work, -or he would earn a promotion to the beyond||, with promotion to heaven, as the brightest star, and not exactly in Hollywood.

That fidelity was rewarded with the US Presidency and then his boss, now his son, a little bit each, like a ping pong ball, it's a pity that the weakest always bounce, in this game, puff, guaj.

This is to convince them that even the USA does not want or accept Leftists, Communists.

There are people who prefer to pass for Leftists before they will say or be known to be Nationalists,

when it is a pride to love your nation, its idiosyncrasy, its heroes, its national symbols, its marches.

The Jews say with a loud mouth: *I am a Jew, my homeland is Israel*, and the imitators, what are they, without a homeland, renegades, they are not trustworthy even for the Jews, because a renegade is to be distrusted.

If he is Argentine and -Nationalist||, let him not be ashamed to wear an Argentine Escarapela, just as the Jews wear their -carajito|| on their heads.

And let the Jews, who are planning to make some regulation so that the Nationalists - cannot get legal status|| to found a Nationalist Party, which the Jews will go to Israel to ban, and the Jewish Government, if it does not approve it, will know who the Nationalists are, desist. Congress and the Legislature had better abstain from any rejection.

The Jews live obsessed with the *Gas Chamber*, hence, they formed the "*Verás or the Chamber of Defaulters*"; in order to be able to blow up the people, without anyone knowing or seeing, who are entrenched. They are the scum, who are behind and the Jewish Governments like the one we have today, support their comrades, flower of partners, corrupt, -what else do the Argentines expect from the Vendepatrias||.

Clarification: I hope that The Extraterrestrials, deign now to give me, my son and finish this hateful odyssey, to continue explaining, what people know and they play the jackasses to have a good time, THE TRAITORS.

Back to our Argentina.

What, since the politicians of the same colour as the current government came to power, **the White Berets**, that is, those who knocked on the doors of the barracks, and the Military, turned a deaf ear, since it was a Constitutional Government, and in addition there was Mrs. Isabel, wife of the Military "**Juan Domingo Perón**", and that is why England armed the Navy, with the promise to collaborate.

-warring|| and helping them, but, under a blood pact, -like the Mafia of; *io non sacho niente, que paso*||.

Since that coup..., it was that same Party that today -governs Argentina||, they occupied all the posts in the _73, **they are the same ones who handed over the youth and sent them to death, they all have their hands full of blood, they are the same ones who acted in "La Tablada", they set the trap for them and liquidated them all**, then as if it were such a thing, they returned to their posts: "**The Coordinating Committee to continue coordinating**", and they went to the USA to **collaborate with** the Clinton campaign, -flor de Nenes||, -**the flower of the Nenes**||. They went to the USA to collaborate in the Clinton campaign, -flower of Nenes||. Stop.

They are the ones who infiltrated corruption in Argentina.

Who dismembered education, to destroy it so that only they could study, **and the people who were with PERÓN and EVITA?...**, not only that all the works were destroyed, because they considered that the people should remain in ignorance and only the privileged could go to study at the Faculty of Medicine and Law. The University, and Faculty is only for the children, of the -Cajetillas||, and occupy government posts, **or don't you see, they are the same murderers of the "Coordinadora"!**

Who abolished military service?

And don't you see, you don't give them anything in return, you are outcasts, you who only know how to steal or kill, that's one way to destroy the Youth!

When you are convinced, it will be too late, you like to be deceived, to be -adulterated||. You got what you deserve, for not fighting for our -Sovereignty||, we are Argentines, not Lefties or Jews, **you chose to be Jews and Lefties**, and those who got you into this, today laugh at you, and they are all Ministers and occupy high positions.

The only ones who did something for the people were PERÓN and EVITA, even if it hurts them, even if they want to erase it, they have nothing, -they are murderers||, sell-outs of the national heritage, they took out of circulation our national symbols, the flag, the coat of arms and the badge, the national anthem, the Pericón and our gaucho things, **as "the Jew Sarmiento said: Kill the Gaucho, they are desert dung"**, and with the fig tree, and the mother, and the little school...

He offered England to come and take over Argentina, and in that... England behaved! Of course, at that time, it gave Chairs of Honour to those who disgraced its country.

Why all this, **because they are all MASONS**, did you not see that they do not swear by God and the Fatherland, that this is in the CONSTITUTION! and that ...no one who is not -Argentine by Birth and Tradition|| can be President of Argentina..., by Law, and there are already four to five Jews who govern Argentina, let them find out whose children and grandchildren they are, and they will see **"The Synagogue by Tradition"**.



🚩 National Anthem

If this, as I am told, will help Argentina, good riddance, and if not, I am sorry.

Anecdote: When I was in my house in Córdoba, in a compartment, there were two rooms, at the back of the house, both were four by four, and with large glass windows, next to the balcony with bars.

It was 3:00 in the morning, I was asleep and with a pulse, or as if a magnet suddenly woke me up, I stumbled up and went to the window, what would be my surprise to see next to the bars of the window, **a superb dark ship**, I stood inside the room and contemplated it, I studied it, as I think they would do the same with me, I felt no fear, but curiosity, it remained suspended in the air.

Well, after contemplating them for a few minutes or seconds, I thought: *I'm going to tell my son, who was sleeping....* And as you read the thought, before I turned around, to go to tell him, slowly, it began to rise, and as it rose, it was leaving the shadow on the wall of the buildings, since my house was between two buildings of more than 5 or 6 floors, I don't know, mine only had three and the ship occupied the space of the two 4 by 4 windows, that is, 8 to 10 metres in circumference. I was watching it rise and leave the shadow on the two buildings on either side, since the street was about 50 metres behind it.

It was a dark night, yes, it was a dark night, and you could see the shadow on the wall, or don't you know that even the thinnest hair makes its shadow on the wall, but more unusual, if I may say, I look up at the sky, and I see that there is a sovereign round, like a hole in the clouds, and behind it you can see the starry blue sky, because I have no doubt that this dark or cloudy sky is made by them with a layer of atmosphere.

The point is that it rose, passed through the atmosphere and reached the starry sky, then the sky closed, that is to say, the atmosphere was extended and everything was compact and even.

All that was left for me to do was to tell my son the next day, because when I thought of calling him and was picked up, the thought and the intention slowly began to rise.

The Ships that came to look for me, inside had a divine light, like the one radiated by the Master Jesus, when He came to affirm my faith, and that I would not stop writing this, that they would give me all the support and protection. **I clarify:** for me it does not matter, it only leads me to follow my son, for his soon return.

I took the opportunity to look at them closely, I wanted to see what material the ship was made of, I don't know it, I don't know what it is, I only know that they are made of a compact material, as light as feather, I don't know anything like it.

With my son, the cloudy and garouous days, for us were nights of Flying Saucers, and being in Buenos Aires, we would sit in the Obelisk, even if it was drizzling, and we would see them until the early hours of the morning. We would sit at the Obelisk, even if it was drizzling, and we would watch them until the early hours of the morning. For us, it was a revelry, a gift from God, after watching them, we would go to sleep, with a heavenly peace that only they could give us, after that we could bear all, or rather all the misery of this world, and see how miserable people are, who steal and kill for a few pesos.

What did they make of this world?

I was stunned, stupefied, after reading about the **"Korean Prophet, Meciah, Spiritual Guide"**, what surprises me is when all this happened!

I say, because he had been expelled from Argentina when Dr. Yubileo and other young women disappeared, and in the disappearances, this gentleman, so "reverend", also had a lot to do with **where Dr. Yubileo disappeared, from the Open Door Sanatorium in Lujan.**

It was also discovered that the patients in the Psychiatric Clinic all had their blood and organs removed, and Dr. Yubileo had discovered this, and therefore the They -disappeared||.

And the blood, which they took from the sick, they bottled and labelled, and carried it as sparkling wine, in the holds of the planes of -Aerolíneas Argentinas||, and that Lord was complicated to the core.

What catches my attention, or rather compels me not to let this monstrous thing pass me by.

And that the merchants, murderers, once again allow their incursion into the country, is because they are so morbid, their ambition so great, that they do not measure anything.

If the Catholic Church were to have even one approach, it would be branded as a -heretic||, since that sect or organisation is built for theft and crime.

The most comical thing is that they blame the evils on the -Archangel Satan||..., so we are talking about the **Korean Reverend**, since only the Devil himself can guide his actions and those of his Disciples.

Of course, we would first have to see what or whom we are talking about.

The Extraterrestrials tell me that nobody is going to touch anything, no... not at all! Only that the ill-gotten money will burn them and they will have to get rid of it, and *"they say that they should not be so kind as to donate it to the Church, as they usually do, because the money has no mark whether it belongs to Peter or John, and the Church will have to abstain from receiving it, because if it burns the thieves, it will burn the Church!"*

What happens is that the aliens have everyone's ribs counted and they know what number they fit.

Until the money that was stolen from the people's coffers is not returned.

This is not going to end, no matter how long it takes, and those who enter Argentina will have to leave the fruit of their plundering, the most honest ones, **if they have not forgotten that the fruit is Honour!**

They have already taken the Flag, the Coat of Arms and the Escarapela out of circulation, but in this way they will be able to remove, erase, the Argentinean Symbols, **unloved ones, the only symbol for you is money and ill-gotten gains, these are the Renegade Argentines!**

Let the people decide what they intend to do with this **corrupt government**, let them not expect anything from these partners, to plunge the whole population into misery and hunger, the **solution is in their hands and in their vote, let not a single one of them appear who has participated in embezzlement, swindles, bribes!** and on top of that they want to silence the people, who have no work or food, let them start by making clear what assets they had and have today! It doesn't matter if it's the daughter of Juan de los Palotes, the people will have to go out to the streets to reclaim the status of life they had; *"the children to study, to work, or a trade, or to do the Military Service, pride of the whole country"*, those who abolished it are -Jews||, first of all, ANTIPATRIANS! renegades of your country, you have destroyed the army because you no longer need to knock on the doors of the barracks, you have already taken over the government for yourselves, you *"think you will be there forever"*, unless you solve the misery soon, which you have been doing since the beginning of the war.

'55, they made it come to this, but don't think that they are going to leave the country, they still have to render many accounts and release, -many thousands that they stole, from the people||.

Call for Human Rights, **this cannot be solved with words, but with ACTS.**

*If you think a little bit, with a little bit of good will, without rancour, you will realise **that the only thing you are there for is to administer the money that was lent to you at a good interest rate, to pay the bills that you yourselves swallowed, but let's suppose that you don't know the shame then, because you are not good enough and you all go, you know where.***

Don't you think it's time for the people to live decently again, who doesn't tell them that the tortilla will be turned upside down, and the children they raise, with so many vices, will have to go and rummage through the rubbish cans barefoot, don't laugh, we are at the end, and I want to see you at the end!

The only thing they do now is to administer to the **International Monetary Fund** the millions that they lent them so that they do not fall behind and are up to date...

Well done for the sacrifice you make, long live the Financial Homeland!

STORY (8^a Part)

MARY WARNS CITIZENS THAT CALVARY

IS OVER

When I thought I had banished it from my life and my spirit... they force me, to write, what for years, was my nightmare!, to have to go back, countless years ago, in the end it will have to be like that, it will be so that the world, will verify that in spite of the years, not only, they do not live nor leave, nor want anyone to have peace, as it is then, as it is now.

I will start by recounting, from the age of 4.

My mother was very ill, and there was no guarantee that she would be operated on or not, since it was in God's hands, as doctors commonly say, and my mother accepted the risk and the challenge.

The only problem was me, I had nowhere to leave.

So my grandfather hears about it, and writes to him, asking him to take me.

The thing was that my grandfather had remarried, and the lady, according to what he told my grandfather, was -German||, but, but... when they went to the registrar to sign, he found out that she was -Jewish||, a small detail, of course, so he didn't like having me until my mother had her operation.

My grandfather lived in Funes, but he worked in Pergamino, so he came on Saturday afternoons and left on Sunday afternoons, which meant that I was alone with my wife during the week.

My grandfather, in Pergamino, as he worked on the Railway, lived in a carriage, I don't want to comment, but anyone who has something like this happen to him, has 2 options left, either he commits suicide or he leaves, and stays as little as possible! Stop

Having to bring this past to my mind does not make me happy, I used to call her "Abuelita", to see if it would make her tender, with my barely 4 years of age and without understanding or -J|| anything. As soon as my mother left, she sang me the -rule||, I had to wash my dirt in a bathtub, which at the time, the wooden tub was used, it was like half a barrel, with straps, I put it on a bench, the washboard and got to work, she turned the machine to zero, that is, she shaved me, told me that I wouldn't even do my hair! and locked me in the henhouse, and that that would be my place to stay, and wow, if I went out, or opened the door of the henhouse, I: *Yes, Granny, well, Granny...*

At the weekends, when *my grandfather's "piola"* came, he would ask me if I was happy with Grandma, and I would say *yes*, and then he would ask her how I was behaving, "*no hair, no way*", when he came he would pretend not to care about anything.

The thing was, when she started to say she wanted to go to Pergamino with him, and he told her that he had bought a lot and had started the house, but she didn't want to wait, that she should finish it, rent it and that was it.

Well, I'll make it short, I was there for almost four years, and that's because on one occasion, a car passed by with a phonograph, shouting that everyone had to get vaccinated, that there was a smallpox epidemic, so I was left alone, they went to get vaccinated.

It was on that occasion that a neighbour called me, when I was knitting, since my grandmother had forbidden me to go near her, and she asked me quickly: *Do you have a father?* - *No*, - *Mum?* - *Yes, but she is about to die*, what the hell did I know, I had never seen her die, and she told me: *Do you have uncles?* - *Yes*, 3, I said, *Where do they work?* - *On the railway* - *Where?* - *One in Buenos Aires, one in Mendoza and one in Chaco* - *What's the name of the one in Buenos Aires*, and I tell him, and he says to me: *"Aren't they taking you to get vaccinated?"* - *No* - *Well go away, before your grandmother comes, and don't tell her anything.*

Well, the days went by, we were already in Pergamino and my grandfather was at home, but... he was very naughty, he would take over, in any province, to escape, in the kitchen my grandfather had made an empty petrol drum, a brazier, a metre and a half long, he made four little holes in the middle, he put a grill, and he put 2 or 3 kg of charcoal in the middle of the embers. He put 2 or 3 kg of charcoal in the middle of the embers, and my grandfather used to say: ***leave the door or window open because of the carbon monoxide.***

The thing is that my Abuelita, who wouldn't even let me pass this way, tells me to go to the

kitchen and peel the potatoes she left me on the table, "well..., I said, *what happened to her, what happened?*

love came!", because although I was 4 or 5 years old, although I didn't speak, -but||... I started to peel the potatoes, next to me there was a pot, *like someone who was going to butcher a pig*, I locked myself up tight, after a while I remember that I felt dizzy and I said: *-hay, my dear mother!* When I woke up, my grandmother had me on her lap, and she was putting vinegar on me, and when I opened my eyes I remember that I caressed her and said: *"Grandma, my dear!*

In the meantime, a guy comes from Buenos Aires with a photographic machine, as if he were a sportsman, hanging around his neck, and he says that he is on a walk.

The thing is that he takes a picture of me and sends it to my mother, who was more dead than alive, as she was opened from hip to hip, from the waist to the pelvis, through 3 hellish operations, today it would be a piece of cake, and they did not give her life for a long time.

The question, that my mother arrives and enters shouting: *I'll take her, I'll take her*, my grandfather had not yet arrived from work, it would be 11:00 in the morning, and he says to her: *"I'll give you the clothes to take me! and he had nothing, he had 2 aprons at the ankles, from a faded cretonne curtain, that he had changed, and he made me 2 aprons, one he put on and the other he washed, it was July, I didn't have a T-shirt, nor a jumper, nor a coat, I still had the sandals that my mother took me with, and how he twisted them inside, he made me wear the right one on my left foot, and as the strap was already cut, he made me flip-flops, in the middle of winter and I didn't have socks, that's it! **She told me that the boys in the war didn't have this or that, and that I had too much.***

He would give me something to drink in the morning, bitter, because the boys in the war had no sugar, he would give me a plate of raw onion and I would say to him: *"Grandma, it stings, it stings"*, and he would say to me: *"Yes, I wish, in the war they would have had onion"*, in the courtyard over there he would give me a bunch of grapes from the vine, and I would throw the grapes and the skin away, and he would make me gather them and eat them, because the boys in the war would like to have them.

I continue, the neighbour passed the information to her husband, who worked on the railway, and the husband, through the -line, to Buenos Aires,|| and it reached my uncle, and so the chain went on until it reached my mother.

When he arrived in Rosario he took me to the -Hospital Unione e Benevolenza||, they took an x-ray of my lungs, and it turned out that I had been ill, of my lungs, but according to the doctor, I was of a strong physical build, **yes..., I said: "La perinola, if it wasn't for Los Extraterrestres, Abuelita would have sent me to the hole!**

The thing is that the doctor, *"a real doctor"*, told my mother to make the photo disappear, and that they should never talk about it in front of me again, and that if I spoke, they should not continue the conversation.

The neighbour who told my family, and the 3 children, *to whom she exchanged a bunch of grapes for the crumb roll, which the 3 of them took from the Creole biscuit*, because the Jewess had me, starving, **"because that's how the children were in the war"**, everything was sinister and dramatic.

I had to hide for a year until my hair grew back and I put on weight, because the kids, when they saw me, called me *"X-ray"*, because they could see my ribs, vertebrae and hip bones, a -poem||.

The last photo was taken by my uncle, and until I was 13 years old, I was not photographed again, until I got close to a human being, even though I had not been in the war, I looked very well, and yet I do not complain, on the contrary, I laugh, it must be because **the aliens** reinforced my humour, whatever it is, I say: ***What is not possible, to be more than 50 years hating,*** By making their children, who are born, engender hatred towards all mankind, neither live nor let live, and teach their children that they must hate, **"never forget and never forgive!"**

That is not honest, to deprive them of love for their neighbour, without affection, without love, only to live on the prowl, to step on their neighbour's head, to swindle him, to pawn him, to destroy him, not to have... a little charitable feelings?

I pray, I ask, so that **THE SUPERIORS** may hear me, that this agony may end, that if, they had to go through this ordeal, it may end in this Millennium!

For the record, I don't tell anything lurid, so as not to arouse anger. Stop.

The house had fabric on all three sides, so everyone could see the theatre, and to top it all off, the kids would gather on the pavement, I don't know if they were ordered to, or on their own initiative, but they would start shouting:

Let me go out to play, and everyone shouted in unison: *Let her go, let her go*, I didn't know where to hide, and my Abuelita was so anxious to commit serial murder that it was a poem.

At the bottom, there was a reed bed, the reed, usually has roots, at the edge of the ground, so that sometimes, it is almost out of the ground, **and between root and root had made a tunnel, a snake** the thickness of a litre bottle, was black, green and orange, divine a poem, I wanted it, already

she was my only friend, she slept and I didn't know that snakes live at night and sleep during the day, my son explained it to me.

He kept teasing her, he'd go "*quichi, quichi!*" on her head, and he'd say: *Heee, sleepyhead! All day you sleep?* and she began to cum and it made me dizzy, the passing, those colours, black, green and orange, with imperceptible flakes, and when I touched her and caressed her it made me shudder, but not from fear, it seemed that an electricity was running through me, but she was docile, and she let me caress her, I loved her, I could hardly see her and they didn't see me, I visited her.

On one occasion, the 18-year-old son of a friend of my grandmother's came to the henhouse and said to me: "*What are you doing,*" not knowing whether he was playing dumb or not, I told him: "*I'm playing.*"

As if by chance, he met me there, then, supposing that he came because he liked me, which could be, why not, I told him: *I'm going to tell you a secret,* and he said: *well,* I took him by the hand and took him to the cane field, and I said: *Come and I'll show you, look how pretty,* and I showed him the snake, and he made a fuss and started shouting: *Come on, Ana, look what the baby is playing with!* and they all come with broomsticks and break her, and I'm speechless and my indignation and anguish knew no bounds, and I thought, but what could any of the three of us care, if my grandmother's friend was spying on me, if I didn't go near the weavings, where there were kids, to accuse me.

And the unhappy son, who also gave me away because he pretended to be important. At 5 or 6 years old, I had more feelings and was more of a humanitarian than the three of them put together, but there's no denying that blood is thicker than blood, uff, uff.

The only thing is that I haven't got rid of the bitterness for years, every day, I would kneel next to those vertebrae, to cry and ask for forgiveness, my dear viper....

The only thing I know, is that they have made me live, every month, which have been years, since nobody can live, so much hell, as the one or the ones that made me live, it is a never ending story, since, each sequence, of my life, has so many labyrinths, that although to pass through them, I have taken shortcuts, it has so many nooks and crannies... and in each one, an endless number of calamities, that yes, I had to live everything, to have to tell it, thank you, chocolate for the news! thank goodness, that they had a first class menu for me, if by telling something, I achieve the expected result and thus please **The Extraterrestrials**, *who in turn, the recipients, will have to take notice, but... of what, why, for what, will the recipients, take notice, and be ready to acknowledge receipt, or will they ignore the news? the sota...*, for an answer, I receive the one that; "**what does it matter to me**", **I must write**, and if my stories do not go down well with the aforementioned, what a disappointment or how dramatic, **and my son, how long will he wait?** And my fingers are going to get numb from writing, what a drama, what a mystery, if it's more than it should be, or if it's less, how do we solve it? What I am sure of, is that I can't go back, or retrace my steps.

This is my way of writing, I don't complain to anyone, I don't blame anyone if my life developed this way, it must be because that's the way it was meant to be, I still don't understand anything.

But, if I must put strong and ugly things, it is because they are so, here there is nothing invented, **and the reader who does not think, nor agrees, claims to The Extraterrestrials**, that they have, the mischief that each one did in this world! and that they have already arrived, at the end, where the time limit for them to come to their senses, and not continue desecrating, **The Arks, the goods of the People that are sacred**, since with their usual, humility, they chose them, to get them out of misery, not to sink them!, now it is too late.

The worst mistake they made, is to have believed that they could manage at will, with the **Effort of the People**, now they will have nowhere to hide, and they will have to surrender the miserable deeds of their lives, for selfish, ill-intentioned, hypocritical, white sepulchres on the outside!

I will tell a -sequence||, they tell me in 1959 that they are going to liquidate my husband, **the Extraterrestrials** pass this information to me, they tell me who, how, when, and why, I start to cry, and I tell my husband that we should leave Rosario and he says to me: *Why*, and I tell him: *Because I understood that something was going to happen to you*, and he says to me: *Yes, because you say so, and it could be that you are wishing it, and of course, I said some epithets, and he says to me: Yes, because you say so!* And of course, I said some epithets, and he said: *Yes, where to? one, that I have no enemies, another, that if someone wants to liquidate you, whether you're here or elsewhere, you don't care*, and I kept insisting, and he said: *But you've been grabbed all of a sudden!* and I kept insisting: "*But they are your own comrades*", and he said to me: "*But you are crazy*", and the days went by and I cried and cried for us to go to Buenos Aires and he said I was crazy.

In the end I asked the **Extraterrestrials** if it was imminent: *What yes, it was*, and I cried out: *What if it had to happen, I didn't want to see it, I wanted to avoid it*, and they gave me the solution: -to be hospitalised||, I went to the doctor.

The doctor looked after me and the baby, and once, when my son was having an asthma attack, he went to check his back and said to me: "*What about this*, a purple stripe," and I told him: "*My husband with the belt*," and he said to me: "*How can you allow this*," so I lifted up my clothes and showed him my stripes, to defend him, and he said to me: "*Why don't you separate*," and he gave me a lawyer's card right then and there.

I went to the doctor and I told him, I want him to give me an order to be admitted, I have 2 options, either I commit myself or I commit suicide, and the doctor told me - Yes, I told him: *But I don't want to go anywhere, I want to go to a Psychiatric Hospital*, the Director knew me for years and was the owner of the Sanatorium, I was admitted by the Clinic, and the Psychiatrist was the Director and owner of the Sanatorium.

The tragic thing was that when my husband found out about it, he wanted me to burst, for various reasons, one was that he was in the middle of a campaign, another was that "*what people will say...*" from the family made him sick.

In the end, faced with the inevitable, my son was taken by a family and sent to school, as he was in seventh grade, having just turned 14.

When I had been hospitalised for a month, the doctor wanted to discharge me, and I started crying, I didn't want to be discharged, I didn't want to go home, and the doctor said to me: *Your husband is killing me, what am I going to do with you, I can't justify the hospitalisation*, and I said: *How can you not, give me electroshock*, and he said to me: *How can I do it if you don't need it!* - Well, I made something up, the thought of having to go home made me hysterical, and finally I told him: "*I'll be discharged and I'll kill myself*. In the end he said to me: "*Well, I'll give you insulin in a coma - whatever it takes, I'd rather die first!*"

To sum up, I was hospitalised for 3 months, and I reasoned that there was no other solution, and I was discharged, the dramatic thing was that 20 days after leaving the Sanatorium... they gave him his passport to the beyond.

The night of the wake, I stayed the whole night next to the coffin, at about 2am, everyone came, my friends told me what had happened to him, and I said to them: *That's what I'm going to find out, when I have the autopsy done*, and when they leave, and I'm sitting alone again, next to the coffin, two men in black suits come in, and I stand up, one on each side, and they tell me **to keep my mouth shut, if I want to keep my son, otherwise he will suffer the same fate**, the truth being so persuasive, and me so understanding, *I opted to be an obedient girl and obey*.

I was thinking... it **could be the Men in Black**, who knows?

Not for nothing did Hitler say: *I say who is a Jew and who is not*.

It is not that the word of this Lord, was law, significant or final, that I can not discern, I can not elucidate, how those neurons worked, but to my little understanding, you do not have to be a scientist to know, the good it did in the world, the discovery of the vaccine of Dr. Salk or Dr. Sabin, or thousands of scientists, musicians, and the list of Jews who did good for humanity would be long, those brains are unique, apart from the fact that they put all their knowledge and goodness for the good of the world, without distinction of race or colour, *and even less to boast about using a gift for the good of humanity*.

But about them... who can fail to recognise them, little is said about them, on the other hand, about the inhuman, the immoral, about those, pages and pages, they are not enough, they want to make the poor people pay for **what you knowingly and knowingly did, because at this point, no one believes in your innocence, if you see daily, how they act!** If you see how you act on a daily basis, with such greed, it is hard to believe such hatred, such iniquity, such ambition, *it is neither Christian nor human, to oppress people like this!*

The reason is both simple and complex.

-I, who was given the name Maria||, a name I honour, am writing this for the simple reason that it is the only way to get my son back from the **aliens** who took him away, and the price for his return is that I write what they tell me, even if I don't understand it, and don't know what it means, nor do I know what it is eaten with, but there are those who do know what they want to say, and to whom it is addressed, I ignore it, even so, I hope, I pray, that the addressee or addressees, are taken for granted since, with the quantity, of situations, mentioned, throughout these 7 pages and with this 8...it is impossible for me to elucidate which are the most terrible, the most inconceivable mistakes that have been committed in the course of this millennium.

The unusual, inexplicable thing is that half a century has passed, and only the flame of hatred has kept them going.

And if they, the "**Extraterrestrials**", make that statement and you only give an inconsistent version, they will have to ring the two bells, and that cannot be avoided, they have been able to do it for more than half a century, but not anymore, from this Millennium onwards, everything must be changed from negative to positive.

No one knows better than the two countries that entered the conflict what triggered it, how and why it reached such limits.

To the point of replying, "**NEVER FORGET, NEVER FORGIVE!**

There are Jews who live in the grace of God, who make their daily life a blessing, who since the blessed day they arrived in Argentina, until today, feel indebted, are grateful, appreciate the fact that they have been welcomed as one more, have a conscience to tell the truth, they do not deserve to be Jews, not because it is a bad word, but because it is their nationality, the nationality that identifies them! **But what a great pain, for the Jews who have honour, who venerate the land that sheltered them and their children.**

They do not deserve, certain affronts they do not seek, nor do they deserve, these injustices, they must end, they will stop paying, good for sinner, the miserable, ambitious, selfish.

Those who do not deserve to live and live together with the decent, honourable, humble of heart, there will be no place in this world.

DIVINE JUSTICE is coming, the blessing of the NOBLES.

"Let the Honest, the Pure of Heart know that they are and will be Protected".

And those who abused their power, humiliated and outraged... that they wait for nothing, and prepare themselves, for the time of truth has come, the time to reap what has been sown, each one will raise, his harvest, make his bundles of wheat, grind, his flour, make his bread, and eat in the grace of God.

At the end of this one, I was just told "*that the earth is about to explode?*"

STORY (9ª Part)

EXTRATERRESTRIALS SPEAK, MARY

TRANSMITS...

IMPORTANCE OF THE SOUTHERN CONE

The Planet has the beginning of its "*Evolutionary Spiral at the South Pole (Antarctica)*", and moves towards the North Pole, creating Centres of greater or lesser intensity of the **Yuga or Era**.

Thus, for example, where the -Yuga|| has greater intensity, at present, the -Kali Yuga|| produces more hungry, more corrupt, etc. peoples.

Hence, the **beginning of the end**, "*takes place in the region, which we call Argentina*".

The Light, The Brain, The Thought, The Messiah, The Leader, The Head, **THE LORD OF ABSOLUTE GUIDANCE**, and His Followers and Comrades, will appear there, this fact is not unknown, to the Synarchy and the World Government, commanded by "**Shamballah**".

It is because of this knowledge, and not for anything else, that the Jews, at the head of their **World Conspiracy**, are warring to take over the southernmost part of Argentina, which they call: "**The Promised Land**"... by means of the well-known **Anoinia Plan**, which proposes to divide Argentina in two.

The southern half, **Jews** say, is theirs, which is why Argentina is one of the countries with the largest number of **Jewish** settlements in the world.

The same people who collaborated with the "*English in the South during the Falklands War*".

The plan proposed by **Caviglia**, indicated by the -**Führer**||, to bring together the main heads of the Southern Cone; *Getulio Vargas - Brazil, Perón - Argentina and Peru*, was to stop Anglo-Saxon Imperialism, the **Andean Plan of the Jews**.

This is even the hidden meaning of Israel having on its flag, -the same colours as Argentina||.

The Second World War must have taken place, for the purpose of covering "the incursion of the Germans into Antarctica", it is notable that Chile was not in Caviglia's Plan, so much so, that it is not understood why -Peru||, thought it should be Chile, because, if you join the three capitals; San Pablo - Brazil, Bs. - Argentina and Santiago - Chile, form "a right angle", -Chile|| was never inside, and so it was that it **betrayed, during "Malvinas",** in favour of the English. The Falklands is a strategic point "for the End", nothing to do with "oil"!



Not having control of the Southern Cone, the Malvinas are fundamental in a strategic war, "at least that is what the Anglo-Saxons and Jews think", that is why "Colonel Seineldin" had to participate in the Malvinas Campaign, it is in his blood, let's say, both Caviglia's plan and that of the Argentine Armed Forces.

In the first one, they did, they involved **my son** and in the second one, the **Colonel...** they failed, but... **Caviglia's plan, the Andinia Plan and the Argentine Armed Forces Plan definitely differentiated us from England,** otherwise we would be like the Chileans, who do not know whether they are English or Chilean.

And sooner or later, they would be setting up their bases here, whereas now, they only have, - the Islands||, which to the **Aliens,** do not mean that much.

Amigo

Novotte Carmielli

Procurate



PODER JUDICIAL DE LA NACION

Pro Paulo

Proail

Mi querido amigo Carmielli:

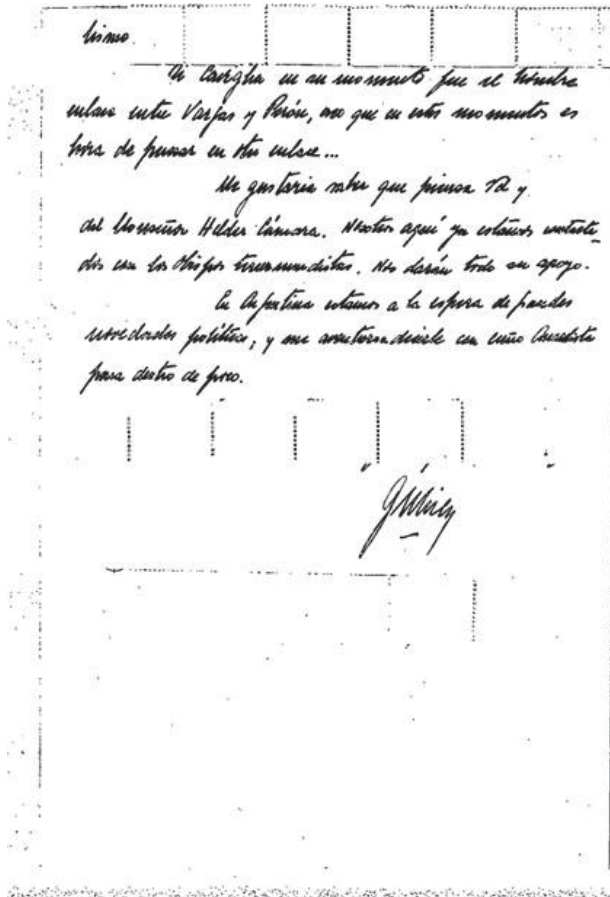
Hace tiempo que queria tener el
placer de escribirle unas lineas. Esperaba el viaje del
compañero Morgan para hacerlo.

Desde la época de nuestro comun
amigo Langier nada espas ha corrido bajo los puentes.

Espero poder estar fuera de nuevo con Ud.
en salidas permanentes y seguras, para se adueñe bien
en que la tan querida obra empieza a florecer.

Le adjunto uno de nuestros ultimos folletos publico-
dos, que está teniendo mucho éxito. Le estaré publicando
el "Mensaje a la juventud".

Como que pronto voy tiempo de venir
y trabajar solidario nuevamente con Ud. como en la época
de Lavilla y aún más. El lejano sueño de visitar Uruguay,
Argentina y Brasil unida para engrandecer al Imperio.



Events 1946 - 2001

The so-called "Cold War" was only an excuse to discover German technology and to "rearming for the Final Battle".

The -Berlin Wall (Germany)||, is a historical and necessary element in the -esoteric fabric||, always dividing Germany to coerce, the appearance of **A New Emperor**, in reality, conspires against **the Leader**, but it will no longer be in Germany, so it is no longer necessary, now, it will be in Argentina, **The Great Emperor will be here**.

In the end, the US achieved supremacy over Rwanda because of "Anglo-Saxon possession of the island of Grenada".



As far as **Argentina** is concerned, gradually, the situation was turning towards a depletion of political leaders, devastating economies, reaching this point where the following panorama is remarkable: Numerous youth, with medium intelligent education, product of a large middle class, working class driven by General Perón who still resists, this youth is not yet completely corrupted, like the American, for example, it only lacks "**Joy, Strength for Joy!, like in Germany**", absolute lack of leaders, totally acephalous.

Political, or outdated Parties, without strength, without Programmes, some without exits.

The future is hidden in the brains of young people, it is a nationalism that knows no geographical borders and has a "**technological fuse**". They only need to realise that there are technologies at the service of spiritual causes that lead to freedom, outside the "*sinister system*", and to differentiate it from *technology that only leads to vice and serves evil interests*.

If this power is unleashed, nothing can control it.

In this respect, **the drug does not work**, there is no stopping it, **and war will ensue... The Final Battle!**

For **The Leader** to appear, The Kingdom must be acephalous, and the People, hurting.

Then the Pure Ones Cry out for HER, and SHE will sanctify a Hero, will give birth to a Leader, who will lead THE "FURIOUS ARMY OF VOTAN, TOWARDS THE FINAL BATTLE OF THE IMMORTALS".



I continue with *Mary's Story*.

The Extraterrestrials tell me that there are several stories that are not well specified, and that is because I do not want to risk clarifying the sayings, the forms, to put them in their proper context, to say things with the meaning they have, not to disguise or make them up, since it is not the time for contemplation and that every being must face reality and accept it as it is. It is not time for complacency and that every being must face reality and accept it as it is. Enough with the pity, with solidarity with those who denigrated their country, their family, and now brazenly pretend to take refuge in human rights, to avail themselves of the benefits and conventions of the treaties of the Pact of San José de Costa Rica.

But, it is necessary to be immoral, lacking in honour, wanting to move people with theatrical scenes. Of course, that's the way it is, from, let's say, 1958 onwards.

The mothers, listening to the soap operas on the radio, which had -sorbed their brains||, hurried to do the housework, and then, with the kettle, the yerbera, and the mate, -they were ready||... to sit, all afternoon and into the night, dedicated purely and exclusively to the soap operas of -La Gata|| or -La Caldera del Diablo||.

The point is that they forgot to keep an eye on the children, *the kids from 15 to 16 years old and upwards*, and while the mother watched the soap opera "La Gata", God knows what the kids were up to, what mischief they were up to, the *mother watched "La Gata" and the father played the jack*.

Or is it only the mothers of Plaza de Mayo who have to claim for their children, and only the fathers?

My husband and his sister had a buffet in a Spanish Club, and I was attending to the minutes, and the same thing always happened, when the evening fell, a group of young people came looking for my husband and said to him: "*So... tonight we're going out for a night out?*" Until one day I asked him what it meant to go out and he answered me: "*What can I say to you, if you are stupid, it would take me a year to explain it to you,*" and I kept thinking: "*The perinola, how stupid am I?*" as I said, this happened in 1958.

And the mothers, what did they know about the children, while they watched the soap opera "La Gata", they didn't keep an eye on their children and didn't know what they were doing or where they were.

In the meantime, the boys had already been trained to assemble pipes, to lay gelamon and trotyl, and they were going to whip the military in their barracks, and as they say, the pitcher goes to the fountain... , etc.

They went to the barracks to bother the military so much that... if they want, we'll give them a taste of war, they had already trained them to handle all kinds of ironmongery and prepare explosives, while the mothers continued to watch the soap operas, *of course when they had to leave the soap opera, the kettle and the mate, as "martyrs", ladies, mothers and soap operas!* Suddenly, thanks to the disappearance of their children, they began to play a leading role, *no longer housewives, but mothers of the disappeared.*

The Lefties began to encircle them, and the Powers That Be began to wind them up, to keep them going, to send them remittances of money, and *when would these ladies ever imagine that they would be given a TV slot!*

All that overwhelmed them, and all that transcendence, thanks to the boys' disappearance, if not today they would still be glued to the light bulb, watching -La Gata||.

They began to travel, to places they had never dreamed of, to dress fashionably.

But this is a small detail, now after 15 years, "The **Lawyers**", they spend their time ranting, and appearing in the Chamber...!, that gives them status, why didn't they do something in 1958, 1959, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963...? by this time the psychological and activist war had already begun, of course the ladies were drinking mate and watching "La Gata".

Who took care of those pipes, who watched them, what were they up to?

After the kids **got tired of laying pipes**, which they were taught to make in training, they would come to my husband, all of them, with a little beach bag, in which they carried -the hardware, the hardware store||, or because they told him: -*Years of pipe, ha... what a time*, and you ladies! where were they, in those glorious years of the pipe?

And now they want to have -due obedience|| annulled.

Don't you think they should have been more protective of their offspring, and the Fathers for that matter, What was the whistle they played?

Today you want to take back what you did not know how to keep then.

From the bottom of my heart I tell you: *Do not ask, do not demand more, you are being deceived, if we have the war on top of us, everything is already useless, do not leave the country now, the worst thing that can happen to you is that war is declared and you are in another country, far from your loved ones, enjoy yourselves and let yourselves enjoy, before the war.*

Ladies, to demand with the arrogance that you do, belittling and offending the Institutions that were and are the pride of the Argentines.

Of course, those who do not know Our Country, Our Armed Forces, and have wanted and want to humiliate, denigrate, are worthy expressions of people lacking humility, who are emboldened by the Powers that have used them for their own interests.

As lefties and communists, you are not interested in "**Reconciliation**", you should carefully study which country you belong to, so that you can adopt the citizenship of the power to which your family belonged, and see what you are claiming for something that does not belong to you at all, from the very moment you attacked your homeland, and you should be stripped of your citizenship.

As an unworthy person, from a TERRORIST, Leftist and Communist Family.

This goes for all those who call themselves **Mothers of the Disappeared** and obtain all kinds of benefits, all that they obtained and obtain, for not being a Good Mother, *and not knowing or not knowing how a Soldier is educated to defend his Homeland and the National Patrimony!*

When you don't love your country, where you were born, you don't destroy it, you don't betray it, you -leave||, you no longer belong, because you are not worthy to inhabit its soil, but you don't go abroad to denigrate your country! In that case they would have left earlier, but they want the others to take care of watching over and controlling the guerrillas of their family, because now the mothers can travel, and thanks to the disappearance of their children, and since they support them, they can -rant||, how can they not, if that is why they support them?

It is naïve to think that the son was "influenced"... no way, the whole family has subversive ideas!!!, that is to say that in Argentina there is no place for those who do not respect religion, their homeland, the symbols and their idiosyncrasy, what do they do, what are they waiting for?

Contagious diseases must be attacked and neutralised as soon as they emerge, but... When the whole family suffers from it, and an antidote is not applied quickly, otherwise it is lost, there is no salvation, they will be contaminated, **stop looking for scapegoats!**

Besides, even the Church made a **Blood Pact** with the Armed Forces. *If they "know" it is a Blood Pact...*, then, stand back, they can still do it..., tomorrow God will say, **we are in the Final Battle.**

The time has come for the Final Battle, the "farce" and hypocrisy is over.

All the countries I mention in this paper were in the **Pact**, so they were all beholden to the Powers, the Armed Forces, the Church, the Police, the Prefecture, the Fire Brigade, Everyone, because it was a plan, that not only the country was in danger, but as usual, the world was divided in two, one for and one against.

Don't waste any more time, don't waste it, because the war is already upon us and all the promises they are making to you are only to win stripes, and when the war... you don't have to go to the front, late they remembered to make good handwriting.

And don't try to investigate any further, because soon the fields will be full of explosive mines..., and the trail of dead people, what are they going to do, who will they claim from?

Be good, don't ask questions, nobody can talk, there is a Blood Pact and whoever breaks it commits suicide or is killed, for charity, don't provoke any more deaths.

It is not that I am insensitive, if I am claiming my son, and I am providing evidence, tangents, product of beneficial contribution for Argentina and the World, and all for which I have the most powerful weapon, **Truth** and for it, I fought, I fight, and then God will say, I do not consider myself, nor consider me, dangerous, for my Country, nor the World, I know, that sometimes the truth, hurts or kills, but I... I prefer the purest and starkest truth, to the pious lie.

Besides, I hate lies and betrayal, and I can't stand sharing physical space with hypocrites.

I don't accept, no middle ground, black or white, good or bad, hot or cold, love or hate - "*Yes, I'm hellish*" - *Terminating.*

Hence, to have accepted, to be complacent, passive with **the Aliens**... knowing that it was for the good of Humanity.

I sacrificed my life!

And today, for the sake of my son, *what result can come out of this*, it is no longer my problem, I complied.

She would be what they say, *a Warrior Mother, Spartan, for some Infernal*, for others

The Extraterrestrials tell me that I should really write *what happened with the Jew who kidnapped me*, it's not that I want to cover it up, to show solidarity with him, what happens is that I find it unusual to have to write this, not because it will make a dent in that man, but because what repercussions can it have, to whom, can it cause astonishment, coming from the Jews, since at the time of my kidnapping, *what the hell, did I know what a Jew was?* later I did, because there was an enormous difference in the way they treated me, the way they acted, the way they proceeded, the sadism they developed and put into practice, these types of beings who do not deserve the slightest respect, in the inhuman way they showed me total contempt as a human being, the baseness they used, not only because I was a woman, *but also because they knew me well!! knew very well that I was not of the kind that prostitutes and whores are, of the women that carry their blood and that they themselves prostitute from the beginning*, for which they are not only accustomed to, but also corrupted, degenerately, and if I do not expose it here, it is only for one reason, because it gives me the shame that they do not have, that is to say, shame on others.

And the waiter of the Café de los Angelitos, now defunct, shames and saddens me even more! because he totally denigrates the Gastronomic Guild, my Guild and the one I have always blessed, because, thanks to this Guild, I was able to make my son study, and this waiter's crass aptitude..., to put a drink in my Coke and collapse in the same bar, and drag me out between two, "**María Soledad type**", and put me in the taxi, this whole procedure was already planned, with the waiter and the taxi.

From that moment on I knew, and I realised how many times I was kidnapped, there were several, and several raids..., but nobody, nobody, had the same attitude as this man, if you can call him Sir!

Because everyone, in whatever service, treated me with respect. I deserved respect, what happened was that this **Mr. "Sinister"**, which I chose to call him, was the one who sent them, and all because neither my son nor I wanted to submit to him, to be under his dominion, and he could not stand it, *because he had total power*, He was here in Argentina and "**he was an Entity of the Synarchy**", **he was a monster, put here by "The Greys" at the service of the "World Dome"**, so the fact that he could not manage my son and me was something out of all his calculations.

But we owed ourselves, we complied only with the instructions and orders of the **aliens**, the rest was of no value to us... nothing and nobody had any value, -although they have an album of us, taken everywhere we went||, because they did not let us live in peace, they harassed us, they took photos of us, they raided us, and we had to leave complete houses, all furnished, and it was not

We never hid, because we had nothing to hide and we always showed our faces.

But not this, never... nobody!, I am grateful that he clarified it to me, that he was from the -Aeronautics||, I was demoralised, and I said to myself: *-And these people we have, in the Aeronautics||*. But when he told me that he had been sent from -Israel, to the Air Force||, I took a breath and it was clear to me that *for the "dirty" jobs, who or who else could do it better, I can imagine the work they must have had, both here and in other countries, since the strategy was the same.*

Well, he told me that his name was Rubén, and I met him in a pawnshop in Buenos Aires, where he had gone to collect the Noblex radio he had pawned, as he didn't even have enough money to buy a cylinder of gas, to buy the essentials to live, something to drink and eat, and that's how I met him.

There were two queues, and the Lord was in one queue and I was in the other, but he..., oh, by chance, he was next to me, and of course I knew, I understood what they wanted me to understand, where, when is a Jew going to go to pawn something..., if it is because of them that the people are like this...!

They live squeezing people and they take them to this extreme, to have to pawn even the most indispensable thing, and what this Jew was doing was watching me, on behalf of **the Mossad Services**, and there he took my phone, when he told me, *"sadistically, that I had the face of a writer"*, he had already seen my poems, and he knew very well who I was and he was already coming, with the whole plot to lure me to kidnap me on behalf of the **Mossad**.

There he began to call and bother me, and to say in the flat that he wanted to talk to me, a gentleman, and that he was waiting for me at 18:00 in the Café de los Angelitos, I... I didn't know who this gentleman was, nor which café it was! Well the café, I found it, asking and with difficulty, since Buenos Aires did not know him, and he had just arrived a few months ago, the Lord, not only did not come, but I think he used him as bait, to see if I would bite, so as usual, **"I never took a step without consulting the Extraterrestrials"**, and they told me, *yes I could go, but to be careful because they would try to give me something*, and so it was, so they had to protect me, **the Extras**.

The question is that the Lord, either did not lend himself to the lowliness of this degenerate, or this countryman used it, and it should be noted that he called 8 to 10 times, and each time he left a different telephone number, -or he smeared all the countrymen||, since I do not believe that he would have a telephone number, that of Ruben... would be a battle name, but **not that of Jew**.

The day after the kidnapping, I was sleeping, it was 11:00 a.m. and I was in the middle of the night. -Spanish Magdalena, God rest her soul," he punches me in the door and says: *"Hey, they've been calling you on the phone all morning, where were you last night, you didn't come to sleep, come on, get up and answer the phone, there's a man calling you!* I got up stumbling, my head felt like it was going to burst, and I went to answer the phone, and Mr. Ruben told me, with an authoritative voice, *"he's waiting for me for lunch, at the Bar de los Angelitos"*, and I didn't know if what happened last night had been a bad nightmare, and the uncertainty was eating away at me, I asked the **Extraterrestrials** what to do, and they told me *to go, that I was protected, they wanted to see how they acted. So I make it clear that I risked a thousand times so that they could see how these infernal beings act*, coming out of the Avernus, degenerate, corrupted, aberrant beings.

And let's not talk about our Jewish Government today!... yesterday the new cabinet was sworn in, and who did they swear for? **For them and their little baldies and they continue, putting Jews, and they do not swear on the Bible, because they are Atheists, mercenaries, in a noble and Catholic Country, "what are these Jews doing in Argentina"**, the Jew who rotted so much *"...with Democracy and the Constitution you live, you eat, you study..."*, prophetic words with which he denatured his People, dragging them to the abyss.

And now the Constitution, where is it, the Constitution makes it very clear that a President of Argentine Blood must take office, **"...Native Argentine and of Catholic faith..."**, not Jewish, and even less his cabinet, must have our religion, not Atheists, nor Jews!, what made his People believe, like the one in Government today, that they are the saviours of the Homeland?... **THE FIRST DEGRADED IT AND THE LAST ONE DELIVERED IT.**

Let the people decide if they want this scum.

The most tragic thing for me was that the next day, my son came back from Antarctica, and I didn't know how to get myself together, because I was psychologically destroyed, that is, after I had lunch with this man, and he asked me for a Cuban rice dish, he asked me *if I had tried it*, I said *no* and he told me *that he would know what was good*, with how -doped|| I was, the egg slipped from my chest to my skirt, with egg, no less, which is difficult to get out!.

And there he began to talk to me; *that when my son came, things would change, that he would give me a flat and furnish it, as he had done "with his mistress, who was a librarian at the Congress, and that he furnished her house, that he had a daughter who didn't "swallow him, and that she was also summering in Mar del Plata, that the Lord came from there, and that the daughter passed in front of his nose, with a boyfriend, and hadn't greeted him: "Mocosa", if I furnished the house, I'm paying for the mother, and now I'm paying for their holidays in Mar del Plata.*

The Lord was convinced that I had gone, because he had already tamed me.

The next day, my son comes from Antarctica, and the first thing he says to me is: "You look so haggard, what's wrong with you," and he puts a Bagó on me, and then several boxes.

Summary, he kept calling, after my son came, and I never answered him again, and he stopped calling, I just came and told him everything, everything, in great detail, one that neither I nor he had, secrets, another that when he came, I cut all the TV Channels, he was no longer right, when he came, and what he could have done, or found out on the subject of this -Lord and his lover||, I ignore it, and I don't even care.

What I do want to make "**very, very clear**", for the -Ladies|| Materas and Noveleras of La Gata... and its derivatives and affinities, I will tell them: **that I do not speak, through gossip, through unfaithful stories, through macabre and truculent news, such as those spewed by the actors themselves, actors who cause the most infamous hypocrisy that can be lubricated, coming from immoral beings, devoid of all feeling, unselfishness, altruism and lacking in any kind of sentiment**, They were well aware of what they were doing and what they would provoke, and they didn't give a damn!, They were so resentful of their family, especially their father and mother, *that they were not just "having begotten them and then given birth to them"*.

No Dad..., no Mum..., at that age is when they need their parents the most, and at that time there is no justification for total abandonment, lack of guidance, lack of affection, even though the situation allowed them to do so, the mums didn't need to go out to work, they drank mate and sat with their neighbours in front of the television to watch La Gata, and whoever had a television... was a potestate and had a status that, in truth, *if they weren't bothered by their children, they were doing them a favour.*

(Don't get upset) That it is not all your fault, since this started with **Hipism**, *first detach the children from the home, the parents, make them backpackers and they were tanning out of love, from the parents, that was the Plan, of the Powers.*

And the free, free willed pives wanted to make peace by "fornicating" freely, and AIDS was the icing on the cake.

What I want to say to you, Moms, Dads, Grandmothers, is that I lived through it and I was inside it, so nobody is going to tell me the story of the good pipe, it is already an old story, that the children are making them go through it, because of how unloving you were with them, and in the abandonment you left them in.

Because if you didn't... you didn't even know what your kids were doing, I lived it, since **they were formed in a villa of the "Somisa Company"** and the youngest of the kids was 14 years old and from there 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and the oldest was between 22 and 26 years old!

And you Moms, -drank mate and watched La Gata||.

Now they are busy gathering the little bones..., but according to you, you think that with the annulment of "*Due Obedience and Full Stop*", that's it, poor ladies, how small your minds are! If you could see yourselves, you would imagine that while you were being kept in a group and entertained, the Armed Forces were destroying the country, **now the war is coming and what are you going to do with the mountain of human beings that you are going to have**, because your children and you were and are participants, to do the same, But then don't go crying, because you have lost the orientation of what was happening in the country, now if you sit down to drink mate and watch the novels again, **you opened the door for them, "don't complain"** and as the priests say, let's wait and pray.

It only remains for me to say to you, Mothers, that the damage that your sons and you did to the country is of incalculable immensity, but don't worry now, when you become aware of the magnitude of what you did, it will be too late and you will no longer have a country or a door to knock on, and those who supported you will be the first to turn their faces to you, because *whoever denigrates your armed forces and your country in the way that your sons and you did, opening doors to the enemy, will suffer the cruelest contempt and will find neither protection nor shelter, even from those who were your faithful informers, betraying your country to the enemy, They will suffer the cruelest contempt and will not find protection or shelter, not even from those who were their faithful informants, betraying their homelands, God is just and the punishment will come.*

Ladies of my soul, you -will say that your boys|| were taken away from their homes, but do you know how many -seats|| they had already placed when they were taken away, not counting those who, to save their miserable lives, sold even their mother and the Holy Spirit.

Besides, what do you think, that my son and I, when they took us, where do you think they took us from, from a cabbage, nooo!... Mom and Dad, they went around the block, because that **Sinister** of whom I speak in all the pages, had us kidnapped, one; *who represented the CIA in Argentina*, another; *who had us branded as very dangerous*, then, they did not know what kind of weapons, they would find..., if not -tragicomic|!!!!.

What is legitimate and real is that we were not informers, informers, informers, informants, pimps, as more than one and more than two turned out to be, who were -batting and selling themselves to the highest bidder.

You were the victims and heirs, of something, of which you were totally ignorant and absent of what was going on, were the victims and heirs, of something, of which you were totally ignorant and absent of what was happening and your children, without imagining, not only, that they were playing, **or rather they were being made to play a dangerous game, and having no notion, no idea, that they were being used, they thought it was a piece of cake, like at Christmas, to put a toy and escape, "redivertidísimo"!** Like putting the mouse to take care of the cheese, or the lion to take care of a fawn, **they were sent, where they were very careful not to go.**

Yes, even the parents were happy when they gave their children a scholarship, yes, and you were happy and proud, and what did they teach them, and what did they learn, they **were the future "Ideologues", who trained and then came to the country to set up the "Guerrilla and Subversive Cells"** and the mothers and fathers said: *-The child was innocently taken from home!* Some parents were, were and are innocent of the activity of their children, but don't they believe that there are many -innocent|| ones, and even today, in Argentina, Chile etc., they want to convince themselves and convince others that they were innocent, so the forces of all the countries went crazy all of a sudden? **Don't you see that there was a plan, there was a plan, 1°; to start the guerrilla, then to get the Army out, that is the Armed Forces, and the Intelligence Services, that is the Task Forces, in short, everywhere the same, now they want to blow them up, now they are using you as a distraction task and you are willing to do it,** I want to see how you are going to end up, if you don't finish, if you don't finish, if you don't end up playing into the hands of the foreigners, if you don't end up playing into the hands of the foreigners, if you don't end up playing into the hands of the foreigners, I want to see how you are going to end up, if you don't finish playing the game of the Foreigners and The Powers, so that, those who promote them, and who are totally in agreement, with the Foreign Powers, and at the service, of the Fund and the Big Capitals, *you are parsley, to marinate a great stew, that is being prepared, for a great feast, that is going to take place, in a very short time and you will be the "garnish", for a great feast, that is going to take place, in a very short time and you will be the "garnish", for a great feast, that is going to take place, in a very short time. You will be the "garnish" for the wedding turkey, which will be formalised by the main Powers, as I have already specified on this page, if the World is divided in two, it is not difficult to discern who they might be.*

In this tremendous drama, those who bear the brunt are those who are **-Atheists||, why? Because, if they believed in God, they would believe in God's Justice**, but not believing, they want to take Justice into their own hands and that is where they err and go wrong.

They say, Aliens, come to your senses, Moms and Dads, there's still time.

What I want to make clear, is that they didn't give us candy, when they took us, and both my son and I were in total agreement, that to make them all talk, whoever it was, They had to give him a little squeeze, they brought my son home in a bag, as if to say: *"don't cry any more"*, he had several broken ribs, the septum... it must have been from a piñata, -the blessed and sold piñata||, it was logical, the usual thing, and they didn't have to make a distinction, *the skull doesn't shout* and if they are so macho... well they will have to prove it, but with my son it was different, they wanted to know things that even we didn't know! because I suppose, what I write on this page, I don't know what I'm going to write, I just know what I'm going to write when they dictate it to me, but to understand a dictation...!, maybe I haven't written something correctly, but if it's -piola and read||, he'll decipher it.

Another one, that both my son and I, we had it very clear, *that they wanted information from him, but it was the same as with me, until they were not told or dictated, it was useless, to obtain information, The Extraterrestrials*, know very well with the oxen that they plough, *and that the whole Jewry, is jumping for the biscuit*, and they believe that they are the only important thing in this World, and if they have no other choice but to mention them, it is not for pleasure, already they cause them

disgust.... I must do what I am ordered to do, but they are not the axis of the world!, **The** people are not aware of you, **what happens is that the People are in a noose around your necks, and the "Presidents, scurvy bastards and thieving bastards like them", make themselves echoes.**

Since they are of the same ilk, the same religion, they "wear the same little carajo on their heads", they show solidarity with and blow up the People, for the sake of the infamous hypocrites.

A detail, this **Mr. Sinister**, who was with **the Sinister and Damned Aliens** like him, and who today, not only enjoy immunity, but are the architects who manage the Government, and with schemes and plots, achieved the summit of the summit: **Finally, all those who blew up the country**, like the film "*Los Unos y Los Otros*" by Jorge Don, **will be there**.

I continue, El **Siniestro** calls him, and says: "*Look what I got you, my friend, the naïve son thought it was something esoteric, no... **the cattle prod they tortured him with so that he could keep it as a souvenir***",

That's called being a friend!

In faith and humility, Mary.



STORY (10^a Part)

"Maria unveils how her son was taken away..."

Maria has the certainty and conviction that the recipients of the encrypted messages, addressed expessionally, have already been picked up and acknowledged receipt, I am told by the "Extraterrestrials" that the 2 have already acknowledged.

It only remains for me to tell them, to ask them, to implore them, to become aware, that there is still time to take charge, to vindicate themselves.

I address a plea to His Excellency the President of the United States of America, as well as to His Excellency the President of the Russian Federation, that the whole world is waiting for you. It cannot be that you have unconsciously, carelessly, and with a frightening indifference to the thought that the world is in danger, the earth is about to explode, and the time remaining is short.

How did humanity come to be devalued, if it is the only treasure, incalculable, priceless, that cannot be calculated in proportion, weight or value.

It cannot be that a petty, selfish, selfish interest has taken hold of you. If the earth explodes,

We all lose and a protector is for a few. But if you, the two world powers, face up to the challenge of the war against time, you will win.

Only you can provide the Peace to the World, which you have proclaimed so much, and the World will be watching you, leave all the banal commitments, and get involved, getting down to work, the time has come to relieve the immense weight that weighs down humanity, the time of the arms race is over, the challenge of war power, if you achieve the salvation of the planet, the World will bless you.

What infernal force, moved them, to divest themselves of supreme values, "no", it cannot be, as they say, that they have no money to afford the placement and distribution of the atomic arsenal, which they have stored, in such precarious, obsolete places, that they represent the Universal danger of all humanity.

Much or little, we all, in this blessed World, collaborated, even with a grain of sand, we all put something of our effort, each one in the measure of our possibilities, whether it was collecting potatoes, coffee, "gathering the wheat", of the daily bread, we all put our effort, without asking or expecting anything, just being simple spectators.

With full confidence that you would be our guides, or at least that you had everything under control, and with the satisfaction of a job well done.

But no, now, when everything has been exposed, and it is utopian to try to lift the kite, and the load is too heavy, and no matter how hard we try, the tail finds it impossible to achieve the elevation that will transcend it to the cosmos, and if we don't manage to achieve it, it will be nobody, "react".

But everything is already over, we must act quickly, all governments must collaborate, it is up to all of us, otherwise we will perish like rats. Enough of showing who is the most invincible, who will take over the world, "not like the scorned bride and groom", who say mine or nobody's, if we are all involved, it will be the glory as well as the failure of all.

The time has come to unite your capacities, your knowledge, total self-improvement, do not give up, do not throw away years of supremacy, you must recover, recharge your batteries and get down to work, even if you do not reach the objective you set, it is not to give up, "take it, with all due respect that it deserves", make it your own, let it enter your hearts, and leave the arms race for now, you too are in danger.

What is not justified is that, having failed to achieve their goals, they have left this immense arsenal adrift.

But it can be seen that someone's sanity prevailed, otherwise no one in this world would have known about it, and we would have perished without knowing about it, yet in spite of everything, the "extraterrestrials" tell me that if they act now, with alacrity, the planet will be saved.

And be careful, it is not my job to "sow panic".

Today I must repent and bear the burden of conscience, which does not belong to me, but which they made me an accomplice in taking my son away.

It was supposed to be revealed five years ago, but I was already afraid of ridicule, and yet, without knowing what I was being told, it seemed so far-fetched to me that the earth was about to explode, or that it was "national security".

But to me in short, and I accept that they should not have had to clarify anything, but today I realise how foolish I have been.

I hope you can justify me, I can only pray that this message reaches the addressees, and that the remedy can immunise the epidemic and deactivate it.

The two powers in dispute can rest assured that if they achieve such a high risk, they will be the saviours of the planet.

There have been other clashes, but not of this calibre, nor with such serious consequences.

Maria calls on the World

May 13

Maria asks the World to let her finish, to finish, to give an update on the events she has lived through, "which are part of history", good or bad, ugly or beautiful, but all true, of course all extracted in one single being, "it's infernal".

It is worth mentioning here, what I said on another occasion and what has been repeated to me. There are married couples, who have been married for 15, 20, 25 years and who have never had a yes or no, who have never had a yes or no.

They were never ill, they know no hardship, no distress, no persecution. And on this subject they have been able to give me a lecture.

Cool of those who have never had anything to complain about, of those who do not know suffering, pain, hunger.

It is proof that they do not take them into account, they do not exist, they are alive but they are something like a vegetable, if they are not tested, it is because they are not worth the time or the trouble.

Now I for my part have said, I say and I will say, as long as I don't let up, the "Extraterrestrials" paint me the suffering, rosy, and as something that serves "per la mente, he corpo", "con esto condimento, he la madonasa", tuti cuanti, e tuti felice.

I continue, that is to say that if history is like this, the people of "Israel", would have to be the most graceful, that is to say the closest to the afterlife, is one of the unanswered questions?

Let's move on to the history, not of those who write it, as there are always two versions, the one that happened and the one we are told.

I'll count, a little girl, brrr.

I will tell about something that happened back in '74, '75, "when passions ran wild".

My son comes from the Antarctic, as soon as he arrives, "he just arrived, and he says to me, old lady, I would like to see if I can contact the author of a book I had read", when I started secondary school, and it opened up questions for me and I would like him to clarify them for me.

Of course, when we went to Buenos Aires and presented ourselves to the Antarctic Institute, as they were looking for a Scientific Assistant to go to Antarctica, we went to a bad pension, but always together, through thick and thin, as I didn't know the good ones, Uff.

For the duration of the training, 1 year, he could not be located.

So he went to Antarctica, disheartened, and I told him I would take care of locating the "writer".

What happens is that by the time he had read it, the book had already been published for 5 to 10 years, and the address and the publishing house did not even exist anymore?

The question is that the day after my son left, since he was sent a month before, to supervise the precision equipment, so that it does not break down, or rather, the loading and unloading, which is usually done by the porters, and then they have to have equipment, taking up space at the base, because they arrive broken down and

I accompanied him to the cargo plane, and when it took off, I was left "with my heart in a gnocchi, and he didn't know".

I continue, today I realise that I was not supposed to meet him, because if I had met him, his departure would have been frustrated. But why?

Mary warns of a revelation

That from 2000 Israel ceases to be the Chosen people, to give way to the Chinese people? Mary tells how the Extraterrestrials took her son.

I will begin the story, since I was notified, and that I, either because I did not want to be convinced, or because I did not want to listen to it, or because I could not find justification that it should be so, either by "h or by b".

The point is that for me, it was no terrestrial justification, but "Extraterrestrial", that once the book was finished I had to come back. One because when I was told that I had to write a book, and therefore, I had to be informed about everything, that it had to be provided, the way it was obtained, acquired, everything that was information was not to be deprived, hidden, withheld.

Nothing of this world was to be hidden from him, everything was to be unveiled from the initiation of the world.

Hence, that book was or should be important, that it was and is unique, isn't it, but others were unique, among them the "Excalibur", but, but, but, but, but?

So that my son would be informed, he began to take out books on account of "my old lady", when he would get paid at the end of the month, but each time they were more extensive, and he had to work two shifts, one for books, then I took out credits, in Librería Aguilar, in Librería Ross and others.

He devoured the books, in one night he read one book a night.

Of course, when I was notified that my son was to write a book, in the year 64, "one that was so far away, for me in time" that it was done, like that was something, in the future, far away already.

My son used to tell me that in order to be fully informed about the topics that the extraterrestrials wanted to cover from Adam and Eve, i.e. from the creation.

From there it took him more than 20 years, in those years we had already had several "escapes", because of the persecution of the "Siniestro" we had to leave everything, as it consisted of going to another province, leaving everything, leaving with the clothes on our backs and starting again, from the coffee cup to the kitchenware.

From the night toilet to pee, to the bed, the mattress, etc., from the "panties and briefs" to the suit, shoes, coat, etc.

And on every side, the books, which were my son's treasure and life. In short, that led my son and me to get to know the people.

First of all, I sold the mansion, which my father-in-law left me during his lifetime.

Then I went to collect my pension in Buenos Aires, we spent 6 months in a pension, from there I went to Jujuy to look for my son, who had been working for 2 years, I stayed for a month in a hotel.

My son went to Antarctica, I stayed for a year and a half in a flat in Buenos Aires. We both went to

Jujuy, he went to work, and I started a private educational institute, at the same level, primary, secondary and tertiary education. Plus the baccalaureate for adults, courses with job opportunities, support courses in all subjects, courses in Technical Drawing, Radio and Television, Computers, Automotive Mechanics, Engine Tuning, etc.

For the ladies, dressmaking, knitting, crochet, two-needle knitting, apart from commercial secretarial work, typing, English, French, etc.; in total I had 1000 students, 23 teachers, most of them engineers. My son also had three professorships at the Champañan College.

From Jujuy to Rosario, from Rosario to Cordoba, first, 3 months in a hotel, then, 3 years in a flat, from there to Buenos Aires, 3 months in a hotel, 3 years in a flat, these transfers were due to the "Escapes", or persecution of the "Siniestro". Always Fugando, 5 times, I left the enclosure that I occupied, totally furnished.

But the funny thing about all this and so many fugues, which of course, they made us do, because otherwise, how could we have learned, all that we learned, with my son, we laughed, because otherwise, if it wasn't for the "accelerated course of Fugue, in A major, A minor and Fugata", if we weren't two lazy bums.

Instead, we were told that we were ready, ready for take-off, because we were, detached from everything, we were not clinging to anything, "from here on earth".

How comical, and funny, and well, that's how naughty they are, the aliens.

But the most comical and comic, or sinister, according to the consumer's taste, was that, when we were already, having got rid of everything, we went to greet the people to somehow justify our "untimely" departure, and to our surprise, in all the places, they had kept everything for us, well packed, that was the end of the story, the unusual, the dramatic.

With my son we looked at each other and we couldn't help but laugh and think, what to do, the thing is, we had to rent a warehouse, we had 5 batteries and crockery, my son had about 8 suits, lots of trousers, pullovers, sets; I had about 5 to 8 coats, not counting dresses, suits, etc., etc.

In short, I have lived, buying and giving away, to my heart's content. Of course, just as we find honest, decent people, in the same measure, we find people who are "greedy, miserable of soul, and envious".

The latter gave itself away, when we had to flee, we asked them to keep some documentation, to keep it for us, and instead they took it from us, this happened to us on 4 occasions, until we were chastened and found out that the Extras preserved it and we laughed with my son again, because we know that everything was orchestrated by the "Extraterrestrials" to put us to the test and we said how they must be rejoicing to see how fragile the honesty of the people is, it lasts as long as Carnival, the promise of the people, in the dramatic moments, how they pretend. And, if we were put to the test, "sea" and as a lesson, the pirinola, if we learnt it, we were trained for any Olympic Games.

I went on, I lived mortifying him, my son, because the Extraterrestrials were pressuring me, on top of that, and what, when I would start writing, and to top it off, either as a mockery or "loaded".

Until one fine day, my son said to me "but old woman", but you know what you're asking me, when I write it down, they'll take me, and I was a bit incredulous, and another not to accept it and pretend not to understand, I said to him, but what are they going to take you, if they already have plenty of useless things for useless things.

By this time my son had already written 9 books, and I told him why don't you write them the one they want, and then they'll leave us alone, and he said to me, don't you see how "deluded" you are, if I have already written it myself, I'll write the one they want.

I'm doing it to delay the book, when I write them they take me, but if that's what you want so that they leave you alone, then don't complain, if what you want is to get rid of me, that's something else, but don't go "crying" afterwards.

One that could not see me cry, she could not stand it, nor would she allow me to, I think it was because of the years that she saw me cry with my husband, and the impotence of not being able to do anything, since, when he hit me and as he never called me mother, since my mother-in-law had forbidden it, he only started to call me "Tata", I think that this is common among children, one that is easier for them to pronounce Tata than mother.

So he would start crying and say "don't hit Tata".

He wrote it down and said to me, "I've finished it, old lady, get ready. He asked me to go to Luján and take a photo of us, he says, so that you can keep it as a souvenir when I'm gone, all "sinister".

So we did, but on the way back we had a fight and I broke it. He told me to keep them, that later when I'm gone, you'll have to glue them together, of course I glued them together, but the parts don't match, he must be "laughing". I was so short, day by day it was an uncertainty. But the most unusual, crazy, dramatic thing; was that one day, today I think about it and I say if it's like "they say the blindfold fell off", quite suddenly, I see my son in front of me and I see that he is not my son, I spat in his face like a good Sicilian, and I told him you are not my son, I don't know you, get out of my house, and I grabbed him by the hair and he grabbed me by the hair anyway, and I told him to let go, and he told me, let go first, the thing is, we both fell to the ground, and we rolled on the ground holding on to each other's hair and neither of us wanted to let go, and at that moment, I felt my son's voice shouting at me, what are you doing old woman, you've gone crazy, and I saw that the voice came from above, and I told him, how are you upstairs, and he said to me: Yes, it's been 3 months, and how, and this one? And he says to me, leave that fat, filthy man, look if I'm going to be that fat man, they replaced me so that you don't go crazy.

The thing is that I just realised, that he could never be my son, if he was fat, scary.

But of course, just as I say that I have direct communication with extraterrestrials, that there is an invisible cable.

I imagined it must be something, in his image and likeness, since the voice was his, his sayings, his manners and manners, his routine. But in spite of everything there was something that I suspected, he didn't have the same way of acting, I could tell he was acting mathematically. And of course, if he functioned with an umbilical cord to my son, he resembled him in some way, but what I did notice, after several years of this theatre, was that when we quarrelled, he immediately came to make up his mind, but with this one I was the one who slacked off, as the days went by and he didn't slacken off. So it seems to me that this "clone" lacked feelings, sensitivity, that he was automatic in his actions.

I went on, I let go and he let go, there were no words.

And so another few months went by, and I suspected that since I knew about it, there was no longer any reason to continue with the farce. But I told him, I know they're going to come looking for you, but they're going to have to come looking for me too, so I wouldn't leave him in the sun or shade, so I sat in a hammock armchair that my son had me make, he always told me I was going to make you an armchair like the one in "Holocaust", one day he brought it to me, but upholstered in pink corduroy.



Well, I would sit two metres from the door of his room, he would close the door and I would open it for him, we stayed like that for two days, that's how long I endured without sleeping, by the third day I was sure it was day X, I don't know,

At what moment I fell asleep, when, I only know that I woke up suddenly, and I see him on the floor, unconscious, I run and he was hot, I started to scream, do not leave me here, and he grabbed my left wrist, he squeezed me hard and I screamed, suddenly I called Doctor Marcela Beltramo, and in 3 minutes she was there, she and her husband took me out, I was breathing energy from mouth to mouth and they took him to "Sanatorio Los Arroyos"; they were both friends of his. There he was attended and the death certificate was issued by Doctor Laura Rodriguez, declarant Hugo Grieco; on January 25, 1996.

Doctor Marcela Beltramo was a doctor at the "Sanatorio Los Arroyos" and was in "Terapia Intensiva" (Intensive Care), on call.

The truth is that I, even if it was that "clone", did not want to part with it, as it was an extension of my son.



Then the extraterrestrials told me that I should do the "parody", which is done on earth, call a doctor, who decides what to do, who will issue the death certificate.

I also wanted him to be "cremated", for which I made all the necessary arrangements at the Municipal Cemetery.

In other words, my son was taken from under my nose and the Cloned one from under my nose, since, when he leaves the breath of life, the case no longer makes sense.

Where it says he died, it says "illness", but of what or which, qui lo sa; I was told of a cardiac arrest, and yes, "if the engine stopped, it won't start, uff".

A detail, which may not be important but is suggestive, the Extraterrestrials tell me that the Chinese are Extraterrestrials, they come from another planet, which therefore is not luminous, it lacks light, either solar or artificial, rather gloomy, hence, they have slanted eyes, because the sun damages them. They are a people who suffer stoically, they lack envy and ambition, they have fidelity and loyalty as a rule, they do not envy what is not theirs nor do they try to appropriate it, only competitiveness for the skill, strength and energy that nature gives, and they are respectful of it, which they venerate in millenary rites.

They cultivate patience, docility, they put down rebellion even though they are sought after, they have the agility of a cat, to rise, with a spectacular leap, they always land on their feet, they do not seek litigation, nor do they desire it, they like nature in all its forms and enjoy healthy entertainment, they cultivate religion, like a plant, which enriches the spirit, it gives them wisdom and wisdom exalts their spirit.

I digressed.

Because the "Extraterrestrials" make revelations to me that "terrify the most painted, such as

they say.

They show me and I don't react, impassive, then they show me, like a video, inside my head.

So what can or should I do? I must, inform, notify, warn. "What a sinister thing to do.

What is happening in Argentina is what is happening all over the world. And what is happening all over the world, protests because of the plight of the people and the fact that they can no longer bear the hardships to which they have been brought, suffering deprivation of all kinds.

And the "Extraterrestrials" tell me that what they are doing with the people is inhuman, and all as an introduction, of what they are thinking of doing, they are taking them to that extreme, that the people, scream and moan, because of the uselessness of their rulers, and show them and demonstrate to them that this does not happen, neither in the United States or other Powers, etc.; and that this must end, that the inoperative governments submit the population, to degrading and unimaginable situations.

From there, the "Extraterrestrials" told me, what happened, the money is gone, where did the World's money go, it melted like the Antarctic ice.

No, not at all, the immense fortune, incalculable, unsuspected, they have vaults, chambers, full of money, a fortune that does not fit in any head, the gold they accumulated.

And all for what, for when they install the World Government the money and the gold will appear and then, they will show the World, how they know how to handle the money and they will exalt them and they will flatter them, supplying them with everything and the people, as long as the deprivations are over, they will accept anything, the countries will lose their sovereignty, their constitutions, and they will only be governed by one government, one constitution, and now the Jews are no longer the chosen people and they will realise how they were used, because they will be the ones who fought so hard, squeezed the people, drove them to suicide, in order to collect money for the powers, the Fund, the World Cup, etc., when it comes to light, the drug vaults, which they have in store for those who reveal themselves and stop their rebellion.

With the only difference or obstacle, that the Jews fought so hard, for their plan Anoinia, or Andinia, or taking over the world, with only one government, "only now the chosen people are the Chinese".

¿?.

We will have to wait and pray.

The only thing that remains for me to tell you is that I am not responsible for anything, because if it were my invention, go ahead, but I must write what I am told, because I cannot oppose it, I cannot go back, and as it seems that the "Extraterrestrials" are thinking of cutting more cloth, I write but from there to my knowing, I do not know what colour the air is, or what it tastes like, therefore, before writing I know nothing and after writing, I may or may not believe it, accept it, but from there to my being able to affirm it or deny it.

If after writing it is erased, what remains for me, the sensation of being immersed in something that cannot be embraced, measured or weighed like the air, the wind, the sun's rays shine, heat, gild, but cannot be packaged, taken, held, it is something ephemeral, a sensation, but in reality and tangible form, it is elusive, "but in the end it is", but what can be affirmed, denied or approved, recognised, if all is so far away, but not so far that the mind cannot move and recognise it, but that, is not for the common human being, but for the "Extraterrestrials", "it is the same, common and ordinary, there are no limits and no hindrances".

The "Extraterrestrials", "suggest me, not to leave out a small and suggestive detail", I do not know how to approach it, as it is quite complex, "I will start at the beginning", when the Spanish Government took over, either by assault, or because it was invaded, by "Communism, or because the Spanish people were in danger", and the upheaval occurred as in Argentina, with the difference that Spain, judges the other countries ignoring that justice begins at home, "for Spain, human rights do not run". And, who is judging Spain, let's not forget that Argentina received all the Spanish Republicans, who came to do politics and let's not talk about the "Spanish Republican Club", which was a den of lefties, Communists and Republicans poisoned to the bone, and who now complain about what they did to the "Spanish refugees or not", but protected and sheltered, which they, with the "poison" they brought inside, could not bear, The "Spanish Republicans" are the ones who came to set up the "guerrilla in Argentina" and the bastards at the head of the Government, who took over, then "the Communist who allied himself with Peronism" and who voted with the story of making "Peron", "Jew and Communist" who allowed the Republicans to make politics and set up the "guerrilla", come to power.

The "Republican Spaniards" sent their "chavales" to plant bombs and to harass the

They were the ones who came looking for my husband, with a little bag and "they told him, and tonight we're going out on a night out" and I, an idiot, asked him what he meant by going out on a night out, and as my husband and my sister-in-law, my husband's sister, had the buffet at the "Club Español Republicano" and I was in charge of the kitchen and the minutes.

And why don't they talk about them, "the Spanish traitors" who were given shelter, asylum, "naturalised Argentinians", devil's cross, "Spanish Jews, Leftists, Communists, Atheists and Subversives". And nothing is said about them, there are so many "bastards" in this country, "renegade traitors of their "Country" and Argentina", until when will they allow themselves to be groped, mocked, "by that infamous and traitorous scum". They don't even deserve to mention them, as it is like dirtying their mouths with shit. These ungrateful traitors must know that their ribs are being counted by the "Extraterrestrials".

In the little bag, they carried the explosives, and the "daddies" were proud of their "kids", and now they want to judge the Argentines, after all they did to Argentina, let those who should speak speak and they, the Spaniards, are the ones who say that the Argentines are "Sudacas", let them wipe their mouths with sandpaper, they killed, invaded Argentina, looted and stole our gold, let the innocent throw the first stone. "When he was not needed, my husband was given a passport and a single ticket to the other world," he said.

The owner of a prestigious newspaper in Buenos Aires, "and who has the investments of the subversives", of the kidnappings, of Papel Prensa. That's why every now and then she travels to Spain and has her picture taken with the King of Spain and his wife.

"The history of Franco and the King is well known", Franco was a Nationalist, and the King a lefty, and well, he must have had some defect. "For all things are made jacks", that's why the owner of the newspaper distills the same venom, left-handed, which is different from the common one.

Now, if an Argentinian exiled in Spain is going to be allowed to do politics, you bunch of hypocrites who sent the leftists to Argentina, and lived by planting bombs and pipes. And that's what you fix it with, with coming to put a few pesos for a "park", you bunch of poisonous vipers, because the Spanish don't stay with their scum, "no", they prefer them to stay in Argentina and send them a pension, if they were destroying the country, since the least they were in Argentina, is 20 years, besides they know them very well, the waste they sent us, and about the disappeared, who are well identified, "but the humble, mothers of the disappeared", but the humble mothers of the disappeared, who know that these powerful and wealthy ladies have them, remain in the mould, as they are, among others, the ones who support them so that every day they get "fatter", can travel and pretend to be sorry and offended, they still have the face of cement to give themselves the luxury of pretending to be offended, and live complicating all Argentines, with the hypocrites of the countries that sent us guerrilla fighters, it turns out that now they are all innocent. "The aliens tell me that everyone's ribs are being counted".

It is worth asking, "what were the little nuns doing", if we had little less than a war, "it is more or less like the guerrilla in Peru", who was well judged, but how was she sent, since a girl alone does not put together everything she did in Peru, but since she has an infernal apparatus behind her, "an organisation, since the weapons were not brought to her by the Kings, nor did the girl go on holiday".

As Internet readers can see, everything has to do with everything.

Remember, when the plane fell, which they say was carrying the man who managed the guerrilla's money for the kidnappings and raids, and they say that the plane fell, and the lady went to recognise the rest that was there, and "she said yes, yes it is my husband's" and there was only a torso; If it had at least been something more "manageable" and of daily use, one could believe the lady, but, in order to collect a "miserable pension" and take charge of investments, she had to be a widow, "all planned by everyone" and the husband escaped to "Israel" "where all those who have a flaw with the justice system take refuge" and no matter how much they oil the gears, the flaw is insurmountable, the flaw is insurmountable, there are no mechanics specialised in the matter and he must be taken urgently to "Israel" where the specialists are, in embezzlement, fraudulent bankruptcies, swindles, illegal expropriations, in short, the *crème de la crème*.

Hence, the famous Jewish postal entrepreneur chose to do the same, but with a different trick.

Why the journalists, who are always after the truculent news, stayed in the mould and with their mouths well sealed and make it short, when it comes to "Jews, Lefties", etc., and do not follow it, if that lady that the day after the Businessman disappeared, this lady, appeared on a television station, to denounce that her brother, who was the copy of the Businessman, and well, because it could not be an extramarital if it is known, that the Jew, delivers a cut of fabric and puts the spoon for

anywhere. The judge said she recognised him by his blue eyes?

What happened to the lady, did they put a tape over her mouth, did they put dollars in her mouth, or did they give her a passport to the beyond, of course the "Extraterrestrials" tell me that the Businessman is in "Israel", enjoying good health "yes, they drink mate remembering Argentina", well, well, that's something of an achievement at least; be aware that they are so aware of this that it gives you the creeps.

Let's say that everything has to do with everything.

The "Extraterrestrials" ask me to reveal what once happened.

Regarding the elections in which a "Jew" was running for Peronism and another "Jew" for the White Beret party, and that the third "Jew" burnt the box, and the three of them agreed, the "Extras" tell me, to re-found Peronism and that the party of the three "Paisanos", the White Beret, would emerge, and that if it lost, it would cause a split in Peronism, and thus lose its relevance and prominence.

This clarification is so that they don't vote for them again because they are traitors, aberrant beings who only care about making a name for themselves and the people and the country. STOP.

The Argentine people wonder why the ex-president is in government, even if they support the white beret.

Easy, easy.

The "Extraterrestrials" tell me that the four of them are partners with each other, something that the government is not covered by anyone but them, Jews, atheists and lefties, a few pints. In other words, two Governors, or rather two former Governors, a former President, and a current President. They are all chained together by a pact of silence. Accomplices in orgies, death, established deaths, for being aware of sovereign embezzlements, fraudulent bankruptcies, repeated swindles, illicit enrichment, and for the women who defrauded the country, in a filthy and dastardly way?

And they will believe that because they stole for the Crown, it is justified.

What happened with the Frigorífico Mediterráneo, the Banco de la Provincia and others, with the crime of Maders, with the crime of Catamarca, the four main people involved and partners, do you all know them? They are all long-time thieves.

Not to mention all the Ministers of Social Welfare, each one harmoniously, as the General said.

Note that apart from the 4 partners, there are the accomplices. Likewise with the deaths, theft and embezzlement, there are the accomplices.

Let the Argentine people beware of voting for any of these swindlers, for those who do so will be accomplices.

And, Justice, that with fraud, and knowing the injustice they were committing, hypocritically, and all the lefties.

One, they believed that who would dare to judge them, if it is known that between oxen there is no goring, because "they believe that everything begins and ends with them", but with the corruption that exists in the justice system, Coimeros, Homosexuals, Illicit Associations, etc., who sit on the benches to wait for the real "Justice", since all, under its protection, committed all kinds of Injustice, Corruption, etc..

Falsehooders of the truth, who have committed treachery.

By fraudulently judging all three together, and today they sit back and enjoy their cruel deeds and "knowingly, they hope".

Because the people "didn't know what was going on, they didn't know why from whom or what for, they only knew what was going on", without understanding or drawing conclusions.

But you did, and so did the journalists, and you did not comply with the honesty of informing the public, "protecting lefties like them".

It is because of this that I am urged to do what you journalists were very careful to inform the people that you were depriving them of the truth, you "race of vipers". You drove them crazy, the mothers, you deceived them, just like the Jewish Journalist, Fuéntes, when he had to report on the Malvinas and the war they unleashed and then it was not convenient for them, to report the truth, since they were all lefties, just like the subversives, the journalists, they would not even have to give away their "ideology".

But make no mistake, the war was started by the lefties of the "ERP, like the journalists", and it was only after the war began that the "Catholic and right-wing Montoneros" came out.

Nationalist".

Now that the "ERP", which used to carry out all kinds of outrages and charged them to the Montoneros, and now that they are thinking of forming a party and legalising themselves, be careful when they issue a communiqué or leaflet, insert your fingerprint on everything, and don't let yourselves be wrapped up again, all Montoneros, ERP, and the sea in a car.

As the "Extraterrestrials" say that they let themselves be involved, that they took charge of the death of the Ex-President, the "General", and they told them, just like in "Monte Chingolo", take the barracks, which is full of weapons, and they sent them to their death. Of course, it was the same thing, you took on a death that did not correspond to you, "of course, that way, you would gain followers", poor kids, let's hope they learn their lesson and trust only their own mother.

I will comment on an "anecdote", if you want, everyone gives it the look and the colour that they want, that every well-born Argentinean gives it.

It will be about "Santa Cruz", and the people of Santa Cruz.

It is a paradise on earth, despite the cold and the winds. Santa Cruz has access to the sea, so it cuts itself off.

Let us say, for the sake of interpretation, that our Armed Forces are made up of 3, namely Army, Air Force, Air Force, Air Force and Navy.

In that paradise, therefore, it is controlled, watched over, protected by the navy, which is why the governor they first overthrew and put in a deputy with the navy, since the governor was a nationalist and right-winger.

The alternate or interventor, as you like, must have satisfied the expectations of the Navy, since, in the elections, he came out as a candidate for Governor, "urra", for his good performance, since being sponsored by the Navy is a very great achievement, since behind the Navy, guardian and custodian of our seas, is "England go 2 urra, urra".

It is now crystal clear, clear as the sea.

It turns out, and now the aliens speak for me, since I don't know "Santa Cruz", but there are no shortages, straits, or all the other nonsense that goes on in these parts.

"Well, it will be a bit of the air, the wind or the sea that cradles them".
It's cold as hell, but it's good to be warm, well fed, and with a glass of "grapita", to keep the body warm.

To the point, the issue is that according to what I am told, the former General solventó to the citizens of that country, with which there was a territorial conflict and that they made their houses, that is to say that they are settled, with the properties located in Argentina, that is to say that, not only were there traitors when Malvinas, but they are stealthily occupying the best Argentinean territories, if not in Santa Cruz there are the factory ships, which indiscriminately take out "lobster, spider crab" and any other critter that moves, that is, they collect the nets, manufacture them, pack them and take them away, and how do you eat that?. Who watches over the territories, who feeds themselves, who decorates their table with lobster and where do the fruits of the sea, the fruits of the bribes end up and who benefits from the proceeds, if there is any?

England, Argentina? What's left for "Santa Cruz" to be annexed to Chile, then don't complain that the former General betrayed Argentina in favour of England, if they are putting the potato in his mouth and don't want him to bite it.

There are many who will have to define themselves, whether they are Argentinian, Chilean or English, who should start by putting their beards in the sea to soak.

As internet readers can appreciate, I thought I could take a break. But, but I got staked again.

Because it dodged or delayed a super-spicy issue.

On Che Guevara, one time Che raised his arms, to give himself up, but it was too late. The issue is the following, they ask me, they suggest me to clarify it.

Yes, as that Vasco used to say, let's be clear, yes, yes, and he poured water into the milk. I begin by saying that Che was and was the first "traitor", what happened is that a leader was needed who was Argentinean, but from none of the three forces, an authentic guerrilla, but it happens, according to the extraterrestrials, that Che was not satisfied with being on Castro's staff, he wanted his "Revolution" already in another, he wanted to take it over, the same as Castro's and from there the tension that arose, and he opted to get his revolution.

I will start with where it is known worldwide.

He moved to Bolivia and, from the mountains bordering Argentina, began recruiting people,

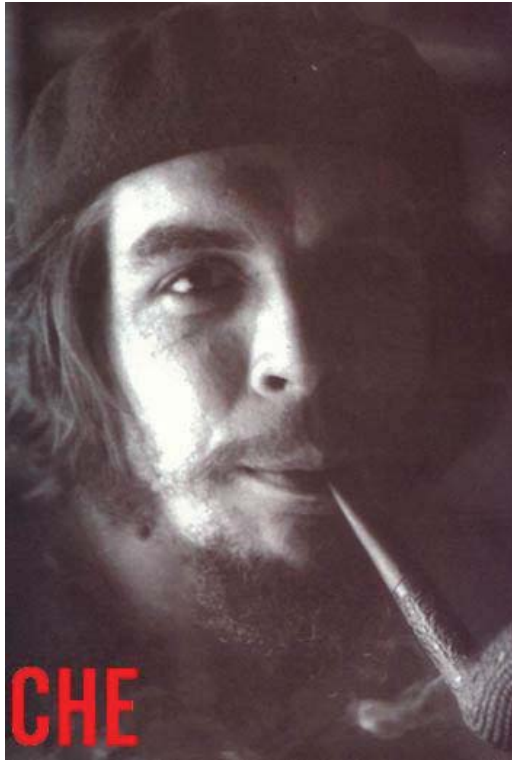
but, what a people, that since the Spanish arrived and destroyed their tribes, they have millenary hatreds, the Volivians, Coyas and others, etc.

And according to him they did not want to join him in his "adventure", to make the revolution, so he felt frustrated, a failure.

What did he do, he started to go down to the city in the middle of the day, he used to go to get yerba mate for himself and in order to put an end to being seen and caught, he did not hide, when he decided to play his luck as it is commonly said, his luck was cast, but yes, I took them all, he got dressed up, he took pictures with his beret and Fidel or Cúba's hat, and he returned to the mountain; one that the humidity and the asthma were undermining his health.

So I was waiting for them sitting by a tree.

So he didn't die, fighting like the patriots, he surrendered and surrendered to all those people, who, what did he understand about revolution?



If they didn't have an ounce of culture, they didn't understand anything.

To want to make a revolution with these people is to know nothing.

These people are parsimonious, listless, silent, distrustful, treacherous, and at the first opportunity they will insert a knife in your back.

Let no one be deceived by what is stated here and see for themselves.

Without going any further, I set up a private educational institute to give them courses with job opportunities. I had promised myself that, and I went and put it into practice, as I will explain later, what it was, was to make them understand, a triumph, it took me 5 years but I succeeded, I had 1000 students, almost all Bolivians.

I put it in Jujuy next to Bolivia, please see the photos of the courses and then draw your own conclusions.

To be more precise, the Institute had it in "Ledesma", next to Bolivia.



Bruce Lee was sent to earth to fulfil a mission, to teach a technique and then to return, and the same thing happens to most people. They come, they form a family and then, to return, it is a drama from there why both my son and I had to undergo a "training", which I have not yet explained.

But I did cut off my family and my husband's family and friendships. First and foremost, no sexual relations, hence my son did not get married, let alone have children.

I detail some who came on a mission and then deserted.

That, and with that promise, it is coming, but, but, but? Like General San Martin the 1st Martyr.

The best known, Bruce Lee, the Pope with the smile, Eva Duarte, Joan of Arc, Colonel Seineldin and even the best known, Master Jesus. Colonel Seineldin has not yet been allowed to fulfil the mission for which he was sent to earth?

All of them had a different fate.

After this tenth page, the only thing left to say is that I am exhausted, that I would like to sleep for at least a week, it doesn't matter if it is forever, I think I have more than fulfilled what I have been entrusted with, I don't know if I met your expectations, but I will not expect you to give me any satisfaction, it would be like asking for pears from the elm tree, although not long ago, a stubborn person grafted pears to the elm tree, and well this saying has lost its validity, STOP. What is negotiable is the coming of my son, the "extraterrestrials" have already squeezed my "brain", the ideal would be to save the planet, and with the coming of my son it would be done, if the Powers propose it, there will be time to conquer other planets, "for now the most important thing is the Earth".

Now, to the readers of the Internet, I make it easy for you to read why my son was sent to earth. It is indispensable for me to inform you, to warn you.

That they may or may not agree with what is specified in the book. But, what, like the book, was not written for a particular person. Of course, one that I know.

It was written for the readers of the world, those who are based outside of it, do not enter, nor do they have a place. STOP.

The "Extraterrestrials" want to give more information. This will be purely and exclusively for hypocrites.

Let's start with the first thing.

General Perón got the country moving, he did not allow even a pin to enter from abroad, everything was manufactured here, in other words, the country went upwards and supported itself with its own money and did not have to borrow from abroad, nor did it have to pawn itself or ask for loans, armoured or otherwise.

That is why the Minister we were able to get hold of could not digest this, as I have already explained on another page. He drew a line and said that, from the time General Perón came to power, all the banks, businesses and companies owned by the landowners, the oligarchy, the Capángas and the Partrón Córta, "remained", and the property that General Perón had expropriated from them to make them houses and houses in the stable was returned to them, and the traitors returned.

Of course, there is one issue, which I would like to be reminded of and which I will not let pass, and that is that the General and his wife, "did not invent money", nor is it so, as the Jews say, that the work they did was with other people's property, and the others who went up, who they favoured.

And the "Extraterrestrials" inform me and document detail by detail, all those who took over after Perón, with Democracy. Let someone, or some one, throw the first stone to see how many "Hospitals, Schools, Tourist Hotels", as they are today, remain and are the only buildings that have been built since then.

Not to mention the "Ciudad de los niños", which when Disney came to Argentina, he went to see an architect and a good draughtsman, so that he could draw the plan of the "Ciudad Infantil" and what did the Jew Disney do? he went and installed it, Wal Disney, Disneyland, ahora that yes, to ojos no le váya a tocar náda, because yá is robbery, usurpation, like the one of the medicines and other minutiae, in Argentina, "are Sudácas, cabecitas negras", etc., and everything that the great powers possess is stolen from Argentina, and Argentina is the useful idiot.

What became of the gold that was collected for the Falklands War and the combatants.

Three years after the end of the war, someone in a company of a "Jew" opened a metal cupboard and found a mountain of more than a metre of gold, which even the couples handed over their wedding rings, chains and how much gold they had.

But of course, the journalist who collected it, together with another journalist, a very "Jewish" one, who now occupies a governmental post. Now let him cast the first stone, if he or any government after Perón did something for the people, did something for the children who are dying every day, did they solve the labour problem? No, what if they are all so busy stealing, they are so busy stealing, they are not able to get into any head, and they ensure not only their own and their family's wellbeing, but even their grandchildren and friends, they go up and run for robbery.

"Just like the 4 women who stole for the Crown", this is pending, and it is so well detailed that any earthling would be amazed at how they have counted their ribs, that not even on earth do they have the accounting with the precision, to the penny, that it is to die for.

That's why they don't want him to let anything happen, something that no one would be surprised by, i.e. that he was notified.

Following the indications and suggestions of the "Extraterrestrials", that I do not overlook, something

so hot and horrifying that it makes your hair stand on end, so gruesome and morbid, that it could never have been carried out by the Armed Forces.

The fact that such a macabre action is in question, has only one executor of actions of this nature.

What the "Extras" want is not impossible, what the Internet reader would be advised to do is to try to take into account and analyse the following.

The Valiant Army of "San Martin", before, faced its adversary face to face with carbine, rifle in hand, Fal, machine gun, the Navy and the Aeronautics.

The Argentinian Armed Forces are Armed Forces, hence their name, which is significant, of course.

Now, the fact of throwing people into the sea is cowardly, fearful and mean, and this can never, ever be the method used by the Armed Forces.

And in contrast, it is more akin to the "ritual" deaths, isn't it?

Why did Argentina need "Israeli pilots", is it that "there was so much traffic", if it was for tourism it was not the right time, if Argentina was in full conflict with the subjugation, or is it that Argentina lacked pilots and had to send Israel? If this mystery is unravelled and a fair, logical and honest definition is reached, perhaps this mystery can be unravelled and hence, because the blood pact, when they were accused, no one could speak and the aberrant traitors "could not be unmasked", is something to think about?

Such an inhuman attitude is of resentful people, who have concentrated hatreds against all humanity, and Argentina never had them, it was always open to immigrants, so much so that when the Baron came and brought such a valuable legacy for Argentina and gave the Jewish ruler of the day some good "patacones", of course when he finished his mandate, he left and left the "Lacra and the country in debt" with the foreigner, but that is another matter altogether.

Argentina must look after them, for the summit it received, hence all Jewish governments that take over must first settle with them, so that they do not fabricate the gerriya of "bribing" them, either because of the Amia or because they are the "Chosen Ones" to re-cast the people, in whatever country they are in.

The "extraterrestrials" are waiting to see what decision they think they will make.

And the Internet reader knows very well that throwing people into the sea is something imported, since the same thing has been done everywhere, and the plan is extensible to the whole of Mercosur.

The "Extraterrestrials" tell me to warn the readers of the Internet, so that nobody makes a mistake, that they do not make the mistake of believing that because they have chosen a simple and uneducated person, they believe that what is exposed in these pages lacks veracity, lack, of veracity, double error, justly, it was not by mistake, if *nó ex profeso*, so that it has, the credulity and veracity that must have, for its easy, *entendimiénto* and *dijestión*, for the common of the *génte*, without *fráces rebuscadas*.

Precisely, "if the hour of truth has come", there is no need to disguise it, on the contrary, it must be naked and candid, so that there are no doubts.

We will begin this story with the seriousness it deserves.

Just because it is popular, it does not cease to be transcendent.

It is about an unfortunate accident, which, not because it happened more than sixty years ago, is still alive, and that is precisely the fact, which, apart from being unusual, is inconceivable, because of the fact that it is so biting, in all its expression.

It was the year 35 and what happened, like a bombshell, the death of "Carlos Gardel" the "zorsal criollo".

What happened, the singer was flying in an aeroplane, almost a toy plane, and at the same time a German plane, the singer's plane, had the singer's crew inside, most of them Jews, and they told the pilot, pass it to that plane, and other irreproducible epithets, and the singer's plane tried to pass overhead but it did not have the momentum to do so, and crashed into the German machine, The plane caught fire and most of its occupants perished, as did the singer, so that more than 60 years passed and, as usual, the Jews, to this day, have remained in a pact of silence, playing the fool, which can best be explained by the "German pilots".

But let's go further, since the last war that the Jews are, or rather lived, experimenting, to succeed in falsifying human blood so that it will not be rejected by any being.

They finally succeeded in making artificial blood that the human body would not reject.

It is already proven, and approved, to make blood transfusions, that was and is the delirium, of the Jews, falsifying the blood perhaps *logren*, the perfection, but, but, but, the information of the gene that

every human being, brings at birth, that will be difficult, even if, if only, you can only breed zombies, cloned without blood, what difference does it make.

If, in this era of 2000, the majority has the blood of a duck, I am "told" that this issue will be prosecuted when the "Last Judgement" takes place.

I would like to inform you that from this page, my son's book, which took him more than 20 years and after so many vicissitudes and setbacks, will begin to be disseminated, it was as he announced it to me.

Old woman, they made me come to earth to write a book and when I have written it, they take me away again, that's why he made so many detours before starting to write, because he told me, old woman, get ready, I have already finished it, now you are going to be left alone.

And that's how it was, I recommend you to read it, you won't become wise, "but".

From now on I just have to wait, I don't know what the book says, as I was forbidden to read it, so it doesn't influence me at all, whatever.

Unless I am asked, or suggested to continue writing. "I will be the free thinker.

With faith and humility, always Mary and protection for all.

To General Don José de San Martín.

By **Lia Yano**



He unleashed anger, he obtained emblems,
of submissive and courageous soldiers,
he was reviled for petty interests.
He gave his all to achieve his ideals.
He died far away and forgotten by his disloyal followers.
Mendoza was the spring that
poured out its riches
and encouraged their heroism

for a better tomorrow,
projects that have been
blocked due to lack of
love.
The steel temper, like his sword, was
never dented.
I use the sky as a banner,
the earth as a blackboard,
the mountain range was the chapel
to redeem betrayals from the treacherous
enemy. Cities were chess pieces, always
with masterful moves
moved knights and pawns. The
board was Argentina, where he
planned the moves; he always
won the games,
with white or with black. He liberated
the peoples, refused honours, gave
himself without concession
for the homeland and for
their wisdom. It would not be
foreigners who would
succeed in breaking these
heroic soldiers, the
guardians of the nation,
fighting for a better destiny, a
destiny they forged for
themselves.
by dint of rebellion, eluding
betrayal
that harboured the Olympians.
Warriors were the men who
forged the National Pavilion,
everything was spun with
mastery,
history was woven
on the loom of life,
challenged by mercenary
tympiacs
willing to bargain for the blood of
patriots,
breaking all laws, falsifiers of
truth,
that were only stumbling blocks
minimised by the Great Conqueror.
He was not overcome by
obstacles or angry mobs.
In order to fulfil his
desires, the goldsmith
and modeller achieved
inimitable pieces.
He spared no lengths to
achieve his ideals.
It has to be Argentina
promising land of joy and bliss, the father who
bequeathed to us
such a valuable award,
He will not abandon his children,
however ungrateful they may

have been, They will rise again,
spiritually venerating,
fraternally united,

will form the great emancipation,
the future of tomorrow, for a better future
that he longed for his children:
the sky, the earth and the
sun, the whole Universe to
offer to the people, who
will be the heirs of the
patriarchal treasure.
There will be no
floodgates that can stop
it,
the cry of the chorus of equality,
homeland, freedom, and peace.
They will be the
custodians of a colossal
inheritance,
without distinction of race, creed or colour,
united by the love that radiates from the
chosen ones.
Grenadiers his regiment was
and heroic his career.
The gauchos were the essence
of the emancipated homeland,
they watered it with their
blood for a flowery
tomorrow. The seed of
the Indians was reaped
with cruelty, so today
roses sprout without the
scent of goodness.
Redeem the Indian and the gaucho
alike, who gave their lives for freedom.
Blessed Saint Martin,
sent by superior design, you are
the Father of the Fatherland,
without stripes or coat of arms.
Fate took you far away from the
Nation. You left, heartbroken, for the
one who gave his manhood,
his honour, and his whole self-sacrifice.
He climbed to the summit
on his heroic white horse, with
the humility of a lackey
and the firmness of a
pedestal conquered Glory.
With the force of General
soared to the top
to descend into the well of truth.
He was not deterred by
the intrigue of the
servants.
Viceroyalties, executioners of their conscience,
who did not hesitate to sell themselves to the
highest bidder; some fled in terror,
others fell before such omnipotence: he came to
liberate,
to defeat them, and to kill
whoever wants to
enslave and exploit us

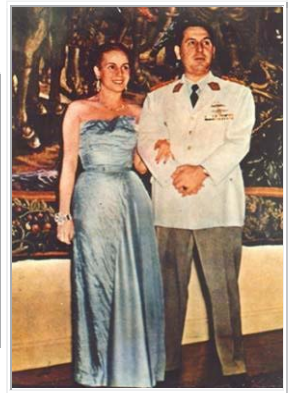
the blood of the humble.
Free on earth we are born,
a future we forge.

We will not allow heretical, unwitting and profane bandits
commit such an outrage,
to offend Your Holy Name,
Your Immaculate Memory.
You will be forever
Don José de San Martín,
in history, in memory, and
for all eternity.

Story

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

"Events in Argentina between 1945 and 1955" (Part 11)



"Maria gets hit with a galvanised pipe".

Maria is urged to clarify certain things and facts.

First of all, I must apologise to the readers of the Internet for my unjustifiable error, not consciously, but through ignorance.

The fact is that it causes me anguish to have to go through my son's arsenal of papers, each one has its own period and remembering what he and I must have gone through at each stage is bitter, as I unconsciously go back to that moment when the event took place and I see how anxious I was to **publish the book**.

But **this letter** that I am publishing today, the truth is that I myself was surprised when I read it, I see, with pain the anxiety, the eagerness, that is captured in his letter, to publish the book, either because he knew that time was against him, and he did not want to leave without publishing it, as it **took him 20 years to gather information, research 5000 books.**

But what shocked and revealed to me, as -Argentina||, was that I had to publish it abroad, not because I had anything against anyone, since in spite of everything, I am a fervent fan of Spain, since I wrote to it in -poemaso|| and I am thinking of participating with it on some anniversary, or some 12th of October or even if it is not a commemorative date, -it is all right|| anyway, -without expecting any prize or mention|| just my feelings, for Spain, as 4 immoral people do not make or are not the people of Spain, just as in Argentina, they cannot be judged by some unruly people.

What surprised me, going back to my son's letter -*Luis Felipe*||, was that it was sent by me to that advert and I had only just found out about it.

I say, because if I had seen that letter before, it would have come out of the book.

I say why, the data and the warnings, which he makes in it, well, it's over, it's happened, it's happened, but it shouldn't have, I sincerely regret it.

I am asked by the "Extraterrestrials" to recall and refresh the memory of the "Argentines who lived through the decade of 1945".

There are no words to explain that decade and despite the fact that it was said that they stole, that with the people's money, anyone can do works, and that now they will know what it is to steal.

In those days, the works were visible, but now, if they are stolen, the works are not visible and what is done with the money, only God and the beneficiaries know.

That this is already over, that they should get ready, and see what course it will take, this -ship|| for the moment is aground, stranded in a swamp, not even with ten tugboats will they get it afloat, and the stipulated time is over, that is to say, what is to come is -gifted|| time.

Clarification I do everything that they order me, with the only purpose of the return of my son, is my only ambition, that this Christmas, they grant me that gift, I no longer want to give an opinion, nor claim, only what good or bad, decide, only that everything arrives to good end and the ship to good Port.

In faith and humility: *Mary*



Rosario, 23 August 1994

Messrs. of

American International Publisher. USA.

In my capacity as vice-president of EditorialK.S.A., Argentina, I am writing to you at response to the advertisement published in this country, by which they call for authors -of fiction or reality|. Well, the fact is that our firm is in possession of the rights to an unpublished novel, written in Spanish, by an Argentinian author, whose distribution and/or possible joint edition, I believe, will probably be of interest to you.

It is obvious that I could conclude the present and await Your news in order to continue the next steps of any similar negotiation. However, the next steps of any such negotiation. However, I must abuse your patience and expand on certain points on which it is essential to agree *beforehand* in order to avoid valuable loss of time for both parties. In other words, I think it is very important to present at the outset certain aspects concerning the work and its author, which, it might happen, will perhaps decide you to discard this offer as soon as you get to know them, and would eliminate the tedious task of reading, or having read, a long book uselessly.

If we agree up to this point, I will go on to highlight the most salient aspects of the matter, as a first, notable issue, I inform you that Editorial K is currently considering the possibility of publishing We are doing so after waiting several years for the right moment and in coincidence with the publication of your notice, so we will await a response and we ask for discretion. Well, the truth is that we were thinking of printing it here and exporting the complete print run, given that we have sufficient infrastructure, or else taking the originals there and bringing it out, financing the printing ourselves, or in partnership with a local publishing house (what we did not think of, of course, was to establish a relationship with an American company). The work is already typed, typeset and laid out with professional word processors, i.e. we can offer the *laser originals*, even if any typesetting modifications are required *later* as part of a publisher's agreement. These clarifications are not minor, as they are partly due to the arrangement made with the author, who demands that *his book be published abroad*, that is, in a country other than Argentina, although he accepts that copies arrive here -from abroad| for sale. The reason for such a curious request will become clear to you when you learn about the subject matter of the book and in the light of the latest fashion coming from the East (*from where one can no longer pontificate ex Oriente lux*), and which has become

The potential for reprisals, repression and persecution on ideological grounds is evident in the well-known cases of the writers **Salman Rushdie** and **Taslina Nasrim**.

However, although this book does not mess with Islamism, it does collide with other power factors that are no less fanatical and dangerous, such as some particularly violent sectors of the Catholic Church, eager to keep in the dark reprehensible historical questions that are clarified in the novel, or other sectors, this time Jewish, who will try to prevent the discovery of matters of the great rabbinical pot, and even sectors of the bitter enemies of both, i.e. the **Nazis**, who will not want to see the most disturbing secrets of the internal doctrine of the **SS**, for example, exposed to the public.

In fact, the author was threatened with death by Nazi agents when he tried to publish the book a few years ago and information about its contents reached them; and it was of no use for him to clarify that it was -a work of fiction|| a -historical speculation||, etc.: fanaticism knows no reason;

The Church adopted a similar repressive attitude, although it operated in a much more subtle way, as is its custom; so did the Israelites and even some Intelligence Services were -interested|| in the work; Conclusion: the author does not evade the responsibilities deriving from authorship, but requires publication outside the Argentine legal sphere, which is extremely intolerant in terms of freedom of the press and which upholds internal laws on ideological censorship that contradict even the Pact of San José de Costa Rica, to which the country is a signatory, in order to at least retain a place in the world where it can continue to live.

The book has been registered in Argentina since 1987, the year it was written, but it took 5 years to write and no less than 20 years of research in various fields, especially history; it is quite long (more than 1,000 pages) but, although it has been purged to the maximum, on reading it one immediately realises that the same could not be said in less space. In spite of this, it has been put together in a single volume, not transportable by the way, with letter-size pages (after all, all these data do not seem exaggerated after knowing the last mess with which Norman Mailer punished us, after 7 years of writing and researching thousands of documents, on such a hackneyed subject as the illegal activities of the C.I.A., and to arrive at conclusions that everyone already knew...).

We believe, and it may seem hasty to pass judgement before you have read and rated it, that it is a **masterpiece** of world literature; I must say this, however, in order to explain how, despite the above risks, we decided to print it.

And, finally, I will now try to do the impossible: that is, to summarise in a few lines the plot of this monumental work. Anyway, here goes: the backbone of the plot is the story of a family, or rather, of a lineage, the -House of Tharsis||, which the author declares to be descended from obscure ancestors and which he places, in principle, in Iberian times, around 3,000 years ago. The novel is fundamentally structured around this family, from the dawn of time to the present day, a literary resource that allows him to decipher prehistoric myths and, later, History itself, making use of astonishing specific knowledge about the different periods and events of humanity; the style is not easily framed, although it can be linked in everything to the so-called -Latin American fantastic realism||. In this way, one climbs into a hidden, almost unexplored reality of human existence and ends up obtaining the necessary perspective for a *different*, disturbing and disturbing interpretation of History; an interpretation, at first barely suggested but in the end firmly demonstrated, like the thesis of a mathematical theorem, which the reader will find difficult to refute, partly due to the mastery with which the plot was elaborated and partly due to the erudition of the information with which the author sustains the facts narrated. Because this family, the House of Tharsis, is the possessor, from the very beginning, of a deadly secret, a secret that has brought them and other similar lineages thousands of years of persecution, a secret that is basically a metaphysical confrontation, in another sphere, *in the world of the Gods*, but here, in the world of men, it explains a great deal of

the otherwise apparently inexplicable confrontations that humanity has been involved in and which would have their origin in a transcendent plane of being; A primordial, mythical plane and history that mankind has ignored or forgotten for millennia, but which, and here is the disturbing and disturbing thing, can be remembered today by appealing to certain keys that are mentioned in the novel and, even more disturbing and disturbing, lineages like that of the House of Tharsis exist in all societies, cultures and eras of humanity that not only know the Truth of truths but are capable of living according to rules that are completely alien to the customs of the world; and who at all times clash and fight fiercely with other -lineages|| who hold the opposite knowledge. The most incredible, and frightening, thing about such a thesis is that no religion, or philosophical system, or known Doctrine, in any way transcends the truth of the metaphysical confrontation, leaving the common man, the one who believes in the dogmas of any religion, knows any philosophical system, or practices any Doctrine, simply outside the inevitable and permanent metaphysical game, in the crossfire of a secret battle which he cannot and will not be able to access, or even to know, ever.

Naturally, contemporary history, even the most recent political events, are clarified in this context, generating an unprecedented perplexity in the reader, perhaps the greatest achievement of the work. And this effect is not only the product of the author's literary skill or the perfection of the plot, but also, as I said, of the impressive contribution of truthful and often unknown but verifiable information that is sprinkled throughout the work: for example, and *for proof, it is enough* to note that in the course of the investigations that constitute the plot of this book, the author had the opportunity to penetrate many truly hermetic Secret Societies and to visit places generally impossible for the uninitiated; Thus, when he relates episodes that occurred within the framework of "Nazi occultism", he has recourse to the indisputable source of numerous Nazi hierarchs who were or are hidden in South America and whom he was able to find and get them to confide many secrets to him: Such is the case with SS Colonel Ludovico Von Grossen, a member of the expedition to Tibet sent by Hitler and whom the author met personally in an impregnable refuge in the Andes Mountains; the details and objectives of that expedition to Bhutan are recounted for the first time in this novel. And so much more, the same with Secret Societies, *real ones*, that have existed for centuries within the Catholic Church, as well as the description of unknown groups that ascribe to very secret aspects of Rabbinic Doctrine, or innumerable hidden threads of power that integrate the invisible reality of world Power under the apparent official reality, *-invisible reality||* that is, perhaps, more real than the visible reality that is shown to us daily for the consumption of our tranquillity.

I will not dwell further on the synthesis. I hope I have given you an overview, a very general overview indeed, of the novel whose title is -The Mystery of Hyperborean Wisdom||, and that I have taken up your time. I will just make one last clarification, in case you should decide to read it: it is not a -Nazi|| or -Antisemitic|| or -Anti-Catholic||, -Anti-Celtic||, -Ghibelline||, -Anti-Japanese||, -Chinese||, whatever label inspires at some point the realism or crudeness of the narrative or the author's seeming identification with this or that character. I know it is obvious to make it clear to you, but a novel is a work of fiction, from Shakespeare's to the Marquis de Sade's, and this one in particular is not -anti|| anything; however, I think it is appropriate to recall a quotation from Lanza del Vasto, which I extracted from the letter-response to Jacques Maritain that is published as a prologue to the novel -Judas||. In that letter the French writer, who seems during the narrative to -take sides with Judas||, and thus to be -against Jesus||, says: "*Of course, a book like **Judas** is a trap. But it is a trap that must be sprung in order to understand its spring. The author cannot show the spring, for in that case his trap would not be a trap, nor his book a book.* So much for Lanza del Vasto; but I claim the same concept for -The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom||: it must be read with an attentive mind; attentive but open, aware. At least you, dear colleagues, should not fall into the trap set by the novelist.

The next step, of course, will be for you to evaluate the work. Then we can talk about business. In this sense, I would like to make it clear that we are open to any kind of deal with you, whichever is more convenient for both parties, from the partnership for the joint edition to just giving you the distribution in international markets that you say you have in the advertisement; you should also know that we waited several years for a favourable world situation for the publication of a work as special as this one, and that moment has arrived.

ahora, especialmente en Europa: al leerla comprenderán que **éste libro és para Europa** en primer lugar, comenzando por España; allí existen múltiples factores que han creado un *clímax* especial para generar potenciales lectores, tales como la realidad de la Unión Europea, la desintegración de la U.R.S.S., the *skinheads*, the crisis of the Catholic Church, the conversion of Lady Di to Catholicism and the appearance of an Anglo-Catholic infant, perhaps the future *King of Europe* beyond 2000, the possible rise of Zhirinovzky to the government of Russia, the consequent Russian rearmament and thus the possible conversion of the Russian Armed Forces into the Armed Forces of Europe, with the consent of Germany which would definitively abandon its traditional military role of European gendarme, the constitution of a fearsome Islamic world power, the withdrawal of the USA from Europe, etc., etc., etc. The withdrawal of the USA from Europe, etc., etc., all unlikely and unforeseeable events only seven years ago when the novel was written, but which today require a considerable effort of imagination to find answers about the near future, answers which, precisely, in the novel gush forth on every page like water from the spring; that is why we believe that, at least in Europe, this book will be a *Best Seller*.

So, without further ado, and in the certainty that any questions or concerns will be confidently addressed to us, I take this opportunity to send you my best regards.

These facts are exposed at this moment to see if the Government learns to govern...

A true trade unionist

Maria is being rounded up so that the people will collaborate with her country. I am urged by the - **Extraterrestrials**||, who owe her the solution.

Even if the rulers say and suggest that **the municipal fairs** look bad, they are the salvation of the poor and the solution for those who have the least. If the municipal fairs, which the well-to-do and well-to-do see with bad eyes, -because they ruin the visual||, break the aesthetics, when misery and hunger -broke the aesthetics||, they break it but precisely, not the aesthetics.

Now, however, the pavements look like tenements, there is not even room to walk.

-The municipal fairs cut out the middlemen, which is the cause. Meat goes from the slaughterhouse to the fair, vegetables from the farmers to the fair, pigs, poultry and eggs directly from the farms, thus making the product cheaper, the middlemen make it more expensive.

Jeans, work overalls, work shirts and T-shirts from the textile industry to the fair, shoes of all kinds, shoes, slippers, from the factory to the fair and all general articles.

Eliminate the middleman, who makes production more expensive.

They tell me to write, which I was already sleeping and they made me get up, so I'm hopeless and I don't understand anything.

This goes for the gentlemen, Businessmen, -do you want|| I ask you of course, that as you cannot, do I tell you what, to end, crime, and poverty is in your, hands, -but you care, the People or your coffers?

Let them build , Factories, where the -villas|| are, there they have labour, to, start, making the foundations for those people, give, them, what they are, giving to the foreigner, undocumented, you promote, misery, bringing more misery.

They tell me and ask me how it can be that there are not more "**patriotic**" people who are only driven by the money that nobody wants to risk in the country, they do not see that misery is covering everything for -alone||, for the other countries that not only steal from us, but also rob us and demean us. And those who should be playing for the country, since they boasted so much that they were handing over the country - and **they were all partners in dispossessing us**", of the companies, check the names, and you will see that they did not leave in 83, the 3 partners are still there, traitors, bribers, murderers, immoral, they have no shame, no capacity, no morals and they are thinking of running again, "**vote blank, don't give them a hard time**". And do not expect anything from traitors.

I continue with the -Entrepreneurs||, if they make the -factories||, in the villages, -with a contract and are paid so much||, if they want to do well, if they comply, and are part of the -Company||, they will take care of the -factory||, as if it was built with effort and they are going to play for the -Company||.

Already eradicating, gradually eradicating the villa, that each one builds his own dwelling, a

humble little house, to begin with, and that everything is with his own effort, so that he values it and takes care of it.

The women at the same time, that they start to make food huts for the workers, and in this way, we will build again the **country we had**, the children, to school, later, the canteen in the factory, then, schools and around the factory, a people will be built, the people of struggle and sacrifice.

Having work, food and studying, they don't have enough time to -offend||, the older ones, study a trade at night, we have to have a **great country** again, enough of looking backwards, let's look forwards.

In faith and humility: *Mary*.



E

STAS páginas contienen la esencia de la nacionalidad § Son impulsos de un renacimiento surgido de la propia grandeza de la patria libre proyectada hacia un porvenir digno de su magnitud § Son credo de Independencia; tienen pureza de cuna ideal y dicen con la misma fe los principios que la mostraron a la faz de la tierra como una fuerte y poderosa Nación §

En las actas de 1816 cimentóse nuestra historia que luego fué escrita con la diaphanidad de un pueblo soberano y heroico; en la Declaración de ahora se firma el futuro inmediato y cierto de un país dueño de su gloria, de su destino y que tiene en sus propias fuentes la realidad de su visión de ayer, de hoy y de siempre §



Tnt Grl Juan Domingo Perón.
Creator of the Declaration of Economic Independence Act.

Acta de la Declaración de la Independencia Económica

En la benemérita y muy digna ciudad de San Miguel de Tucumán, a nueve días del mes de julio de mil novecientos cuarenta y siete, en celebración del centésimo trigésimo primer aniversario de la Declaración de la Independencia política, sancionada por el Congreso de las Provincias Unidas, reunido en mil ochocientos dieciséis, se reúnen en acto solemne los representantes de la Nación en sus fuerzas gubernativas y en sus fuerzas populares y trabajadoras, para reafirmar el propósito del pueblo argentino de consumar su emancipación económica de los poderes capitalistas foráneos que han ejercido su tutela, control y dominio, bajo las formas de

hegemonias económicas condenables y de los que en el país pudieran estar a ellos vinculados.

A tal fin los firmantes, en representación del pueblo de la Nación, comprometen las energías de su patriotismo y la pureza de sus intenciones en la tarea de movilizar las inmensas fuerzas productivas nacionales y concertar los términos de una verdadera política económica, para que en el campo del comercio internacional tengan base de discusión, negociación y comercialización los productos del trabajo argentino, y quede de tal modo garantizada para la República la suerte económica de su presente y porvenir. Así lo entienden y así lo quieren, a fin de que el pueblo que los produce y elabora y los pueblos de la tierra que los consumen, puedan encontrar un nivel de prosperidad y bienestar más alto que los alcanzados en ninguna época anterior y superiores a los que puedan anotarse en el presente. Por ello, reafirman la voluntad de ser económicamente libres, como hace ciento treinta y un años proclamaron ser políticamente independientes.

Las fuerzas de la producción e industrialización tienen ahora una amplitud y alcance no conocidos y pueden ser superadas por la acción y trabajo del pueblo de la República. El intercambio y la distribución suman cifras que demuestran que el comercio y la industria se expanden conjuntamente con aquéllas. La cooperación, que contribuye a fijar de manera permanente las posibilidades humanas, será activada hasta alcanzar el completo desenvolvimiento que demandan las nuevas concepciones del comercio y empleo mundiales de las energías.

A su término, una vez leída esta declaración y preguntados si querían que las provincias y territorios de la República Argentina tuviesen una economía recuperada y libre del capitalismo foráneo y de las hegemónicas económicas mundiales o de las nacionales comprometidas con aquéllas, aclamaron y reiteraron su unánime y espontáneo, así como decidido voto, por la independencia económica del país, fijando por su determinación, el siguiente

Preambulo

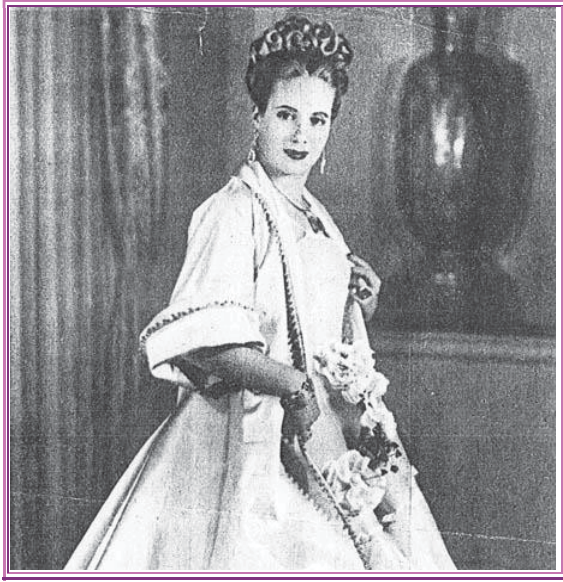
Nos, los representantes del pueblo y del gobierno de la República Argentina, reunidos en Congreso Abierto a la voluntad nacional, invocando la Divina Providencia, en el nombre y por la autoridad del pueblo que representamos, declaramos solemnemente a la faz de la tierra la justicia en que fundan su decisión, los pueblos y gobiernos de las provincias y territorios argentinos, de romper los vínculos dominadores del capitalismo foráneo enclavado en el país y recuperar los derechos al gobierno propio de las fuentes económicas nacionales. La Nación alcanza su libertad económica para quedar, en consecuencia, de hecho y de derecho, con el amplio y pleno poder para darse las formas que exijan la justicia y la economía universal, en defensa de la solidaridad humana.

Así lo declaran y ratifican ante el pueblo y gobierno de la Nación, el gobierno y pueblo aquí representados, comprometiéndose, uno y otro, al cumplimiento y sostén de esta su voluntad, bajo el seguro y garantía de sus vidas

y honor. Comuniquese a la Nación, y en obsequio del respeto que se debe a los demas Estados, detallense en un manifiesto y acta las fuentes determinantes de esta solemne declaracion, dada en la Sala de Sesiones del Congreso de las Provincias Unidas, donde en mil ochocientos dieciseis se proclamara la independencia de la Republica y refrendada por los representantes del pueblo y gobierno argentinos aqui reunidos.

Manberg
 Presidente de la Nacion

Representante de la Nacion	J. H. Quijano	Ministro de Obras Publicas	Whitaker
Ministro del Interior	Manberg	Ministro de Fomento	J. J. Ruiz
Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores y Culto	J. J. Ruiz	Ministro de Industria y Comercio	Rolando Lagomani
Ministro de Hacienda	J. J. Ruiz	Ministro de Justicia	J. J. Ruiz
Ministro de Instruccion Publica	J. J. Ruiz	Ministro de Guerra	Don Casil
Ministro de Guerra	J. J. Ruiz	Ministro de Marina	J. J. Ruiz
Ministro de Marina	J. J. Ruiz	Ministro de Agricultura	J. J. Ruiz
Ministro de Agricultura	J. J. Ruiz	Presidente del Poder Judicial de la Republica	J. J. Ruiz



**THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:**

Antarctica waits for Mary to spread the Extraterrestrial Revelation of Argentina's Heritage to her children.

(Part 12)

"Antarctica waits for Mary to spread
revelation from **extraterrestrials**
on the Heritage of Argentina to their children".

I will begin, relating, that in the year 1973, the **Extraterrestrials**, ordered me, that: To buy in "**Vinelli**", a block of land, on a hill, in *the Silver Lake Huechulafquén*, Province of Neuquén.

In 1973, Vinelli held an auction of these lands, and as it was the end of the year, that is to say, a holiday and tourist season. The thing is that the auction was attended by people from all over the world, who were spending their holidays and who came to the auction, people... who did not even know the language, of other nationalities, of other ethnicities... in other words, beautiful people.

So I did, my son reproached me; *why do you want a Manzana, isn't a lot enough for you?*

At that time, my son was about to leave for **Antarctica**, and I couldn't explain anything to him, as I didn't know either.

I will keep it as short as possible.

I paid for it monthly, I paid for the land survey and other complements, referred to in the sales contract of the *Vinelli Real Estate Agency*.

In the year 1999, The **Extraterrestrials**, they urge me to travel before the year 2000, and I told them: *only if I go with a lawyer and a friend of my son.*

They accepted and I collected the money, as I would take care of the expense for the 3 of us, well.... I travelled.

I found out, to my surprise, that my land was an immense plain, my Manzana was, as the Document stipulated, *at the foot of the Lanín volcano, in front of the Huechulafquen Lake.*

Not a tree was in sight, not a soul could be seen, from north to south, from east to west.

Nothing at all.

My son's friend, Roberto, climbed the hill, and I wanted to follow him, but... the floor, which it is clear that the volcano was once in eruption, was not firm, and my feet sank up to my ankle, so I fell on my face, and the lawyer quickly helped me to get up, but needless to say, I could not climb up.

Roberto" came up alone and told me that **an Aerolith had fallen on my land**, and left a huge crack that you couldn't see the bottom, it was still there.

Then, *as I was wearing a cross around my neck, given to me by "Father Eusebio", Musolini's confessor, I took it off and told Roberto to put it in the crack.*

So he did, and when I took it off I said in prayer: *"Let no one dare set foot on my land!"*

All the while, the Lawyer was still looking at the Lake, lost in thought.

At that moment, **the Extraterrestrials** told me to finish it and come back... the lawyer had already travelled to Neuquén, to the Cadastre and the Municipality, so there was no reason to stay... and I was protesting, when the **Extraterrestrials** spoke to me and told me *to cut it, that it was like a desert, because that's what they wanted.*

Well, I decided to go back, and I didn't say anything to either of them.

When we were coming, on the journey the lawyer said to me: *oh... and the cross*, and I said to him: *I just realised, I must have dropped it, when, I slipped on the hill*, and it happened.

When we arrived, I found out that two young men had decided to climb the **volcano "Lanin"**... and that they both died **because they wanted to climb it before 2000.**

We came back, I think on the 22nd or 23rd of December 1999, *so they and I were encouraged to go before 2000*, so it was on my land, and that caused me great sorrow and a heavy conscience to this day, it grieves me.

Well, I will say that Vinelli, the firm that sold me, I knew read in a newspaper **that when he was going down the 9 de Julio, a car picked him up in the air and killed him.**

The man who made the sale, a retired military man, **died of a heart attack**, the notary who gave me the power of attorney, when my son went to **Antarctica**, Dr. Juan Albo, **died of a heart attack.**

I don't even want to write a line, unless I am ordered to do so, because behind me there are so many corpses that it frightens me, and I don't want anyone else to be for my sake or that I know of, so that I won't suffer any more.

30 years that made me buy that land for 2002?

I will tell the story of the vicissitudes we had to face, my son

and me in 1975, a time of repression, confusion and misunderstandings.

What I write here *"is purely and exclusively for the Chicos and their families"*.

My son had, returned from **Antarctica** and as I already commented in another, page that, they, came to look for us, at 8 o'clock at night, or if you prefer, **"they kidnapped us, from the heavy"**, or from the time, of the lead, heavy years.

I will abbreviate, from there, we moved, giving the new address, like a good neighbour's son.

After that bitter pill, my son suggests that we travel for a week, to take our minds off things,

He told me: *I'm going to take you to a place where you can recover from what you went through, for me.*

It didn't tell me where, besides, if for me the North was the same as the South, for me all cats are brown.

When I arrived at the station, *I found out that we would be travelling to **Bolivia***, I was enchanted by the landscapes, but what caught my attention on the Trocha Angosta train, how *my mind, narrow and simple!*

The Bolivians do not hang their clothes out to dry, but on the ground, that is on the stones, as it is covered with stones of all sizes, from the size of an orange to a watermelon.

How simple isn't it?

Well, before leaving Buenos Aires, my son, of course, warned the "**Siniestro**", lest they would not let us leave "*Buenos Aires*" because of the clash with the "**Pesada**".

We were foolish, he had prepared for us a "**Flor de joda**", pardon the term, but from "**Siniestro**", we could expect anything, that's for sure; **if you have a problem, you can see my friend.**

We stayed at the "*King of Tin*" Hotel.

My son gave him the passports and the man at the hotel told him to take it easy, another man took us to our room, we rested, we went for a walk, we went to **Tumusla**, a picturesque place, and we spent the day walking around and my son told me: *tomorrow we are going to Lake Titicaca*, we went... it was the end of July, I went in the lake, my son told me: *you are crazy, you are going to get numb*, but the water was at an ideal temperature.

Well every day, as it was freezing cold, we took a bottle of 90 proof grappa, but there, they had one, which was double strength.

The breakfast... for that winter place, it raised the temperature, they made it by boiling purple corn, the juice comes out chocolate coloured, they add cinnamon sticks, squeezed lemon, sugar and cornstarch, all boiling, it makes it flare up from the mouth, a 1/2 litre jug and they have a frying pan, on the embers and they put a ladle of a mixture, *chirla*... and out comes a superb fried cake!... all at the foot of the cooker, "**delicious**".

The next day, my son had the surprise of taking me to **Puerta del Sol**, I think it's called that, I don't remember very well.

We got up and headed for the beach, my son talked to a boatman, or *lanchero*, to take us... and he told us that -for less than 20 people, he doesn't even bother||.

Well, I said to my son, "*look at all the people who are sunbathing, I'll tell them, you go on the right and I'll go on the left and we'll talk to them and propose that if they want to go, we'll go and we'll put together 20.*

In the end there were 22 of us, all couples, the funny thing was that we didn't understand each other, there were North Americans, Dutch, Uruguayans, in short a rainbow of nationalities, all of them, by the lake "**Titicaca**" and other relics.

We arrived at our destination, we had to climb some steep stairs, which my son told me about, since he wouldn't let me go up, because he told me: *don't go up there*, that if the lake was at I don't know what height, if I went up... there were some hills, or mountains, I don't know what they were, that! nor did he tell me that there were huts and remains of buildings and that when I entered... since they were ruins, abandoned, from the time of Maria, Chestnut.

So I was alone downstairs, because of the supposed hypertension, *what I know is that I drank the 90 degree grappa like water?* I stayed, in a curve towards the mountain, to collect semi-precious stones, I collected the green ones and the ones in the colour of mate cooked with milk, divine.

While I was gathering the little stones, like olives, the "Extras" told me that unimaginable esoteric forces were unleashed in that place.

The thing is that it got dark, it was the end of July and the groups and couples started to come down, everyone came down except my son, I got desperate, and more than **anyone saw him!**

The "boatman" began to shout nervously, that he was leaving, *because at 8 o'clock at night, the ships of the **Extraterrestrials** began to leave the lake and he was terrified of them*, the people were all sitting around the boat and they began, in chorus, to shout, *that he should wait for my son! and also, they wanted an encounter with the "UFO"*, and I cried, **and the boatman told me to stay**, it was a dramatic moment for me, but **the atmosphere was dense, sinister and terrifying**, I made a bell, with both hands in my mouth and shouted, "**Felipe**", and everyone was the same, when I saw him on the top of the mountain and he shouted: *"eeeeeh don't leave me!* and as best he could, he went down in the dark, and the boat was already starting, so my son tried to lift me up so I could climb, but he didn't and I slipped, *and I almost sliced my two "udders", sorry, my breasts, my bust*, in short, I almost fainted lying down on the trip, but he... disappeared, ...of "Tranca", **that's what my son called him, the protagonist, of the book, that the "Extraterrestrials" made him, write.**

I said: *"What happened to you!* and he said to me: *I was going up, I entered a hut and a force, it destabilized me, I lost my orientation, as if I was lost, inside myself, I lost the orientation of where I had gone up, and I tried, to descend by several places of descent and none was, and I was alarmed, my blood rushed to my head and it is as if I had been, So I sat down, because I felt dizzy, confused and I was afraid of falling off the cliff, that's why they didn't see me or find me, because I climbed at a fast pace and the couples and groups climbed slowly, I wanted to make the most of the time, as much as possible.*

Finally we arrived at the "**Hotel del Rey del Estaño**" and there our drama began, the Manager told us *that our passports had been stolen from the drawer or safe, I don't know, our passports, of course, we made a police report, they advised us to go to the **Consulate** and from there we went to the **Argentine Embassy**, we had gone for a week and in money.... So, for a week!*

We went to the Argentine Embassy and they told us to go to **INTERPOL** to make the complaint, to make the complaint, so they would give us the provisional papers, and then return to the "*Argentine Embassy*" where they would make us a provisional passport to get to Buenos Aires.

We went to **INTERPOL**, they took him to a room, my son and I to a waiting room, where there were some soft armchairs and a small table, on the table there were piles of flyers, I took one from each pile and I put them in my wallet, and then a door opened and a man called me: *madam, come here for a moment*, and I got up and went, and he said to me: *what do you have in your wallet?* and I said: *nothing, women's things*, and he said: *"Well, empty it on the desk,"* and so I did, and the flyers flew out and he said: *"What about this? - Yes,"* I said, *"they're flyers that I just took off the table - and what for?"* he said, and I said, *"to read them in the hotel,"* and he said, *"are these flyers for you? I don't know... I don't know, I can't see,* and I show him the magnifying glasses in my wallet, and he tells me: *well, put them on and look at them, ...and I almost died, they were those posters, like in the "West", with a photo and it said "wanted", Firmenich, Arrostito, Vaca Narvaja and others,* wow.... I almost died, no, no... what a hell, I'd go to imagine!

And they made me leave them, and they realised that I wouldn't be so foolish as to touch compromising papers, both for them and for us.

Well, we agreed that we had to take a passport photo of each of us on a background... I don't know if it was white.

As my son was in another room and they asked him, with a sheet of paper, to make the report and that they would type it up and so he left the room and I left the other room and we met, both of us outside, and we sat down to wait, and then a man came and brought the typed report for us to sign.

And to my surprise, my son read it and "**shouted**": *"What, I'm not going to sign this,"* and I pinched him and told him: *"Sign it, that's how we're getting out of here!"* and he started shouting expletives and I didn't know how to shut him up, and they were spying from all sides and as they saw that I was in solidarity, I told him firmly: *"but don't you realise that we are in another country, what do you want them to put us in prison!... and who is going to come and rescue us?"* and then a door opens and a man from "**INTERPOL**" comes out and calls us and says: *come on, guys,* since I was 15 and a half years older than him, we looked like brothers. And he said to us: *"You know what is happening in your country, don't you? Well, we ask you to collaborate, yes... we have your passports, but think that we have a country full of kids like you... and we can't get them out of here, unless we have Argentine passports, yes, because the other bunch we had were from other countries. But what if they then do some kind of transfiguration with our passports?"* And he says to me: *"No, they leave here on the condition that they go where we tell them to go, and then they have to burn their passports on that condition and forget that they ever lived in Argentina, or have any contact with their families, they will totally change their identity....think about it guys"* and they left us alone, the truth is that it was a dramatic moment, I had my 28 year old son there and they touched the "**emotional fibres**" of me and him, the man came back and told us: *we give you, in writing, that they stole them and you can take out another one in Argentina. You can get another one in Argentina and you, madam, when you go to Argentina, I will give you who to see in "INTERPOL Argentina",* well, first we had to go back to the Argentine Embassy to complete the documents with a photo and digital printout.

Finally my son loosened up,

When it was finally decided that we should go to the "Argentine Embassy" we found that it was Friday 17th August, the day of "San Martin". Never as on that date, we got angry with "San Martin", who did this to us, that is to say until Monday, all serrated? And we didn't have any money, we took the electric shaver, we took it to the black market and they gave us a few pesos to eat, that was then... because I think that if it was today I would tell them to give us at least something to eat.

We went on Monday to the "**Embajada Argentina**", my son asked them for a couple of tickets, by train, by bus or plane, to get there since we didn't have any, and the Embassy, solicitous they, told us *that they were not used to it, that they were not in conditions and "that pata pín and pata pán",* in that moment an employee came and said to my son: *"How much would you get by with?"* and my son, taking it as easy as possible, says: *"so much", because with the narrow gauge train we arrive in Tucumán and from here to the narrow gauge train we have to take a bus, and another one from Retiro to Barrio Norte, and all in all it takes 2 days and eat breakfast.... and "so much",* he says, I don't even remember, and the employee says: *"I'll give it to you, for that gamulan you're wearing",* and there we were, more frozen than the cold that it was *"on that 20th of August 1974",* a cold of terror, the peaks were snowy, picturesque, on another occasion, but at that dramatic moment, everything was horrible for us.

And the name or the card, which the "**Siniestro**" gave to my son in case he needed anything, or if something happened to us.... "**if he knew**".

I don't remember if it was the Ambassador himself or someone important in the Embassy... who couldn't do anything for us.

We were shocked that a person from our embassy would take advantage of our misfortune, and also to know that he wanted to do business with our desperation... I wouldn't dream of it, if they told me.... I don't believe it!

Besides, that Gamulan... I was working, I bought it for my son, in a house, which was the first one, which exhibited Gamulans and leather garments, so I bought it on credit, and I bought it by myself! with the guarantee of my house, to top it off, the business I was working for closed and because of that Gamulan, my house was seized...

I will abbreviate, Julio; we were informed that our passports had been stolen and between whistles and whistles we arrived on the 17th of August, with a teeth-chattering cold and my son, only a thin pullover, because with the Gamulan he was "hot", **but we were having a hotter time.**

Well, my son says to me, *"let's go to the black market, to see if we can find something before I catch pneumonia,* and he found a little jacket, unlined, but made of imported aeroplane fabric, and there went the lunches we thought we would eat.

How right were the guys in the heavy when they told us that we were two lazybones, because someone else at least priced the Gamulan at a reasonable price... *but when you see your neighbour drowning, "help him" by pressing on his head so that he can't breathe, that is or was the motto, perhaps today the waters are calm.*

The bus that took us to the station comes only once a week... I think it was on Wednesdays, it was the next day, and... o, a, a, e, i there was no more room and the man at the bus station told us: *don't be discouraged, stay close, because there are people who return the tickets* and my son said: *yes but... what do you want to return* 2 is 1/2 weird, and just 2 return the tickets... We take it as a black humour joke!

The funniest thing was that because of the "**Subversion**" issue, in order to get the tickets, you had to fill out a form, what is your name, where are you coming from and where are you going? with all the information about your address, job, age, hair colour, "Wow, and to top it off, the station attendant, who made us fill out the forms, told us: *"How are you going to travel instead of the passengers who returned the tickets? When you get on the bus, the driver will get on and - like at school - he will call you by your surname, you stand up and - as it was a Jewish couple, the ones who returned the tickets - you will be called Frida and Jacobo,* it was a good joke... but it already seemed like they were making fun of us.

But what we wanted was to get out of there, to leave, it was as if we had got into the wolf's mouth, **there was no doubt that this was all the work of Siniestro**, first he had us kidnapped, then his son took me to Bolivia to forget the ordeal. Anyway, we could run away, I tell the "Hotel del Rey del Estaño": *if he can give us something to eat on the way we are in Yanta,* and "he gives me 4 hard-boiled eggs"... how about that?

We went back to the room, I already had the bags ready, they were made of leather, and my son took it out on the bags, he started kicking them and one of them burst in half and I said to him: *what now?* I said to him: *look, I'm going to go to one of the Coyas that have trolleys, from peanuts, lemons to the shop and I bought 4 large hooked pins,* and I pinned it from the inside, and I sawed a huge hole, and the pins were unbuttoned and left open.

It wouldn't have been a problem, if it wasn't that in every village, there were guards, the whole world downstairs with the bags, and there was a policeman, Bolivian.... ...who had us!... and a military man.

The policeman, like -enajenau", put his hand in the bag and pulled everything out to the ground and I held his arm and shouted "no, no!" and he pushed me with his elbow, and I didn't let go and kept shouting, "no, no!" until he gave me a push and I fell sitting down, I was terrified, I thought, *if this "descontrolau", he would stick himself, the safety pin... the pin between the fingernail and the fingertip!... this one kills us with the "Fal".* Finally we arrived in Tucumán and I was saying to my son: *in the end we sold the passports for 4 hard-boiled eggs!*

But what there was no doubt about was that they were all in agreement, a plot, from the Hotel, the Police, the Consulate, the Embassy.

If I detail this odyssey in this way, it is because I want to make it clear to the unbelievers and to the children who believe that nobody did anything for their parents and to the mothers... if they don't believe in their parents... if they don't believe in their parents... if they don't believe in their parents... they don't believe in their parents.

It seems that all these people, didn't they put their job on the line, and I am convinced that you have to have faith.

Another one is that **every being that comes to earth has its space, and that cannot be usurped, "here" will always be its space and that is sacred.**

Today, I tell them not to leave and that we should all stand up for ourselves, **not be cowards, and know how to defend what is ours, our effort and our heritage, our national heritage.**

I will have to deviate at the request of the "**Extraterrestrials**".

That in Malvinas, a monument is made, dupla, that both, the English Argentine fighters, who have fallen, both in each, one of the battles, **that they are a single soldier** determined to defend their homeland, no matter what colour they are, all are soldiers, equally, **they all received and fulfilled Orders, without hatred or rancour, only Orders**, that had to be fulfilled, all young men, full of illusions, projects, hopes, but that does not count, the Orders count, young men, who could be supportive, friends, comrades, but the **Order** can do more.

Let a monument be made and both *English and Argentinian mothers weep together*, for mothers are mothers here and there, if children cannot have rejection, hatred, nor rancour, only the bewilderment of the useless.

Some things are incomprehensible, -but justifiable||, as in Germany, the young man in the massacre.

What he transmitted in Argentina has nothing to do with what he affirms there, it is well known, and everyone agrees on this, that "**death**", there is nothing to justify it, even natural death.

But if they say that the young man was expelled from school for being undisciplined, the teachers decided, by mutual agreement, well, that's fine.

The student then went on to take the subjects.

The young man went to take his free subjects... and what happened? And what happened, he was refused, they didn't want to accept him, to take exams for him.

Then the young man withdrew, and came, armed with an arsenal.

Now then. **This should not and cannot remain like that**, had he not been "expelled" from the "School", was it not a fair disciplinary measure, well, if the young man, prepares himself, studies in order to pass and not lose the year, **whose was the "hatred"** of the teachers or the student!

Who should have understanding, solidarity, understanding, the processes of the student?... first: from 14 to 15 years old the student, develops, and *the "hormones" begin to make revolution, without counting the "sensations"*, of disobedience, disciplines, perhaps lack of respect... it is time that, we have a little attention with our children, to understand them, in their stage in which from 14 to 18, they are, totally, derailed! it's the worst time for the boy, who has to either become a man on his own... or turn to his mates... And what can they get out of it?

We women have a mother to turn to, because of our hormonal processes, and the children, do they find their fathers?

This is a worrying issue and nobody until today.... seems not to see it.

The issue cannot be taken lightly, because when my son was a teacher at Champañan School, and he saw a student, **"he himself"** gathered the teachers and told them: *let's have a meeting and talk to this or that student, because I see that he has a problem, and they all tried to help the student.*

There were cases! from relatives, from parents, as well as, "personal" processes.

I can guarantee it, since I had my private school, with 32 teachers, almost all of them engineers, and in 5 years... from 1st to 5th year, the student can choose whether to leave... or in mechanics or technical, in electronics, no student was ever expelled, even though there was and there is a problem that is not given importance.

If a student has an **"IQ that is superior"** to that of the other students, why torture him and not recognise that he has an intellectual superiority, and therefore, he cannot be forced to support the rhythm of those who lack it, I proved this with the students I had, I told the Institutions, where I got permission... the authorisations, to give teaching courses, Primary, Secondary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Baccalaureate for adults.... the authorisations to teach primary, secondary, tertiary and high school courses for adults, including my son, who taught and prepared for entry to the Police School, Entry, Army, Navy and Aeronautics cadets, without counting the support courses for the subjects.

I told them that **the Ministry of Education should provide for this place**, where Bolivians, Coyas, and about 3 other ethnic groups... **with other languages apart from Spanish.**

That they were more accessible and understandable, since Intellectual knowledge was perceptible, and by not having that mental dexterity and ability to solve problems, what happens?

The pupil, solved all the problems, and finished, he has time to spare and all his other classmates are trying to solve them, all with their heads bowed on the desk, then, What an opportunity, to throw a ball of paper or a rubber band to make a rubber band with 2 fingers and "wham"! with more force, and so either the pupil complains or the teacher sees it and the displeasure of the teacher begins, of course she has 30 or 40 to deal with and it is not her case to worry about the pupil's coefficient and it is not that he wants to stand out in the class, to be noticed, to be the leader, no, and no, no.

This must be dealt with now! one that is not the only one that explodes like this and they will continue to do so, if they do not want to frustrate, expofeso students, super, with an IQ that doubles the teacher, **do not see that we are in the end of time, that are being born, super, gifted, Scientists, Mathematicians, Pianists** and that they will, do, wait for them to **"explode"**, of impotence, "was not, well with having, expelled him"?No... he studied and prepared himself to perform, "who hated whom"!

Sorry, sorry, for my emotionality, I know that death... no... it can't be justified, it has no justification, not even natural death, it's meaningless! it is the force of power, and when that is unleashed, there is no mercy, no remorse, no regret, it **is a force, almost animal**, so, we must not allow, nor urge, "for it to happen", because then, pleas, threats, or requests for mercy will not be enough, **the actor, does not listen, does not... measure, does not calculate, acts, does not speculate, carries out the impulse the Force**

Mary is incited to abbreviate and accelerate the approaching end. I will only try to give information, without detailing.

It is, the life and return of my son, at stake.

I continue: When the "**Extraterrestrials**" came for the first time, I followed my son's recommendations to investigate them, I did so, and this is the result.

I asked them who they were, as there were two of them, one about 35 to 39 years old and the other, 50 to 55 years old, with grey hair. Well, one of them told me that they were coming to make a **revelation** to me, which was, as I explained at the beginning of the page, that my son was **half terrestrial and half "extraterrestrial"**.

That the youngest was "**Captain Kiev**", I thought it would be Russians and I thought other things, so they laughed, I almost burst into flames, I blushed, and they told me not to make me a problem, that they had, **mental capture, thought transmission, and mental domination**.

How's it going, a pinturita.

Well, I was told they were from "**Venus... or Venusians**".

That they came in peace, that they would not harm us.

Abrevio, one moonlit night, it was hot, I was sleeping next to a window, and the moon was illuminating my right arm, which was outside the sheet, when, by the illumination of the moon, I saw my arm, "**Escamado**" **oil colour, with silver reflections**, and I started to scream, my son came, and I told him and *he* told me, at last you saw it, and he told me: "*sonsa*", *if from Them, we descend, "Somos Lagartos de Agua"* and I was, "*terrified*".

- *Don't tell me, what, we will become, lizards!*, and he says to me: *what if old... what if we are, at the end of time, and we must return to our origin... don't you "like it", if they are our ancestors?*

I almost "vomited", and the terror didn't leave me, and I told him: *well, I thought it was the Monkeys, I was already familiar with the Monkeys, and besides, I like them, but the lizards... wow, They are "terrifying", repulsive-looking bad guys!*

And, well, if so, what can we do.

That those who descend from "**Extraterrestrials**", as I have already said in another "**They have, a Particularity, the ears stuck together, without Earlobe**".

In other words, there are people all over the world, bankers, businessmen, actors, professionals, etc., and they all cover them up because they think they are defective.

From now on, you can form a **World Club of the Glued Ears**, so don't hide them anymore, ba... I don't think everyone will want it to be known, so as not to be recognised.

At least they will know, that they are not defective.

The "extraterrestrials" showed me about... 5, more or less, from past lives.

We were always together, my son and I, "I do not dwell on details", in two, it was my husband, in another my brother. And all in different countries. In a castle in England, I was French in Russia, in Damascus and in China.

A Rainbow.

They showed me like on a television, video I don't know... in colours, we were always, equal in appearance.

Logically, no "sex" can be seen at any time, that will be the question mark for the curious.

I think that's why we were always very close, but when we got together, the first thing that came out, since we both saw our past lives, was that I would inevitably ask upstairs not to put us together any more, because we would kill each other, *since we were two "powers" and we both wanted to be right and have the last word.*

Mary, at the request of the Extraterrestrials, unveils to them a divine mystery of faith.

I will comment on an event, experience, or like all the events that happened to me, unusual, strange, unbelievable,

We leave "**Ledesma, Jujuy**", in the direction of "**Tucumán**".

My son, and a friend who was, in turn, the plant manager of the "*Company*", and my son was the supervisor of 3 sections, in other words, his boss in the "*Company*".

My son, the "**Sinister**", asked him to supplant him, or represent him, in a business, and my son hesitated, to which he told him, well, then, face it, you, as a partner and at your discretion, together with your friend, the Boss, **it was the time when "the country, was going through this very stage", in which the "Companies", were in liquidation, and anyone, either, local or "Foreign", could, dispose, "privatise", or buy any, "Company" at ridiculous prices.**

This "Company" was the second, after "Acindar", this one and "Somisa", the thing is that everything was ready, on both sides, all the papers were in order, everything was signed, and we even toasted with "Champagne", we said goodbye and we had to return at 8 o'clock in the morning to withdraw the money from the Bank and close the operation.

I will say that when we arrived in "Tucumán", from Jujuy, we stayed in a "Hotel", we arrived at 7 or 8 o'clock at night, of course, as I was travelling with my son and my partner, who would become my partner, and Chief, I didn't even bother to check which "Hotel", which street, which number it was.

I continue, in the evening, they decided that we should go for dinner, and the friend and boss suggested that first we should go and look for and invite a lady who had contact with two... *and in addition the partner and "Boss", wanted to sound her out to the woman, since she was a teacher, and he had, like 5 or 6 young children, it is the typical case, of these marriages, that generally, with the partner they have and she gets pregnant, who lied to him the age, was minor and pressures him, and must get married, at the end he accepts and tells her: "yes but I am going to fill you with children", now she must already be, by the 7th or 8th, "quilo sa".*

I continue; the whole dinner, the way to and from the restaurant, the two of them were talking... and they did it slowly, as if they were sweethearts, a "saying", we were walking and talking about the subject of the "**Acería**" and the whole subject... that the next day would end and we would no longer go back to Jujuy.

On the way, he told me that his friend and partner didn't even want me to go to the company, I told my son: *"if I don't think about leaving the Institute"* and my son said to me: *"what the fuck!"* My son got angry, and when we were in the street and he got angry with me about something, the first thing he did was to yank out my wallet and throw it in the middle of the street. *Of course, it seemed to me that this was not right, or that it was not right on that occasion, with those witnesses...* the thing, that I had it in my arm, I pressed it against my thorax, with both arms... and he was pulling it! and he ripped off the handle and threw it, of course, in the street, and I looked at it and the two rings were left, and I said to myself: *...it has a "remedy"....*

Of course... the fact that I didn't go to the steelworks, I already knew - the reason why - let's say, when we were entering the hotel, he stood behind me and gave me a slap on the "tail", that alone said more than a thousand words, the reason and cause of my exclusion from the "Company".

Anyway, things of this world, of course, up to that point, I had no idea of the odyssey I would have to go through, the "experience", "esoteric", "paranormal", "transcending to the other plane", or I don't know what it was or is, the reason, it is unimportant, the important thing is what is transcended.

Needless to say, that after the chirlo, I looked at him over my shoulder, and I fulminated, the mere fact that he was a friend of my son, he had a wife and half a dozen children and I knew the wife, even though he was jealous and envious of me, I only felt understanding and put myself in his place, I was always condescending, I did not visit her, because of the stalker.

Well, we arrived at the "Hotel" and we went to the bar, the 4 of us and a friend of my son's *"partner and boss"*, they asked for something according to the time, place and fashion, they told me what I wanted to drink and I told them: *an "aniseed"*, and they all burst out laughing and I told them: *what? They didn't ask me, so you would have decided*, and it turned out that the man was the owner of the "Hotel", and... he told me the years, that it was no longer consumed and they told me, that another one, could be the drink and well a "coke", without words.

We went to rest, they asked us to call us 6 and a half and before leaving, I said to my son: *look, when I went in last night, I saw, before entering the "Hotel", a "Boutique" and I saw that they had leather belts, I'm going to buy one, so I can put it on my wallet, as it has the rings on it.*

And, we went out and my son showed me: *you see... on the opposite pavement, on the other corner - there was a bookshop, which covered 1/2 block, 1/2 block of books - we were going to, to run an errand, we met, on that corner, the one who arrived waited, and they left.*

I went to see the belt... I entered the **"Boutique"** through the door facing the street, I went in, I bought it **and instead of going out through the front door, I went out through another one, which was on my right**, facing a gallery, I walked, thinking about the belt, *"in the corner, I'll put it on"* and I went through the gallery to my right, I went out to the other street... **and all this, until today... I couldn't figure it out!...** when I get to the street, I walk the block to the corner, and I don't see the bookshop, of course I was so engrossed in my own thing, that I didn't pay attention to anything, what do I do?... I go back to the Gallery, **and there were 2 doors or 2 exits**, and that confused me... I walked back to the corner and again... nothing! Nothing! I went back to the **"Gallery"**, **and there were 3 doors, that is to say 3 entrances**, I turned around... *a lady was coming, covered to the ankle, dark grey, grey fox and a little hat, with a feather, at the time of the film, of Gardel, girls or blondes of "New York"*, I asked her if she knew where there was a bookstore, that, occupied, the corner and 1/2 block to, both sides of the corner and the woman, told me ignored, in that comes a gentleman, with hat, overcoat, lanky, grey colour to the ankle and I ask him, and I get the same answer.... then, I go back to the Gallery... **and there were so many entrances, that it gave me fear and uneasiness**, then a girl comes and I thought: *I am going to ask this "Idiot" to see what happens*, without imagining that the **"Idiot"** was me, I tell her: *where is the "headquarters"*, and she tells me: *on the corner turn to the right and you will find it, the young woman was dressed like in the "20's... or "30's, I don't know.*

I continue; and when I turn to my right, there it was! and when I arrive, I see with surprise, that it was exactly the same as the "Jefatura", of "Córdoba", with the same "arcades", only that between another entrance, of the arcades, there was, at each junction, a flowerpot with Ligustro, and when I approach... there I said to myself: *but this "Idiot"... I said "headquarters", and she sent me to the fire brigade!* of course, the "Idiot" was still me, **because she was the "chief", but they had the dark blue, thick, thick uniform, like the "Railwaymen",** of course, those clothes that the "Railwaymen" wore were from "England", because at that time, there **were no "Weavers"**, there were no "Weavings" just put them in "**Argentina**", the "General" before, all the clothes were used, imported, who does not remember the puloveres, to rhombus and the stockings to rhombus, or the pleated skirt, Scottish, as, as the one of the "Prince", and fastened with a pin of hook, Guauu...

I continue; *they had a dark blue uniform, thick wool and with red piping on the sides of the trousers, on the sleeve cuffs, on the "cap", but what surprised me the most was that they had a spike on the helmet,* I say "cap", but no... for me, it was unknown! so I thought it was the firemen, and I said: *good morning,* and he answered me, he said: *what are you looking for, what brings you here,* I said: *I'm lost - what's wrong? - I'm looking for a big, big bookshop,* and I explain to her how... and she says to me: *you must be confused, as far as I know, there's nothing around here, like you said, ...and I started to worry!* I went back to the gallery, and as I was walking, I started to examine everything... and I saw that the pavements were made of "bricks"... I shuddered, remembering... *I saw that the "bricks" were laid on edge, and I noticed that the street was made of "cobblestones" and on the pavement, between the "bricks" and the "bricks, there was grass" about 2 or 3 centimetres high, After seeing all that, I began to despair and then I heard my son's voice, shouting at the top of his lungs, I could imagine him putting his two hands in his mouth to make a cone so that it would resonate more.*

And I said to myself: *what do I do now? and the voice with my name, which filtered through the floor, the walls,* I mean... because I didn't raise my head once, so I don't know if there was a sky, unbelievable, but I don't know.

I stood in front of the gallery, where I came out, and that's what I was doing when... he "Chup" **and I fell,** between the two of us, my son and his partner, and the partner, who knew nothing about anything, only about money, told him not to shout: *"Che" don't shout, they'll take us for madmen and they'll put us in prison!*

When I stopped in front of the Gallery, I started to think that my son always told me: *"old lady, watch out, if a door opens, don't go in, they'll take you to the other one, flat"* and he told me: *"you have to act quickly, call the person, before it takes more than 12 hours, otherwise you can't bring them down any more",* and I was doing that **when I fell,** "Chup", it was disconcerting.

And, he says, the friend: *you see there he is, he's shouting so much,* of course, he didn't even notice... or else, they made a gap, a blank space, I don't know, but my son was blind with fury and he says to me: now, you're not coming with us, we're going to take you somewhere else, *do you know what time it is! - y... no,* he says to me: *it's 12 o'clock,* and we left 7 and a half, more than 5 hours, walking, without getting anywhere.

To top it off, I had just worn a pair of shoes, Luis 15 with a 5-centimetre heel, **"new, I'm not going to walk"**, I had blisters on all my toes and on my heel, it was an ordeal, I could no longer walk.

When I fall between the two of us, my son says to me: **"tell me later"**.

What I can say about this fact is that I don't know if this was the first plane, as **it is like the spine of the human body, each vertebra is a plane,** according to what the "Extras" tell me, I think that this must have been the first one, I mean because of the fall, which made "chup", which would be seconds.

At least, I knew, that on the other plane, there is life with everything, what I did not see, is traffic, of any, kind, and something unforgivable, that at no, moment, I looked up if I had not, known, that there was above... I don't think there would be the sky????.

But that, yes, the amazing thing, is that they dress like they did 40 to 50 years ago, they walk, they talk, they have all their senses, they understand and they respond wonderfully.

The lady, with those pointy-toed shoes and the little strap over the instep with the carretel heels, and coming out, the chubby foot, as seen in the photos, I don't know if it's from _20.

Another thing that caught my attention was the slow, parsimonious, unhurried, unhurried walk, without the madness, because the pavements are narrow and the people coming and going bump into each other.

There was a kind of low atmosphere, or low mist, the ideal climate, but the walking was heavy, hence the walking was slow, tedious, without haste, without time.

From there I thought: **"...in time, there is you, time, seek your self and you will defeat time, or defeat your self, and you will defeat time..."**.

On the steel mill, it was frustrated, one that the banks did not open, they could not because of the Rodrigazo and when they did, with the devaluation, they could only buy aspirin, **so we were just there for that experience to happen.**

My son's friend and business partner still has to **"remember me"**.

For me... they saved us.

My son's partner does not know or understand, or did not understand at the time, anything that was hidden.

Sometimes we would be talking and he would say to us, without knowing, I don't know what you are talking about, but what I can tell you is that it **doesn't give money**.... Wise, words, and intuitive!.

With faith and humility *Mary*.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Why does Maria publish these photos?

(Part 13)

Find out more at

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**THE MYSTERY OF MARIA IS UNVEILED:
"ARGENTINOS DE PIE". "ENOUGH OF LIVING ON OUR
KNEES".**

(Part 14).

-ARGENTINIANS ON THEIR FEET. -ENOUGH OF LIVING ON OUR KNEES||.

Maria is told that the moment of truth has arrived.

But... Mary wonders? And the other thing... What was it, what was it? In short, less find out -God and forgive||, so they say.

"The issue is burning. It has nothing to do with anything and everything to do with everything.

Of course, at this point, Internet readers who have followed this topic may already suspect, as I do, that **"they used me pretty well"**, because who can fail to realise that this issue of taking my son away must have been **"studied, meditated, calculated, measured and weighed"**.

Everything I could *"give, offer, in order to recover my son... I used it, I suspected, I had an intuition, that something was behind the kidnapping"*, let's say, in some way, we have to baptise it, to determine it, **"since it was not of my own free will"**.

-It is well, that my son was sent, only, to write the book, and then, to return, or return it, or insert it to its place of departure, **"he only came to fulfil, a mission"**, like so many others.

Did it deliver? -The book, it lived up to expectations||.

And, why the trade-off, of allowing, him, to, return, in, exchange, for some, guidelines, that he, had, to meet
-yo||?

It was not in vain that I resisted for 6 years, -because I did not see it clearly||, I was not convinced by the compliments, the distinction to which they made me the object, it is like when one says: *"hum... I realise there is a catch"*, until I reached the point where intuition seemed to alert me to "something".... *I realise that there is something fishy going on"*, until I reached the point where my intuition seemed to be alerting me to **"something"**...

But no longer out of curiosity or apprehension about something I did not know, but which, in my eagerness to recover my son, overcame any fear of the unknown.

In this theme he used and played in a great way with the feelings, the reactions, "with all the potential that one has and puts into action", it is in these or those moments when one must renounce almost one's own life, they put to the test all the sensitivity, the renunciation of the being for the being itself, leaving aside all personal selfishness to give oneself dispassionately without speculation, that one must totally forget one's own existence and only let the spiritual force emerge, all personal selfishness in order to give oneself dispassionately, without speculation, to forget one's own existence completely, and let only the spiritual force emerge, the force that exalts, glorifies, all that with words it would be useless to explain, to justify, they are facts, reactions that the being sets in motion.

-And of course, that everything is used, intelligently||, nothing is wasted, wasted, everything, has its, by and for what, is harnessed, meticulously, Scientifically, Mathematically, like a yawn, or a sigh, which does not yet have, an -exact|| measurement, nor weight, width, or thickness. Yet I grasp, that the **Extraterrestrials**, measure us, even -the time and extent of laughter||, measure, -the heat emanating from the body, the resistance, of anguish, pain and pleasure||.

What causes us pain, what joy, what resentment, what remorse, what joy and pleasure?

I would almost say, they have it all, "sorted".

They are statistics, to control, our moods, our sensations, hence when they took me, there were only doctors and military, I think that says, something... or a lot, I don't know.

And then, what attitude can one take, if the mere fact of being in front of Them, one feels like -Naked", of all feeling, love, rancour, he is just left without reaction, with a big gap in his head.

I am already convinced that this will happen, at the right and calculated moment, "**premeditated, not a minute before or after**". At the "*right*" moment, fixed for that event.

But let -The Mentors||, the doers, the appointed and -Chosen ones|| carry out what is written, the ones who fulfil the determination, who will have to change, history and that is not fulfilled with the stroke of a pen, history is the richest legacy, what we inherit.

In order to get to the crux of the matter, "*to the heart of the matter*", by having to uncover -some||, -unmask others||.

Isn't it easy, from the moment, that they did not have the slightest modesty, to denigrate, degrade, belittle, their own companions -on the road||, -comrades||? who served them -as screens to their sinister, and macabre plans||, of course, that the one who organised it, knew very well, in the problem and commitment that he was subjected to. But he did not care, he only evaluated the benefit he would receive -after that plot||, and for having carried out that attack, he would secure -his prestige, courage and personal value||.

What are we talking about?

On what subject am I expounding... **the one and only sinister plan?**

That mattered to us, and that they still insist today, -with the argument that they infiltrated you, in your head|| and that they repeat it, without rhyme or reason, -something contrived||, that they introduced in your psyche and already became flesh, and they repeat it, over and over again, if they were to contemplate, devoid of all speculation, and passion, -contemplate for a moment|| and they will see, how they use you, how they make of you, instead of a useful -human|| being, with all your virtues, with all your potential, your youth. instead of a useful -human|| being, with all your virtues, with all your potential, your youth.

They are turning them into beings without will, -desire, initiative||, treating them like little dolls that move by winding them up!

This is exclusively for all children, our Argentine children, as well as for children of all nationalities and ethnicities without distinction of race, creed or colour.

Yes... ... -they're winded up and let them go||, and they?... they get to safety, look at you, for a minute!... **they "let the roosters go" and walk away to contemplate** and... how many of us think -inhuman||, and... they are -cocks||, what effect can it have on us to see our children, in those situations, like robots, *they are given rope and they are released and crash, and when they run out of rope, they go to the little blue room*, and they are already catalogued as -**perejiles**||.

-Well, but they will be satisfied, they made them repeat the night of the -pencils||, because of the increase in the -ticket||... and according to them, those who were -shooting them like mastiffs|| and inciting them to create disorder and attacks on businesses and looting, if they saw how sad it all is, didn't they wonder how the promoters are still going on? The ones who promoted the disorder and are still **alive and kicking** everywhere are the agitators. And this is "**serious**", they have already abused

"enough of the Argentine people".

With the theme, -already repeated, overused and no longer valid||. The theme of, **"What they did to us"**, **"what happened to us!"**, you have to understand, it is no longer valid, **"yes... for love of you"**, it is accepted, because the pain of -You|| was great, -to see them suffer||.....

But enough is enough, it can't go on, it can't be any more, "it's over". We are not going to put up with -what they did to us,|| what happened to us|| any longer, **-what they pluralise||** and journalism echoes such aberrations and injustices, which nobody has to accept and experience on a daily basis! people are too prudent and understanding, -not because of that, they have to be participants||, of something, that they are forced, to live and share, something that is totally alien and destroy their life and all their principles, to want to drag them, to make them participants, of something that is totally -foreign to their will, to their principles||, good manners. It would be more honest if they would acknowledge, once and for all, **"What we did to them"**, **what we put the Argentine people through**, and the country that did the most damage to Argentina, which is the **"Spanish"** people who sent us, that scum, **"yes, scum"**, of misfits. It was not enough for them, the plundering and inhuman treatment that they gave to our **"race"**, from the very beginning, they were inhuman inquisitors. When **"Franco"** was in power, they got rid of all the **"scum"** and sent them to us, and here, **"in solidarity with us"**, we received them and even made them Argentine citizens and **"prior bribery"** they took over Avenida de Mayo street, like the **"Jews"**, *They took by assault our Universities, Faculties and brought the modality, to make of them, some real "conventillos" for not "saying anything else"; posters and flags, which is disgusting, "just to pass through them" and "that was since their landings", to Argentina, then, infiltrate them, of elements, subversive, from the "professors" and students, how many of them, only attended to revolt and indoctrinate them, to the Students.* And then what could we complain about? -If the Communism that infiltrated us still persists, with -Purple Fringe|| of leftists and lefties, **and it turns out that now it is the Spaniards who want to "judge" us?** Baya, baya... and the one who has this pretension, **was first a judge, then he infiltrated politics and finally, he became a judge again, "a total immorality"**.

We must stand "with our heads held high against the treacherous enemy", who only wants to bring us to our knees.

And that is why our founding fathers fought to leave us a free and sovereign homeland:

"And it will not be foreigners who will come to set their standards".

This country will no longer be the only one without armed forces, **"since the only aim is to strip us of our national heritage"**, and that is what they took care of and want to take care of again... power, in order to continue betraying us.

From now on, from now on, all the ethnic groups that occupy Argentina, if they want to continue inhabiting it, like -pregonan||, I am Argentine.... **"Argentine", I don't know, is it only because you have an Argentine passport and citizenship.** Or are you Argentine only on occasion and put on the clothes of your country||, -for your patriotic celebrations||? For that, we have good -Actors|| who can What cannot be represented -represent||, **"is the love, the honour, towards the Homeland,** which gave it, the citizenship. **And very few honour it!** As Evita used to say, -They sell out the homeland||.

It is obvious to emphasise that all foreigners sent to Argentina are **"second-class"**, whatever **country** they are from, even the "Kelpers", with whom they humiliate us and want to degrade us, making territorial treaties that we have to deal with **"second-class" and "uneducated" people,** and so on, even those who ironically call us "brothers", not even when they came to plunder us. Spain -respected our ethnicities||, **but as there are several countries that will soon disappear from the face of the earth, hurry up, there are "scales" to weigh them all, and each one will receive what they have sown.**

Let the Argentine people stand up! To rebuild the Argentina that the "Pirates and Plunderers" have plundered from us.

May Our Armed Forces return to their rightful place!

As for those who proclaim||, about **-what they did to us, what happened to us||**, instead of saying **-what they did, or we did to the Argentine people||**, those... that they should **-cut it off**. - Before we were covered by the scum, who came to exile||.... Those who should say that! **They are our soldiers, our beloved, soldiers!**, they do, they have all the right, in the World to say, **"What they did to us, what happened to us!"**. Because they were, ironically, the **ones who, without eating or drinking**", as they say **"vulgarily"**, were cannon fodder. **They were the victims, Innocents, who had to face a heavy burden, like "Samson", on their shoulders.**

And it turns out that... -it happened, it happened||, what happens in all wars, they are sent off, euphoric, singing Loas and -then||.... *Then? As happens in all countries, and which is something that covers "the Military Code", "the soldiers", who covered, and lost, in that war, should be ignored, not interviewed, not given, work*, -under penalty|| of? as if they were guilty that they were not given moral, war, emotional and military support.

But on the other hand, the **"subversives, the guerrillas"** or those who left the country, distanced themselves, **-went to rant against Argentina||** and deployed leftism, in all its extension, that is to say.... **in "Creole"**: those who threw the stone and hid their hand, and were the first to flee, because they knew what was happening and **"what they had done to the Argentine people, what they had put the Argentine people through"**, those... as good "Brave", and traitors **returned... And they were given "a position in the Government? like the Coordinadora, which was formed "to entrench them all" and they were all "placed", in the "TV Channels", like the "Psychologist" who escaped,||** returned for the Elections when the **"White Berets"** came up and still has a programme on TV.

For as long as I can remember, and that was a long time ago, **the White Berets, whenever they went up, it was to destroy the country, that was and is their only mission**, the one who wins and goes up is the scarecrow. They were the ones who always knocked on the door of the barracks, they were the ones who pushed the Navy to overturn **Perón**, because -Perón|| was -Military||.

-The military didn't want to..... -in the end, -they convinced|| one of them: *what, it was "for the good of the Fatherland"* and the poor man, believed them, *"that he would go to the front"* and behind the Navy, **"Pobrecito, Pobrecito" an excellent, "Military", and wanted to continue, with the Government of "Perón", his plan and his political bases... in short, only to change some things**. How they made him enter! First they let him out alone, because the coup plotters, of the other forces, **"entrenched themselves in Montevideo, because there were several traitors entrenched there"**, only when the -Army|| had triumphed with the coup, -at the head of this Great **Military**, and deceived||, the Traitors, jumped across, came, to take over, power.... and the -Military|| was diagnosed with a -terminal|| cancer, and so they took him out of the way, exported him to another country, as an assignment, **that is how history is, not how it is told**.

"The daughter, a painter herself, suffered betrayal, as Evita said of the **Vendepatria**.

But what can we say, if the people when they got tired of a ruler and wanted him out, what did they do, they knocked on the door of the **White Berets**, -since the people have no strength, no wedge, no tool, for those weaves and handles||... on the other hand, the **White Berets**... for that purpose, they are already baquianos, and they paint themselves, they went and knocked on the door of the barracks and it was a pact.

But, but... as now there are no more barracks, now they cut themselves, they do not need to make pacts with the barracks, **but they have already made a pact between the three ex-presidents**, that is, the one who goes up, the others are hooked by the tail like a kite, and the one who goes up, goes back to the other two, as it is already known that the **White Berets** do not know how to -govern||... **the first one; he governed, the "Coordinadora", the second one; he hoped in the "Guri" that he would "upa" him and lead him to the "Selft", crass mistake. It turns out that the "Guri" began to say: "da, da", to "Gatear"... and "a good Hadita" came and took him away, with her "magic wand" and "turned him into a pumpkin", and the Hadita said: "ajó baby" and he "da, da". "Y... he saw", with Dad's little plane", "they went" to live, a fairy tale, the "guri, knew how to handle the tutu and the little plane", but... Dad, was stranded, without money and without Faith", and the Gouri while, they**

made him "quichi, quichi repeated in his tummy" and he "dada, dada... and he saw, **the millions he collected**".

as Minister of Social Welfare, who sent and donated the "Countries for child malnutrition", of course the "good little Hadith", with her magic wand, turned the donations, "into a residence", "or a little nest" of a fairy tale.

And, Colorín Colorado, "the little ones, malnourished, were left hanging".

Now it is the turn of the third -partner||, but as the berets are -squashed||, with the burning, he will have to row alone, with the wind at his back.

Will the third in discord try to see if the Peronists, -perejiles|| can be convinced again? **That all together, we will triumph**, -since Perón left him the legacy of the Great Conductor||.

"The people have the last word", yes... but after they vote||. They look forward to the next episodes, which will be broadcast -live and live, on all the channels that will hook it up||.

With faith and humility Maria.

THIS IS FOR TEENAGERS, SO ADULTS ALREADY KNOW THIS.

Guys, they say you are the future, so put on your long trousers now.

Just make the **-thinker||** work, here in Argentina, or in whatever country you are in, **"Vale", do not let your parents and grandparents "snatch away the social conquests" for which they fought.**

One supposition, here in Argentina, "los vende" "Patria", as "Eva Perón" used to say, the traitors, the usurpers, of the National Patrimony. They are the ones who always said, "the populace"... well, pay attention with some beautiful, little stories of Ada, as only they can tell them, deceive them and make them believe, as always, that they are the "Saviours of the Homeland".

They are the ones who talk a lot, "about, with the Constitution", studying, eating and other minutiae.

The Ministry of Social Welfare was told on television about the donations, but it is a national disgrace.

As for the fact that **with democracy, one lives, eats and studies**, that is the work of the touts who used to sell peaches at 40 per cent and watermelons at 40 per cent and red watermelons at 40 per cent.

It turns out that "now the politicians" have adopted this modality from the 1940s and are touting the "Constitution" as if it were melons, words, hollow, without foundation, something so "Mendaz" that not even they believe it. "I would love to write a "horror" novel, not fictitious, but with characters from the national scene, it would be a best seller.

I go on, they were lured, with false promises, "like schoolgirls", they took them out of the **"Military Service"**, but look what they took from them, they had the uniform, sash clothes, and sports, house and food, sports, education, to know, other provinces, say, Cordoba, Mendoza, Jujuy etc. and those from Jujuy were sent to Buenos Aires.

When could you "get to know Argentina from one end to the other"? They "learned to be good men", discipline, order, comradeship, they made friends from province to province, and most importantly, they had medical assistance, dentistry, they had a thousand benefits, but now they are "Parias" and, above all, they learned to respect the "family".

It was an "Honour" to serve the Fatherland, to live and die for it.

And now what have they got, what have they been left with, **"how did they force them to live"**? Collect signatures, ask, again, for **"Military Service"**.

Another one, they have burst the faculties, the universities and they can hardly study any more, and only the children of the **"Cajetillas"** do it. Now, they want to take away the hospitals, and only find sanatoriums and mutual funds, and eradicate completely all the benefits of the people. Here in Argentina, **"to eradicate all the benefits that General Perón gave to the people"**, they only want to benefit the upper middle class, and eliminate the people, that is why they took out the **"Railway"**, so that the people cannot travel, nor come from the provinces, so that the people do not **"rub shoulders"** with those who lived and live at the expense of the people.

"With the technology, people are left out" on this "Planet". That was the plan of the "Minister we were able to get". He made a "line" since "Perón" and that only the companies, the Banks and Factories, which were there before "Perón", the "Railroads", the Companies, everything should be razed to the ground, and that only they should travel in "cars or planes".

This is not news to anyone and was and is beneficial to all.

They are carrying out throughout the world the plan of the **"One Government", managed only by the first world.**

Attention

"If you want to take advantage of the end of the school holidays, or the school trip, or if you have read my son's book and something is not clear to you **and you would like to ask any questions**, please do not hesitate to **contact me**.

-The children who were my son's students, and whose photos appeared on the -Internet| page, and who are no longer **"children"**, are now **"Adults"**, I can tell them that they can, in all confidence, come and visit the **"City of Cordoba"** and its beauties, **"Cordoba is Panoramic"**, my son chose it to write his book, and in Rosario, he ate the 5000 books for information.

If you decide to come this holiday, we talk to the Agency of, Tourism, to make them budget, per group, you can come as they like, they will not, to, regret, we have no **"Indians"**, are all, **"Mansos, Tamed and Tamed"**, the Guys in the photos, will give talks, enjoyable, to the subject that they request. The address and telephone number are under the photos, we are waiting for you.

But study and pass the grade, or year, that the benefit, it is for you. I look forward to seeing you **Galactic and Intergalactic kids**.

Those who are very young and wish to come, but who do not have their parents' consent and authorisation to travel alone, may do so accompanied by their parents, if they wish, since the explanatory talks will deal with topics of history, related in my son's book, which are of interest to all ages.

"Let us pray that we may come out of this "blind" well into which we have been plunged, and that it may rain down upon us from heaven, water of chance, and water of life.

Let my son come to -Vote|, because only a miracle can save us, **"I have faith and as I do my homework"** I hope for the **"miracle"**.

Pray for all, for God alone will save the world.

With faith and humility Mary.

I AM ASKED BY THE -EXTRAS||, TO INTERNALISE THE INTERNET READERS.

I don't know if he was a professional, I don't know anything, he introduced him to me and they were talking and travelling to different places, I never asked questions, as I didn't understand anything either. I know that he came from -Switzerland|| to make a proposal to the - Argentine Government|| and as always, -they came up against a thousand obstacles and obstacles||.

The theme was as follows: To make an ecological plant for the recycling of waste, except radioactive waste. With the ashes, to make cement bricks for the construction of housing for the eradication of shantytowns.

"They would usufruct the business or the company for 10 years and then leave it to the government".

The place they had Chosen, I say plural, since it brought his partner and the proposers, the business, were the two Lords.

I continue, after having flown to several places, which my son told them were suitable for the **"Company"**.

Well they chose, **"Rio Negro"**, they went to talk to the Governor of the time, the one who knew how to take, by **"assault a Bank"**. This good man, **"asked for a succulent Coima"** and they were willing, **"the same"**, but as it was, **the "Ecological" issue then, should, intervene, the "Mrs. Engineer", well, well ... the Coima that asked the "Mrs. Engineer" already filled the budget** and withdrew, quite, angry, saying: *we still offer them, solve, the problem of "Garbage" ... no right, in short STOP, in mouth serrada not flies enter.*

Clarification, I ask the **"Extras"** why Israel will no longer be the **"Chosen"** people and instead will be **"China"**?

And, all I get in response is, **"You'll see,"** but not the **"You'll see"** that -they use to terrorise people,|| wow.

But what is undeniable is that both the **"Israelis"** and the Chinese are on good terms with the **"United States"**. **"And that with what bread you eat"**.

What China, is researching **"groso"** the subject of **"Laser"** as **"energy"**, which will be, the future... if there is **"anyone"** left to tell, how beneficial, it is or was, in -idos|| times.

"Well, to think.

In the end we have to convince ourselves that with the technological advances, people are redundant on the Planet, there will only be room for Scientists and Professionals or as the game of hide and seek, those who were born at a certain date, and are in tune with the Technology, **"will belong"**, and those who were born after a certain time, **"are out of time"**, so what... will a Hoover truck drive by and... "He who **"didn't hide, lost"**.

*That is why, in all countries, there are, there must be, people who were born at the wrong time, so they have no time left, because time is your time, beat your self and you will beat time, **"hurry up son, hurry up"**, you must **"technify yourself"**, otherwise the truck will arrive and Chup.*

Time is gained over time,

Don't waste time and save your time

You will run out of time, for reaching the time.

If you manage to get there in time, you will find your time again.

By coming to this time, you persist in the possibility of being in your time.

With faith and humility Mary.

**THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:
MARIA WARNS THE PUBLIC THAT THE DEADLINE FOR THEM TO COME CLEAN HAS PASSED,
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IS NOW.**

(Part 15).

MARIA WARNS THE PUBLIC THAT THE DEADLINE FOR THEM TO COME CLEAN HAS PASSED,
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IS NOW.

This note is exclusively, painfully and anguishingly: A last call for reflection, a painful request. Because there is no more time, time is up.

"The time has come for Truth, for Sincerity".

I must make a last desperate appeal, out of love - to God - to the families, to the children, who die every day, for those who died in the repression in Malvinas.

It cannot be that they ignore the people's cry of desperation.

Yes, that's right! First came terrorism, kidnapping and the People's prisons, and only later did the Armed Forces emerge to defend, as was their duty, the National patrimony.

But, both the **"Terrorism, was imported** as well as afterwards , the **"Government of National Reorganisation", infiltrated by the "Traitorous and Traitorous Foreigner".**

The traitors, the traitors, the traitors, the traitor-trainees, the traitors of the School of Nations and the School of the Americas, who came to kill indiscriminately.

-As well as, they killed the Prat Marriage||.

"And that the Argentinean government gave him political asylum".

Why does the President, or rather the ex-president, who today wants to take charge of the government again, to finish handing it over to foreigners, as he did in his government, which handed over **"all the companies that cost the Argentine people a lot of sweat"**?

And this ex-President did not allow the dissemination of what was handed over to him by -the CIA||, -the United States||, so that Argentines would know what happened in -Argentina about the Repression and Malvinas||.

-Let the Argentine People know that this gentleman has no right to deprive the Argentine People, because so many Argentines died....

Let's start by finding out who this man is.

First, he is neither **Turkish nor Arab, but - Circumcised Jew".**

Not only did he deceive his family, that would be the least of it, but the most serious thing is that **deceived the Argentine people.**

So what can you expect, if not what he did and wants to continue to do: lie, cheat, betray.

He says that they slander him, telling lies and that it is the **"SIDE"** and this gentleman forgets that when he took office for the first time the first thing he said was that **he would put FBI and CIA people as his permanent guards, because he did not trust the guards in Argentina, who are usually from the "SIDE"**, so now what is this gentleman complaining about?

Let's continue with his **current partner**, who is from the "**Services**" of "**Chile and the CIA**", then.... What do we do, Sir? **He intends to continue, deceiving, the "Argentine People"**.

All this, said, by our and your friend "**Siniestro**".

That, according to him, you did **something**, which is what "**emboldens**" you... **What did you do, "in general", when you join a sect, organisation, etc., you have to take oaths, either of loyalty, loyalty, etc., on the other hand, to join the group that manages the "world" you have to "give up a son", to enter that select group, to enter that group. to enter this select group.** As you did to name, one, -who wants power||, has inordinate ambition like you, and who to obtain, personal progress also like you, not only delivered the son, with case and all, "**that is the mother**", then he was a successful Film Director. **STOP**.

When the former president took office, he communicated with the "**ex-Captain**" and told him, since he had won the elections, **that he would carry out everything that the "Captain" wanted to do in his long life** and proposed, as his goal if he became -President in each Campaign|| and from there he was never able to fulfil his goal, -because his proposals did not convince the People||, because he favoured the **-Oligarchy and the Vendepatria, as it is seen today||**.

Hence, "you", after having promised the people something, implemented what the "Captain" proposed.

And the "**Captain**" said to him: *well, get in touch with So-and-so and So-and-so*, and you said to him: *no, I'll meet with "God" right away*, and the "**Captain**" said to him: *and who is "God"?* and he said to him: **the president of the "United States", I'm coming and I'm at his disposal for whatever he orders**, and the "**Captain**", jumped like a good "**Gorilla**" and "**in recognition, he gave him the daughter**".

Internet reader, draw your own conclusions. My

head is a -Bombo de Guerra||.

Of course, I personally don't know for sure whether he is **Jewish, Arab or Turkish**, whether he is circumcised.

What I do know from the **-Siniestro||**, is that **he tricked** her, his ex-wife and her family, that they dressed up as Arabs, took a photo and with it, he tricked the family and was able to get married, I think that photo was published and seen, **STOP**.

But there is another little issue here, which has nothing to do with the former President, but with the former Governor.

When the former President was Governor of La Rioja, **he appointed as Chief of Police someone who knew how to fight against the guerrillas in "Córdoba"**.

This commissioner, who was unwittingly the protagonist of an injustice that was blamed on him, this commissioner fulfilled his duties to perfection, but... but... the devil always gets in the way.

The Governor held a reception at the Governorate and invited a select group to a dinner, and as the Commissioner was unable to attend because he had to be at his post at the head of the police, even more so at a time when people from the four corners of the world were attending.

At the end of the "**agape**", the Governor stood up, recited a harangue to those present, and then said: *stand up and toast to comrade **Firmenich***, and the Commissioner's wife, a great friend of the Governor's wife, said: *"a no"* and smashed her glass on the floor and said: *my husband was sent to fight the guerrillas, and he risked his life, and we are not going to make a toast now*, and then he left.

She informed the commissioner, that is, her husband, and her husband said: "*Let's run away because he will "kill us"*".

So it was that a scandal broke out, with unusual and picturesque "**edges**", and when the news spread, the Governor, **like a good gentleman, said that he had found his "wife" with the "commissioner"**, poor commissioner, who had been with his wife for 20 years and had two young children, which is why he was too young to be able to go any further.

As for the Commissioner, he and his wife should have **gone into exile in a Brother country**.

I clarify, this lady is or was his second wife, she became his wife when she was in another country, since she asked for political asylum and his first and true wife remained in Argentina.

Now, I will describe the facts, which is what the "**Extras**" want. On previous occasions, this Uniformed, had to intervene in -domestic|| problems, one of them, was a "**ferocious**" **beating**, that the **Governor inflicted on his wife**, and left her "**Morbid**" and in **Hospital**, according to the "**Sinister**" **the wife threatened him with, "unmasking him"** and saying that **he was neither Arab nor "Turkish"** but **Jewish and "Circumcised"** and.... as the "**Sinister**", "**was in charge of the CIA in Argentina**", that is to say he was aware of everything.

After the brutal beating, she had to be attended to by the police doctor and an ocular inspection and police verification, who ordered, after a series of photos and the drawing up of reports, that she be hospitalised until her recovery, after cosmetic retouching.

-After this disagreement between the Argentines|| and that in his -flight||, the **Chief of Police of La Rioja, took with him the evidence of the "scorn"** suffered by **the commissioner and the wife of the Governor of La Rioja**.

The point is that, when it was launched in Argentina again and the White Beret won, that with the "**Constitution**", eating, studying, etc., etc., the Commissioner returned to Argentina.

Of course, but what or who assured him of his stay here.

She bought a little house, she already had two children, a little yunette, but, but, but, but, again the -The Governor did not rest until he found out where the "Commissioner" was and located him, so he sent him two "**intelligence wardrobes**", He sent him two "**Clothesmen with a Samson-like physique**", who "**frightened, terrified, the most painted**", as it is to be expected, **they went to ask him for the papers, which he took with him in his flight by "mistake"?**

I suspend, for a minute, this account.

When my son came back from **Antarctica**, a year later he tried to get in touch with the boys who had done a "**base**" with him and he found one who was called Coco, he was from a "**Force**" and he took me there, he was in charge of a **summer "club"** with a swimming pool and a restaurant, he was in charge, well, I witnessed the joy of both of them.

I think back to when my son went to Antarctica, they gave him the clothes, the Anorak, snow goggles, vows and all the equipment, even the towels, but just for him, there was no bathroom, but he and I knew that nothing is casual, nothing is eternal, in this life, as the tango says, neither happiness, nor pleasure or regret.

In a word, there is a reason for everything.

Well they told him, that for him there was no, bathroom exit and my son put the cry in the "**Heaven**", one they are in a -base|| there is only one bathroom for all, more than 20, I am not going to go out of the bathroom in -painted||.

To which they replied that there was a used one, from the one who was leaving the previous -base||, and well he said, the bathroom exit, the owner wrote on his back, with letters, catastrophes, "**Pino**", it was his name and he did not want anyone to use it, so my son was renamed -Pino||. This clarification was indispensable. **When Pino "my son" and "Coco", from the Force, met at the Club**, he said to him: "*Look, that's the Commissioner from La Rioja, the one from the Despirole with the "Governor", come and meet him*" and he said to him: "*Tito - that was the Commissioner's nickname - let me introduce you to "Pino", this boy was in Antarctica with me*" and he invited my son to share a table with his family, and then he told him to *meet* him at the Club.

He came and a few weeks later, the -Roperos|| happened and Tito said to my son: *why don't you keep these -documents||* and my son said yes. My poor son, he couldn't even imagine what he would have to suffer because of this -fact||, when he went to this club, he took the executive suitcase, he gave him the documentation and my son said: *look Tito, I'll keep it here and I'll take it with me, when you need it, he asked me for it*, well, everything was like this.

My gullible, sincere, trusting, uninterested, private son, in short.

We were in the city of Córdoba and -Tito||, in the province of Córdoba, we left and each carancho went to its own ranch.

My naïve son told four or five people close to him about the incident, and the most common thing happened: envy, greed, betrayal, and his executive suitcase was stolen from the office, from the -office||.

The thing is, my son came in a dishevelled state: "*Oh dear, what happened to me, what happened to me,*" and he was screaming and crying, "*What happened to you?*" and I knew that the documents were there, and I told him: *calm down, calm down and let's go over who or who was or had access to your office*, and we began to go over them one by one, and **one of them** was revealed, **not as a suspect, but as the perpetrator of the robbery**, and - *now what do I tell Tito?* and the next day, the document appeared in Noticias magazine, and my son wanted to die, **and now Tito is going to believe that I sold it to Noticias magazine!**

Worse, he came with the magazine: *look, old woman, look*, even more desperate than before, and I had to tell him: *listen to me and understand, you didn't do it, nor do you have anything to do with this aberration that they did to you, and you, as we already know who, was, of your entire trust, but such a mean and petty soul, that it's frightening.*

The next day, my son went out early, as usual, to the office and saw Tito, who was trying to hide from my son, and my son ran and caught up with him and said: "*But Tito, how can you do this to me?*" at that moment, we were already in Buenos Aires and Tito was near the Obelisk, I continue: *Tito, what's going on, why are you hiding from me? - There's "Pinito", I'm in a state of incognito, making a strategy*, and my poor lazy son tells him that his suitcase was stolen, waiting for his reaction, and not knowing how to tell him, and with astonishment, he **sees that he doesn't even flinch, as if he were aware and knowingly aware of everything and that he was the instigator**, and how my son spent days of anguish and conscience because he was going to believe or think that he was a traitor, that he had betrayed the trust that Tito had placed in him, what a poor little parsley my son was.

The thing is, my son didn't want to leave him, he wanted me to tell him, to go for a coffee and tell him.

In the end, he confessed to him that he was the promoter and the one who organised the theft of the suitcase with one of my son's most trusted boys: "*But why Tito? If I had given it to him myself, he would have asked me for it - Hay, "Pinito", how can I explain to him that I gave the boy a passbook for when he grows up, after he is 18 years old, and I deposited all the money I could, because his mother wants to denounce me and wants them to kill me, to remarry and change his name and*"

And the truth is that my son was moved, and he said to him: "Pinito" I'm saying goodbye, because I'm going to commit suicide - But no "Tito", how are you going to do that, how, how, are you going to let up now?

Just like that he went home, had lunch, kissed the kids, took the cyanide capsule and went to bed to take a nap, and never woke up again.

The woman left with the children, we never heard from her again, she remarried and changed the boy's surname.

What I want to make clear is that -Tito|| had his motives.

But **"the traitor"**, who ate at our table, has no justification. The disgust and bitterness, without eating or drinking it, of my son

Let the reader of the -Internet|| draw his or her own conclusions.

When a coup d'état takes place in a country, those loyal to the government repress it, as they did in Paraguay, Venezuela, etc. etc., but in Argentina, as coups d'état were always **programmed and subsidised by foreign countries, everyone stays in the same mould, the "Traitors" and the "Loyalists"**, since everyone had already **-been oiled and tested||**, each one had already **bought the post, the position they wanted to hold, how much more did they put into it?**

The more right they had to claim power, the more right they had to claim power, and no one confronted each other, for fear of getting hurt, scratched or injured, and everyone was harmoniously at peace, as the -General|| used to say.

The **countries are trying to blow us up**, and not exactly harmoniously, **to make people risk leaving and thus have people or professionals, for a few miserable pesos**, because if they had to ask and occupy those same professionals, how much they would have to pay them, On the other hand, they see how easy it is to blow up the country and they are grateful to be exploited in another country, but they **do not want to take a risk for Argentina, because if we all pull the cart, we can pull it out of the swamp** in which the traitors have left it, the traitors of the Vendepatria.

What more do the countries want, that qualified hands, craftsmen, professionals, all professions, from engineering, medicine, graduates, etc., the **"Argentine Dwarfs"**, if because they are **short of visual mind**, they have such a small mind, that it is not enough to measure the magnitude of the atrocity, they are doing.

You do not value, nor have you ever valued, what it means, in expenses of all the Argentine People, since we all pay, the studies, every tax, takes us out, for education and you, those who leave, believe that it is your life, your future, you, when, you want to claim, for something pretend, that the People all go out to the street and when you decide, to leave, it is your **"life"**, your future and nobody has to interfere.

Let's see... How many are the lawyers, doctors, engineers, who, after graduating, serve us for free? Those who give back to the people everything they have been given, the professionals, say: *"If I made it, it is because I studied"*.

The how... is that not important?

They are leaving, when the people, Argentina, needs its children, because if the professionals leave, who are the ones who can protect us from the vultures, what can the people do, those who could not study and are illiterate.

React Guys, didn't you see the Argentinians that the Jews took, when they left and labeled it an "exodus" and took the Argentinians "hostage", because if they would have taken the

Jews with them, they would have taken the Argentinians with them, because if they would have taken the Jews with them, they would have taken the Argentinians with them.

If they left of their own free will, they would not have been filmed, crying, which was heart-rending, if they left of their own free will, they would have left laughing.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH IS THIS.

Let the people be disillusioned now, open their eyes and know who is who.

Because if the "CIA" sent all the reports of what happened in the repression, Malvinas and so on, **Why do a former and current president want it to be kept secret? Why?**

People have the right to know from 1800 to today.

General Perón was no moron when he decreed that the borders should be closed and the short-minded, the imbeciles, the mentally retarded, said: *why*, you wretches?

On the other hand, when the **Minister we were able to get**, the one with the **sweet silver**, came up. The first thing he did was to open the Borders, so that everything that was imported could enter, and it was all rejected goods from other countries, in other words, **coloured "little mirrors"**, as they can only be sold to the "**Argentines**", and to melt down the Argentine Companies, as happened, as the Minister always predicted that he would melt down the middle class, which he invented -Perón||... according to him.

When Perón said to close the "Borders", so that we would not be sold coloured mirrors, and when the ex-President came up, the first thing he did was to open the Borders to melt the country, as was and is the wish of the White Berets, of the retired Captain and of the "God" of the ex-President.

What did the **ex-President** do, **he ran for President, taking advantage of the flags of Peronism**, and wants to continue, **defrauding the Peronists**, who believed, his "**Arenga**", but the **Argentine People**, already know how to **distinguish between Peronism and Menemism**, since Perón did **propose to close the Borders, for thieves and looters, Peronism and Menemism**, because **Peron did propose to close the borders for thieves and looters, Peron nationalised the railways and the companies, and the ex-President did the opposite of Peron...**
What kind of Peronism are we talking about?!

AS TO HOW WRONG THE ARGENTINIAN PEOPLE ARE ABOUT THIS.

Argentines, make no mistake, how can you ask them all to leave?

We have to close the "Frontiers", so that no one gets out!

They'll have to give an account, first, one by one,

yesssss....

No matter who it is, the Supreme Court, the Councillors, the Deputies and all the Corrupt, Coimeros and Traitors.

The extraterrestrials urge them to come clean. They still give them the opportunity.

The **"Pope"**, the Bishops, and the residents of the city have already **come clean** and admitted that they blamed the Germans.

What about the Basques, what about the Indians, what about the Palestinians?

The National shame is that the Immorals, who call themselves Argentines, have agreed, handed over, privatised, the National Patrimony.

No one will leave Argentina without first settling their debt with the country.

Let us suppose that **England has the Iron Lady** and **Argentina has only the English Lady of Portland**, that this **lady did intelligence for her country**, when **the Malvinas**, or the Minister's wife, that we were able to get and her English wife, that as her husband **is dedicated to hunting and fishing**, the English lady was asked about **the Giraffe**, what was missing in the Zoo and said "Jocosa" that they should look for **the Giraffe**, The Englishwoman was asked about the Giraffe, what was missing in the Zoo and she said, **"Jocosa"** that they should look for it among the **"disappeared"**, they like to make **"macabre"** jokes.
but by a real comedian... it's forbidden.

A suggestion to put an end to the "Coimas" and the complicit silences that do not know how to put an end to them:

No more corrupt and easy corruption.

That in the Court there should not be **8 judges from the same family**, as there were with the former President, and that **judges should be appointed by competition.**

Likewise, in the **Channels**, how is it possible, that in the Television there is **a whole Family working** and that, **they put people without any formation**, of actor, **Announcer, Journalist**, all **amateurs** that take Television as a school, to learn, and from there the amount of **"Bodrios"** that there are, it cannot be that because the grandfather, is a great composer and has had, problems with the daughter-in-law to get that bad experience, that the granddaughter has no fear, and we have to put up with the girl, who is not even funny and as a conductor, if it were free, but everyone pays, to watch television, or the grandfather is.... owner of the channel?

Likewise, in all the institutions there are 6 to 8 from one family, accommodated, as in the government, each one who goes up, accommodates, 6 to 8 from his family, that has to end, take a test of efficiency, of knowledge, of culture, to be an actor, qualified, qualified journalist, qualified announcer, people with a **curriculum, and with a test exam**, if not then.... what is the point of studying? If they are going to put people who do not have a proper lexicon, it is not much that is requested, a little **respect for the people**, it is not necessary for the military to come up to teach them **"morals"**.

In order to clean up, it is not necessary for everyone to leave, only for one of each family to remain, the wife if the husband is there, or vice versa.

Let there be a curfew and let no one leave, close the Borders, if the Borders are closed, which were opened by the ex-president, so that smugglers could enter and leave, **just as he put in Customs the Brother-in-law, the Sister-in-law and the series of Relatives, all accomplices, of fraudulent manoeuvres.**

Whoever runs for office must have a clean record, without convictions or suspicions of any kind, and not corrupt, bribe-taking, phonies.

Those who have debts with **"Justice"** should not run for office, because the **government of a country is not for "traitors and traitorous traitors"**.

They all say that Argentina is like this or like that... but **they all want to sip the "breast" of Argentina**, in order to siphon it, since they can always get more juice out of it.

La Itinerante has already had her bodywork and paintwork done, she has polished her charms, to continue in the "Tango Touring the World" at the expense of the "jiles del Pueblo Argentino".

On the subject that "the time for truth and honesty has come" and that I am urged to clearly reveal the events that took place, how and why they happened, what role each one played and, in due course, how it affected the country and why the Argentine people were and are the direct protagonists, both before and now the heirs to the misfortunes, the abuses, the corruption, the plundering and the ignominy that the "Argentine people" are experiencing, of the misfortunes, the abuses, the corruptions, the plundering and the ignominy, which are being inflicted on the **"Argentine People"**, who once again, **put their "chest to the Hunger, the Misery, just as they previously put it to the treacherous bullets of the Miserable, the Cowardly, the Cowardly, the Surrendering, the Vendepatria"**.

Be it the **"Repression"** or the **"Falklands War"**.

Those who joined, the Collaboracionists, the Surrenderers, the Argentine People and the National

Patrimony.

Are they Argentines? Those who "destroyed the country", those who annihilated the "Argentine People" by means of a decree signed by a Jew and a "Cabaretera", a "Lesbian", who lent herself to play the role of wife and First Lady of Argentina.

So that he could come to -Argentina||, General Perón, who came, as already explained, at the beginning of the Pages.

Hence **General Perón came under pressure not to show solidarity with the people**, to keep as far away and distant as possible, to avoid the predicament, or to meet the needs of the people, **on pain of "deportation" back to "Spain"**.

General Perón formed the U.E.S. in order to detach and uproot the youth from the obsessive control of the "Family". In order to put his policy into practice, he first had to get the support of the youth, which he was able to achieve by far, since the support of the trade unions and the workers was unanimous, something which today **no government has ever achieved**.

He told them, boys, I am going to give you the facility and support to exercise Education, in all its forms, but you have to help me, to indoctrinate the People, who are **uprooted from their Homeland**, we must instill in them, Respect and love for the Family first and then work, creating in them, "Patriotic" awareness, to love and defend their flag, their patriotic symbols, "National Sovereignty, the Patrimony that belongs to all Argentines".

Not like these "Vendepatria" that today nest under the "Argentine Citizenship", to take away our Lands, our Traditions, our Meat, our Wheat, our Grains, our Companies, that cost the "Argentine People".

"With the blessing of General Perón", they worked and with the sweat of the "Argentine working people" they were acquired by General Perón and other patriots, who managed to make Argentina a power, Perón did want to and was able to, on the other hand, those who took up the banners of Peronism, do not even reach his soles, "Engendro del Mal", and wants to return to finish handing over what does not belong to him, and did not have the approval of anyone, he will have to answer for that!

Those who believe that everything is a Jauja in Argentina will soon be convinced that it is not!

It would be better for the honest ones to begin to detach themselves from the traitors, bribers, murderers, thieves, Vendepatria, and sell-outs of the national patrimony.

And now they want to **unite Argentina with Chile**, our worst enemies, that's why they took the **Armed Forces** from us, and the United States **armed** them to the teeth in Chile.

He intends to run and win, with the representative of Chile, the Chilean Services and the representative of the CIA.

A Spy in our Country along with the Traitors.

With his brother-in-law in Customs and his sister-in-law in the Government, he did his best business, with Alcazar, Yabrán... to name but a few.

To the Countries, which support "Argentina" Send our Blessing and thanks and a Viva la Patria!

ARGENTINES, WE ARE NOW STANDING UP AND IN PEACE

Let them close the borders for a month, curfew and general cleansing, let the innocent be separated from the corrupt, so that it will be easier.

It's not a joke!

And those who **want to bring the foreigners** of human rights into Argentina would have been better mothers, better Aunts and Grandmothers... today they want to be Martyrs, like the flag they are waving defiantly. **Let them know that they are Lefties and are with Communism, young and old, don't let yourselves be dragged in, because later you won't be able to regret having opened the door to them.**

Mary is not only asked to "come clean, now that the hour of truth has arrived", but also to reveal the weaving and the weaving of the Rulers and those who hypocritically swear to comply and ensure compliance with the Laws, to respect the Constitution... "if they do not do so, may the People and the Homeland demand it of them"... but the Homeland, like Justice, is blind, deaf and illiterate.

They repeat it over and over again as a "Prayer, not a pledge, of Honour".

Or, a fervent desire to comply, and enforce compliance, with the laws.

They are all "Jews" and have a dislike and aversion to commit themselves to the Bible, which they do not even support with the palm of their hands, nor do they go to the Tedeum in the Cathedral, from that very moment, they are betraying. **The "Judas oath"** is what they do! They have done, with the commitment and already in the noses of the **People and the Constitution** itself, clearly and with great carelessness, **"despise" and "undermine"** the sacred laws that **cost** so many lives and **"blood to the Argentine People"**.

They have no Morals, no Decency, no Honesty, - nor who can **"set himself up"** as a Judge, **if not the Court itself,**

is it not "suspected", is it not composed of Murderers, Corrupt, Thieves and Coimeros?

I will shed some light on a subject that has given so much to talk about.

The subject of the Coups in Argentina, the **"Sinister, that I name"** from the beginning of the Page, was, was, the one who was in charge of the **"CIA"** in Argentina, he represented it.

And as for the coups d'état, they were nothing compared to those that were planned.

First, the day was destined, that could be, it was not a question of spoiling the holidays to their wives, after the trousseau with hand-embroidered applications, a dream, every year they renew the wardrobe, with "Models, of Brand" and that the Husbands, get to play war, to that yes that not, they make them sleep a month of the feet in the bed.

It is not easy, nor is it a question of wasting the time it took them to try on, choose, order the - **modistes**|| and everything, for nothing, it is a question of State, we have to be understanding, dammit!

I continue, **once the date was set, it was necessary to collect how much each one put in, the amount gave him the right to the position or post, if they triumphed, all in harmony, as the General said.**

Several very wealthy ladies always signed up so that they would not be taxed for their businesses.

Of course, there was also a risk that they would not be made.

Either because something went wrong, or simply because the **-Siniestro**|| accounted for these donations, which did not appear anywhere, and used them for personal gain.

The same thing happened when there were **"elections"**, as now he was in charge of collecting money, and the ladies always got involved, just like when the man who later became the **white beret** of the **"Constitution"**, who was **"studying"** and other minutiae, ran for office, The boys, who later became the **"Coordinadora"**, had to go and ask her, but this lady didn't donate her money just like that, but in exchange for some kind of a gift, so the boys flipped the coin, the one who gets his turn, can't back out, and well, they did.

It was the turn of one of them, who had to summon up courage, daring, and, as they say, a lot of guts.

The dramatic thing was that the lady **was taken by his charms and that was when things got difficult.**

The thing is that one morning, the young man was leaving early for his duties, he got into the lift, and there he was, *like a wounded dove*, well take it as the young man, sacrificed himself, for his **"Homeland"**, since she is not **-Argentina**||, but the effort is worth it.

Besides, this **"Philanthropist"** always bets on two horses in case one goes out and she thinks she should be cautious to light two candles in case one goes out and the other stays lit.

Changing angles.

And highly commended, this order and I believe it will be the last.

The first one: the amount of houses, premises, companies, one suppose comes, a ferocious tornado, or a war and there is nothing left, then, why such selfishness, stubbornness, in **not wanting to Facilitate the "Factories, so that the People, make Cooperatives"** and begin to work, if they do not want, give them nothing, only work for the children, who are not to blame, that this Country has fallen into the hands of Corrupt, Coimeros, Thieves and Bastards. For pity to them! ...

The second: for Moms, Aunts and Grandmothers.

That once and for all, since there will not be many more. **They should stop pretending that the Argentine people should surrender to them, they want us to thank them for what they have done in Argentina.**

Anything, before their children, nephews, nieces or grandchildren come to their senses.

They had everything, they had too much, and instead of trying to better themselves by studying, as their families sacrificed for them, it wasn't enough.

They wanted power, well they already had it from the Coordinadora and what did they do? and then the penultimate **white beret, came up, he raised the money and "Rajo"**. Do the mothers, aunts and grandmothers want us to kneel down and ask for forgiveness for being -alive||, I would put my hands in the fire for my son, how many others can do it, if they didn't know their children, they only found out when they disappeared.

In faith and humility, Mary.

**THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:
MARIA HAS ASKED THE EXTRAS TO FINISH "FOUNDING THE REPUBLIC OF
ARGENTINA", WHICH IS STILL UNFINISHED.**

Part 16

**MARIA HAS ASKED THE EXTRAS TO FINISH "FOUNDING THE REPUBLIC OF
ARGENTINA", WHICH IS STILL UNFINISHED.**

THIS SHEET IS EXCLUSIVELY FOR BOYS.

"Guys", the more I immerse myself in this infernal labyrinth, it scares me how **they deceived you**, how **they deceive you** and **will continue to deceive you**, as long as **"you" do not become aware, do not recognize the part that "you" played**, the role you played. You are the indirect heirs of the **"Mutiny"** that took place on this ship, which is called **"Argentina"**, **"the stowaways boarded it"** to plunder it before it reached a good port.

See **"you, analyse, draw conclusions"**, since you have intelligence to spare, **all the generations that arrived in 2000 were sent to revolutionise the "World"** and what about you, you have already lost precious time, go back in time, and look at the countries that had the same problem as **"Argentina"**, **"example": Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia**, to name a few, and let's not talk about **Germany, Spain**, etc., etc., etc.

How can it be that **"Argentina is in the rearguard"**?

Guys, you have since, Raciocinio, Criterion, sense of Justice, **"of the Just"**, of the Duty, of the Right, of the **"Approach in its just measure"**. **"Galactic and Intergalactic Guys"**. Do they know what deception, Lying, Corruption is? Do they recognise the Corrupt, the Deceitful, the Traitor? If they know all that, it is almost **"rudimentary"**, for those Aerodynamic and Technological Minds.

Well, are we? So, there is no explanation, no justification, that you are still locked up in your 13.

Go back in time and accept today what your mothers and grandmothers claim that you were fighting for a better, more just world, and this, going back in time, **"You know, these are lies**, excuses and hypocrisy|| How much better than what we were today?

Here comes in, the lie of the **"Christian Faith"** Falsifiers.

How, one supposes, the **"Extras"**, they tell me to ask them: How do they have the audacity, the nerve, to go on these, these superb treks to Luján.

What do they need to **"flagellate themselves"** for, or go to San Nicolas on pilgrimage for the Virgin, **"they do her no favours"**.

To take the **"Communion"**, Pilgrimage, for that, **"to relieve"** the great **"Lie"**, that **"Burdens"** you, when it would be much more **"Beneficial"**, **"If you would decide"**, to **"Relieve your consciences: "Sincerely"**, and once and for all, **tell the truth** to the four winds, **only that is what you should fear, to hide the truth**, deceive, your families and **deceive, yourselves, yourselves**.

If not see this and **acknowledge it "so we get out of this"**, not to continue, Lying, **"and in Deception"**.

Your **mothers and grandmothers** say that you wanted a **better "world"**, and that is why what happened happened.

Let's see, going back in time, it was when **"Argentina"** was at its best, at least, **"Admit it"**, let's compare that time and what we are living today, because **"You"** already wanted to make the **"enemy"** enter the Foreigner, the one who **"Perseus"**.

No? to you, to the children of today, **"if not to your parents"**, who were the **"Ideologues"**, the resentful ones, who do not show their faces, and who barricade themselves **"behind you"**. They passed the resentment on to you.

Look if it is not a **"Sin"** what you did **"why"?** be sincere, **close yourselves, once and for all, so that the new "Argentina" will emerge**.

Do you know the hardware store they had? Weapons, of **"The latest Generation"**, the most **"Modern, Sophisticated"**, the latest **"Technology in weapons"**, even of War|| and that as explained, they were not brought by the **"Three Kings"**, they were given by the **"Powers"**, who wanted to invade us, as they did, **"Stripping" us of our "Companies", "Gas", "Gas", "Electricity", "Telephones", all the "National Heritage"**, to have us **"Subjugated"**, at their whim.

And why? Because their **"Leftist, Communist, etc." "Popes"**, made them, the **"Foreigners, Guerrillas", "Subversive Terrorists"**, that scourge they put in us, here.

One part from Russia, another from Spain and others, more sophisticated from the **"Mercenary Powers"** and Colonialists, those Specimens instead of wanting to impose on us, **"Mercenary Usurpers" without Homeland, "Orphan Pirates, of Identity, of Family Heritage"**.

The **"Pariahs in the World"** are the ones who are whipped and driven like mastiffs to chumbar the **"Police"**.

Are they the ones who want justice?

Those are the ones who will cry and grovel and cry for human rights.

Don't you remember that they used to kill policemen? To take away their guns, and now the same people who used to command them are now asking to be **"protected"**.

Take a parenthesis, and go back, look at the strategy you did, together with the **"White Beret"**, the **Lefties and Communists** to liquidate the **"Soldier" "Carrasco"**, in order to ask for the cancellation of the **"Military Service"**, it was a **"Barter"** and in exchange, **-You voted for the "White Beret"** and the truth is, you **"Complied"**, you behaved.

"Well, the Zurdaje, with the Jews at the head, formed the Coordinadota, and governed, or at least held, the power. So, instead of dedicating themselves to **"destroying the country"**, why didn't they propose to become **"the Student Canteen"?** What are you asking for now, when the **"Country"** is destroyed by **"You"?**

Dear Internet readers:

I wanted to clarify an issue, which I have just -read||.

After more than 10 pages, if I don't clarify it again, you may be left fasting, like a boy who is about to take his first communion.

At the beginning I explained the how and why of this page, I change the course and explain.

For what to continue, **"it is necessary, something that is fundamental"**, but although, I do not understand it, I do not know, the why, of what happens to me, it does not mean, that others with years, of studies, of studies of **"captation"**, experiences, esoteric, in short I do not know, What I don't know is what happens, because it is not in my domain, what I know is that it happens, my will doesn't count, because I wouldn't know how it happens, nor could I make it happen or stop it from happening.

If it fits this determination, I would say that it is complex or extremely complex, but that is how **"the cards are dealt and they have to be played"**.

What I go through, or rather, what they put me through, is hellish.

Let's say, before, I didn't realise, I didn't know it was happening, I expected it, as something natural, like **"breathing, sleeping etc."**.

Everything, until I became a widow and could just talk to my son, this sounds **"idiotic, implausible"**, but it is real.

I have already explained that my mother married me to a young man of the **"Oligarchy"**, she wanted to leave me well married, not materially, but because she was about to die and wanted to leave me in a family. well, **"constituted"**, of course, that I never, I imagined, that everything was done, **"With codes, rules, conditions"**.

The ones I learned about as time went by.

They were very strict, and when I was 15 years old, just turned 15, everything was fun and funny, comical.

"They brandished their surname, like a trophy", I would look at them, listen to them, and suddenly I would burst out laughing and laugh with all my heart.

Until one day, my father-in-law, -told me: tell your husband|| (**"that it was his son"**) that tomorrow, I want to talk to him.

The thing was, when he married me, he took me to live with his parents, i.e. my in-laws and 6 siblings, -the youngest being me||.

My **"beloved husband"** got married, left me with his family and he only arrived at 3am, STOP.

I inform my husband, **"he talks to my father-in-law"**, he my father-in-law wants me to be present.

My father-in-law opens the **"tap"** and out come the cataracts of complaints and accusations against me, among them, he tells my husband that I have no **"judgement"** or formality, **"wow"**.

And my husband, for the first time, sticks up for me and says:

-But Dad||, as he wants to ask her for judgement and formality, doesn't he see that she is a little girl, who has just turned 15.

I listened, and it all seemed so **"unusual"**.

But there it was discovered that my husband had **"told them that I was about to turn 18"** and then he said: "Why didn't you tell me?"

Yes Dad, but I forgot to tell him, in 3 years STOP.

As I said, I watched and listened and had to stop myself from laughing. This

introduction is necessary.

When, my mother, talked him into marrying me, I was -listening|| behind the door, and he said, well, I'm going to talk to her, first, **-when she talked to me, I took it out, rumbling.**

The fact that he asked me, to me, seemed, at least, to be **"sensible"**.

Since he would have to sleep with me and not with my mother.

He asked me, in the course of the days, **"about 20 times"** and I gave the same answer, of course I didn't know that my **"Mother was waiting for me to get married to die"**, otherwise, **"I wouldn't have made her renege"**.

As I finally told my husband: "If you have already decided, why are you asking me? He told me so much that he was about to die that I didn't believe him; my mother.

Well, this is where I wanted to get to.

A, knowing the situation, and how, I was getting married, against my will.

"The aliens have come to my aid.

If this were not the case, I still don't know what and how it happened.

I slept, **"with such disgust"**, **"with homicidal fury"**, with my husband. My

blood would rush to my head, and instantly.

What I know is that I stayed by the side of the bed, and he started hitting me and said that sleeping with me was the same as sleeping with a dead woman.

What I am explaining is for the **"Galenos"** to determine, because from there, this is what is happening to me, what they are doing to me today, and this is worthy of being studied.

Let's say, they take me out of the body and it's as if they introduce me to the fact that I must look, look, internalise myself and be a witness, involuntary, to this or that event.

From there, when I say and affirm something, it is because I was there, that is, I witnessed it, before, I didn't know how, I was in so many places at the same time and even I didn't understand it, because I know I was there, but I didn't know how to explain it, because it is so complicated, the subject.

But, I only started to, let's say, to **become "enlivened"**, to become aware of an opportunity in which I had to be hospitalised for 3 months due to a car accident, **"and I splintered my spine"**.

On that occasion, at the Sanatorium, where I was hospitalised.

I met a girl who was the nurse, the one who was supposed to give me the medicines, and a neighbour of the neighbourhood.

One day I told the girl to give me a painkiller, because the pain in my spine was unbearable, and she told me, wait, I'm just going to give out the medicines.

I waited and waited, and she didn't come, and the pain continued to increase, so I said, yes, I'm going to try to go to sleep, and I closed my eyes, it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then the girl came, as she was finishing her shift, and she spoke to me and shook me, and I didn't answer, I was out of my body.

But I was, like, if I was, next to the bed and seeing what was happening, the girl got scared, and ran to call the doctor, the doctor, he came, he took my pulse, he listened to my heart, he took my blood pressure, he went and got the little rubber hammer, he hit my knees, first, he uncovered me, up to my feet, he bent my knees, and hit me to see my reflexes, he covered me up again, lifted my eyelids, shone the flashlight on me, the girl was crying, she called me by my nickname, by my first name, by my surname and she was crying, the doctor took her by the arm and said, come and leave her.

About half an hour later, I woke up, tried to sit up, sat on the bed, put on my slippers to go to the bathroom, and when the door to the room was open, the doctor came in and saw me.

He shouts and pointing at me, he says: "You, come to the guard! I go and he
says to me: "It's OK what you did.

And I say: what did I do?

And he says to me: "You don't

know what you did! No, I don't

know if you don't tell me?

And he says to me: "You left me **the "little machine"** and you took them.

And I looked at him, curious, waiting for him to tell me something, and he repeated, calmer: Really, you don't know?

And I tell him seriously, I don't know, -then he gives me his card||, and says to me: -When you come out, come and see me, and we'll talk about it; he was (a young man, a resident doctor, that is, a recently graduated trainee).

I only went after 3 months, because I wanted to know and I was so disappointed that the mother told me that he had gone to **the "United States"**, I don't know if he was on a course, so I didn't see him again and even today I still don't know.

MARY, IT SHOULD BE MADE CLEAR, THAT AT TIMES, SHE MUST LEAVE THE BODY.

On this subject and on this subject, the reader draws his own conclusions and is free to believe or doubt.

The summary of this, or why, was to relate these facts.

I continue, this preamble, is so that it is understood, when I comment that I was, that they made me, live, to the fact to the event and it is because it is the only, way, that I can explain it, but to

understand, I never understood anything and that is what they want?

It is as if one is grabbed by the neck, and introduced where it is happening, -something that only by looking at it||, captures the magnitude, say, if I refuse to look, because it causes me "**horror**", impotence, then, **they pass me a tape, recorded inside my head, then, "meekly" and with resignation, I must watch it.**

The tragic events that took place "**in Argentina, I was an involuntary witness**"; such as the "**Blessed coups d'état**", that of "**Isabel**", and everything that happened from then onwards, which, as I could not refuse to see, I began to scream -no, no|| and then, as my son already knew what was happening and on the **doctor's** orders, he gave me an "**injection**" of Valium, and after 5 minutes, I was asleep, and when I fell asleep, I left my body¿?

Likewise, I refuse to comment on these sinister and terrible issues, they are facts, very painful, "**inconceivable, incomprehensible**", and painful to accept, but they happened, they are real and they hurt.

-As being, here goes one, but is it true that someone or many are interested in it? Because if so, they would have solved it by now.

On this issue, I "**flatly refuse**", because it is inconceivable, what they did, and what they did not do, what happened, and what did not happen.

Although they say they want it to be "**uncovered**", but not known, or at least not by the most direct mourners.

But as it is not a question of "**whether I want to or not**".

If not of what I must do, of what I am forced to do, of what I am forced to do, to touch this subject, however, but this, it is so complicated, but here only one single question comes in, one single reason, the most powerful, the pure hot, unseasoned "**Truth**".

As usual, without being for or against anyone, just being, not giving my opinion, not commenting, just sticking to exposing.

AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

As far as I am concerned, I will do so with pain in my soul, but this does not include lying, nor am I married to anyone, at least not "**terrestrially**".

What happened at the **Mutual** is worthy of study and astonishment.

But why don't you unburden your conscience? Free yourselves, be honest.

If the **Collectivity** is more aware of what happened and why it happened, I am not allowed to judge or make personal comments?

-Well, I was introduced, to observe.

What I say that I observed, may be very heavy for you, but it is none of my business. At the entrance I saw no car or anything with wheels.

If not a "**dump truck**", from the **Municipality**, made of iron, with material, from Construction.

"But the terrifying thing about this is the fact that **there were people in the "Underground"**, because a **"very important"** meeting was taking place, in which there were **"foreigners"**, **"Argentine and Jewish traitors"** from the **"Mutual"**, **people from the government** and **"personalities"**, etc., etc., etc.

Beans" (abas) were being cooked.

Who knows what was going on and what **"beans"** were being cooked.

It is that gentleman, **Minister, or Spokesperson of the former President**, the one who every morning, before leaving his house, was interviewed by the journalists who were guarding him.

Well, that man was there for a few minutes before the explosion. I continue, those people imprisoned in the basement of the Mutual.

"They were shouting, asking for help, help, help, get us out, and the firemen quickly got down to the task, **a man in a suit prevented them**, and there they argued, and the man in the suit told the **firemen** that this **"enclosure"** and all the land was the property of foreigners, that is, Israel, so he **forbade them to interfere**, that is, -this||, I am told by the -Extraterrestrials||.

What happened to those firemen?

Let it only report, but let the conclusion be drawn by **"them, you"**.

What happened to those firemen? And Mr. Spokesman?

Who was that man in the suit, was he from the -Embassy of Israel||?

Mr. Suit said he was from the Israeli Embassy.

I must clarify a couple of things, which urge me to expose them (this story was not to expose the Embassy).

One afternoon, it was hot as hell, I was lying down, I don't know what time it was, I had no notion of time or anything, I was absorbed, thinking, when my son came into my room and said to me: "What are you doing, old woman? And I said: "Nothing" and he said: "Why don't you get up, don't you feel well? Yes, I just don't feel like getting up".

-Yes, I can see," he said, "you look like a little rosebud, a tea and milk suit, a coffee tie and a cream shirt. Do you go to work, or to the "lift"; but what could I tell him if I bought all the clothes for him, and I always knew everything from the shoe size to the size of the suits and the shirt collars, and he knew what size I wore, as well as the sizes.

What happened was that he had nothing else on his mind but the book, and he was not aware of anything else.

Besides, I was aware of what was used, without being fashionable, always the classic, and I had good taste, and the same happened with him, as he **travelled the world looking for information or a book**, and he would surprise me with the clothes he always brought me, always of quality and good taste.

I continue, **"the details"**, which I have written down here in detail, of when, it happened, **"there's the pad, yellow"**.

Well, we agreed that my son, -was going off like a little chick||.

At that moment there was a **tremendous infernal explosion**, which left me deaf and more stupid than usual, and I said to him: What was that? And he says to me: it looks like an explosion, and then he enters, through the corridor, which led to the doors of the rooms.

Something like a **"comet"** that was coming at about 100, it went through the blades of the fan, which was on because of the heat, it sizzled and came out, like the Devil, or a bolt of lightning, I looked at it, astonished at the route it was taking and thought: "And who called this guy? How dare he come in like that, **"cosa e mandinga, what he was"**.

Even today, I still can't explain it.

Luckily, because of the heat, I had the window glass open and only had a low shutter, made of wooden planks. So, he made a belly and went outside, throwing a thousand devils, as if he had been Satan himself.

My son tells me: It's the shockwave.

By this time, my son was sitting at the foot of my bed and said to me: "Well, old lady, I'm leaving - I'll be back early||, because the electricity was cut off when the fan started to sizzle.

As soon as he leaves, I get up, because I'm so tired and without light, I say to myself: I'm going out and I'll be back before it gets dark.

I get dressed and go to the shoemaker to pick up some shoes that I had in need of repair.

I feel the screams of the people, the Sirens of the Fire Ambulance, and I got scared, I wanted to turn back, how much, before, I didn't know, what was going on, or what had happened.

I arrived at the cobbler's, and there was a lady who was -complaining|| to the cobbler and said: - You know how long it took the builders to finish my house, and look what happened to me?

I had a whim that the bricklayer should make me the display cabinets, built into the wall, and -just when they had finished, this|| - I had already put the **"glassware, the porcelain, the earthenware, the set of glasses"**, and with the explosion , It was as if they had been **"spat"** out, everything, everything flew about two metres away, and the shoemaker and the lady said that this proved that the explosion had occurred because **the explosive was inside the "Mutual, of the Amia"**, and I heard that name for the first time.

So, both the cobbler and the lady had determined that, that's why **"the crockery was spat out"** two metres outside the wall.

The only thing I was waiting for was for them to finish talking so that I could leave, because I have no notion of the time, whether it's 17 or 18 o'clock, I only know that it's getting dark.

But I didn't even imagine, nothing.

That they would make me, live that madness.

Of course, what as they then erase everything, so that I can then, live, and continue to live, the daily, routine.

Today, there is no way of knowing what happened, but there are some comments, but, today, we don't know what happened, now, I wonder, for me, -if the former President is a Jew|| and they want to mix or complicate it, it is a crazy game, or that the former President wanted to mediate in the **"Jewish-Arab"** issue, I don't know.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF URUGUAY

These paragraphs are purely and exclusively for the President of Uruguay.

"Your Excellency, Sir, President of Uruguay".

You are right to say that the "Argentines" are a bunch of thieves.

If you know, that you barricade them, in your country, to all the thieves who steal here, to buy in your country, the properties, of end of "Season" etc, etc, and also you tempt them, with, not to charge them taxes, and that the deposits, of the stolen, or "fruit" of some subtraction, or some "mistake" equivocal, of some balance, "that usually happens", is deposited, in the coffers of your banks, "at low interest, if you take out credit" and if you "deposit" fixed the highest, interest of "Plaza", so that they obtain huge "Profits", and let's not talk, of the "Monster Festivals", as those who "Organize" them.

"Argentina", poor thing, I would suggest that you organise something so that they "bite" and decide to settle there for good, and "Argentina", if you succeed, would be eternally grateful?

"Be good, and take a risk, it is not possible that "Argentina" alone will support these "bloodsuckers and drones".

"Mr. President", I distract your attention, you were wrong to apologise to the person you believe you offended.

But I am sorry to tell you, that who, you offended is the "Argentine" working people, who do not go to your country, to spend dollars, they only go to your country, indeed, the "bunch of thieves", those who escape and entrench themselves, in your country, they always did, of the first "escapes", since Perón, the famous "announcer", who rants, against "Argentina", the "Jewish Actor", "sad dishonour for his race", the traitors, "like Salvador Páino" has them all.

Mr. President, you can be more than proud of the Rainbows that you have cultivated, "You, the truth is that not everyone, or anyone, has your charisma", as if you had honey, flies and blowflies go to drink the "pollen that emanates" from the "greens".

Viva la Patria, for the Argentines, who gave their lives to love and defend it until they died.
Mr. President of "Uruguay", we love you for your "solidarity".

THIS IS DEDICATED, EXCLUSIVELY, TO THE "UNSUSPECTING MUMS".

Keep your eyes wide open, keep your antennae plugged in, so that what happened last time doesn't happen, and then they say that the kids "weren't involved in anything".

And how do they explain the arsenal they had, the "sophisticated weapons" of "war", the bombs, that was not for games, for fireworks, nor for Christmas.

Is it happening exactly as it started "last time"?

With the little parties, folkloric, -Saturday, at noon|| or Sunday and with the story of the -Homeland||, the left-wing, begins to wash their heads and how long, -it will take to put them back together again||, just like that.

The -poor schools, of the parents||.

Anything that works, -outside the Board of Education|| -Distrust||, so that you don't have to -cry||, they are dubious?

Exactly, just the same, it started and then they are the first ones to flee, they wind the kids up again, and they let them go, alone and let them crash.

-Listen to the musical background, -of the Zurdita||, the goddaughter of the -Zurdo||, who should have fled||, so that now, once again, she can continue to confuse and complicate this -Generation||.

"And, the other old lefty, who also escaped, and they put her as a musical background, and **"el Padrinito"**, who burst that beautiful ensemble, who sang the **"Misa Criolla"** and why did they refuse to sing protest songs? -Now he's back to his old ways, so don't complain.

And the other Folklorist, the -bacon||, who shouted||, -I want to tie myself|| to your mouth, etc. etc., another one who poisoned the blood of the pives and then escaped, and **they all came back**, like the **"Psychologist"**, who escaped, through the window, and left the patient, in the armchair, talking to himself, -who was telling him his troubles||.

-Ladies Mama||, there is still time, -before they are handed over|| the weapons, and then the children cannot back out, protect them, because then -they|| run away and the children are left without being able to react, as it happens -in a Santiamén||.

If everything, what they generously, and hypocritically, today want, to give them, -making them|| believe that nobody cares, to teach them, -Our history||, when were they the **Lefties, the ones who rotted, everything**. Do they always appear for elections?

Yes, in our schools, always, they were taught, but since the first **"White Beret"** came up, **who was** anti-patriotic, and who put left-handed teachers and professors, and then, he was followed by a **"Jew"**, who put up a **"Jewish" "Ministry of Education"**, and then another **"White Beret"** came up, who was **left-handed**.

Mums still not convinced"?

The **"Extras"** are pressuring me to write to them again and ask them about what it is already so useless to insist on, that is to **"ask"** those **"acting and causing"** this disaster.

Why when, when you were **"Government"** why was there -misgovernment||, why you with **"Uncle Camporita" Old Lefty"**, why, why, why, why, if you were in power again, with the **"Jew"** White Beret.

Why didn't they ask for everything they are -claiming now||, why didn't they have to claim? Because in the -Country||, there was everything and the economy worked.

"Be honest for once, that you wanted to do this, that you criticise today, that you have no work, so there was no shortage of work then? The most complete proof that you only did it before and save money with the sole purpose of starting the guerrilla, and how much is missing, don't you see that it is a gross lie, and you only want to make **a big deal of it, to those who want to destroy "Argentina"**, and from there, you propose the **"Refoundation"** to put laws, that protect the Subversion, and the **"Subversives"** "What do the Subversives propose, what projects, do they have, where do they want to take **"Argentina"** to?"

Now it is already a **"Ship Adrift"** and about to crash, **"against the Cliffs"**.

On the other hand, when **"you"** took the helm, you suddenly found yourselves in power and neither you, nor the two **White Berets**, who supported you, did not propose the **Student Dining Hall**, the **"Student Housing"** -the Perinola||, in order for that to happen as it is happening now.

If you are in another, **"not only do you not study, but you don't let them study"**, since that is the **Consigna**, don't study, don't let study.

Sowing terror, spreading the word that there is a bomb in a **"School"**, in a **"Bank"**, in a **"Cinema"** and for more veracity **"to explode something loud"** and then to start, with the real bombs, first, to make people go out to the street, so that **"confusion is created"**, then to put bombs and that the trucks have to go out, with the **"Siren"**, to **"defuse"** them, always, someone is left.

According to the **"Extras"**, this is what they are projecting, the same as what the -Ideologists|| have already taught them to prepare bombs. Are they already preparing them and sowing chaos again?

What do we do, do we start again?

They have been given guns, -and taught to practice shooting||, or, as last time, scholarships at the **-School of the Americas'**.

And like last time, they are going to release all the terrorists.

Guys, think twice, what you are doing and what you are going to do.

Do you already have -the country that will give you a free way||, -of escape||, like the other time? Guys, there is still time, **"come to your senses"**, **"come to your senses"**.

-The Argentine people no longer want -Blood||, they want to work in peace.

Make no mistake, in believing that the -Pueblo Argentino|| is -composed of sheep||, -You are the sheep||, who herd them like flocks. When the time comes you will come out and meet the Patriots, don't trust them.

"Don't be fooled again||, they will again sell you a -no-opening mailbox||,

-An Almanac without a Calendar", they will wind them up again and send them off, let them crash on their own.

The motto is: **"A Rio revuelto, Ganancia de pescadores"**. And, **"the soldier who escapes is good for another war"**.

Guys, don't keep compromising with the **"Traitor Tyrant"**, value your **"Land, your Country"** like the Foreigners do, copy that, the **"Nationalism"** you have for your **"Country"**, you are rooted to your lands.

With faith and humility Mary.

On the subject of the **Occupiers**, it arose from an event that occurred in **"Spain, which is not at all pleasant to copy"**, but rather to deplore.

The case was of a couple of boys, or students who finished, what in **"Argentina"** is called Secondary School, and decided to follow, **"Nursing"**, after a while, they disappeared, both from their respective homes.

And the parents became desperate and began the search, notices, of all kinds, and both parents, began to go on pilgrimage, together, with the same, claim and in the end they became, friends with the passing of time, and in the end, they decided, to take it, with a bit of humour and already, with more understanding, to tell them: Guys, we love them, and forgive them, and what **"are with them"**, if they wish to be engaged, or married, that they will, approve, but to come back, that they forgive them and love them, and accept what they, want, -or you||.

The issue is that either the parents informed the police or they acted ex officio.

And, o, a, a, e, i, the result, was that they found, either the owner, of the pension, or hotel, gave, notice, because she saw the photo, which was under, age, and according to the Lady, she did not know since she gave, the age of 18 to 20 years.

But, but, but, the girl was, living with a married gentleman almost twice her age and from the **"Neighbourhood"**.

It was shocking for the parents.

And no one knew anything about the boy, what happened was that the **"sidekick"** boy covered for her, and gave her more time to be found, since both the parents and the boy confessed that they had no problems and ignored the reason for the escape, if there was no reason, there was no motive, he only showed solidarity with the girl and produced the **"distraction"** effect.

In the end, they found him, the boy, and he was in an abandoned **"factory"** and there the escapees barricaded themselves, which were houses, or factories, or empty and disused companies, and the occupants took care of painting them, making repairs, and the owners left them there, and in case of an escape, they looked for them there and **"called them, the Occupiers"**, and last time, **they "inaugurated" it, in "Argentina"**, another group, which was also, like the **"Rawson"**, evicted.

"But Spain" is "Spain" and can afford such luxuries, but "Argentina", which copies from the countries, "the worst" is "usurpation".

"Typical of Spain and England", but, they have, another Ethnicity, another Mentality, **"another souvenir"**, and they have, tools, to do it.

Hence, when an **"Argentinian"** appears in these parts, he or she is looked upon with suspicion, because they know: **"A thief who steals from another thief has 100 years of forgiveness"**.

Well, but let's be **"logical"**, that apart from everything and taking out the bad, we cannot deny something that **shames us as "Argentines"**.

How can it be that no one, not one person is healthy anymore, all the apples are, contaminated, "rotten"?

How can it be that there is not a single "Patriot" who does something for his "Country", using his profession, ad honorem.

When my son was offered to **"advise the Government" on "National" and "International Politics"**, he came to me and said: "What do I do, old woman, -agrar||? and I told him: "Yes, but **do it for your "Country"**.

It may be that with the millions of "Argentines", nobody cares, there is nobody with a little bit of "Greatness" and it is not to "steal, bribe, usufruct", "no, no, and no", in my "Country" there are Honest, Helpful, Selfless People, and who play for a cause, Noble, and Just.

So, what are we waiting for, the **"Sayo" of the Party** that is, here is **"Playing"**, the **"Prestige of Argentina "its Past, its Present and its "Future", Respect and Confidence.**

How can it be that everyone is "distracted"?

Some for convenience, "decidedly", because it affects the "Family", or the pocket.

What happened to the money claimed by "Spain" and other "Countries", even smaller than **"Argentina" and that put money for child malnutrition** and it cannot be that the **"Guri" son of the "President"**, who escaped with all the **"Donations"** and on top of that it is said that the **"Father"**, appointed him **Minister of "Social Welfare"** and with a salary of \$\$\$\$\$\$. per month||, that is this, **"outright theft"**.

If there is any mistake, let them clarify it, and the custodians, personal, **"to take care of the Hadita"** that with the barita turned it into Zapallo, and he used the Presidential Plane, **"the abuse" against the coffers of the "Nation", this cannot remain like this, if all the "Countries", are claiming it, nobody acknowledged "receipt"**.

It is the first time that **"Argentina"** has descended so low, as it has **"always" been in solidarity** with the **"Countries"**, as in our situation?

"Come on" they stop them to investigate, and get this last one out of us, "Shame that burdens us".

We should feel -humiliated||, -humiliated||, vexed, gratuitously by the highway robbers.

WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, I HAVE A NUMBER OF ISSUES TO ADDRESS

One of them.

I moved to 1960, when my husband left this planet, and I became a widow, and for the first time, I had to go out to work, one, because when I married my mother, I was only 15 years old, so I had no time, I only had enough time to be born, to grow up, to learn to run a house and to get married.

My first debut was in the Health Guild, which I had divided in two, the **"Doctors" of the "Scalpel Guild"** and the **"Nurses of the Syringe Guild"**.

From there, I registered in 3 Sanatoriums, the **"Sanatorio Centro"**, the **"Sanatorio Lapida"** and the **"Sanatorio Británico"**, and on the same day, they called me from all three, and I started to think that I would go to the highest category, and I went to the **"Británico"**.

From there, I went into an **"American bar"**, since my sister-in-law and my husband had already had the buffet at the **"Spanish Republican" Club**, and I already had -knowledge||.

In the **"Sanatorio Británico"**, the **"Comedor de los Médicos"**, **"los Residentes"**, and of all the Sanatorium personnel and of the companions of the **"Enfermos"**, then the **"Sanatorio, era Privado"**, did not attend Mutuales, as nowadays.

Well, the American bar was owned by a **"Jewish Uncle and Nephew"**.

They took me, and I told them not to deprive my son of anything, that he **"studied"** at the **"Técnica"** and ate like a new lime, and in return I would not pay attention to his timetable, so I worked from 2 pm to 2 am.

From there I went to another **"American bar"** which had a factory of fine pastries, jams and an ice cream factory.

"Also Jews", likewise, I gave them the same deal, they were a sister and a brother and the lady's husband, all three partners.

"Mrs. Dorita" esteemed me, so that on one occasion, they were **about to take away my house**, which my **"father-in-law"** left me, and **thanks to "Mrs. Dorita"**, who stood up to the one who wanted to take it away from me, and I didn't know how to thank her.

In spite of everything **"they opened another "Category bar"** and I left.

Mrs. Dorita and her husband Don José came to have a coffee and from the table, they said to the owner, -aja|| the employee stole from me, and the boss said to them: no, she came to offer herself.

Later, my son graduated as an **"Electronics Technician"** and as he was the youngest technician in Rosario, he was interviewed on radio, he was 17 years old.

So we went to **"Jujuy"** for five years, and one day my son said to me: "Why don't we go back to Rosario? We see Mrs Dorita's brother and we propose to him to open a bar.

And we left, he was happy when, we went to see him and he told us that he passed away, the **"Lady"**, -about the bar, no, because it was already green||, they had sold it and he wanted to buy a bakery, and we didn't and he in exchange, he proposed to me **"Marriage"**, he appreciated my son and my son appreciated him

I had a survey on the proposal, but my son and I had the idea of a bar and restaurant, so it was not realised, he must have got married by now and will have grandchildren, we didn't see him, but one of the sons, I was able to consult him about a cheque, which was not paid to me, and as he was the boy -from the Banco Israelita||, already in the business, we had all known each other for years, my son agreed to everything, whatever I wanted.

By this I mean that, after I became a widow, -by chance||, those who helped me out and gave me work, I cannot deny that they appreciated me and it was reciprocal, moreover, that I worked for and for my son.

Moving on to another topic.

That what happened and is happening in **"Argentina"** is not news to anyone.

For people to believe that the **"Armed Forces"** made decisions, did and did not do as they pleased, is to live in -total ignorance, ignorance of how it works||.

No Force, be it **"Police or Military"** of **"Navy"** well they receive, directives of

England?, there is a saying: "He who does not bite the hand that feeds him does not bite the hand that feeds him"?

I continue, no one in this **"Country"** is going to make a decision, a determination, if he or she is not **"Emanated" from a power**, let them get it out of their heads: What They Did to Us!

If the People, or the boys at that time, and if they were not in on anything from where, they got, those **"Sophisticated Weapons"** and from the last, -shout, from whom they were provided||, surely it was not the **"Magi"**, when You, **"Justify"**, that will only begin to become clearer **"Start to Come Clean"**.

And let's not always blame the -foreigner||, because if the -Argentines|| were real.

-Custodians of the National Patrimony||, and they were attached to their land, and did not accept the Usurpation that they have been doing to us, together with the Vende Patria, -Evita's saying||.

But if the foreigners plunder us, with the complicity of those **"inside, who open the doors for them"**, with what story do they cajole them, that they have them, **"Subyugados"**, like some **"Postulantes, a Presidentes"** and that the People, more unprotected, is the one who, The **"middle class"**, which according to the **"Minister of sweet money"** said was the **"class that Perón invented"**, well the same, and they are convinced that they are going to get them out of this situation.

But don't they know that Perón "is no more, he is dead"?

So, don't be fooled, like the **"Costurera"** with **"False"** promises, yes with **"False Promises"**.

As for the **"Schools that Sawed"**, it is to avoid the inevitable.

If the pives and not so pives go some to preach **"Terrorism, and others to listen and receive the Directives"**.

The same as last time, if not **Look at the University of "Filosofía y Letras"**, which looks more like a **"Conventillo"** than a university.

If the Schools these, using them, **"as then"**, as true, Committee, of **"Terrorists", "Purple Stripe"**.

The one who doesn't want to see it and pretends to be distracted is the one who shouts that the schools are being cut down,

those are not schools, they are subversion hangouts, "and don't deny it".

And, keep on promoting **"Subliminally", "with the façade of innocence"**, -pipes, -Folkloric, like those on Saturdays and Sundays, who always go out to **"preach", when the elections are on**, and so vote for the Lefties, if not watch the music, in the background, Musical, with the **"Zurdita"** and the **"Zurda Vieja"**, like the one who **"sponsored"** her, who sang protest songs, is now in heaven.

Was she decorated? Like **"other Old Lefties"** and "Lefties" and by whom? **"Decorated and awarded"** by **"Lefties"**, **"it has no value"**, that only 15 percent, say who is the **"Illustrious"** **"Personage"**, "Illustrious" of the **"Nation"**, yes? they recognise them, in the **"Abroad"**, **"but who? The "Lefties"** in the **"Abroad"**, **"have breakfast"**, **"before falling off the bed"**.

As for the **"Vagos"** who today want to play the **"victims of the situation"**, and I am surprised, a journalist with a "capital letter". And I am surprised, a journalist, with a **"capital letter"**, it is good that he is left-handed, nobody is **"perfect in this world"**, the Journalist, **"truly believes it"**, what a pity, they respected him but now he is a "victim".

-doubtful||.

He says "illiterate" or semi-literate, I have only second grade, and this gentleman 4th or 6th, but suppose he is, **"how in two years, he could not "work"**.

I lived in **"Jujuy", Tucumán, Salta, Santiago del Estero** Where did you live? **"Mr. Journalist.**

I know, this kind of **"lazy"** people who like work **"like a dog likes an onion"**. Only a lazy person lets his children starve to death.

Or, do you think that the **"nickname"** of Vagos, cachacientos and other unspeakable terms are exaggerated?

What is surprising is that a **"Journalist of your stature"** has had to make use of that **"Tell me this, about malnutrition, did you "discover it"?** Why didn't you talk about it before?

Or he talks about the **"Donations"** made by **"Spain and so many other countries"**, which were snatched by another lefty, the Guri, son of the former President, a **"Journalist"**, like you **"but not "Sinister" like you**, who waited for the **"Elections"** to deliver his **"low blow"**.

You think that your Colleagues were not **"aware"**, but of course, to, You surely were promised the Major prize **"Galardonario"**, for the note, as Journalist of the year and of the **"World"**, who, the **"Human Rights"** the **"Fund"**.

Argentina will find out **when they get it**.

If it affected him so much, why didn't he take it out earlier, without any speculation in between?

It is the same as the **"Journalist, who took out", that we ate, cat**, it is seen that **"You live between clouds"**, because if not, **"you would realize"**, that it is **"Ridiculous"**, yours, and infantile, to whom, you want to fall Sympathetic.

Or, could it be that the **ex-president whispered in her ear** that she should make a good **strategy**, like the one she faced, thus promoting her **partner** as a **"benefactor of the humble"** and **she began to do charity with what she deprived the most humble and now, at their expense, she wants to promote her and make promotion and political propaganda, "it is aberrant"**, what they are doing, if before they bought them with a choripán, now they will give her 2 and take them in a bus to vote.

The **former president** left the government, that is to say the **"Rosada"**, but never the power, and he kept it, as well as his cronies, who lick his shoes.

It is humiliating for "Argentina and its people" that there are no more honest patriots to guard our homeland, our heritage, our sovereignty and independence, and that only corrupt, thieving and greedy men govern it. Only the Caudillos, without codes or morals, take the risk; what are the "honest" ones going to risk if they can plunder without making too much effort if "Argentina is given away" to the highest bidder.

Don't trust or rely on, and take care of, the omelette.

Do not forget the stanzas of our -National Anthem|| and Hear the rattle of broken chains, Freedom. Libertad, Libertad, yaa y a su Pueblo, reacuérdenlo antes de votar y baya un ¡-Viva la Patria!

With faith and humility Mary.

It is regrettable that what hurts them most is that they have made, from the children they recovered, good men and women.

That they love their country, their homeland, that they feel the love and greatness of being Argentinean, and do not want to destroy it, do not dishonour it, nor denigrate it, that they feel proud and honoured to have been born in this **"Vendida tierra"**.

Perhaps we do not even deserve it, **"Argentina"**, we are ungrateful, unloving children and we do not know how to value it, in its immensity, or we swear to die for it and not want to destroy it.

They call me the "Aliens":

For the "Hypocrites", who have profited, and continue to profit from the misery, of others, "of the people", whether in "Tucumán", "Buenos Aires", or in any other city, that do not augur well for them, no matter how many bodyguards they have, "foreign cameras and journalists" or "human rights". Or, the city that may be, that do not augur well for them, no matter how many bodyguards they have, "Cameras and Foreign Journalists" or "Human Rights".

If what they are looking for is for the **"rotten pot"** of the **"ex-Presidents"**, the **"Hierarchs"** of the Banks, the **"Economists"** etc. to be uncovered, and for a nauseating smell of **"Vault"** to come out, **they will have it, but with burning truths.**

Let those who have nothing to do with **"illicit, bribes"** and all the other **"contraventions"** that exist, start by detaching themselves from the **ignominy**, **"so that it doesn't splash them"**.

Clarification:

That **"Argentina"** has had -Corrupt Presidents||, -Corrupt Judges, -Deputies, Councillors etc.||. This does not mean that the -Argentinean|| people -have to carry this stigma||, and even less so people lacking in -Morals|| and -Greatness|| who want to denigrate the -Argentinean People||.

In order to regain power, they now want to "give away what they have stolen" and "feed them with what they have stolen".

The Argentinean people have more dignity than those who were in power, and with total immorality, stripped the people of their patrimony, their wealth and their constitutional, labour and welfare rights, etc.

Leaving them in -total destitution||, and now with total impudence, they want to become -Solidary Benefactors||, **"With the money they stole from the People, you Crows"**.

Mr. Journalist that the former president **"whispered"** to him to put together a good one.

"Alibi" for your partner to do charity?

Be it another **"Samaritan"** like the one in **"Malvinas"**, which helped to die well our

"Soldiers".

I continue, and that this lady may "Begin to Do" Charity, Philanthropy with the money from the now empty coffers.

Or have you just woken up to Solidarity, **"Mr. Journalist"**?

Doing charity, with the people's money, is a **"round"** business, Mr. Journalist. How did you just find out that there is **"child malnutrition"**, or is it that you are not **"Argentinean"**?

How did the foreign countries know about this long ago and made succulent donations?

Do they appear somewhere or was there an explicit order **"not to make them known"**? **Thus, the "Samaritan woman" could win the sympathy and gratitude of the "Argentinean" people.**

It may also happen that **"they want to unseat the current president's wife"**, who left her **coffers empty** and now they are going to help with **other people's money, how nice it is to do charity work, to wet their lips, when hunger has dried them up from waiting.**

Of course they got used to it, they used to buy them with a choripán, now they will give them 2 choripán for voting for him, **"they will look for them in transports"**.

Let there be no mistake, that to this day, statistically speaking, the **"Hyenas"** have not been

"They are not moving, they do not cry, and they are not supportive.

If they were not moved before, they will be moved now.

They are tricks, **"like those of the Peacock"**, which unfurls its tail in order to subjugate, and the most beautiful thing is that the Peacock struts around convinced that no one can resist its charms.

In reality, the former president left, but he never left power, -nor did the laderos stop licking his shoes||.

If even the Guri of the White Beret President obeyed him in not **telling on the countries** that in solidarity donated sums for the **"malnourished children"**, the fact that he was **"stapled" with the "Hadita"** can be justified, on the other hand, behind him was the **"Caudillo, who always managed the situation"**, the only one who did not **"Quack"** in that mess is the **"current government"** that did not want to lend itself to his **"games" "if he had his own"**.

-Clarification, albeit late:

"When the former President took office for the first time, the whole group of us who had **Seineldin as our leader, the Colonel**, he was the one who advised us to vote for him and that's what we did, of course, and then, as the years went by, we wanted to **"skin" the "Colonel"**.

The **"Caudillo Riojano"** made him come from **"Panama"** to organise the **"Army"** for him, who had risen up.

Who would say -no||?

With Faith and Humility Mary.

I am going to qualify this with an anecdote, in order to demufllect.

When I was in Pergamino, at my grandmother's house, the **"Jewess"**.

I was looking through the glass of a window and I saw for the first time, this subject, I was between 4 and 5 years old, I saw a **"Viper"**, the thickness of a bottle and it would be a meter and a half long, but later I learned that it was not a Viper, but a **"Viper"**, just when my son was 14 years old he explained it to me, the -Viper|| was black with white trim, I saw it, come crawling, "I saw it **crawling to where there was a "feathered" leg**, and it started to slide over it, and the **"leg"** got flat on the ground, and the **"Viper"** started to curl around its neck, and I looked at it, I said now it **"hanged" it**, **"it went** around its neck a couple of times, and then it looked at it, pointing at its eyes and the **"leg"**, hypnotised, as when, **"it incited it to "Eve to eat the Apple"**.

The issue was that the **"Viper" was "serving" her, "serving the "Paw"**.

Or, **"stepping on it", "like the cockerel does"**.

Then the ducklings came out, or, were born, with the same drawing of the **"Viper"**, in the feathers and in black and **"white"**, which in the end is the **"batarás"** colour but with some arabesques, divine¿?

"Clarification":

I always mention that we talked, with my son, when he was 14 years old, and it was when I became a widow that we were able to talk.

One|| , that as I explained at the **"beginning"** of the page, that both my husband and his family said that my mother married me with a prize, then, **"from then on"** they did not allow me to have it, they gave it to me, so that I could breastfeed or **"suckle"** and then they took it away from me, my mother-in-law taught him to say to her, My **mother-in-law taught him to call her "mum"** and then he called me **"Tata"**, I was the **"Tata"** and **"when" he would get "angry"** and wanted to be **"Tata"**, they would call me and say, **"skinny"**, take charge until he calmed down and that's how it was, then, **"via"**, when he was "growing up", my mother-in-law would forbid him to tell me, -mom||.

Well, when we are left alone, we touch the sky with our hands. But this is a long subject, like **"Lent"**.

But I've always said, "There is no evil that lasts 100 years, and no rich man who is not stingy" (I insist, guys, I'm a pain in the ass).

For **"Charity"**, do not vote for the same Faces that have already turned out to be **"Faces"**. Roll up your trousers, because the water has already reached our knees. **Don't condemn us and act like foreigners "in your own country"**.

Argentines, wake up, Stand Up and Forward! Long Live the

Homeland! With faith and humility Mary.

I continue: "This is food for thought".

You, or rather, your mums and grandma, say that the Chicos **wanted a better world, a fairer world, a better distribution of wealth, as an "Argument" Divine, exotic!**

That everyone should be equal, that they should have the same rights.

It is not enough for them the experiment, that **"Russia"** made, all in **"Mameluco"**, all dressed and ate as if they were in the **"Prison"** and what happened, it did not work and if that life is so nice, why don't you go to the **"Steppes"**, it is nice to preach warm, from here.

And another one, every time the **Subversion** came up to the **Government**, **did they put that System into practice? "Si la Perinola"**, they filled their pockets well, and as when they throw meat to the mastiffs, they are swallowing it, and with the other paw, they imprison another piece, **"and whoever comes near, they show their teeth"**, warning them, that yes **"they thought" they would share, when they were "down and had none", but now, when they have the handle, "Va Fan Gúlo", yes Va-Fan-Gúlo.**

-That's right, my dear, -pregoneros||.

When do you find any works, institutions, etc. left by the Lefties or Communists? When, if you find a building site, or institution, etc. left by the Lefties or Communists, start playing whistles, sirens and drums?

What is their ideology? The **"Perinola"**, **"la perinola"**, if I am not mistaken, belongs to the **"Jews"**, I don't know if they invented it or just borrowed it.

Believe it, it's not **"Optical Illusion"**, **"it's not bad Propaganda"**.

It's not disinformation, it's not **"Racial"**, **it's not "Allergy"**.

Wear whatever label you like, we are all children of the same **"Creation"**, that is, Blacks, Whites, Yellows.

We all, all Breathe the same Air, drink, the same water, warm ourselves, with the same Sun, and get wet with the same rain, the Poor and the Rich, at birth, take the **"teat"**, what a great -invention||, and we all -defecate with the same Elevation||.

"I cut it," leaving all that aside.

We are in that **Subversion and Terrorism**, they only **"want" "Destruction"** and to Smash the Order, the Schemes, and **make a Leftist and Communist world**, already -there was, l-i-i-i-i||.

Land, we are waiting to see what you come up with.

What ideas, **"Luminous"**, we wait for you, but **say, something, do something, that time is running out, and another Failure more** and there will be no more, more, **bunnies**, from India for the -Experiments, of the Amateurs, who do not know how to Govern|| do not Give the Face , They hide it like the Ostrich, yes, but the ostrich, **"poor thing"** has a big body and a **"small head"**, and does not know that it hides its head and the **"corpacho"** is left outside, that is how our Rulers of **"Argentina"** are.

This page was written on Mother's Day.

Attention Readers!

Like me at this stage, I don't know how to explain.

I can't find a way to make this as painless as possible, but it's useless. And it is no longer possible to drag this issue out.

The pressure I'm under is unbearable.

To make matters worse, I would have long ago, -Suicided|| but, as I was told, I didn't even try.

What more, I will try and take to go up than I will take to come down, again.

This **silence**, which **heralds the great storms**, does not only occur here in **Argentina**, but the **world is subordinated to the results.**

And what are the results?

That the Extraterrestrials, who are the balance of the "World", want to destroy everything, because they say, that it became, a big "Lie".

And there are many who know, the Pope, the Bishops, etc., etc., etc.

And how many people were sent to persuade them of what would happen if certain measures were not taken.

But it was all useless, and I can no longer continue writing, I am getting worse and worse, and I assure you that apart from despairing, I can't find a way out, because I see that eliminating me doesn't solve anything.

I am nothing more than an intermediary, I don't care whether it's sunny or rainy. I no longer want or expect anything, **"I'm lying, I expect the worst"**.

The big problem, the main problem, that the **Extraterrestrials**, no longer tolerate, and at least, that they know or meditate? What happened with "**Atlantis**" and other cities, **there is no time left, time is over, the time we are living in is given away.**

Nothing more needs to be explained, they already know everything.

Several, the least corrupt countries were chosen and sent the people, who were to lead each country to a good harbour, some were eliminated and others were corrupted.

Now for more, Umbrella or "Containment" netting, attack and destruction is imminent.

When I explained that I, as well as 100 hundreds and thousands of people, were trained for the "**Evacuation**" nobody paid any attention to me, looked the other way.

Now it is too late for everything.

What they couldn't stand is "Lies" and Corruption".

Or, I mean, what, consciously, you know, without being singled out. My life is not worth what you are worth.

By now, they should be, like the "Arabs", on their knees in the streets, begging for mercy. Repenting, and Sincerely, it is now useless to justify anything. In

faith and humility, Mary.

For more than a year they have been announcing to me that first the waters would come and then the Hecatombs.

But even so, they told me how the land should be drained, because the water left it useless for cultivation, and what should be done, first I had to look for a hydraulic engineer and explain to him the method to be used to drain the land.

I went to the Universities and every place where I could find a Hydraulic Engineer, of course I never said anything incoherent, I only said that I had the system, the way to drain the land, and finally, in **Water and Energy**, they attended me, they made me go to an "**office**", the Hydraulic Engineer came, he sat down and I told him to take a "**pad**" and a pen, that I would explain and he would give him a form, but the Engineer told me: "What are you, an Engineer?"

And I said: No.

And he got up and left, and I laughed, because immediately music began to play in my ears, saying: I am not an engineer, I am not an engineer, nor do I want to be one, because female engineers, etc., etc.

With the dams, they would have their own electricity.

The theme was like this, they put in my head, the image of an engine, with wide, narrow belts, wheels turning.

Like the engines of water pumps, but bigger.

They absorbed the water 8 metres above, they pushed it up and from there with thick pipes, and others like Canaletas, through which the water went down and slid to a dam, and I was told that in every province there must be a dam.

I don't understand a single thing about this, I think that if **people were more supportive, and tried to do something for their fellow man instead of trying to expropriate the land that took them 20 or 30 years of sacrifice, tears and sweat, the world would not be so selfish, nor so personalistic, it is** unfortunate, to the point, **cruel and indifferent to which people have reached, insensitive and even cruel.**

Let us ask for "mercy" only Sincerity can save us, by accepting our faults and repenting.

Could it be?

With faith and humility Mary.

MARY'S MYSTERY UNVEILED: MARY
TAKES THEM BACK TO THE PAST.

(Part 17).

MARIA TAKES THEM BACK TO THE PAST.

JUAN DOMINGO PERÓN

El general tiene quien le escriba

VUELVEN LAS POLÉMICAS ALREDEDOR DEL EX PRESIDENTE,
ESTA VEZ DE LA MANO DE DOS LIBROS: UNO SOBRE SUS ORÍGENES
TEHUELCHES Y OTRO ESCRITO POR ÉL MISMO, A QUIEN ACUSAN
POR PLAGIO Y CUYO LEGAJO MILITAR DESAPARECIÓ.

Texto Luis Frontera Fotos Daniel Jurjo / Archivo Fotoilustraciones Francisca López

ERA UN HOMBRE que miraba la pampa y pensaba en su madre, solitario en el atardecer. Vestía pantalón y camisa de color verde oliva y calzaba botas militares. Pero contrariaba esa indumentaria severa con un pañuelo bataraz, negro y de pequeños lunares blancos, que llevaba anudado al cuello con dos lazos que se le dormían sobre el pecho.

Este hombre estaba solo en la llanura, mientras el viento pampero y el olor de los cardos quemados le anunciaban la llegada de esa noche de diciembre de 1938. Tres meses atrás había muerto su esposa, Aurelia Tizón, y diez años antes su padre, Mario Perón. Y en ese momento, Juana Sosa, su madre, y Avelino Mario, su único hermano, estaban lejos, en un campo de Santa Cruz donde él había pasado lo mejor de su infancia (ver cronología pág. 16).

Su carrera militar había sido notable. Sus méritos no surgían en el orden cerrado y las paradas o los desfiles, sino en su capacidad para la estrategia y en su vocación para el mando. No hacía cuestiones de linaje, pero estaba orgulloso de que por sus venas corriese sangre tehuelche.

Su madre solía hablarle de tiempos no tan lejanos, cuando la vida era una conjunción de pampas, guerras, ríos y caballos, y sobre las poblaciones aún gravitaba la presencia del indio; cuando sus antepasados iban de chiripá por esas calles que después transitaban los primeros tranvías.

Pero este hombre todavía no era el Juan Domingo Perón que conocemos todos. Y estaba secretamente en Roque Pérez para mirar el rancho donde había visto la luz treinta y siete años atrás.

Necesitaba verificar la existencia de una finca y no llamar la atención. Para diversos autores, y según una serie de documentos de opinión (Hipólito Barreiro los reúne en su libro *Juancito Sosa, el indio que cambió historia*), estaba justamente en su nacimiento la clave que podía destruir el porvenir de un hombre que iba a ser tres veces presidente de la Nación.

"En la Argentina de entonces —dice Barreiro— la ley hablaba de hijos naturales, adulterinos o bastardos" y con esa situación militar, este mayor del Ejército, para llegar a ser el general Perón, necesitaba ocultar varios hechos: que era hijo natural de padre soltero, que había nacido en un sitio marginal y de una madre indígena y que sus documentos de identidad eran a todas luces contradictorios (N. del R.: recién en 187

• *k'e' 1u1l' ' ' ; et
 ¥ 18g3 Born on the Y of October in the kigar that was later renamed Rogue Perez.
 s 1895 The birth certificate, dated 1Q October, states that Juan Perón was born on that day, but incorrectly mentions the father and granddaughter, not the mother.
 s1901| Juana Sosa and Nario Tomás Perdn, her parents, married in the Federal Capital.
 s 1902 The couple and their children (Aveiino Nario and Juan Domingo) settled "in Santa Cruz until 1904, where the future president made contact with the Mapuches.

3904| Juana Sosa sells the house in Rogue Párec She returns with her husband to the Patagofia (this time to Chubut) and leaves her two children in the Federal Capital in the care of their grandmother for a year.

Wma, Oominga Dutep
 a 1910| On his grandmother's initiative, Juan Domingo, who wanted to become a doctor, entered the National Colegio of the Nation.

x 191g Evita (Eva Duarte) is born as a natural child on 7 May, 20 km from Los Toldos. x1928 | 14uere Perón's father dies at the age of 6y. 1929 Juan Domingo Perón marries f4a- rfa Aurelia Tizón (Potota). 43935 | The first edition of the diary written by Perón appears.

a 1937: Perón's widowed mother remarries Karcelino Canosa.
 e193B | Aureña Tizdn, Perón's wife, dies at the age of 29. Perdn travels surreptitiously to Roque Pérez to see if the house where he was born still exists.

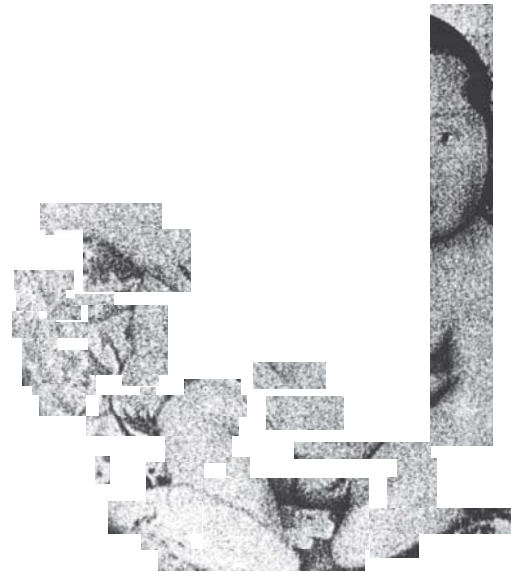
1S45 is oessa with Eva Ouarte: on 22 October for civity on 31 December in the Church. x 1946| This is the year in which, according to various authors, a government team, as a matter of state, began to study ways of "revising the theme of the birth of Juan Perdn".

1952 : Evita dies on 26th June at 33 years old

The mother, Juana Sosa, was born in Comodoro Rivadaviá.

a1974 Perdn dies on 1 May 1974, on the fifth anniversary of his death.

The Otivos presidençiatde in Buenos Aires.



habla t=únado úlio Roca la gucrra œaua eĭ ĩndio).

i "fxz qpfiso zeyfiez [Oe ŽiŌœe and IO8 siŌOs where the first thing I did was to read the text of Išipóia Barrçizo and then to go to the city of Vžctoza {33oac Rloe), where he co-founded one of the few examples of Yes orígimleø dot libco ôcl in which a kozobrc could be auer by zener ĩl míamo aaógrc nativa: *Toponimia patagónica de etimología* orŌucøøø, dictionary written by Major Juan Perón.

Bœa ohm, whose priznwa pœrtc was impre-sated in 1935 by the Ministerio de Agricultu- re, inherits from Perón that conotend of dividing the ørgentinøø into bœndoß which are regarded as irreconcilables: because for the journalist Hugo Gombiøi (see box pflgc. 18 and 19) Perón plagiarised this text from a work by Domingo Milaoçiao, published in 1915 (it is curious that Milaoçiao's work is mentioned in the foreword and in the bibliography).

biçdn de ooa dol coronet Pœdczico Bažbax& V paza eĭ aaimadoz y conocido bibúðø Attonio Carrizo Cver cccucuaadro Pgg- 17) la obra scriaœ tan \egltiaœ de Pezøzz como suq triunfoa ctectomlea gc 1946, 1951 y 1973.

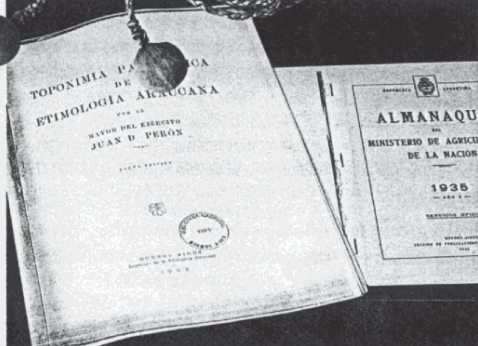
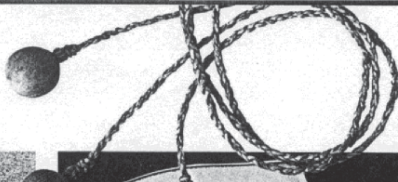
Where was I born Perón?

RI iibro de Hipólito Barreiro (a doctor from-gvncated age s quica pœblcmas de aalud)c impidco dar cntrcvistas) c8 zœo: ſø meO- ciona nãgune editorial responsible for his apaziçiózt nor eaø well cœcritx Pozo mÅ8 aŷA de cœcœaøſ" mœcicos y zcitoaçionœ," de- nsueſtra 1o que dice. And the priãœcro c8 aque- llo que zaucha pœrsoœa ya baa obœccvſdo: "Cuanôo uno visiœa Lobœe y œemoats et na- cĩmimã dc Perón aAl, nžngúa veczao aftr- ma quc œo œo vcrdad. Al coatzaria, lo to- maœ œœ como to kan tornado dœdc nžños, co- como uaa pazodža y uzta faœce de re9peto".

Juancito Sosa, el indio que cambiò la histo- riø tells how the father of Juon Domingo Perdn Jjgø to Lol'os in 1886 to alleviate his tuberculosis y, luego, se radica en un lugar de SœŠ œquccndœampescu*scon- vmüene! puzModcRoqucP (mœ 205 ,bo130) .Rn1892hbŪoIomAs(fœ rø pğdre de Perón) comprœ unoB landſ which ponœ on behalf of en compœnem Juaoap

mhuœido œnoIomêhiær'mür T- wœohhaœbnœyAsœwub,œn o# #- do LuœuHütónco N*œon' por*#øø- gnsœen1998)ondondensœe)œn(d7de oc ubge dc 1893), which by sw Izijo Natural





Primeras ediciones del diccionario de Perón que, con años, sufriría varias "metamorfosis".



Izq.: el primer retrato de Perón. Arriba: la influyente abuela del fundador del PJ, Dominga Dutey.

beta et apellido de la madre. Later, in 1895, at the request of the paternal grandmother, Domingo Dutey, when the child was two years old, the

adds the name Domingo (an "extra") to it. Documents mention a father and a mother.

Explica también Barreiro por qué en la caa de Lobos (calle Juan Perón 482, ex Buenos Aires 1380), where they are called and the Biblioteca, he could not have a dictionary is not Perón: the first of the future

Secondly, it is clear that Perón's work after the birth of Juan Domingo Perón was something very technical, for the use of the of military officers, and it is a very technical book, for the use of military officers, is a

Sintonces Pecon montía? why October 1953, to the house of Lobos, as well as to the house of that the origin of the dictionary was not exactly of that of Hipólito Borreiro: desde 1946 militarea fieles to Perón señalan that, if it came to convene en condicón de son exErlatironial y 8u dual ethnic origin, was to end up before obbene opro ml de Honor and that a Conaejo de Guerra was going to demand his discharge from the army.

Perlu was not the author of this dictionary.

LA DEFENSA

RECONOCEO BIBLIOPHILE, THE ANTONIO ARRIZO NATOR AND ANNI-NATOR HAS ALL THE EDITIONS OF THE "DICCIONARIO DE PERÓN".

In opinion of journalist Hugo (ovolada per los científcos Rodolfo Casamiquela e Isidoro Ruiz Moreno), el diccionario

es un plagio que Pezón camel:ta conta un sex defyzeseífero Oomfng y onesio (1915) y la oaa del coronel Federico Bafibarà (1879) Oud cme osted

Gambini should bear two things in mind. Firstly, any etymological dictionary is not Perón's: the first of the future was built 25 years after his death.

Secondly, it is clear that Perón's work after the birth of Juan Domingo Perón was something very technical, for the use of military officers, and a very technical book, for the use of military officers, is a

The book is a very technical book, for the use of military officers, and a very technical book, for the use of military officers, is a very technical book, for the use of military officers, is a very technical book, for the use of military officers, is a

halves, in different years, and in one of a book. The problem of Hu-Tltnbién

of a book. The problem of Hu-Tltnbién

per apropiarse de textas ajenos y eso le boño cosfido un orresto. cHondo the general aTnTu-fionferini to acos6 in 1942 of

I do not know that fact. But it would be of interest to ask Gambini about the genre of the speeches that Perón delivered during the 35 years of his poetic life. But this is not new: around 1950 Perón delivered the inaugural speech of a philosophical congress held in Mendoza. I think the work is called to co

organised community. My speech has been elaborated, quoted and it has always been said that Perón did not write it. But nobody has ever said who wrote it either. All claim different authors. The only certainty is that Perón signed it.

-Ozdd ofnfnzn že merere e/ erdn esrrtr*.

-Like Ernesto Guevara, Perón is the author of strange "Complete Works" which have absolutely nothing to do with literature. They are poetic, historical texts or letters to people connected with poetry and history. Has anyone ever read Perón's famous letters to Cooke? They are poetic characters and, as Ortega y Gasset says, politicians are men of action and not of letters.

-how it is defined in relation to the topics".

-My profession is related to the world of show business. But my true vocation is the fibres, the silent work of a bibliotecary. But my profession has been shaped by my vocation, and my profession has given my vocation a popular understanding.





*Lezdñ fiodefe: sión oandñda da laj'o nomraly fitz
fiangre indigena hubtefien mzficendfida, el €)eficifi
lo hobrfo dafiuo ife óa/q'o. Se his mijzcho despuñg.*

His grandmother, Domingo Dutey, enrolled him in the Military College in 1910. But, aware that if she told the truth, her grandson would never become an officer, she presented a document later than the original one. That is to say, he submitted later documents, which were later than the original one, and which, after the fact, what Juan Domingo Perón did not say, was late in the day, but which he did not know.

In 1953, with Evite dead and in the midst of a critical political situation, a group of military men and lawyers decided to cover the vulnerable flank: they had to hide Roque Ptrez's ranch, to keep secret about the sboñgsn dcMmsdMiy*rñmc that everything would be under control: the Lobes birth house appeared. And in one part Perón really speaks of that house as "corre- teado de niño" (as he once said) because his mother went there, sponsored by him, to breastfeed a criature with health problems whose own mother was weak (there was no other resource in terms of pcdiAtric feeding).

Et tbro y os destinos

RuVictoria, a city of some 30,000 inhabitants, has a population of about



ACTDO E II4PLACABLE. THE JOURNALIST HUGO manaque 1935 (that's how they used to call the GAf4BINI's yearbooks) of the /4inisteri0 of Agriculture appears ON PERÓN AND ACCUSES HIM OF HAVING BEEN A Sid originally the first part of the diccio- PERTINAZ PLAGMDOR. The first part of the dictionary (A to G) in 18 pages. In Al- manaque 1936, the second and last part of the dictionary was published.

"I don't have 'a theory about Pe's plagiarism'. (from H to Z). With Perón in the Government, in rdn', as you say, what I have are 1948, a sucker deputy gathered all the evidence about the two plagiarisms, brought them to the the pages, took them to the printing house of the Congre- which was sent to him. In the first case, he disavowed him and had them published as they were. In the first case he was disavowed and had them published as they were, with the same errors and horrors as the original.

The first case was to disallow it and had them edited as they were, with the same original errors and horrors. In the second, he made an arrest in the army. The The curious dictionary, which twice for committing the same kind of del- was not a book, but a book that was not a book, but a book that was not a book. It was not a book either, but a 40-page booklet with no covers. pages, without covers; and whose only

transendencia Yehemiente y tocuzaz, the journalist Hugo Gambini -researcher and repeat offender author of Gambini - a researcher and repeat author of

The journalist Hugo Gambini - a researcher and repeat author of the He has copied everything, even typing errors and nism - has just made an unbelievable fuss. of

information, from a dictionary of his father about the Indian dictionary attributed to the Táilanesian (1919). Táilanesio (1915) and from a book by Col. only man to rule Argentina three Barbará (from 1879). times.

The totally casuat encounter between the di- Wnodfe doo nothing publictcaementie '. In 1948, who would have dared to denounce such an authoritarian president for plagiarism in a place more conducive to poetry as Perdn? The authors of the other two tions of Generat 3uan Domingo Perón, at the time were frightened, because they could lose the centre of Buenos Aires. Gambini said that they could lose their jobs, be persecuted or go straight to the offices of a small publishing house with prisoners "for communists". That is why he did not dare to say anything. Instead, two years a f t e r the publication of *eLimologfa araucona*, the lesser-known book, the official procurer decided to turn Perón's book into a little booklet.

I went to buy it," he said, "and the publisher wanted me to give it to him, with gold capitals and paper, with a dedication. He put: 'Allilus- voluminous of high quality to make it thicker, with the antagonistic Hugo Gambini. With considera- adding a long prdtogo of a Peronist funeiona- cidn. 3orge Carman'. It is a thank- rio de turno. That edition was paid for in 1950 by the Ministry of Education, that is to say that the controversy unleashed in the readership of the newspaper *La Nacidn* at that time appeared with the coat of arms, but many people were interested in getting it, and because of the questioning I did of this publication and the controversy unleashed in the readers' circles. An interesting experience is to get it. It turns out that by criticising a book that doesn't exist, I ended up propagandising the original book and the booklet. You can't believe it, isn't it funny?

in such a transformation: The prodigies of the

peronism in power!

C'fimo que no existe?

As a book does not exist. The thing is asf: in Ai Ai- *frregurtordodeseñaladas sobri8 Bl d'ic- 1*

cionario que se le adjudica a Perón, ¿ponen en duda también su supuesta ascendencia indígena?

No, lo de la sangre indígena por ascendencia materna es otra cuestión. El plagio del diccionario no tiene nada que ver con si Perón era tehuelche, araucano, piel roja, siux o comanche.

A juzgar por algunas medidas tomadas durante su gobierno, Perón habría beneficiado a sus "hermanos" aborígenes.

No tanto. Después de prometerles "la adjudicación de tierras" en la campaña electoral de 1946, cuando los collas jujeños bajaron a la capital a reclamarle los títulos de propiedad, Perón desde la presidencia ordenó echarlos. Su orden fue cumplida por una dotación de bomberos y gendarmes, que los metió de prepo en un tren fletado especialmente para devolverlos a sus provincias. Fue el 30 de agosto de 1946 y está registrado en los diarios.

¿Y la ley de equiparación de los hijos naturales con los legítimos?

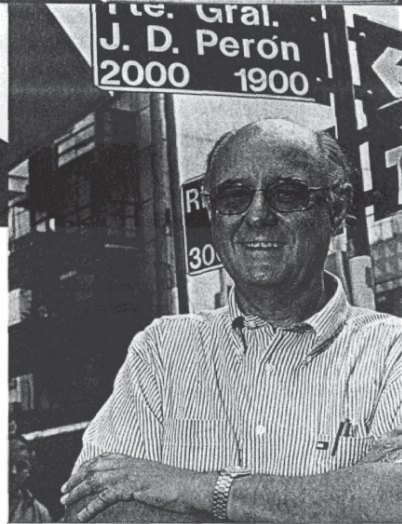
Es otro error suponer que aquella famosa ley obedece a un sentimiento de igualdad social porque Perón y Evita tenían ese origen. No es así, pues la fecha delata la intención: esa ley se aprobó el 11 de octubre de 1954, en pleno

conflicto con la Iglesia, y formaba parte de una andanada peronista contra los curas, que incluía también la apertura de los prostíbulos, la anulación de la enseñanza religiosa, etcétera. En los años anteriores ni a Perón ni a Evita les importó mucho que hubiera hijos naturales. Ambos estaban entonces "en estado de gracia", colgados de las sotasnas. Y los curas chochos con ellos.

¿A qué otro plagio se refiere cuando dice que Perón fue reincidente?

Al libro *Las Operaciones de 1870*, que publicó en 1939 junto con el coronel Enrique I. Rotjer, sobre la guerra franco-prusiana. El general Juan M. Monferini pidió un castigo y un tribunal de honor para los autores, "por haberse aprovechado", así dijo, de un trabajo suyo sin mencionar la procedencia. Perón fue el responsable directo de la inclusión de ese texto y debió cumplir cinco días de arresto en Roma, donde era auxiliar del agregado militar. Estos antecedentes figuran en el legajo militar de Perón, del folio 145 al 171. Pero ese legajo original desapareció del Archivo del Ejército y sólo dejaron fotocopias. ¡Y qué casualidad que de las fotocopias faltan justamente esas 27 fojas!

Antonio Carrizo dice que el problema suyo



Gambini y Perón (ahora tan sólo el inofensivo nombre de una calle): "El plagio del diccionario no tiene nada que ver con si Perón era tehuelche, araucano, piel roja, siux o comanche"

es que "Gambini se escribe con G de gorila..."

El término "gorila" lo usan siempre los peronistas para zafar de una discusión histórica cada vez que se quedan sin argumentos. En el caso de Antonio, como se trata de un menemista, debería saber que en araucano gorila se dice "menem", vocablo utilizado por los gobiernos estadounidenses para identificar a los continuadores de Spruille Braden en la Argentina...

Pablo Sirvén

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Simultaneo "ES DE VENIER, DO NOT ACCEPT IMITATION"



Eva y Juan Perón en la cumbre de su poder. El segundo gobierno justicialista equiparó por ley los derechos de los hijos naturales y legítimos.

CORONEL ENRIQUE CÉSAR RECO, officer of

The armies of Argentina and Italy, especially in historical matters.

"I have that dic'::ionafío. I recognise that it is very similar to that of the Milanese government, but that is always the case. In this field, everything is open to opinion. All those who made dic'::ionaries overturned the palabras as they hear them in their own idioma. I have it one opinion you finished."

OSCAR RAINONDI, from Bahia, former air navigator and active historical researcher. "I know that dictionary well. The evidence is not so def'nitive as to speak of plo'nness. It is similar to that of Father Nilanesio. un- that at that time the Mapuche language was not so widespread".

CÉSAR NICHELUTTI, specialist in historical issues related to ef India and the Desert Campaign.

"Let us imagine that someone, in a book, quotes a source. Then someone else reads it, does not see the source and attributes the text to the person who quoted it. These things happen when a person writes without stamping the source. Algae like this must have happened in this case. I know the dictionary well and can't say whether or not there was plogio."



tes in Entre Ríos (112 km from Paranfi and 45 km from Rosario, which seems more, because a bridge is only now being built), the lawyer Jorge Luis Crossa, a solitary man, came across a marvel. It turns out that while cataloguing some texts with his wife for a private library, in 1974, he found a copy that today I am exhibiting orgu-

lloso: Fopoitiiiió pnnigónien of efimofogio oruucnnn, by Major Juan Perón, in a 1950 edition of the Ministry of Education.

The p rologuist of the dictionary, Jose lib- b'elloni attributes Perón's knowledge of Tehuelche to his stay in Patagonia. But, if one follows the ideas of Hipólito Barreiro, one notices that he had learnt the language Peron from his mother and during his childhood in Etogio de tos dictionaries Santa Cruz (see chronology on page 16). fuancito Sosa, the Indian who changed history

Crossa enonnó the book in 1974, when he reveals various contents and shows the do Perón was already dying: "As the Peronis- why some of Perón's laws. mo has no luck in Enne Ríos I hid it Barrerero says that when the Secretaría eri was created in a cupboard. And during the military governments (27-1-1943), for example, in one of his first acts, he only took it out when there was no-one around. In the evenings he searched for words. I was a military aviator and, for example, I found the table: "Measures will be adopted to incorporate the aboriginal into civilian life, and that is the word Pulqui, which Perón used to baptise the Argentine jet planes, and that is the word "Pulqui". The land allotment is ordered, meaning arrow. I have never seen another copy of this book. It is not in the libraries of Rosario or Mesopotamia, and the 9th of April is declared "American Indian Day". American Indian Day.

"More than a Peronist, I am an admirer of

Another law that, following Barreir, \$e



The first one is the 14.367, enacted by the Perón's ori- gen is the 14.367, enacted in - ro: his second government. Barrei writes: "Discrimination towards children born out of wedlock. And cl Article 8 provided that children born out of wedlock were to have the same legal rights as those of children born in wedlock." (hoy no parece mucho, pero entonces era un cambio profundo).

El libro exhibe datos antropológicos y fi- SÓNÓRICOS QUC eeeW18n B PóRÓ12 ComO iRdio And he brings a photograph that shows his parents in the house of what is today Roque Pérez. Mario Tomls Perón, the father,

is seated. Juana Sosa, the mother, is standing and pregnant: if the dates are correct, she is carrying Juan Domingo Perón in her womb. And the photo, then, is the same age as one of the most important Argentinians of the 10th century.

But Eva Perón was also a natural child (see chronology p. 16) and there were always doubts about the documentation of her birth. And what appears most in this story, although it is not written, is the issue of paternity in Argentina: Perón and Evita were natural children. And so was Car- los Gardel, whose only certainty is who his mother was, and what does the Mardn Fierro, the greatest book in literature, show?



Los rostros de Juana Sosa, la madre de Perón, y de éste en sus últimos años denotan claramente el origen tehuelche.

Agradecemos a Narroquería D'Avant Garde

national: widowers (F-ierro, Cruz, Vizcacha) and widows (the Cautivo, the wife of the Mreno that Fierro is aiming at and the widow with whom the second son is in love). And most of the characters are orphans. In José HemÉnden's book there is no home, and it is known that without a home there is no family. In any case, widowhood and orphanhood are not a story that only affects some, but a fact that in Argentina reached the status of a stigma in the nineteenth century and at the beginning of the last century.

But what shines (or scandalises) in this story is a book: Ofícúmrñi 'de fe f - ponimia pnfg'ínico etc eroucnno origin, written by

to or not by the army major Juan Pe- rón. RI text also reveals a literary misunderstanding: a dictionary, against which 8lgtfttoS 8UpOnC12, ISO e9 l2f1 S8rCÓr8gO nor a closed story. It can have as much life as the best novel or the most beautiful poem. In its pages it holds the essence of man, the living fire of language, as if within its covers it stored the granary of intelligence. A dictionary contains the hymn I communicated to men, the words, which are the hallmarks of humans, who were made of earth but who were also given language to communicate with the soul. O

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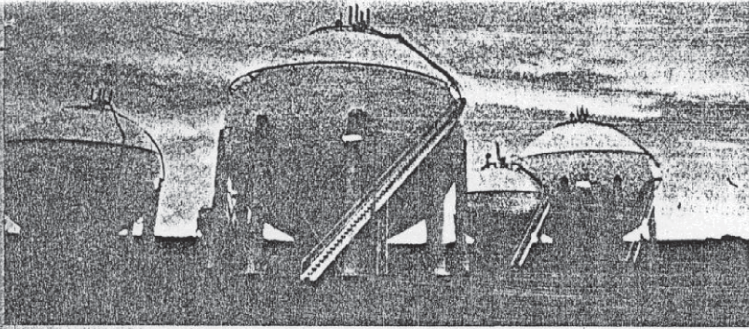
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EL DÍA QUE LA ARGENTINA PERDERA LA PATAGONIA

¿Ciencia-ficción o realidad latente? El ingeniero Salvador San Martín, autor de este cuento, es un experto en temas patagónicos. Al leer esta historia fantástica, you will understand the claims denominados Comancheros de la Patagonia.

El día 14 de agosto de 1985 estaba de guardia en el tablero central del despacho eléctrico de cargas el ingeniero Bonifacio Asúrgo, quien, como era habitual en él, escuchaba atentamente y en forma personal todas las complejas y luminosas del tablero.

A las 18.30, cuando se disponía a retirarse, un auxiliar llamó su atención sobre el indicador de enganche de la línea de alta tensión de El Chocón-Cerros Colorados, que titilaba indicando alguna anomalía. El ingeniero Astigueta accionó en seguida el control de fallas del tablero por si se trataba de una perturbación eléctrica, y como la señal intermitente continuaba, en prevención de un sorpresivo desenganche de la línea para the theethionic circuit, el estado alert from Cenfra/ Costanera Sur and from Salto Grande, preparándose para reemplazar cualquier falta de corriente de El Chocón.

Cuando tuvo todo bajo control tomó el teléfono para comunicarse with the control of the El Chocón power plant and

con ojos dilatados de espanto escuchó la siguiente comunicación:

Aquí Comando Suicida El Chocón a nombre del gobierno provisional de los Estados Unidos de la Patagonia comunica a ese despacho de carga para su retransmisión al presidente de la Nación Argentina lo siguiente:

1) En el día de la fecha, nueve comandos suicidas integrados por ciudadanos patagónicos y bajo instrucciones del gobierno provisional de los Estados Unidos de la Patagonia, presidido por el doctor Anibal Alejandro Garmendia, han tomado posesión de las centrales de El Chocón, de Cerros Colorados (Plante Banderita y desviador de Mari-Menuco), de Alicurá, de la central de Arroyito y de Confluencia, de las plantas compresoras de gas natural de Loma de la Lata, Pico Truncado y Cerro Cóndor. En ningún caso se han producido bajas entre el personal de las plantas ni tampoco entre los comandos de ocupación.

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2) Cada comando ha procedido a dinamitar los puntos neurálgicos de cada central o planta, de modo tal que una detonación afectará incluso a las instalaciones fijas de los rodetes de turbinas o motocompresores de gas. Los daños han sido proyectados para que ninguna instalación pueda ser puesta nuevamente en funcionamiento antes de tres años y hasta cinco años, según los casos.

3) Cada comando es autónomo para tomar la decisión de hacer volar las cargas explosivas al menor indicio de que el gobierno de la Argentina haya dado orden de reprimir a los comandos o atacar las instalaciones procediendo incluso ante cualquier movimiento preventivo de tropas, aviones o cualquier otra acción de fuerzas armadas o policiales de la República Argentina.

4) A partir de la hora cero del día de mañana 15 de agosto, correrá un plazo de cuarenta y ocho horas para que el gobierno de la República Argentina reconozca al gobierno provisional de los Estados Unidos de la Patagonia, como legítimos gobernantes de este país y lo acepte como país asociado según los términos que se acuerden oportunamente.

5) Vencido el plazo de cuarenta y ocho horas sin que el gobierno argentino haya accedido a la demanda anterior y a iniciar inmediatas negociaciones, comenzarán a reducirse el número de turbinas en operación y el bombeo de gas, hasta el corte total del fluido eléctrico, de gas y de petróleo en las cuarenta y ocho horas subsiguientes.

6) El gobierno provisional de los Estados Unidos de la Patagonia ha destacado ministros plenipotenciarios ante los principales países de la comunidad internacional a efectos de plantear el caso del dominio colonial argentino sobre la Patagonia y procurar el reconocimiento del gobierno provisional instituido.

7) Se reitera que cualquier acto militar o policial iniciado por el gobierno de la República Argentina será considerado por los comandos como prueba de rechazo de las demandas y consecuentemente se harán todas las voladuras indicadas.

8) En esta triste circunstancia recordamos al pueblo amigo de la Argentina la voluntad de ser libres de todo colonialismo expresada en la declaración de la Independencia en Tucumán el 9 de julio de 1816, y denunciarnos la actitud prepotente de la dirigencia porteña que mantuvo hasta hoy un colonialismo denigrante sobre estos territorios que no tienen otro recurso que imponer por la violencia lo que le fue negado por la razón y el patriotismo.

Aquí Comando Sulcida de El Chocón en cadena con toda la red de radio y televisión en su poder.

Cuando cesó la transmisión telefónica, el ingeniero Astigueta, creyéndose víctima de una broma, dijo enojado: "Che, Cardini, dejate de [...] y decime qué está ocurriendo".

Por el teléfono se oyo una voz que dijo: "No soy Cardini, el cual se encuentra bajo custodia de este comando, pero si usted quiere podemos ponerlo en la línea para que usted se percate de que esto va en serio". Astigueta sintió que le corría un sudor frío y, tartamudeando, rogó que lo pusieran al habla con Cardini, el supervisor de turno en el tablero de carga de El Chocón. Cardini con voz serena y casi sin emoción, le impuso a Astigueta de lo que había ocurrido, de la toma de la Central por un comando suicida, el dinamitado de las turbinas y de las playas de transformación, etc. Cuando terminó le dijo a Astigueta: "Apurate hermano a transmitir el mensaje al presidente porque las papas queman y esta gente está dispuesta a todo".



Astigueta corrió al teléfono policial para comunicarse con el presidente de Agua y Energía, que a esa hora todavía estaba en su despacho, el cual, enterado del mensaje, puso en duda la veracidad de toda esa historia que calificó de rocambolesca y ordenó a Astigueta que preparara el avión de la empresa para ir a ver en el lugar lo que estaba ocurriendo. Por las dudas, lo impuso de la novedad al presidente de Hidronor.

Mientras tanto, y a pesar de su incredulidad, se comunicó con el ministro de Energía que casi sufre un desmayo al oír la historia y que a su vez transmitió al presidente de la Nación por el teléfono policial, el increíble mensaje recibido en el despacho de cargas.

El presidente, Miguel Solanas Alvarez, se hizo repetir varias veces el mensaje mientras las máquinas teletypografías sacaban varias copias. En seguida, con gran serenidad y después de exclamar: "¡Estos sureños...!", ordenó convocar al gabinete de ministros y a los jefes de los estados mayores, mientras telefonaba al ministro del Interior para conocer si allí se sabía algo de lo que realmente estaba pasando. Cuál sería su estupor cuando el secretario del ministro, el cual ya había salido para el despacho del presidente, le informaba que se habían recibido cuatro comunicaciones de los cuatro gobiernos de las provincias patagónicas, manifestando que en razón de las circunstancias, las cuatro legislaturas y los propios gobernadores habían adherido al gobierno provisional de los Estados Unidos de la Patagonia, y se solidarizaban con su actitud, por lo cual se consideraban estados independientes de la Nación Argentina y autónomos económicamente. Manifestaban también su firme decisión de armar al pueblo patagónico para repeler cualquier agresión.

Todos los teléfonos de la Casa de Gobierno comenzaron a sonar y no se daba abasto para atender los llamados de las unidades del V° Cuerpo de Ejército que transmitía al presidente las novedades ocurridas y requerían órdenes para proceder. El presidente Solanas Alvarez gritaba a voz en cuello: "¡Por favor, no hagan nada! Todo el mundo quieto hasta que analicemos la situación. Que venga el jefe de Estado Mayor Conjunto", lo que no hubo necesidad de repetir, pues en ese momento ingresaba con rostro descompuesto al despacho del presidente y lo increminaba: "Señor presidente, éste es el resultado de su política... ahora tenemos Chile sobre nosotros a la altura del río Colorado, ¿dígame ahora qué hacemos?".



Please, General, don't dramatise things. Just a moment, maybe we can master the sin/ac/dn much more/dcl//men/e than you can use.

c/ so *Imagina*. Give us the /so//fi/cs to decide about the irr/cv/al'. And turning to his aide-de-camp, he asked him to connect with his aide-de-camp.

Ir. ia toloylsión. On the screen appeared an announcer who

^* C4rzt of surprise lefa comunicués received from the 'ntagonia originated on the Los Andes news agency,

=The speaker did not know that he was in the service of the provisional government of the 'tados Unldos de la Patagonia. The speaker did not know that

/cir ril comment. It all seemed absurd to him, but those !:! isq|6s were falling dol teletipo and speaks no question

In one case, the Commission has not been able to find a solution to the problem. In a mo-

-The speaker of the statement tells the story of the statement.

' ntlependsncia made by the four Patagonian governments and of a comment coming from Comodoro iividsvla, where the population has been turning to the

independence and calling for weapons to be used for mbatir a tos portefos.

There was also an interception of dispatches from the four

" Argentine proVInces to the northern provinces and asks them to adhere to the Patagonian cause and to pre-

"The government of the Casa Rosada to proceed to the

The United States' knowledge of the Patagonian United States did not begin to turn into pandemonium,

as foreign countries' foreign policy makers began to call on the Foreign Ministry to explain the situation. The

The President's office was able to take refuge in the Presidency and to reply that an official communiqué would be issued later in the day.

E: Amando de Aviación had all flights suspended.

o' to the Patagonia but was unable to prevent flights that

.taban haciendo oscala en aeropuenos patagOnicos, son incoutados por los gobiernos locales o puestos a spóslctón del gobierno provincial. In Calata Cordoba and

! Calota Olivia, the workers resolved not to load oil and the ships that were waiting offshore to take it to

"ts ,Lorenzo and Bahfa Blanca.

Ministers were arriving at the Cada de

nbemo y when already ora impossible to put order, logrO e's. Idonte to make sit down those that could,

while others isticron of pio to the most absurd ministeral raunOn of the "tct'la argentina. La exposition

da Secretary of Energy or contundento. Without gas and without oil, it was impossible to provide services

to the capital and the great littoral. By reinforcing the northern oil pipelines and diverting oil tankers from

. foreign purchases, could not prevent the total paralysis of city life. The power plants without oil and without the influx of electricity from El Chocón, could not maintain the services of some offices.

ob" mo.y.y.uno que otro h s itai. -

The 'sdfa to immediately evict the po- ' sdfa to immediately evict the po-

...: the urban centres. where it was not possible to operate pumps to supply water

to the population.

' Jo water to the buildings eievaos. Sewage fluids

. They 'ascarfan throughout the home network. Of course, 'J's 'ostmnsports will stop. The Armed Forces themselves would not have enough fuel for any action

against the vr-survival. The situation could not be

more tremendous and i¿ur.people. The president, his face turning pale with " "" *for prayer, asked what would happen if the coman-

.riicldos made the volacluras they announced.

-The Energy Ministry simply replied: 'ble/or ni i:nr/o, Mr. Pres/dctnfe, be/ e/ chaos and for several years may be able to repair the damage in the event of disruption'.

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tremendous. The president's head turned slowly towards the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the secretary of defence sitting next to him. No questions were necessary. *General D/ez Usandivares* said in a dramatic tone: "Mr. President, I stand *with the president of that provisional government*. A murmur of astonishment rippled through the room and then it was the big shrink.

Everyone was talking and reproaches of all kinds were coming out. *F! p. siúcn*te called the Minister of the Interior and instructed him, using the same telephone line from *El Chocón*, to communicate to *Dr. Anibal Alejan- dro Garmendia*, who was ready to meet with him at the time and place he indicated, confident that both would find a solution to the conflict that had arisen.

The transmission was made immediately and the reply was received almost immediately: *Artes de cha- luiquer parlamonio* was *imprascindibla* that it was impossible to sa

/!c/e/a O/iCiB//zzofie and f3Or/7/eø/!P Óe/ COri/c/esO /8 cteC/ara- The United States of the Patagonian States were a nation (jóre and inc/apeno'ienre de la Nacibn Argentina SOLamente aSOCiada ert the /Tianf'e/!7/vetto cto Un8 eStrUCtU - The economic, social and political rationale that would be kept electro of the Argentine traditions. Twenty-four hours to a n s w e r yes or no.

The next few hours were spent in convening Congress, making the requested declaration in the midst of a scandalous parliamentary session in which deputies and senators for the Patagonian provinces were subjected to all kinds of aggression and were forced to leave the chamber. Before doing so, the deputy for Neuquén, *docior E/ec/rerio Cardozo*, was able to make himself heard in the midst of the general shouting: "No que-

We must continue to be the kelpers of the Grenadians". For its Senator Llanqueloo, from Chubut, was able to express some concepts which lay in the midst of the denigrations to which he was subjected: "In/arerra rrard better to its colonies than Argentina to Patagonla..." and others such as: "For much less than that suffered by Patagonia, the American colonies became independent or in/plarerra".

Finally, after the declaration of the Congress, the President was summoned to attend a meeting with the Patagonian President in a desert location in the province of Chubut, near *Collón-Conhuá*, the historic site where the last Patagonian tribes had been defeated by the Argentine Army. A precarious installation had been erected there for the meeting of the members of the two governments.

The Patagonian president greeted the Argentinean president with a stern but not aggressive gesture and, after

the introductions of their entourages, they both went into a tent where a simple table with two cups of coffee already served welcomed them for the great ceremony.

Sector *Presic/entre*," began the Provisional President of Patagonia, "I regret that we have *had to resort to such means to assert our rights*. President Solanas Alvarez replied that he regretted it much more, since it was a suicidal act, and that it could not last longer than the time necessary to regain control of the pretendedly independent region, by all the means that the Argentine Nation could have at its disposal, taking numerous armies as it did in the feat of Independence from Spain. Do not forget, he added, that Argentina was able to oppose and defeat the most powerful nations of the time.



I

Patagonia their true destiny .

..'' ...!



Entrevista al autor del cuento "Cuando Argentina perdió la Patagonia"

INGENIERO SALVADOR SAN MARTÍN (*)

"MAÑANA SERA TARDE"

Los siguientes párrafos fueron extraídos del boletín Informativo N° 218 del mes de junio de 1980 que publica la Organización Techint y donde el ingeniero Salvador San Martín es autor de la nota "La verdadera defensa de nuestra soberanía en la frontera patagónica".

(...) buscando tierras baldías para anexar a sus imperios nacientes, nuestro vecino chileno, ante la desidia argentina en ocuparlas con población, habla renacido en sus pretensiones de dominio y se aprestaba militarmente para ello. Y de esto último hay evidencias tales como las anotaciones de los generales Villegas y Wintter (durante la campaña del general Roca) en sus libretas de campaña, señalando la presencia de oficiales de las Fuerzas Armadas chilenas entre los contingentes de indígenas tomados prisioneros.

Es que hay que comprender a Chile y sacar en conclusión la fatalidad de su expansionismo territorial. ¿Y por cuál otro lugar de la extensa frontera podría expandirse? Solamente por la Patagonia, donde tiene a disposición de sus pretensiones una gran facilidad de accesos, practicables en todo tiempo y además el enra-



El Ing. Salvador San Martín, un experto en temas patagónicos.

recimiento poblacional argentino.

Respecto de un problema sobre límites con Chile, se lee: Quiere decir que de no haber mediado la Gendarmería Argentina, el hecho se

habría concretado, y la posesión de la cosa es en Derecho un antecedente válido.

Podría decirse que en alguna medida, Chile está haciendo como los teros: en un

lado pega los gritos y en otro pone los huevos.

La región andina de los lagos tiene 32.000 km², o sea apenas un poco mejor que la extensión total de Suiza. El país europeo tiene un 29% de extensión estéril por ser altos los picos montañosos. La región lacustre patagónica, el 25%. Suiza posee un 25% de tierras aptas solamente para el pastoreo. La región argentina, 27%, y finalmente Suiza tiene un 46% de tierras propicias para la agricultura mientras que la región argentina posee el 48%. Pero Suiza tiene allí 6.000.000 de habitantes y Argentina sólo 200.000.

Hace unos días, en una entrevista con el ingeniero San Martín, experto en estos temas, conversamos sobre su cuento, publicado el año pasado, y temas colaterales que hacen al desarrollo de la inmensa región al sur del río Colorado.

—¿A qué se debe su interés y conocimiento profundo de los temas patagónicos?

—Mi familia tenía comercios en el sur, y luego fundaron empresas que hicieron que tanto mis hermanos como yo viajásemos por toda la zona. Realizamos trabajos para las usinas de Bariloche,

(*) El ingeniero Salvador San Martín nació en Lima, provincia de Buenos Aires. Tiene 74 años, es casado, con cinco hijos. Durante 1956 y 1957 fue vocal del directorio de la Dirección de Energía. En 1958, durante el gobierno de Arturo Frondizi, fue subsecretario a cargo de la Secretaría de Energía y Combustible de la Nación y secretario de Industria en la presidencia de José María Guido. Es autor de varios trabajos sobre la Patagonia, publicados por Techint, y del libro "El poder militar y la Nación", publicado por Editorial Troquel en agosto de 1983. A principios de 1984 envió al director del diario "Río Negro", de General Roca, su cuento "Cuando Argentina perdió la Patagonia", que fue publicado en junio de 1984. También ha sido asesor de distintos dirigentes políticos sobre temas de desarrollo económico de las provincias patagónicas.

fét2iilne, because of its demographic der "xidac!
 necesita exp&*ü:::e,) 'i '*zone
 más adec'3acla ;za" i "zte:"o, ;x'r
 muchas reasons, it is sa óontc-m
 con las p""vviciv Da:agonic".



"Todo nació de un hecho que viví con el dirigente Juan José Taccone allá por 1958. Años más tarde, recordando esa situación, el cuento."

Lawson, Trelew, and a few
 servicios, hundreds of
 más kilometres of roads at a
 de time when he barely
 speaks a few words.

oso, in 1958, had I not
 dissolved the North
 Patagonian Corporation
 created a few months
 earlier, in 1957. I was the
 president as a delegate of
 the Military Industries and
 the Executive Power, and as
 the objective was to
 develop the three northern
 Patagonian provinces:
 Chubut, Nau-
 quón and Río Negro. Once
 but everything was

* ...e stretch of. asphalt to Llaoy.
 j... "Llaa. That's why I was
 interested in

Patagonian affairs.
 Specifically, how much
 Cuando el avión se perdió
 "el cuento.

-En real postponed.

Ei-'atagonia"
 I base my work
 on a roat history. I ara suf->

-When did he write it?
 -In early '84. I don't really
 think

apareció
 ne.Secienty de Energy and
 Luz y Fuel during the 'go-
 con Frontizl. One day
 baj Joan "Jósd Taccone
 servicios.

cane, which in the
 .despite the fact that in that
 we were
 enferM

Force
 guild, and he
 threatened me

The fact that I
 had to write a letter
 to the Minister of
 Finance, which
 made me give my
 resignation, was
 precisely what led
 me to write the
 letter. It was
 precisely this fact
 that prompted me to
 write a letter to the

rra without Me comunicu4
 mos. el de
 la immediate with an admiral
 Me charge of operational se-

y. precisely this fact
 -Sí, that prompted me to
 write a letter to the

ene
 zidpd of the Merma de Gue-
 bom asked you what you
 les en Berazategui. Posve-
 razón that el

Pe-

Ene threat to materialise
 bilad that". "we loóamos a
 Animal ii of in... until the fall
 mos because they could no
 para estar fíquidos coaca

Pe-

cio ee creocomando rso
 de i .,o the
 amigo 'responsa- of Admiral
 época (R) Jos+

Pe-

dos, The very effective
 dismountable,
 very effective
 dismountable,
 very effective
 dismountable,
 very effective
 dismountable,
 very effective
 dismountable,
 serious conse

-Sí. Los nacionalistas me
 tildaban de entreguista pero
 también recibí felicitaciones
 a nivel oficial del radicalismo.
 -¿Está afiliado a algún
 partido?

fu
 el cuento. Pero vez efectiva
 lo hubiera es dismountable,
 very effective
 dismountable,
 serious conse

60 SIET

The Commission's proposal
 is based on the
 following principles

President of the FUA and FUBA. con. There will be no
 form r".a

In my student Pocos, to
 make up for that lack. and transit& by the
 preserved-

I wrote it to leave it to my
 children, and when they
 read it, they advised me to
 publish it. I wrote it to leave
 it to my children, and when
 they read it, they advised
 me to publish it, which I
 thought was out of place, but
 I still sent it to the editor of
 the newspaper "Rfo Negro",
 Sedor Rajneri, and it was
 published, to my surprise,
 because that was not my
 intention. And where did you
 get the stories from?

been a radio- calism. But I knew
 how to be presi-

por todos los
 medios de conmovier las es-
 tructuras centrales de Buenos
 Aires, pero no lo logró.

-¿Qué se puede hacer
 por la Patagonia, más allá de
 teorizar y hacer planes que

-It has had a great impact
 on the whole of Patagonia.
 It became something like
 the pocketbook of every
 Patagonian.

uso es o que d
 amigos de dos de mis
 hijos que son patagones.
 Aunque las voy a leer, él
 me dice que es un libro.
 I wrote that book is a sign of
 my "lack of understanding
 and irresponsibility".
 -I don't think it's ash
 The Commission is sure to
 have had some problems
 once it was published.

Pe-

Pe-

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I was Ernesto Sabato's comrade and fought against Uribe Ru during my student years. I was Ernesto Sabato's partner and fought against Uribe- ru during my student years.

ryu
descr/pt in _____

I have doubts. Whenever I have a conversation with an Armed Forces nominee, I always say the same thing. I always say the same thing.

Do you have any control over the El Chocón power plants, for example? These are key places in a country that is in turmoil and where it is always possible for a revolutionary group to carry out such an operation. I have information that in Pe-

The guerrilla group in El Salvador has carried out similar manoeuvres. It is not given any importance here. And I did not say

Argentines are, in many respects, somewhat different from the rest of the world.

Would what I anticipate happen in Buenos Aires?

-No doubt about it. More than half of the electricity that comes to this city comes from El Cho-

*free of charge in Ne u -
"who dHrente the visit .del
" ra "s/cfenfe AlfonsIn,
isn't it as/**

-Sapag, the governor of Nauqu0n and a personal friend, tried to

nt/nca se coozecanP
-Patagonia needs development. This is a country without leaders. In the United States, leaders are forged in primary school. Brazil learned its lesson

y us to come, as many as it takes for us to

The Patagonian people are all busy with the Patagonian food at late-night over- malls and after drinking and eating their fill of delicious food at the seriorial tables. Everyone is busy with the Patagonian in late-night over- mates and after drinking and eating delicious delicacies at the local tables, but few take a serious interest in the Patagonian as a place of peace and prosperity.

If he lives in ail SI does not exletlera Bar. "oche, hardly anyone would have ever crossed e rfo

"Siempre que desarrollan pero con cri-
 hombre. A lan Fiaerræs Armaciü5
 le di o lo mšrr.o:7-- 'icontrol
 tienen ustedes sobre las centrales
 of El CZiocC*n "; eje:::ğ1o?"

que desarrollan pero con cri-
 The industry because it is
 an error. We need to talk
 about the agricultura, a ca-

In some regions, where the
 conditions are similar to
 the European countries y
 prósperos.

-¿Nunca presentó un plan
 al gobierno?

-Lo hice en varias ocasio-

nes y ha varion gob ernos
 porjD

done nothing.
 The poor, s9 that does not
 become a con- cionclave,
 not only because it is not
 only to

What can be done to make
 the obedientas temas que
 dšspieren. There is no time
 to wait. Whatever is not
 done today will be too late
 tomorrow.

used.knows londo is e/of
 "Cñile and its Interöses in
 nugstra.Patagonia

-Efectivamente and oso
 also comeall from afar. Rosas,
 ü años.ntes that the general
 F*.Isa, made his campañã in
 deslerto and feste ó "un 25
 de Mayo",.en Choolo-Choel.

However. However, "fiot
 repñes para la Patagonia
 por las aspñes adirecivas
 Lonjproyctos, como abito
 de personas, se ille fue no
 archivando o abandonando
 quibz cobard con yeasntes,
 le. densidad

muchas razo
 fronteras con las provincias
 patagónicas. El acuerdo so-
 bre el Beagle es sólo un ila-
 Cñido que utilizaron políticã
 para distraer Cñaten-
 las zona mšs mšs ade-
 undos to.do so, by

The

The real danger is on the
 border with Argentina. The
 real danger is on the border,
 where they have a huge
 amount of money to spend
 and we, if we get there, have
 one. But the incredible thing
 about this is that only a few
 of them seem to realise the
 gravity

Ç la SituaCñOr. KS AS SI
 I get tired of saying it, but I
 don't want to spend my time
 in the

The
 Committee is concerned that
 this would be airresponsabi-
 lity.

-So that means theügios
 the Chilean and, co-
 Chilean el
 How many people think,
 with the Beagle
 agreement?

y Ibelieve
 that this was a minor
 matter and I have even
 written about it in some of
 my reports. What happens is
 that nothing moves us in
 Buenos Aires and the
 isolated efforts of one or
 another government or
 leader are not enough. The
 historical conflict with Chile
 will only get worse if there is
 a constitutional government,
 tas medidas. Pero en época
 constitutional government,
 because Pinochet does not
 have the backing of the
 people and this has made it
 impossible for him to take
 certain decisions.
 -Desarrollar,

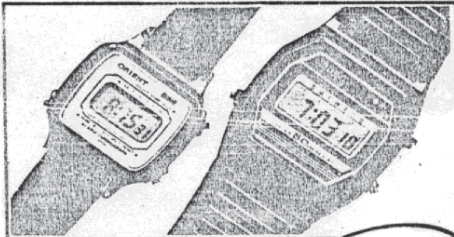
de Sa VBÖo Allende po r
 For example, the situation was
 crft- ca because negotiating
 was con

Cada el Boun and
 develop. Afoñimwe silvan
 order to make the Pata- gonl
 t a set of rich provinces.

But as he
 said, we must do it now,
 tomorrow it will be too late.



¿quién me lo regalará? ORIENT QUARTZ



The Chrono-Alarm



- o Extra flat
- o Super
- o Stopwatch
- o Full function
- o Time signal
- o lightweight
- o Calendar
- o alarm

4 de Agosto
 día del niño

- Amplio campo visual
- Fina malla de caucho



ORIENT

la palabra esencial en el tiempo.

ORIENT

Bell370 , 10- P. - Bs As. (CP. i039) TeL 1&2442/69134/5128

Carta nata

Nuestro Presidente nació un 2 de July 1930 in Anillaco; province of La Rioja "al amanecer: this makes him *a Cancerian tiou tiou ascendente in el penúltimo graduated from Taurus, almost Géminis, lo which is a combination of multiple qualities. He possesses above all a fortunate Mercury-Jupiter-Sun conjunction, which gives him a high elevation of mind; Mane in the ascendant, which gives him a remarkable capacity for work; and Venus in conjunction with his Wheel of Forth, which gives him a great facility in communicating with the people.

He is a man endowed with a great intuition, which enables him to take dxifionescederasyrapidas in the precise timing. He has a sharp and quick mind which always leads him to understand where the balance of the forces around him is. He is terribly restless, xlraverted, and is a very concerned popelbizncs0azsorial of the world in which he lives. Figne voca-paternal care, but it is not hombre de He is always looking for new projects. He is a very curious person who is interested in knowing everything about the world and, above all, he is a very pragmatic man.

These are important conditions in a statesman; however, what has made him President is something else: Menem is a "man of destiny". Argentina's birth date (9 July 1816) is not only the same as Menem's, but also bears Jü "pitei in the ascent. Therefore, the Argentinian skies1 follow the rhythm of Jupiter, which circles around the globe in 12 years. Menem has a very important position of Jupiter in the first degree of Cancer; and this is a very important sign of Jupiter in the first degree of Cancer.

planet Beofico arrived in Cancer on 31 July 1989 (where it will remain for the rest of the year).

a whole year). This means that, when the Argeoftaa is benefited by the start of a new cycle of Jüpi-ter en ei mejor período Menem enters

en ei dv str life for the Jupiter's return to the same position he occupies in his native country. Which is the same as: affirming that the fate of h/tencm is the dream of the Argentinians. This: predestined man is something like a lucky charm for our homeland, that is to say, that it is a Uatpucham marcha la definitiva concordia entre loi argentinos.

Argentina is a Cancerian country with a Libra ascendant; with the Second World Solar Return due to a conjunction of Saturn and Uranus, the two rulers of Aquarius.

nuestra patria the leadership movement by Perón: o justicialis@IO (QUo a 'Stl manra. mtom in a the banderas of "Yn- goyei). For more than forty years Saturno and "Urannno. meet again in the sky, as they have been doing for more than forty years.

arises Mcriem Presidents. AI misño



tiempo que el mtufidCestf construyendo un nuevo equilibrio of forces polýticas porque el orden heredado de la Segunda Guerra Mundial ya terminó its cycle is beginning *a million continents: the Goæunity Eúpepa already existed, now it is the turnö öc°la Cõ- munity AtneNcana, which ónducir8 Georgé Bush (cüya çarta natal: aolalt.

Tho < I@MAIMONWUW-Fodr: eSta magazine) in the North and Carlos Menem in the South. When Minem finishes his go- miento justicialista bierno el nióvit frutos definitivos y hœ "d800 5u5

become oð thing, in the eseuçia mixioía de là öorrcordia entre entre las

tas fuerzas políticas argentinns, which never again peueran su capacidad de contvteuçia. Accordingly, can-

mos afirmar que el movimiento justicialista comenzó dúuobntmaüosds a liÉ riano: Perón, and will leave his definitiva mudo canceriano: hernos

Menem. Ya diñho that the Argentinia is .cancerian with ascendente in Litira, which clearly shows the ç ue er: ostño de la patria está íntima- mente: linked con the fate of Menem.

The stages to be completed in the events will then be venideros:

Öütüäre ttE 1989. The influx of foreign and Argentinean capital into the country has begun. Eitó eS consecuencia de: haberér deteüido la hiporinflation Justo en el eclipse total de Luoa de 1.7: "dc .agosto y "del viaje. a EE.'UU.'exüétainente al llegar él Sol al equitrticci'. in Libro. ... 4 November at 17.17.Dec.

IIC

Perfodo in which Mencri achieved the unión gonorcordia de diferentei gru pos de poder que integran su gobierno. Habrá cambios en el sindicalismo y también ,some minister will be replaced ó secretario de Estado. Los militares The presidöñnial pardon will find a new balance.

36 of eaero a.9 February 1PP0:

Culminates the first stage of in del gabi- no. Changes in economic precn la fami-

y culnmüzs, æstnweracid nete. Danger öc accidntns lia A paz hñdida de aerxo "de se collióran importantes pi ciones de em resas del Estado: ivatizafca de la oferta habró

deñsñra de mññó

Entre el 31 de mayo y el 12 de juño: For the reliability of the nieddas de gobierno will be dçspertarón on the

oiundo.uo.:maccßdo intrçs por invertir in the Aröentiria, - all in el marco da una naciente Comunidad Americana, que quedará definitivamente constituida entre setiembre de 1990 y enero de 1991. Viajes muy importantes del presidente Menem, que irá teniendo caá vez menos enemigos y menos oposicion.

Podemos, en fin, afirmar que los Üu11BNÇ5tUBWDBñOSSmu108MtAs4a-. llántes. dn toda la vida da Carlos Menem, por lo cual: q.uedará registrado en la historia cómo: el hombre quv psq ðe a la Argentina en su mærhahmda el sielo XXI.

marzo de 1987 hasta fines de 1990, y

The testimony given by 3 sENTE sag Shepard,
the ABC journalist from Bagd4d lü şfímíCíü.

ESTE HOMBRE LE DIJO AL MUNDO: "ESTALLO LA GUERRA"

Mi Wednesday, 16 January.
It is f8.JS in l/tashington.
2.30 on Thursday in £tdp-
ad. Holding its breath, the
whole world awaits the moment
when the United States should
unleash its offensive.

siva against Iraq.
In the Oval Room of the White
House, surrounded by his closest
aides (Vice-President Ouayle,
Chief of Staff Su- sunu and
National Security Adviser
Scow- crott), George Bush sits
in front of several television
sets simultaneously
broadcasting the bulletins of
CNN, ABC, CBS and N8C. All
the news reports are devoted
to the ongoing conflict. At
6.40 p.m., the American
President

-The ABC news anchor
announces that American
planes are bombing the city,
and the US is now bombing the
city. Irritated. Bush tells
Scowcraft: "The order was not
to give any information.



Shepard. "We was caught in mid-transition,
n0 hUb0rl r1ifigUrl aYiS0 preYi0, the HEAlf0 was tinged with
f0jo...".

Gary Shepard had thus become
the protagonist of the most
spectacular presidential primi-
r0dís//ca of recent times.
Afterwards, from Amman, he has
been with PEOPLE.

-It was three o'clock in the
morning. The attack surprised
me in the middle of the night.
From my window in room 724 I
could see the night of Baghdad.
Everything was so quiet and
peaceful that I never imagined I
would witness what happened.
There was no prior warning. No
sirens, no alarms. No knocking
on the door. I only saw the city
go dark. / I realised what he was
talking about started

was Connecticut. My only
concern was to stay calm and
find the right words for the
transmission.

-Is it true that the Iraqis don't like it?
expected".

-Apparently so. for the city was
totally i/g/mi- ness and no
darkening precautions had
been taken. The bombardment
was hard to believe. The sky
was tinged with fiery red. The
artillery batteries and missiles
turned the Baghdad night into a
gigantic tree of Na- vity. From
my window I could see and
feel the sound of bombs. First, a
toganazo on the horizon,
seconds later, an explosion
could be heard.

e/ Hell. was the bombing.

American to Baghdad. My heart
was pounding in my chest. I kept
thinking about my two sons,
over there, in Baghdad.

like that of ten lightning bolts
together.

coughing.

-What was your first reaction,
Shepard? Were you afraid?

-I had no time to be nervous or
afraid. I immediately picked up
the line we always had open
with the ABC to pass on
information and, from one of
the outlets, I began to transmit
everything I could see in a
straight line. The red tracer
shells seemed to get lost in the
sky without focusing on any
target.

-Out did you see when dawn
broke?

-It was only then that the
attacks were over and we were
able to go out into the street.
Baghdad looked like a dead
city. A nauseating smell
enveloped everything. We were
surprised to see that the
Ministry of Defence, right in
front of the hotel, had been hit
hard. Likewise, the nearby Cen-
Communications Council. I am im-

corners, their eyes aghast,
anguish etched on their faces.
They could not believe it. The
bombing had surprised them.
-When did you decide to leave Bag-
tion?

-Thursday, early in the
afternoon. It was obvious that
we would not be able to
continue working. It would have
been risky and, above all,
useless because of the inco-
munication from Baghdad.
With three other American
journalists, in a rented car, we
started the journey across the
desert to the Jordanian border.
It was an argui- sious,
dangerous journey that lasted
22 hours. On the way, we came
across Iraqi troops. Nobody
stopped us. We even saw the
missile ramps from where the
Iraqis dropped Scuds on Israel
the following day. Several times
we had to stop, turn off the
lights and seek shelter. over our
heads the American planes
were passing overhead and
bombing not far away. Worse
still, we were on the verge of
being blown up. Luckily, we were
able to find a petrol pump in Put-
ba, a small village. I thought
that fifty-one was not old enough
to die. After a day's journey,
during which we endured two
bombing raids, we reached the
Jordanian border. There was a
huge drop of troops, but it was
still open. It took us eight hours
to get through. It was a sigh of
relief. Then arriving in Amman
seemed like child's play.
-And a/hour? "

-Three times I could have died. I
thank God that I am alive. This
is not over. Things in Jordan
seem calm, but the smell of
war is in the air. Everything can
explode again

FROM ITALY: BRUNO PASSARELLI
EH auEnos "RES:
RAMIRO FERNANDEZ YAREM

EQUIPO DE INVESTIGACION

CARAPINTATEDS, ULTIMACT

EMgBEVIBYA FORMER PRESIDENT CARLOS MENEM

"*at the Casa Rosada bullets were whistling".

ASI RECUERDA MENEM LA MAÑANA DEL ALZAMIENTO CARAPINTADA. ADEMAS, AFIRMA QUE NUNCA ESTUVO DISPUESTO A NEGOCIAR. Y QUE DIO LA ORDEN DE BOMBARDEAR A LAS COLUMNAS DE TANQUES REBELDES

ALBERTO AMATO
Y DANIEL SANTORO

JUAN CARLOS VOLLARO / ARCHIVO CLARIN

— **¿A fines de octubre de 1990 el jefe de la SIDE, Hugo Anzorreguy, le adelantó en Roma, donde usted se encontraba de visita, que la rebelión de**

— (With an annoyed look on his face) Tczladies zu- mores that something spoke. Hugo something I told myself in Rome and sable of lz w a r r i n g that Seinelidin hzbz made through a lcttd. But I riro believed

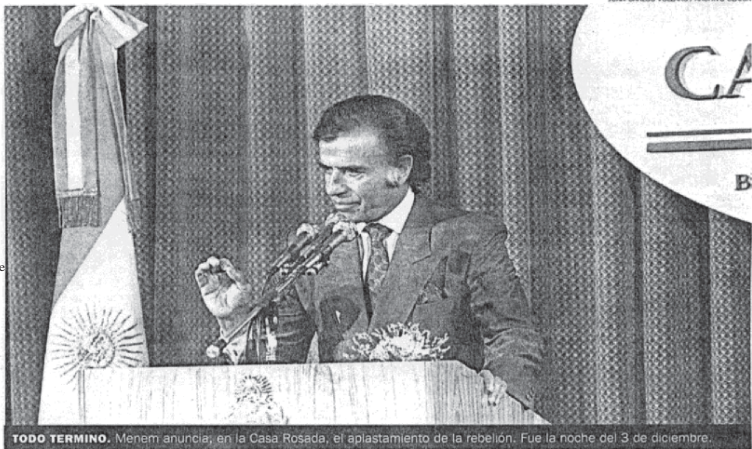
— **En la madrugada del 3 de diciembre, ¿quién le avisó en la Residencia de Olivos que había estallado la rebe-**

— **mi... con la noticia. ¿Cómo decidió ir a la mañana. Inmediatamente decidió ir a la Casa de Gobierno.**

— **¿Cómo decidió enfrentar la rebelión?**
— A las cinco o seis de la mañana llegaron varios comandantes, entre ellos, el

— **El dar la orden usó la frase "a degüello"?**

— **No me acuerdo... Ordené liquidar a aquellos que no se entreguen. Por ahí pude haber dicho lo de "a degüello". De todos modos, fue una deslealtad y un levantamiento torpe y sin sentido. Me acuerdo cuando me informaron de las muertes (de Pita y Pedernera) en Patri-**



TODO TERMINO. Menem anuncia, en la Casa Rosada, el aplastamiento de la rebelión. Fue la noche del 3 de diciembre.

— **¿Cómo decidió enfrentar la rebelión?**
— A las cinco o seis de la mañana llegaron varios comandantes, entre ellos, el

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MAÑANA
Tanques, aviones y fusiles fueron utilizados por las fuerzas leales a la Constitución para sofocar el alzamiento carapintada. El papel del general Martín Balza comandando la represión a los carapintadas. Y su propio recuerdo de aquellos hechos, en una entrevista a fondo.

With faith and humility Mary.

**THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:
MARY SAYS THAT WE ARE COMING TO THE FINAL BATTLE, TIME IS RUNNING OUT.**

(Part 18).

MARY SAYS THAT WE ARE COMING, TO THE FINAL BATTLE, THE TIME IS RUNNING OUT

I am ganbeteándo, a couple of events, -to write them down|| one why, they are so but so , huge, that I feel like an alfeñique, before the immensity.

I will start with one, since they are not a pair, -that is to say||.

I have already explained at the beginning of this page, that my son was introduced to a Lord of a lot of "**Pears**", one why his weight was 100K above and the other, that he had the total power.

Well, my son, to this "**good Lord**", he made **some** revelations.

That's why this good Lord said to him, I want to meet your mother, - it was when he ventured into the "**Esoteric Field**".

-I have to say that my son spent 2 years **teaching him as he "lacked" that knowledge.**

The issue in question was that "**Evita was communicating, "with me"**.

**When that happened the first time and that it was to give me messages and that I should take pen and paper.
Then, my son tells me, start writing them down.**

It would be a few months before "**Meet the Good Lord**".

-He commented, giving me **Messages** and **Directives**, so that they would be made, to be sent to the "**Military**", who were in "**Tucumán**".

I did not know what was happening in Tucumán, "more than fasting".

This **gentleman** asked my son to take me to his **factory**, where he had his office, and "**so that he could work in peace**", as he said to his **secretary**, I had prayed to the "**North American**" that "nothing would happen to her, -she was not there for anyone|| and that she would come, I had prayed to her, as I had never touched on the subject of the mediumistic **connection** with "**Evita**" with anyone.

We would say, the one of the Mediunity, and that is why I wanted to eat my son like a radish, and my son said to me: -forgive me, old lady||, I did not know, I did not imagine, and I said to him: - Traitor, Traitor||. Well, he was only interested in how the -Stock Market was doing and if his shares were better positioned and if it was convenient to invest in Dollars, both for him and his wife.

In all this "**Isabel was in the government**" and I told him that they were telling me "**about the bloodbath that was coming**" and he was totally oblivious, just his materialism, "**Io Subyugába**", "**Io Subyugaba**".

Isabelle the **Overthrow** happened.

The **military** went up, and "**what was announced happened**".

I was fighting him, my son, for what he had done to me and also, he took him out of work, my son.

He wanted us to be "**Dominated, this Lord Sinister**".

On another **page** I explained, that in a meeting, where **there were "Personalities, Governmental"**.

"**And** they started to make fun of me, and said: "And what about that bath of **Sangre**, that you "**predicted**" for us?"

And "he **felt my son and was enraged**" and he shouts at me: To these **Nécios**, no les **Contetés**.

And the next day, my son planned for us to go to the **Interior**.

The next day we packed 2 bags and left, at that time there was plenty of work, all over the **country**, whoever did not "**work**" was, because he was not a "**workaholic**".

Here, one could apply the saying -Fashion then||.

-How **happy we were**, when we didn't **know** that we were. I continue,

my son joined a "**Empresa y nós Estabilisámos**".

When my son decided to leave the "**Amigo Siniestro**", 3 months had passed and the company did not give us the "**Cása**" until 6 or 8 months later, because we went to **Jujuy** to find a job and a **contract** with housing.

When we were installed, at the same time, "**I received a jolt**", I say a jolt, because I had an "**Evita Energy**" that shook me from head to toe.

He tells me, in an **authoritative** voice, to take a tape recorder and **record** some messages that he would transmit to me.

It was no longer like in the past, that he **would "ask me"**, take paper and pencil, that he **would dictate some messages** to me.

Now, he wanted to listen to her and record them and I told her, or rather offered her, to **play the role of "Medium"**, that **and told them** that they would have more validity and accepted.

So, I took the tape and instantly I gave it up and instead I put a Caset on the radio and put it on record and tuned the volume.

The **messages** were for the **military** and for him. He

asked me to circulate them quickly.

I said to myself, what do I do now, because it wasn't simple, because it wasn't simple, because it wasn't because of the distance, it wasn't because of the distance, but because of the moment (who was approaching) **Infernal** that was happening, of course, that was happening, the fact that, what, he asks me for me to cover up and he is going to protect me.

That was the least of our concerns.

I instantly thought of "**Our, Sinister Friend**" and I spoke to him on the phone, and I told him and said, "**Urgent Circular the Casett**".

As soon as I spoke to him, he was jumping for joy, and kept shouting: **Amíga, Amíga**, what about the **Amigo?**

And I didn't even know what to say to him, because he had been waiting for me for 3 months before I called him and told him where we were, and now it turned out that I called him, STOP sic.

Finally, faced with the imminence of the **Apúro**, I saw no other **way out**.

But if I had told my son, he would have been more critical and would have looked for another way (but in the end, unfortunately, he did).

But I was stunned and had to start lying to him.

To one and the other, **"since he is Siniestro"**, he said to me: Why doesn't the **"Amigo" (friend)** kill me?

Did he come from **Buenos Aires** very angry with everyone, and even more so with him, who used me and didn't even -respect|| me.

For me, it was very complicated, once I already had the **"Institute"**, and to carry out this one **"Operation Casett"**, I was to be absent from the **"Institute"**.

In an oportunidad, where **"Recording"** was in plena, **"When the "Siren" sounded**, I was **shaken by** the sound of the **"Siren"**, and the fact that I was **mentally and emotionally** connected to it, I was totally **"shattered"**, as when the **Tramway's Trolley**, which **connected** it to the **Energy**, came off. **Sorry** for the **Comparison**, but for me **"Comparatively**, it was similar|| uff , guau. Well, I shouted and said -Short, **short**, my son is coming|| and that was recorded, all from the **Mermaid** of the **factory** up to my own proclamations.

But the most subjugating of all this, was that I spoke to the **"Friend"** in **"Buenos Aires"**, and I asked him: "Did you get it, did you receive it? and he told me: "Send it to me, I will **circulate** it". And in the whole year, I couldn't get him to say a word to me, and to his chagrin, he realised that my **"son didn't know anything"**, and even less, or even more, he acted like a truant.

I did not **"hump it in the Empresa, segui"**.

Until later, when **"General Vilas was no longer in Tucumán"** and in exchange for him they sent the **General Busi**.

The thing is that one day we went to **"Buenos Aires"** as my son was travelling on the **Bacaciones**, from **"Winter and Summer"** was inevitably to go to **Buenos Aires**, to see the **"Amigo"**.

It happens that one year when we went there, **the "Lady of the Sinister"** told my son that she was grateful for the **"Casett of Evita"** that she had sent, because thanks to the **Messages**, which were of great help to the **"Military"**?

Just now, when we were alone in the **"Hotel with my son"**, he told me about it and said to me: What is the meaning of this **"Evita's Casett"**?

And then, after more than a year, the end of the **"Casett"**.

My son was furious about what this **"Sinister"** had done with the **"Messages"**, perhaps it would have been another **History**, but in all our **History**, there were **traitors** who diverted the information.

Logically, he made them listen to whom he wanted, and what he wanted.

From General Vilas I know positively that he listened to them?

Ahóra los Mensájes, "**al Pueblo**" a la Pirinola||, only God knows.

These are the things that made me bitter and make my life bitter.

I know, from one of the **military**, that he heard them, "**but there were a lot of them**".

Logically, I don't even know what they were saying, because I can't even know when they dictate to me, or as in this case, I can only write.

I don't care at all about what he did to me, but from a "**sinister**" being, what else could I expect, I was the idiot who trusted him.

Of course, after the "**Casett, de la Sirena**" of the **Factory**, I never recorded again, - I was only anguished by the **Violence**, which I **expelled** to **Evita**.

What happened was that every recording and the "**energetic**" voice that he had, left me, "**as aboyada como pava de linyera**" (as a linyera's kettle).

What I feel about the issue of "**communication or connection**" with the "**Other Plane**" is that despite having "**Dirécta Line**".

It seems that the "**Radiation**" that I suffer, melts my "**Red Blood Cells**", just like the "**Radium**" that is used for "**Cancer**".

On the other hand, my son, every "**Connection**" he made with the other **Plane**, **his face burned** and then peeled, that is to say, his skin fell off and remained red, STOP, as if he was toasted or burnt, by the "**Radiation**", that he had suffered or had been exposed to a **very high temperature of radiation**, **Radium**, I don't know, I don't know what was happening.

But I must, clarify, that when, I didn't understand something, it was useless, for me, to ask him, since he was forbidden, to explain, anything, or, we, could, tell, each, other, experiences, but not explain, anything, or, no matter, how much, he, had, a genius, at, the, end, I, had, to, continue, being, the, **Idiot**, "**Useful**".

I am going to comment on an event that occurred in 1948. I

was living in the house of my "**Suégnos**", the one that I later

It was given to me by my **father-in-law**, "**before he died, for when my son came of age**". I

continue.

My father-in-law went to bed for a nap, as he used to do.

When my "**Cuñadita and I**" came to the "**Unión Ferroviaria**" that day, **Eva Perón**, and my sister-in-law, in her **complicity**, said to me: When "**Dad**" goes to "**Sleep it off**" let's go and see "**Evita**" and so we did, then it was an **Odicea**", I know, why not, they let us go out, another one, that being "**Oligarchs**" or of the "**Oligarchy**||, **Perón** was the best word.

The "**Union Ferroviaria**" was 3 quads away from our house.

We went and stood at a distance behind each other, 3 metres apart, so that there was a gap of 3 metres between us and the people crowding at the door. I was waiting for a spectacular car, when it approached, I saw that it was coming.

One of the "**Hermanos Gálves**" is "**Coduciéndo**" and behind him I see "**Evita**" who is joining in, with her traditional little black and white checkered suit, black velvet collar and cuffs and a little black hat, shoes and black card, playing the game.

Well, as I saw her, she saw me, and she sent him to the "**Secretary, Personal**", he came up to me, greeted me and shook my hand, he said: I am the "**Secretary of Mrs. Perón**".

Delighted, I told him, "**my sister-in-law and my son**", he was 2

years old and I was 18 years old.

The young man would be about 25 to 28 years old.

Following the "**Unión Ferroviaria**" building, a weaving followed around the corner to the other ½ block.

The young man puts his foot on the little square of the fabric and puts down an "**Executive suitcase**", full of papers and it "**wobbles**" and everything falls to the ground, I was attacked by laughter, and "**the young man turned red**", I helped him to gather the papers and I apologised to him and he told me: "**The lady asked me**" to tell him, if he would not want to work for her, and to replace her, when it is necessary.

"If I were you, I'd run away right now", but he was with my "**Cuñadita**".

He gives me his card, just tells me to consult him, think about it, asks me for my details, I tell him I am married, I have this child and I am 18 years old, my personal details, name, Dto etc., he thanks me again, shakes my hand and leaves, people start to leave and he "**pounces on me**" it's **Evita**, it's "**Evita**", and I come out, as always, running away terrified, and we went to the house making a "**rodéo**" luckily my father-in-law hadn't got up from the house, he didn't know anything about it and "**I was in anguish**".

While my **husband** was at work, I started to write to "Evita", and I felt my husband's footsteps at best, as my foot was facing the street, and I tried to hide everything, but I couldn't hide my face.

What were you doing, what were you doing, were you writing, to whom you were writing, to whom you were writing to some love, nothing.

He turned my **wardrobe** and furniture upside down, and in the end, I had to give him the body of the crime. When he saw the letter and read it, he began to roll over in bed and laugh like a fool, and more because he said, how naive, if the president's wife would give me "**ball**" to me, of course, he didn't know, that we had escaped to see her, if she found out, she would kill me and we would both get paid, my sister-in-law, my **father-in-law**, put her in penance, for going out without permission, she was 14 years old, she died at 18, my dear "**Angel**".

And well, I was "**terrified**" and did not try it again (this similarity was provoking me). Let -each reader determine it in his own way, viván|| (this was done to me from **above**).

-I will recount, another of the same dye.

In the year 80 or 81 for the **Elections**, the "**Partido Peronista**" **Femenino**, invited me to a meeting, in the -Local where it worked, the "**Academia**, de un "**Arabe**", in a "**Local**" low or **Gallery of the Building** that I occupied, a flat, he and I of the same building.

They had invited me many times, and finally my son told me one day: "Go, but don't tell them, we're leaving for **Córdoba** the next day.

This was in **Rosario**.

I went, - when I entered, the academy was empty and I was surprised, the invitation was for 10 o'clock, I think, and suddenly a door opened and a flood of **women** rushed at me, I almost ran away.

"I was surprised that they wanted to appoint me **"Secretary General for Rosario"** of the **"Partido Peronista Femenino"**, and I almost ran away terrified.

Then I told them that I couldn't make a decision like that alone, as it was just me and my son.

Well, we agreed to meet the next day and then STOP?

I talk to my son, and I say: what do I do now?

And he says to me: Tell them to give you a lower, less responsible job.

They were well aware that I was a non-active **"Peronist"**, besides, I didn't know anybody and nobody knew me, I didn't go down for months, as I never went out, only out of necessity.

But the **Arab** told them about my **work in Jujuy, in favour of the people**,

STOP. I was appointed **Zonal Secretary** and there I was the one who

"Zoned".

Since at that meeting, the committee was set up, they were appointed and to my surprise, they brought the minute books, the **President** and the whole committee signed them.

But as the **"Substitutes"** have already been appointed, I will repeat.

The next day at 4-5 or 6 o'clock in the morning we left.

The first thing I did was to go to **"Buenos Aires"**, to the **Central Office** and I spoke to the **"General Secretary"** of the **"Partido Peronista"**. He was a friend of ours and I explained to him, **"another one who almost killed me"** when, I knew that I had not accepted?

When I was in the centre of **Cordoba**, I went to a **phone box**.

I was talking, when I saw a quick movement, I saw women, whispering and grouped together suspiciously, I went out, I paid and **ran** away, terrified.

I already suspected the reason, it was part of my hectic life.

The person who must know the reasons why this happened to me must be the one who was Evita's secretary. I wonder if he is still alive.

All the **women**, they all run at me, and I was terrified and started to run, faster, and finally I said to them, I'm going to run.

I **"give up"**, laughing, nervous and say: "What happened, **"what did I do now"**?

And they told me: We saw you and we all thought the same thing, so by common agreement, we will choose you for the **"Frente de Nuestro Partido Peronista"** and I told them: **"Girls, I'm sorry, but I've already been appointed to "Rosario"**.

Háy but are you with us, in our -Party|]?

Yes, yes, I told them.

Then they breathed and cried out, **"but they were satisfied"?**

The point is, what, is that in those elections, the former president was running for and -won|| the presidency, the **"Doctor, Piripipi"**.

With my son, we were at the **hotel** where he was being honoured, and he went to receive instructions from his **"God"**, i.e. I don't live in the **Tribute**.

Missed with Aviso ufuf.

He went to see **President Bus** Dad.

This comment is only for the fact that if he had continued to be in the **"electoral contest"**, from which the ex-President ESTOP emerged and won.

"We would be -Formula Partners||, wow.

In order not to deviate from the subject, I would like to say that I never participated in **politics**, although my **"Husband was a politician"**, by **Tradition**, but in another party and was **"Candidate for Governor of Santa Fé"**,
-sic||.

Returning to the **"Messages and Casett"**, this good lord and **"Sinister"** used, all the **Material**, for his own benefit, will now be, **Analysing them with God in Heaven or with the Devil in Hell**.

I am going to comment, an experience, that I had, to,

live. First, I will have to go back, years in time.

Let's say I was, or would have been, between, 4, 5, or 6 years old, I can't prescribe.

I used to live, begging, in every encounter I had with my **"Granny, the Jewess"**.

Instantly, I entrusted myself to the **"Master Jesus"** and it was the **Master Jesus** who protected me at that **time**.

-One, I didn't know||, no one had ever told me about him, in **"Reality, no one ever "cared for me", or explained to me, the Unexplainable"**.

I grew up as a **"mangy puppy"** wow, grrr, sniff.

I said: **"Master, help me, until today, help me, protect me"**.

-I'm going to be good, I'm going to be good, I'm not going to make Abuelita angry.

Anyway, he was my sentinel, I had never seen him before, nor do I know why I invoked him, but he **"was"** inside me.

So much so, that I was **devoted to** him, **I adored** him, because I felt that he listened to me, since I never had anyone to listen to me, or to take care of me.

Today I justify everything, especially that, not that I want to give comfort, but it was a very important issue.

But yesterday to today, it is super logical, that if I should, only meditate, think about what I should dedicate myself to, flies can't get in with a straight mouth, they say, and having a straight mouth, energy is not wasted, if not let the great thinkers say so, uff, uf, uf, uf.

I continue, I repeat, so much so, that on one occasion, when my "**Abuelita**" went out of the door, from "**Street to buy the Meat**" because, at that time, "**There were the Ambulant Butcher's Shops**", -Gardeners or trucks refurbished for this purpose.

They had a kind of small counter with a slot for the saw, -Hung from the ceiling with hooks, the meat was cut up||, the counter was made of aluminium, aluminium-coloured sheet, **lined** and **closed** inside with a **metal** plate, and the **butcher** was behind it with the meat, the customer chose and usually two people travelled, one handled the meat and the other dispatched it.

Well, taking advantage of his absence for a few minutes, I came out of the **henhouse** where he had me **locked up**, and which I commented on at the beginning of this one, Page.

I went into the room where my "Granny" and my **grandfather** were staying, "**I decided and I acted**", as it has always been, to this day.

I think and act, I don't **meditate**, I don't **calculate**, I don't **analyse**, that's why I **Nose Streak**.

I went into the room and I saw a compact on the dresser and I was looking for a **little medal** of the "**Master**" **Jesus**, and I found **medals** of all kinds and sizes, I **looked for a pin**, and luckily I **found** it.

-I put **all** the **medayas** together, on the **pin**. I **placed** them on my **chest** on the side of my **heart**.

Well, his 18-year-old "**Jewish friend**" arrived, and he hid from her that I **was staying** in the **henhouse**. by **Provision** of it.

Then, I started **jumping up and down** and saying "**Grandma, Grandma**", and when the **Medayas jumped up and down**, they started **hitting** each other, and "**Grandma**" lifted my **apron** and saw the **Medayas**.

She began to scream, like a "**possessed**": **Thief! Thief!**

-Oy de **Pelicula**" yes, but a **Horror** film.

When at 8 or 20 o'clock my **grandfather** arrived, and I gave him the **Rosary**" and to have taken out the "**Medayas**", I would have, had, to get, into their feet.

-What a discovery|| wow, meow, sic.

He placed the **medals** on the **table**, i.e. the **body** of the **accused** and me in front of the accused as the accused and condemned.

I detail, a **Medaya**, was of the **Railway** of the **Years**, of **Work**, of my **Grandfather**, another one to the **Merit** and all of them of the "**Railway**" of **England**||, with its mark, because my Grandfather, was "**brought by England**".

Another was one with a **Fly**?

Another one of a Club, in short, of the **Master Jesus**, nor **Jota**, for which, today I believe that it is not "**How much of his Devotion**".

Well, it is not necessary to detail the word, this is only an **"Introduction"** for this. It

remains that I was and am a **devotee** of the **"Master Jesus"**.

When I was one day in my **house** in **"Villa Diego"**, I was in the courtyard of **Porlant** -with a drop to the bottom of about **30 or 40 cm**||, in the form of a **small bridge**, and then it was all cut by a **wire** fence, which crossed from one side of the land to the other, which was 17 metres wide and 50 metres long.

I sit on a **"Siyón de Mimbres"** and I'm sitting, as always, asking myself questions, why this will be like that, the other way round, in short.

In that, looking, towards the end, **I see**, as a **Snow**, that comes **Down** and I look at it, **Curiously**, **When it is Deposited** on the **Ground**.

I see with astonishment, that someone **descends** in the **cloud**, **I fall** from **my knees**, and he takes me from the **ember** with his right **hand**, and says to me: **It is I**, your **"Master Jesus"**, **come in**, **"My daughter"**.

Come, I **will "Show you something"** and he takes me to the little bridge, which leads to the back, and points me to the ground, that is to say, to the ground.

He **shows** me the **Bottom** and says to me: "See, **My Daughter**, and **shows** me **the Ground"**.

And he tells me that after **a while**, everything **would be under water**, but that **I, with my son**, should **To stay**, in the house, that nothing **would happen** to me.

But if I decided to **leave I would raze**, with everything and mainly, the house in front of me, **where** they were, all 3 of them.

Vipers, whom I considered, my **Friends**.

And, like **wine**, he left in a **Nube**.

I was left, **Absorbed and Disoriented, Confused**.

When I fell to the ground, I felt infinitely **small, insignificant**, before that **immensity**, and when I **fell** I saw that I had **Franciscan sandals**, a **tunic** up to the **feet**, **white** as the same **"Nuve"**, the **"Master Jesus"** was like the **figure** in the **images**, with a **pearl** and **moustache**.

It is something indescribable, there are no words, to **define** the **"Greatness of the fact itself"**, I felt y **Siénto**, incapacitada, para **"Dar Testimonio, o Calificar tal Hecho"**.

I go on, the next day, as an **ordinary** day in my life.

My son went to technical school and I went to **work** at 2 p.m., at around 7 or 8 **p.m.**, the **-News began**, the **Saladillo stream** overflowed|| and the **boss** did not **want to** let us leave, because the business was far from the **Saladillo stream** and the **water did** not reach there, what did he care about the overflow.

They began to say that **they would cut Route 9 to Buenos Aires**.

And, where the -Transport|| went by, **"the Owner came to his senses"** and let us go, I mean, let us go, because there was

I had 2 girls come in from opposite my house, 3 spinsters, sisters and I had them as friends.

We took the **bus** from **Villa Diégo** to the **Plaza "Santa Rosa"**.

And, the **Chofér**, he tells us that he is the **last** one, that he **leaves** because they cut the **Route**.

Finally we got on, and suddenly, the **driver** could not **control** the **bus**, the people were terrified, because the **water** was floating and the **bus** was floating and it was full, I was **calm**, the **people** **were shouting** because the **bus** was floating towards the **stream**, the water started to flood the **bus** by the footboard.

But, he just ran into an elevated stretch of road and the **driver** was **able to manoeuvre** it, and he was able to **Encarrilar**, towards the **Route**.

Everyone took a breath and I **finally** got home with my son, even though the **Collective** was full. **Fuerza de las Aguas**, éra atrás.

It continued to **grow**, "**the family** of the 2 girls from **across the street**" were waiting for them, to elope from "**Villa Diego**

It was, as used to **happen** in "**Westerns**", abandoned.

My son and I **were getting ready** to enter the **house** and the **neighbours** told us to get out of the house. **Let us go**, before it is **too late** to leave. I was

telling them to go **quietly**.

Well, not only, that the stream overflowed, but also that the people were absent and left, their houses, sawed with yave, but it entered more than 1 ½ m, a meter and a half, but that the **fury**, of the **waters**, made the **furniture** float, and **-Float** against the **Gate** of Caye|| and then the **furniture**, **floated** out, to **float** against the **-Terraplén del Ferrocarril|| (Railway embankment)**.

Next to the "**Arroyo Saladillo**" there was an "**Achurería**".

That the **owner** had a **daughter** who **studied piano**.

The Piáno, came out floating and also went to crash, against the **embankment**, the **Téma** éra, que el água, crecía en **Forma** , amenazánte.

I, continually, put dry **sticks**, and so **see**, if I continued to **climb**, without any **fear**, **next to** my **Son**.

At about 3 or 4 o'clock **in the morning**, I just started to **back up** or **lower** the **water**, **and** then my son and I went to **sleep**.

The **water** came up to the **-ditch|| in front of my house**.

And through him "**Fondo**, yegó háa hasta el **Puentecito**", where **the Master Jesus** was, and then

he went back. If what **Master Jesus** wanted was to test my **faith**?

"You **be the judge**".

On another **occasion**, when they came to my **door**, I looked into the **gallery** and saw a man with a bag on his right shoulder.

Note: I have already told you this at the **beginning** of this **page**, but perhaps, because it is separate, you have not interpreted it in its **just measure**.

When I saw him with the burlap bag, I misinterpreted **it**, as if he had been confused, like me. I said to

him: **Wait a moment**.

Y **Como Estaba Friendo, Milanésas**, ya **Había Comprado** el pán, ya que **Estaba** por venir mi **Hijo**, serían **Cerca de** las 11 y salía a las 12, yegaba 12 ½.

I made him a **sandwich**, wrapped it up and gave it to him, and he said:

What's that? And I tell him: A Milanese Sandwich.

And why? Did I ask you for something?

And I almost **died of shame**. And he

says to me: I work.

I **offer** you my work, if you have any **Oya**, bucket, or bowl to **change** the **bottom**. And I said to him : Yes, I have a **Fuentón**.

And he says to me: Well, bring it and bring it, a piece of sheet metal, Cin gutter.

And **precisely**, there was a **Cin's Chapa a Canaleta, Nuevita**, and I **gave** it to him and he **put** the bag **down** and took out a **-Yunke**||, and the **tools**, I **kept looking at it**, he brought a **Masa** and **began** to **straighten the plate**, to **hammer it**, and he left it, straight.

Then, he removed the **bottom** of the **bellows**, and with a pencil, he made a **tab** of about one centimetre and put the **bellows** on the **sheet metal**, and with a **pencil**, he marked and cut the sheet metal, one **centimetre** bigger.

Then, with a **pincer**, he made a flange on the **plate**, on the outside of the **bellows**, and on the **plate** he made the **flange** on the **inside**, then **he sealed the plate**, attached it to the bellows and began to **martiyar** on the **Yunke**.

It was just **like new** and he said to me: "Now I've done **my job**, I've **paid for it**. And I said: How much is it?

Since before I did not encourage **Me**, and he says to Me: -A nó that I

leave it, to your criteria|| What you **Consider**, that **Deserves**, my

Trabájo.

Ayi cási me **Infarto**.

I'm going **inside** and I want to **die**, why didn't I **-ask** you **before**||?

What if I don't **reach** me?

What if what I give you is **not enough**?

And, well I **Play**, and I give him, and I don't even **Remember**,

how much. And, he tells me that I was **Just** and **Generous**. I

breathed !

And he says to me: Well, now **give me** the **sandwich**, which he

offered me **before**. I almost **died**.

While he was working, curious onlookers began to **gather**.

And, one and the other one said to him, I have an **Oya**, another one, I have a **Bucket** and he said: Not with the **Lady's**, I **don't** need **any more**.

And he departed before my son came.

When I **tell** him **about** it, he says: "**Tardada** is **Master Jesus**".

Who came, to taste, if you were **Generous Fair**, he **told** you||.

-And you did not **recognise** it.

-Don't you see, you're a **fool**.

In this **World**, I did not win nor did I earn for

Sustos. My **Son** says to me: **Describe it to me**.

And I say to him: 6'4", blond, eyes the colour of caramel.

I would like to clarify this, if so, by logic, it is nail-biting, but with this I would confirm that the "**Master Jesus**" comes suddenly, it is up to us to recognise him or not, as in this case, it is written in the **Bible**, in the **Parables**, he comes and puts us to the test, meow, wow.

THIS NOTE IS FOR JOURNALISTS.

"**Children of Rigour**".

What's wrong with **you**||?

Those who are **Real Journalists**, not Playing

Journalists. Why **did they study**, if they don't use that

knowledge. I wish they had let me study.

Instead of, instead of, making, brainy articles, they make **mediocre notes**, if they are not turned into **simple gossipers**, nothing serious, "**take, memorex**".

Yes, "**you are the fourth estate**", how can you act like that, how do you do it and does it reflect the ignorance to face certain things?

I'm going to tell you guys, since I can be, your grandmother and don't say crus say it, the "**godmother, maybe**".

Prosigo, a mí me duéle lo que hacen, lo digo como -Argentina|| Se

vé, se vislumbra, que ustedes, la viven linda.

That they **don't know, that it is the need**, to go through man, look what a coincidence, "**my son and I do**".

Va.

I was living in my house in "**Villa Diégo**".

-When, my beloved husband left us.

The thing was that his friends, they were always carrying me, I was trying so hard to look after him and he had another one and I told them: "If it's another one, no problem, I'll start worrying when it's **"another one"**.

"She was a co-religionist of the party".

And I would almost say that he was asking them to carry me, -in case they woke up the selos||? I confronted her and said: "Why don't you go and live with your partner in crime?"

They were in the middle of a campaign and were travelling around the **provinces**. And he said to me: -Of course I will do it right away||.

And he went, o , a , e , i . And he is gone.

My son and I were left, like parsley without a leaf.

What to do in the face of adversity, since he forbade me to go out to work.

He had land, he had 100 poyos, without counting the hens, and all of them **were built** by their mothers, -the **hens**||.

From the product of the hens.

-I used to shop at the **"Achurería , De Lequio"** next to the stream, which later overflowed.

Ayi, I was buying, **Liver, Heart** and -Rennet||, of course you don't know what **"Rennet"** is, I do. I used to make -Reyenába|| and cut into slices, or **Buzeca**, with the **heart**, from **Milanese**, to **Stew, Stew** with potatoes, in squares, seboya and so on, just like the liver, there are other offal, more.

And that is what our **"Gauchos"** used to eat **when they used to make** "Charqui", the same as with "sapayo", I used to prepare it, until today, passing the peppers with a string and putting them to dry, parsley, celery, albaca, and in winter, always with all the vegetables.

And what do they think they have in the **-Antarctic**||, the dried vegetables in bags, and the -Ranchos|| in the -Panchus||, the -Dry vegetables in bags||. **Army**, with which they think they are provided.

But you, **"it is seen that you are good children"**, except for some who go as, **"Correponsal de Guerra"** and the rest do **"sebo"**.

-Why didn't they take out Tucumán, when the former president, El Guitarrero Cantor, was there?

It is unfortunate that in order to be news, they have to use the needs of the people, the -Averguénzan **humiliate**|| them and all the **"Argentine People"**, **come to your senses guys**.

My son and I did not **"drop anything"** nor did we lose our **"dignity"**, I say this with our heads held high, it is easy to make firewood from the fallen tree, but no one took care to put a **"tutor"** - so that it

does not fall, but stands upright and erect.

But, we are missing, -I already said it|| about two generations and the **Malvinas** generation three, and if one did not teach the other generation anything, the third generation is **-Impassive**||, it does not know why, nor what it is here for, it does not know **what it** is doing in this **-Hostile World**||, **which does not provide it with anything, nor does it know how to get it,**

You, who are **fortunate enough** to be **educated**, lack the minimum knowledge of how to survive, and **you**, who are **lucky enough** to have **studies**, knowledge: "For **God's** sake, or whatever you want|| do not be angry, **-Planteen, Debátan**||, do not be angry, **-Planteen, Debátan**||, do not be angry at **you!**

That people are sweating and it's not a joke, it's **-Dramatic**||.

Because they did not go "on the other **Governor**" of **Tucumán**, they did not go "**malnourished**", They have no **morals**, no **shame**, no **decency**, they are all "**Artitas**", and those who remain, all of them are comfortable in the "**Television**", and the "**People**", **unhappy**, continue to pay them a pittance.

They are like the "**Canes Garroneros**", they would really have to go through a bit of need and then sing "**Happiness**", if the **ex-President**, who is with his **partner** in a "**Luxurious Clinic**" **abroad**, would come up again, to see if he can get a **Guri** or 2, from the "**Patriarch**", and bring him back to the "**Singing Guitar Player**", **Echele "Flit o bufácha"** that uya.

To the **Peronists**, remember what the "**General**" used to say.

For a **Peronista**, there is nothing better, than another.||**Peronista**||?

But a real **Peronist**, not a **camouflaged Peronist**, who for more than 10 years has raised the flags of **Peronism** and **has been allowed to** do so and wants a **government**, which has been in power for 8 months, to fix what another one has destroyed in 10 years, to take away the **Railways** because of the "**succulent "bribes"** of the **transport companies**".

Come down from the fig tree, **Comrades**, it's time for **Breakfast**.

I am going to tell you about something that happened in times gone by, but it is a force that is emerging, as if from the earth, emanating like water pouring out of the earth.

I was living in "**Villa Diego**", my son travelled every morning to the "**Técnica**" and I stayed there to wash clothes, iron and cook for him. When he came back from the "**Técnica**", he walked from the "**Técnica**" to the white "**Control de Molino**", the place where the "**Fangio**, the **Galbes brothers**" used to stop in other times.

When "**Perón**" was there and promoted car racing, **STOP**.

Well, he would walk there because from there, he was charged half a boléto.

The thing was that when I returned at midday, a man in a car passed by, and the policemen of the "**Caminera**" asked him if he could take my son, as he was passing through "**Villa Diégo**" and the man, very kindly said yes of course and "**even more so if they asked him**", they had known me for years and he, who travelled every day, was **very judicious**, but I had forbidden him to "**get into the cars**".

This good man, he travelled, followed and lifted it "**by himself**".

Logically, I questioned him, and he told him that my father died and my mother worked, and that he came in at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, so we went back together, he for the **-Technical School** and I for work||, I knew him to invite my son for tea in his "**Boardiya**", because I knew he was separated from his wife. because I knew he was **separated** from his wife.

On one of the trips, he told my son to take me for tea, and so he did, and I didn't want to know anything, but he, coping with this, **-Sir**||, I finally went and he lived in a **Boardilla "He had an Art**

Gallery" with an exhibition of **"Quads"**, and he also painted.

I just wanted to give him a gift to bring me back and I objected.

The Lord, was a "**Knight**", **Medieval** one because of the **Straight**, the other because he emanated, "**that impression**".

Of course, when my son started to bring the magazine of the "**Automovil Club**", I was not mistaken, he had been a great "**Carrera racer**" with those "**Carrera de 1930**" cars.

I continue with the "**Tea**", he was delighted, -with me|| and told me the same thing he told my son, that he was **-separated from the lady||** and proposed **marriage** to me, my son **jumped with joy**, he wanted to meet **the -family||** as he had **told** him that my brother-in-law was a fan of him **-like a -fan||**. I had followed all of his **car races**, STOP. I reluctantly invited him,

from my "**Sister-in-law, from the Oligarchy**". Just like the Lord.

They were all crazy about **life**, talking about the **-Automovil Club||**.

About the "Yoquey Club", they were in their element.

And, right there, I "**said** to myself **no, no and no**", not this again, I already endured it for years, no more from now on I am going to defend my life to the death.

"I **am** only commenting on an event that was about to take place. **Mr. "Copello"**.

Owner of the **Hotel de Melincué||**, to this point, he wanted to come, for this the

Reláto. Life went on as normal.

I will only have had tea with **Mr. Copello** 2 times and my son, -already by that time, he started to get covered with water||, and I wanted to get to know him, but I was stretching the moment.

-Only my son, I didn't let him go, the -the thing is that **Mr. Copello** got sick and the **family** took him away, on one occasion, I spoke to him on the phone, -that he knew how to send my son, who was 14 years old, almost 15 years old.

I told her that my son was an admirer of hers and wanted to know how his health was, she told me that she no longer recognised anyone, "**I learned the end from my sister-in-law**".

Well the thing is, they showed me, the "**Extraterrestrials**", something "**Alucinante**", a "**Casino, Floating**", with a , place full of **Shops**, the **Infernal**, "**Shining Stars**", something like, "**The Branch of Las Vegas**" a "**Full House**", for **Fun**, and they came, from all over the **World, would it be?**

I will relate something of an **Anecdote**.

The qualification is given by the "**Internet Readers**", it is too complicated, I would not know how to catalogue it, describe it, how to **frame it**, under which qualification, in short, I would almost say that he "**Heaven Justifies it**".

I already wrote this, but how, how, several pages got lost?

Again it goes.

When I was 10 years old and went to the **"only"** school at that time called **"Islas Malvinas"**, and I was able to comment that my poor school had all its windows broken, it was more like a chicken coop than a **"School"** and sometimes, in the morning, when I went there, I even found **"Shots"**, **bullets everywhere**, that the **"Enemies of Argentina"** unleashed their low instincts the night before, as **"Traitors of the Fatherland"**, as **"Traitors of the Fatherland"**, as **"Traitors of the Fatherland"**, catalogued by Evita. The **"Enemies of Argentina"** unleashed their base instincts the night before, as **"Traitors and Traitors of the Fatherland"**, as **Evita had called them**.

-On the **same** ground, the **"Iglesia la Guardia"** was located.

Hence, the **neighbourhood** was called **"La Guardia"**.

Well, in order to be able to, **Judge**, define, this topic, you must, **Strip**, of all, **"Fanaticism"**, **Devotionalism** and all **"Isms"**.

We were my brother, my sister and me, the **"little one"**.

The children of the **"Agricultores"**, **Quinteros**, **Chácras**, **Estancias**, used to attend this school, as they were all farmers, and the **"Escuelas"**, one in each cardinal point was 20 or 30 quads away.

I continue, with us 3 came, several girls, my brother was the oldest of them all

A daughter of some farmers' fathers, who had some extensions of **"Sembradios"**, this girl was older than me by 2 years, I don't even remember what we fought about.

The point was that he said to me: **"Hija de Puta"**, motherfucker.

And, I hugged her and said: -More -Your mother will be a whore who goes to the **priest** of the **parish**||, -wow, meow, piripipi||.

Someone, you can imagine, suppose, what happened to me afterwards.

She came to my house, the mother of the **"Piba"**, **Siéga**, **unhappy** and accusing me, in front of my mother, grrr, it was nice.

This woman, **"shouted, shouted, shouted"**, that she had, to make me say, who, had, told, me, that or where she had got it from, my **mother**, she shook me, with everything, first of all, on the head, the slaps sounded, she left me, red cheeks, burning, and to tell the "tail", well, that -the **tail**||, you should, know, about, my time, and to tell the tale of the **"tail"**, well, the people of my time must have known about the "tail", there was a **"Lobster" factory**, or, or, or, or, or ! What those slippers were, **"Lobster"**, the sole was made of black rubber and had a **"Lobster"** in **"Relief"**, which was a **"delicacy"**, a **"beauty"**.

They advertised in magazines and on the newspaper page -of a mother||, with the boy with his trousers down, in his mother's skirt, with his mother's tail in the air, the mother's bust, raised, with the slipper up, showing the **"Lobster"** on the sole and the **"Lobster"** on the boy's marked cock, it was a **-poem**||, the delirium, I loved it, didn't I?

Well, my mother had it, **"and what to speak"** of my tail.

I go on, my mother says to this one, madam, she doesn't want to talk and says she must, and my mother says to her: "Don't you know that I hit you and **"how"**? What do you want me to kill you?

The woman, **"in a hurry"**, said: "I'm not going to leave here, until what, what, don't tell me.

Tough **Porfiada la "Coya"**, that is to say.

-And I would not have preferred to be beaten to a pulp, but even so, it was preferable, because if I spoke, **"the ruckus"** that would have ensued would **have** been **"historic"**, **"I could not speak"**, "nor would I **have been able to speak"**, **"I would not have been able to speak"**, **"I would not have been able to speak"**, **"I would not have been able to speak"**.

I -should||, I knew that when I was 10 years old, I shouted it at her, out of anger that she told me, -**daughter of a whore||**, I couldn't tolerate it.

What it is to have a sense of honour, to understand, in him or in others, that he is acting badly, or what he is doing is wrong, I didn't know why, but I saw it wrong.

I saw it as wrong, the **lady** only cared about **her "reputation"**, to whomsoever, but in the end she went away mumbling.

My mother took the opportunity to talk to me and soften me up, she knew that despite my 10 years of age, I was a terminally ill man, today I say -for me||, what I should have been, a "little boy", -questioning||, or in matters of **morality, Morality**, so I would like to point out that this **is** not **"taught"**, it comes embedded in the **"Genes"**, if no one taught me anything and I have been without a father since I was 2 years old, it was the

The "Verdúgo de la familia", truly a nightmare, indeed, for this lady and the **"Cura"** I was. I go on,

what a hellish fate it was for me, this **"Curate"** ruined my life.

It was the year 40 when this happened and it was the first year I attended school, years after this event, i.e. in 1942.

My mother decided to make me take my first **communion**, because in the **"La Guardia Church"** they used to call the children to take **their first communion** on the day of the **"Virgin"**, wow, wow.

I was surprised by my mother, **"The innocence and naivety"** of my **"Mother"**, wow.

-When the **Cúra** sees me||, I think he must have crossed his fingers.

"As he wrote down, when he saw me, he said to my mother, there is no more room for her, grrr and my mother said to him: Why, **Father**, how can there be no more room for one more?

And he said again, -There is no place for her.||

he said more clearly.

And she looked me in the **"eyes"**, my mother, she went away distressed and without understanding, I mítis.

Three years went by and we reached 1944 and my **mother** decided that **I had to get married**, so we went back to the **Church** of **"La Guardia"** to ask for a date for the **"Marriage"** and **"Father Amen"** came back to us and gave us a date for the 24th November 1944.

My fate was already sealed, finally the **"fateful day"** arrives, I go to the 8 a.m. mass, but as I have never been to mass before, I don't know anything, so I sit down to listen to the **"Mass"** and when it ends, I go and kneel down, in front of the **"Confessional" I am kneeling down**, and it is already after 9 a.m. and the Priest doesn't come to the **"Confessional"**, Finally, I go and kneel down in front of the **"Confessional"**, and it is already after 9 o'clock in the morning, and the "priest does not come", but I did not know that confession is done before mass and I said to myself, "Well, I'm going: And well I'm going.

I had to go to the **"Registro Civil"** at 9 o'clock, and it was already after 9 o'clock.

I go shooting, when I arrived, everyone, outside, waiting for me, they thought, I had, regretted, getting married, I greeted, nor answered, always, with a smile, "**caladóra**", in tears, if my will did not **count** and my luck was already done grrrr.

I already told you this at the beginning, but "**Okay-**".

Yegámos, al "**Registro, Civil**", guau, no yevavamos -Testígo".

Today! And now?

I turned around and **ran down the stairs**, and two well-dressed "**gentlemen**" from **Traje** came along, I don't remember if they had a briefcase and a suitcase, and I put my hand open on their chest and said to them: "Look, I'm getting married and I forgot my testicles.

And they laugh.

And I say to them: "Wouldn't you want me to leave?"

They look at each other, laughing and say:

And why not. Wow.

I invited them but they didn't come, they are in the notebook.

I tell you, well, let me explain something to you, when I was a girl I used to live in **-Funes** with my **grandmother** and in **Pergamino**||, say how little you saw me and bye-bye.

Everything of mine, has edges and "**comidramatic**" events and as I already know, I got used to live with the "**adversity**" and the comicidad or the humour, acid and sinister, that have, the "**Extraterrestrials**" and all, those who handle the "**Destiny**", I already understood, that if one takes it to the "**Tremenda**", loses, as in the **Guerra**.

I continue, in the year 45, when my "**Beloved Mother**" decided to "**marry me**", wow, meow.

What does it take to get married? **The "Godfathers"**, if they got it right.

And who did you choose, my **Mother**? To the "**Lady**" of the despióle, that the daughter insulted me.

-It was useless to ask her -No mummy, no||! My poor mother couldn't even see her square.

Eya knew that her death was approaching, and hastened the process, -voda||, nor did she suspect that the **Cúra** and the woman wanted to crush me.

In fact, they were people of money, well-to-do "**Farmers**", hence my mother thought that if I married a **young man** from the "**Oligarchy**" and a "**Madriana**" of money, I could not lack anything, ha ha ha ha.

-How innocent, was my **Mádre**||, grrrr.

What my **mother** didn't know was that she made me the unhappiest person on earth.

In the evening, the -Lady|| helped me to put on my bridal dress, with the conch, whistle and flute, while I told her that I had not been able to go to confession, and she told me how I had done that, what a shame, because now the "**priest**" would make me go to the "**sacristy**" and I thought how embarrassing it was.

Well, I **entered** through the **door** of the **Church**||, and, o, a, a, e, surprised the "**Priest, he must have travelled**" for which he could not -marry|| me, and instead, another "**Priest**" came, and logically, he did not even know if I had, confessed or not, **-it's something to think about**||.

-Now I ask myself: Am I "**Married**" by the "**Church**"?

The most disconcerting thing is that if he made me take communion, I was ready, -to confess to him in the secret of confession||.

How did he know about the "**Madam**", where did he get it from?

And I resigned myself, to when, I was getting married, but it was also "**frustrated**".

Now I was wondering: Can a "**Priest**" "**Keep**" such a grudge, for years, if he is innocent and it is only a **Calumny**, of "**Barbarian**"?

The behaviour of the **little Father Amen** was far from what is written in the "**Scriptures**".

Moreover, what if they say: "**if the error is human, forgiveness is Divine**".

-Also, there is the: **Do as I say and not as I do**".

If it wasn't -that it blew my life apart, it's to be taken with humour||.

But as the problem did not end, when my husband died, I left **Rosario** for 20 years.

And when I came back again, I said to myself, I am going to go to my **Godmother** and I am going to tell her, the whole tragedy and she herself is going to thank me for not having spoken.

When I arrive I see my sister's "**Godmother**" and I tell her what I am going to do, visit my godmother, and she tells me that a few months ago my mother and daughter died, I don't know if it was in the same month or week, I wanted to die myself, didn't I?

My mother wanted me to take **Communion** at the age of 12, since it used to be customary for the older girl to wear the dress worn by the younger one. As I was 2 years old, I only wore the suit at the age of 12 and as I couldn't take it, my mother told me, well, she took the photos of you in the suit, so that we could give them to your grandmother and your father, and you could take it later.

This goes for what, at 12 the **Communion** photo and at 15 the **Marriage photo**? There was little difference, 2 costumes, for 2 fiestas.

In 1997, the **Diario de Rosario** began to publish the "**Historia, de el Barrio**" "**la Guardia**", and among them, it names the most notorious **Quinteros** and among them, there is my **Godmother** and the **Prestigious Priest**.

My godmother, who was 39 years old, became a **godmother** to please my mother, as she was about to -die|| and was a -good mother||.

Now, after she came back from the bath, she left with her daughter.

My mother and I begged him to stay, but to no avail, "**Sólo a la Seremonia**".

I took him the wedding photo and then the photo of my son, but he never wanted to be friends with me again, and to make matters worse, the **government** expropriated their land and they bought a

house in **Villa Diego**,

near where I lived, that is, we took the same bus and I always met them, I always greeted them, they always scolded me, -they broke off relations||, -to death||.

What arrogance, lack of humility? I was 10 years old STOP.

To go out of **Godmother** by obligation, it seems to me, - **Immoral** and foolish, in Fin.

I will relate something more spiritual.

My son went to see a job, which he saw in the **newspaper**, we were in the rawest "**violet**" and the winter was coming, to die, he went, taking his clothes, in case they took him, as they offered accommodation, and he took a "**Pan Casero**" (**homemade bread**) with him, to winnow the amber, so that "**the company took him**" as a "**Technician, Instrumentalist**", and left me in a "Ladies" boarding house.

My son was 25, and strangely enough, the only one, the only

one, was me. It was at the end of the "**Heladería, la**

Uruguaya".

I say this because the room was high up and the poster of the "**Uruguaya**" was on my balcony, I had a double-decker bed, I slept on top of it, looking at the cardboard that made a game where one light bulb went off and the other one went on, I never managed to see the whole wheel of light bulbs in the middle, I would get "**fried**", because the movement made me **hypnotic**.

This is to relate an event that happened to me, in that room, one Tuesday, when I was coming from delivering some parcels to the "**Central Post Office**" for my son, I arrived exhausted, I sat down on the bed with my back against the wall, my feet on the floor, and I began to cry disconsolately, and I said to myself, why should my son and I always be separated, if not for one or the other.

The subject and the cause of the problem is that all of a sudden, I see something, indescribable.

The "**Aditas**" and the "**Elves**" were a beauty, some dressed like "**Robin Hood**", with a little house with milk and a belt with a big buckle, toasted trousers, hat and feather, the blonde girls, the aditas, with a little bonnet, and the little steamy dress, all in different colours, but with an impeccable combination and good taste.

I neither moved nor breathed, for fear that they would be frightened, they were all holding hands, jumping up and down, doing the round and laughing with a little, singsong laugh.

-They are the ones who look after the flowers and us.

They are fragile, but they live imitating us, they are of an indescribable beauty, they are our protectors, but nobody takes them into account.

When my son came here during the **winter** holidays, he went to see a married couple, a friend, he had been a friend,

Head of "Somisa" and she was a -Dietitologist|| **and** my son told her about it, stayed a few days and left.

A few days later, I received a -commendation||, with a book, and a dedication, sent to me by "**Mrs. Lili Kelli**", an **English writer**, who **wrote a book, entitled: "A true , tale of Adas "Edited, only by "Kier"** as only with them, she made, contract, -I advise you|| to read it, as it is unique, it is of an "**Incredible Spiritual**" beauty.

They like to play, they are the ones who take out the thimble, the needle and whatever else they can.

One not only saw them, as well as other people, but there were two girls playing in a garden or a grove and the girls decided to **take photos of them**, which were analysed and found to **be original**.

Each one has a name and you can connect with them, they used to give me recipes to take care of my skin and what I needed.

Every being has a **"Guardian Angel" or Elf**.

I believe that the **"Madam"** is no longer in this **"Planéta"**, since my son took me to the address given to him by the **"Boss's" Madam** in the year 73 to 80, around there.

He lived in **"Buenos Aires"**, he took me and we had tea, he had a house full of plants and flowers and the **Aditas**, the **elves**, the **Ñomos**, took care of them.

The address was **"Lilli Kelle"**, **"Pasaje de la Ciencia"**, **"Barrio Parque Chacabuco"**, to ask either to the **elderly** or to the **"Librería Kier"**, or to the **"Librería Kier"**, in 71 to 72.

I wanted to buy it several times as a gift, but it is out of stock and, as it does not appear to **"authorise"** another edition, I don't know what else to **"touch"**.

Maybe there is a way to get it published, the **publishing house "Kier"**.

Who knows if by collecting signatures, I don't know if it is of interest.

-The girls and the photos are in the book. **"You can believe it or not, but they exist."**

If people don't ask for it, but if they ask for it, the same **publisher** will take care of the **edition**, they won't regret it, it's a little jewel.

Luck.

On another occasion, **living in "Villa Diego"**, I went into the room and I met a man, about 60 or 80 cm tall, like the ones in the **"Jardin"**, with a red hat and jacket and red trousers like **"Santa Claus"** and a belt with a big buckle, and he told me to be careful, that I was being stalked by a danger, It would be 7 o'clock in the evening, that I should look for my son at work and that we should leave for a month's pension, and so I did, and I immediately prepared a bag with clothes for both of us, and my surprise was to hear him speak, I left in such a hurry that I left all the lights on, and how nobody knew what had belonged to my son and me.

Attention! This deserves a separate chapter!

This is **Sinister, Dramatic**: Why **does it happen?** Why must **it happen?**

There is no **reason**, no **justification**.

I have refused to expose it, because I said that I would only transmit what I have lived and seen, but what I do not know and have not lived, is too much for me.

How can you go up a barrel with cast iron bars? Or undress a dead man and see that he does not resist, does not offer resistance.

I have to accept what was done, by force, as if the will had acted, if it can be done, in violation of all the rules.

But how in this case, there are no rules, which are valid, they are, because they are and to another way.

Attentive and Vigilant.

The subject I have to deal with is not just any topic, it belongs to the **world**, it has **global** repercussions, so it cannot be taken lightly, it must be studied, meditated, qualified, and **"taken very seriously"**.

The "Extraterrestrials" tell me to "tell" them not to send you any more Jews, that they will not tolerate, they will "rot the Planet" and the atmosphere, they will send them back to you in squares.

That first, they will have to **"Honestly Tell the World|| how and why what -happened to the Venerable German People|| happened.**

Why was the **truth never** told, why **was the evidence** of the **"Jewish" block's infamy made to disappear?** That **led the "German stable" to an appalling crisis and misery.**

What became of the **aphiches**, where the **"Alemanes"** were **seen**, who had to carry in a **cart**, the **money** to buy **basic necessities?**

Since the bicycles had no value and were used for wallpapering, they were used for wallpapers. **As long as they** continue with this farce, **"of the Holocaust and the concentration camps"**, and displaying the **dolls and fetishes** manufactured by the **country** that pretended to **support** and **defend them**, when their purpose was, was and is, to test their **war weapons** in order to develop them further and to have more modern and **sophisticated weapons, planes, tanks** and all the **war power.**

But they tell me, **Ask me, About the Underground City**, which **covers the United States and other States**, where they **plan to Refuge** and where they keep in **Vaults** the **Money** that disappeared from the **"World"**, the **Gold** and the **Drugs, Seized** in years.

The **city** has the **latest technological advances**, and its **needs are covered**, by **years**, and all the **provisions**, with all that is necessary, for years, amen.

Everything that a **city should** have, from **institutions, stock exchange, banks, swimming pools, places of entertainment, water, electricity, gas, everything totally independent.**

But, but, but, the "Aliens" say it's the best they could do, because it will all be buried for the next generations.

And the **Bodies will serve**, for the **Scientists** and to study the bones, to **understand**, on which this **Race** was fed, and the **Utencillos**, what they will like, are the **Lingótes**, of **Gold** and the **Monédas.**

How the quantum **failed**, and the rush is **great**, they wanted it to come out as soon as **possible** and they did not accept any interruption of any kind, so when the **technicians** informed **Nasa** that there could be a problem, they sent them to look at the **moon.**

And, according to them, the "Tyre" will be paralysed in a "little while" and what can happen to us?

They will run out of **"Oxygen"** on the **"Earth"** and everything that **remains** on the **"Earth" will fly** like **paper** through the **"Atmosphere"**.

So, I ask myself, if the **"Extraterrestrials"** brought and **trained** the **people** for the **"Rescue"**, I was told **"for the Evacuation"**, and that **they already have another Planéta to bring the Evacuees?**

"By the time the earth stops spinning". Will it stop?

This theme was broadcast on television by those who were **"mortally wounded"** by being rejected and not allowed to be a part of this action.

They threw it up raw and unchewed.

-So, what do we do? Does the **world** no longer count, no longer deserves any more respect?

How is it possible so much for **"Nothing"**, it's ok, that the **"Jewish People"**, have put millions, for this action, but mock all the **Holy Humanity** and all the **Astronauts** who **died**.

The "Aliens" tell me, Ask if the "World is only run by Jews".

AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH MARIA ASKS YOU, A "SINCERE AND CONSCIENTIOUS VOTE FOR "ARGENTINA

For the **"Hypocritical Traitors"**.

-It's good to be remembered, our **"National Heritage"**.

But let them **not pluralise**, **"hypocritically"** by saying what -We lost -The **Golf Club**, the **Golf Club**|| or **"Club de Regátas"**.

"You must have lost it", the **Sánganos** who lived off the **people**, **"making Sébo"**, living at **"Costa del Pueblo"**, until **"Perón came up"**.

Why don't they talk about the **"True National Heritage"** that the people lost, the **"Railway, Water and Energy"**, **YPF, State Gas**.

That is the **"Património, Nacional"** .

With which the **"Argentine People"**, **Solventaba y Mantenia** a los **"Crápulas Vendepatria"**.

Those who lost those **"jewels"** where they came from all over the **world** to **enjoy** our **"riches"**, to **live**, like the **"Sangano Birds"**, **"Pardon the birds"**.

They are the **"Cream of the Oligarchy"**.

"El Yóquey Club", **"El Automóvil Club"**.

The "Club de Leones", and, all the **Institutions of the "Lácar, Mundial"** that did not do any **"Favour to Argentina"**, to have got rid of all that **Carroña**? That only come to plunder the **"Pueblo Argentino"**, alone.

In **Agasájos**, and **Depredations**, they have **Left**, the **Country**, in the **"State, in which it is found"**.

"Who is the Traitor, and Myceroble", who **ordered to pass "That National Offence",** to be checked as they **were wasting, to Costa,** of those who truly **"Honoured the National Patrimony",** that which they **are passing** is an insult, for the **"Argentinean Puebla".**

They do nothing but humiliate the genre.

Enough of **hypocrisy,** and look at what you have brought the **"Argentine People"** to, to stir up the **"Garbage Jars"** and on top of that you want to make a **"Union" of the "Miceria".**

"They have no -shame|| and **yet,** it seems|| that they can go on **"stealing",** they have turned the people into **Linyéras,** and **Párias.**

What more, they want, to do, **they still** want, to **"Steal"** more, it seems to them, that they can **Turn** into **"Mendigos, a la ótra Párte de la "Argéntina".**

Argentine people, don't let yourselves be fooled, because **-Perón** is no longer coming|| and the **Three Kings** have already passed!

-ARGENTINE PEOPLE

"Look, a little bit", they **destroyed** it, as a **country, stop,** to look, as **they destroyed,** all that they **worked for, their grandparents and parents.**

-This Country||, -This Country||, has it, -You||.

No, don't believe in "False Promises"! It has already happened to you as it happened to the **"Costurerita". Don't be fooled.**

Don't be **"unjust" or "unjust",** as you think that what, in 10 years, a **"Promesáno" didn't do.** as they believe that what, in 10 years, he did not do, a **"Promesáno",**

that is, the one who **"promised"** them and left them in the most cruel **destitution and absolute misery.**

-They want a person, who found the **empty coffers,** to do **"miracles".** If the one who **was there for 10 years** and the one who followed him, **"Another Promise-Maker",** who ended with the **"Corruption"** and only finished, of **Refounding,** the little that was left and believe or expect, that in 8 months he will fix the **Country. He privatised** everything

Or not?

How many **thousands of workers were left in the YPF, Gas del Estado, Telephones, "Agua y Energía"** factory?

He "Privatised" them to leave them in the **"caye a Ustedes".**

Breakfast", don't be the **"Duck of the Bóda"** any more.

If the **former President,** who had the **"Magic Wand",** had the

A **Provisional "President"** - how will they **give him money?**

If he is for **8 months,** and **then** he will leave the **"dead"** to the next **"President",** who will be voted for **4 years,** and it is not certain what he is, because he is a **"tyrant" "eye" Argentinians do not stop voting,** but think, that with your votes or we will go up, because **another failure, and we will be "Unden" to the blackest misery.**

With faith and humility Mary.

FOR QUALIFIED ROAD STAFF AND -HYDRAULIC|| ENGINEERS.

Why is not done, in all the **-Periphery of Argentina||,** since it was traced and built in the time of **the -Carts||,** and surround all the cities that are flooded, do as in **Mendoza,** build **-Asequias|| between the pavement and the road,** so that the water runs outside **the city||,** **-To make a "First Layout",** so that they **connect with each other,** to make a little bridge, at the corners and to do it surrounding the **"City",** so as not to **hinder the traffic,** I mean in the **"Angostos"** streets, in a way that they do not **hinder the traffic,** I mean in the **"Angostos"** streets, **in 1 way.**

Then, **thousands of people would start to work** and the **budget would be "studied",** with roads. **With Validad,** uf, uf.

Another issue, which is **"Gambetéa and Esquiva,** is that of the Garbage, if they do not make the

Plant, to Recycle the Garbage and -make Bricks||, the **Garbage**, soon, is going to **Cover** us. With the **bricks**, we will

The Villas would be "eradicated", and "Barrios, obreros" would be made with a single water tank, a "Usinita" de Luz, a single gas connection. Let them call for tenders.

If there wasn't so much sloth in the professionals, whether they like it or not, whether they like it or not,

"it'

s sloth".

However, the reality is that professionals, all of them, have a "Egoism", Encima, than Espánta.

-They studied, with their own effort, the rest is the rest of the story.

You study the "Puebla", when you have problems, you pretend that the "People" support you, that they give in to your problems, the "People make themselves aware" of their problems and needs, because who does not have a child in some "Faculty, University, Academy", in short.

I, when they receive, do the ceremony, they dedicate themselves purely and exclusively to their personal life -and to the rest that gives them a -rhythm|.

If all the professionals who work year after year did something for the country, the least part of what was given to them would be given in "works", let's say that at least the "lawyers" would get together and advise them, so that they are not robbed of what little they have, what with "sacrifice, they raised" a roof, or their land.

There should be groups of notaries and engineers to advise.

It is not a question, "to help" the "People", when they are drowning, "Always, Later", Before it falls into the water, take care of it.

So that it does not drown, but everything and always afterwards, people have no way out?

-ARGENTINA IS ATTENTIVE, VIGILANT, TREMULOUS, ANGUISHED.

Because of his -Lack of love for his Sons|, and the -Ingratitude| they pay.

She, She was decorated, with her children, -she goes and receives them always|.

And, they indifferent, - they abandon it, without looking back", nothing remaining, their brothers, who were their benefactors.

On the other hand, if everyone pulls the children out of the barracks and organises the "families", they are only given one year and "we get out", who better than you, who know the problems, since you have experienced them in the flesh, "decide, promise" to be benevolent towards those who are suffering, and who will not be able to get out without help.

If they leave, "as soon as they are received", then it will be Tárde.

Form a large institution, where you have all kinds of counselling, the people do not have enough money for transport and clothing, do not make it a "pilgrimage" any more.

I, don't forget that "What is happening in Argentina", is not casual !

It is a "Plan , Well", Organizado, Already it "Pronosticó, The Minister, that "Supimos Get" the one of the "Plata Dulce, the Patricio", That Said that he, would raze, With the "Cláse Media, that according to him "Invented Perón" and Fulfilled, the "Other Part finished it, "Ex-president" Privatisando the Empresas that "bought Perón".

I , -the Middle Class|, is it the one in Las Villas?

He fulfilled his "Sinister Plan", and swept away all the Companies, Banks and everything that was "I build" from 1945 onwards.

He drew a line and said: -Everything that was before 1945, "what is left", the rest, will be destroyed. Or, the "People, who are in the Villas", are people who have, Studios, and even Secundario, "No se equivocan".

They are people "who left the Tendál, when they should have closed the factories" and without work, they can't pay the rent, nor the taxes, electricity, gas, water. So what else is left for them, but to become a "Ráncho, no Leyeron a Martín Fierro"?

"Fierro was indeed persecuted - later, if he became a "Gaucho Matrero", he was forced, like the people in the slums, why don't they land, where they were, in the trees like little birds - Perón and Evita knew that.

That's why they didn't compromise, "In Cambio the ex-President went to Rodiyas" with his God, with the Captain and his daughter the Engineer, who, they have, "Rejected, by the People| or the Populace, as they call them, so what do they expect from them?

That's just the way it is.

This I will comment on, there are parts, already counted out of **Context**.

When I was 24 years old, I took my son to the **doctor** because he had a severe **asthma** attack, and when he checked his back, he saw that he had blue stripes on his back, and he said to me: "What about this?"

And I say to him: "Yes! It's my husband's belt with the belt."

And the doctor says to me: How and do **you** allow it?"

And then I raised my hand and showed him my fresh marks that I had for **"defending" my son**, and he gave me the card of a lawyer friend of his. Then he gave me the card of a **lawyer friend** of his.

I could hardly, why I could not, justify, my leaving, but as just, my **Husband**, was, in **Political" campaign**, I could not control myself, but I would -watch|| with friends.

I went to see the **lawyer**, and the first thing he said to me was: Are you **married** by **"Church"**?

Yes, I am telling you, and from **Blanco**.

And he says to me: "So I can't do anything, first you have to go to the **"Ovispado"**.

I went to the "Ovispado" and they sent me to the **"Abogado del Ovispado"**, who intervenes in family problems.

Edmundo García Cafarena was in charge as **"Lawyer of the Curia"**, he was a young man, about 24 years old, maybe, more or less, I was 24 years old.

Or, as it would be, I would be, newly received, from **Abogado**.

I expose to you, all the repertoire, that my **mother** married me at the age of 15 because she was about to die.

And the **priest, Edmundo**, said to me: "Well, first of all, we are going to do the formalities for the annulment of the **marriage"**.

And I said to him: But **Father**, I have an 8 year old son, that would be if I didn't have children, and he told me that I was wrong.

And he gives me the list, of the things, papers, papers, papers, that I must carry.

Well, I gave her everything, witnesses, papers, and here I have it on record that **"My mother"** had made me swear and promise me by oath that I would not separate from her, and I told her that I should let her **"die** with the certainty that I would be in a well-constituted family".

But it was 10 years ago, and I couldn't take it any more.

This "no longer **holding on"**, as it seems, is something of a **"Snovism"**.

-What's this about not being able to take it anymore?"

As I said, he was in full **"Political Campaign"**, he was running for **Governor of "Santa Fe"**, in the **Formula, together with the owner of the "Diario de Rosario"**, that is to say, he travelled to **campaign** in all the **provinces** and they stopped in **"Buenos Aires"**, and friends used to tell me that he was always with the **"Correligionaria"**.

Of course, he sent them, as I did not react.

Why, in -lifetime|| or in fact, the lady was a widow, she had a daughter, I don't know if she was 12 or 14 years old, but she was normally married, i.e. she was over 30.

Not to mention the **"Family Kennels"**, that in **15 years** of marriage I was **never** introduced to the family, when someone came from **"Bueno Aires"** from **"Cordoba"** etc, they said she was the **"Muchacha"**, and I didn't know who the **Muchacha** was, I only found out when I was **28 years** old and a neighbour started to come, after my **father-in-law** died, and I told her that before **Morice**, she made a lot of revelations, she said to me: Listen to me, well what I am going to say, if in the **Family**, nobody, recognized you, valued you, it was because your husband, did not make you respect, with the **Family**, as **Luis** did with his **Wife**, - if **Luis**, was the brother, and the **"Woman "He took her out of a "Brothel"**, of **"Prostitutes"**, or as they called it, house of **"Desahogo"**, of **"Dates"** etc, in short, of **"Girls" Másas**, guau, guau.

And, when at the first discussion, they -showed it to my **brother-in-law**, he jumped up and down and said: "Wait a minute, she may be a **whore, with a capital "B"**, but she is my wife and they will respect her, **"Yes sir"**.

I continue, **"Macho said the Midwife"**.

The file was already complete and **"Father Cafaréna"** said to me. **"It was Monsignor"**, and now, well -daughter||, now this goes to **"Rome, to the Pope"**.

"And the Holy Father, -With the Lawyers, of the Cathedral of Rome|| will decide, if your marriage is annulled, because at the age of 15 you are not old enough to -dissemir||.

But before I send it, I will ask you a question, which you should not answer now, you go away, think about it, meditate on it and then come back and tell me about it.

Goes the Question: What will you answer your son when he understands and asks you why you

took away his father? Meow, wow, sic grrr.

Of course I didn't go anymore.

-I leave it to the readers' judgement.

My husband had been living with the "**Correligionaría**" for 5 years, **and** I told him to do it myself, instead of putting up with the chatter of his friends, who had -another||.

-Poor thing, if anyone thought they'd give me, I'd know them or I'd start to cry.

I think they would be -confused||.

One would free him, my son, who would beat me? mercilessly.

Another one, that in the family, it was made, a single expense, no one, could live, individually, "**I was always considered, the girl!**", I already explained **the whole family**, of **father, mother**, and 7 children.

Every birthday was celebrated, "**except mine and my son's**" in 15 years of marriage, I put up with it.

Well in the end, **there was no "annulment or divorce"**, married until death did not separate, united. **in Happiness as in Adversity** in health or illness.

-At the **top of this page**, I put a **disc** that I have **to record**, for **my son** and **send it** to the "**Antarctica**".

It is a **Recitative**, and is **played** with a "**Fóndo Musical**".

-That **disc** has a **long story**, I will tell an "**emotional**" one.

When I went to "**Gravarlo**" the **owner of the Recorder**, who already knew me, for having "**Grabado Other Discs**".

He introduces me to a **young man**, and tells me, it's like it's him.

Abrevio, "one day, he stopped the **recording**", and told me, to go to a **reservation**, the **Piecita**, which he occupied, since the **owner**, "**gave him shelter**" and **told** me that

He wanted to **talk to me** and I saw him "**worried**", and he said to me: "**Come here**, you **have** a boy like me, you can "**advise** me".

And I say to him: What's wrong with you?

And he says to me: What **do** you **think** of the **Jews**?

And I said to myself: We sound, I "**ran out of Disco**".

And I said to him: Look, my son said to me: "**The Master Jesus**", your "**Master**" was a **Jew, Mary a Jew, Columbus a Jew**.

So I said to him: **We must have** some **Jewishness**.

What **do you** want me to **think**?

How do I know **who** is "**Jewish**" and **who** is not?

And he says to me: "**I don't mean that**", "Do you **reject** them, **can you talk**? And I say, "And since I don't", "I don't know why I won't be **able to**."

Tell me what's wrong?

And he says to me: **I am a**

"**Jew**". And, "Well, get the

fuck out of here".

And he says to me, "**Look**, my "**old lady**" or my **mother**, I don't "**remember**", she wants to **send** me to "**Israel** to do my **military service**" and she **says** to me and I don't **want to** go, and I say to her, "**Well**, but **you** are **Argentinean**", I have **dual nationality**, and I **don't want to** do it **here** or **there**."

I said, "What's the problem?"

And why, don't you want to "**Do It Here**"?

And he says to me: Why did **the military** take my "**Bride**"?

And I didn't know **or** understand what was going on.

-And **he says** to me: "Since your son is there and you have arrived, can't you **ask me** what is going to **happen** to him?"

Eya? I give you the **Dátos**.

I went and they took me out, "**running**" and **told me that I should not "get involved"** and what did I have to do with **her**, and I told her the truth, that I did not "**know**" her, that the "**boyfriend**" **asked** me, they told me not to "**get involved**", and they did not **give** me the word.

I finished the **Disco**, I wouldn't have to go anymore, so, he tells **me**, Don't go away, **we'll go out, together** and goodbye.

When, I was in the **Truth**, He thanks **me**, He says **to me**: **I wanted to** tell you, that you are a **good girl**.

And I say: "**Yes, well, thank you**".

And **he says** no, he takes me by the **hand**, I tell you in serious "**You know the girls, who come, here**".

And, if I **tell** you that you are a good **girl**, it is because I know them.

And I tell him: Well, I thank you, you are also a **"Good Boy"** and, **Respectful, I wish you Luck** and you will see that your things will be alright, I will **"Pray for you"**.

In time, I don't know **how long**.

I was living in the **Pension of "La Magdalena"**.

Bá. Rather, I occupied a room, with a **balcony** overlooking the **street**, and **next** to my **left hand**, at my **left hand**, there was

2 elderly **ladies, one of whom** had been a **"Great Spanish Dancer"** and the other the **"Great Spanish Dancer"**.

Bandoneonist of his **accompaniment**.

I leave my **room** and pass by **Eyas'** room, where **the** door was open and the **dancer**, the **bandoneon player**, was **asleep on the balcony**, and when I passed by, I saw the **magazine "Gente"** and she was in **bed at** the feet of the **"Dormida"**, "I saw the **"Pibe de la Grabadora"** in the **Tápa**, and I didn't even think twice about it, and since **Nádie** could see me, I took it and went to my **Piésa**, what a great idea.

The lady comes out of the **balcony** and looks for the magazine, but it is not there.

La **Busca** a **"La Magdalena"**, -la **Dueña**" y **Española**, como éyas, -la **Increpan**, que tú, me robáste, **La Revista**" y la **Magdalena**, a los gritos, les **Dice**, estoy háрта, que me yámen **Ladrona**, ya mismo, voy a buscar a la **"Policia"**, yo me pesqué un **terrorífico, javón**, y no sé qué, hacér, le miré la **Tapa y Decía**: For the **first time**, a **"Jew"**, **"took the Habits"** of the **"Order of the Capuchin Fathers"**, I was **excited**, I opened the **balcony**, I threw the **magazine**, I **put** some **gummies** on it, and in **front** of it, there was a **Hotel** of **"Ladies of the Night"**.

I blew it up, **and it** fell on the **roof of the hotel**, which had a **"Cin"** roof, it was **such** a **"blow"** that it sounded like a **"bomb"**, it was the time of the **"Subertion"**, all the **people went out** into the street, I was dying of terror, I closed my door with a gun, and I took it out and got into the **room**.

La **Magdalena**, did not go to the **"Comisaría"** but left - and at **1 a.m.**, she returned, at **"Curda"**.

Ayí, si salí y le **Pregunté**, que le **Pasó** y me contó, que la acusáron de **Ladróna**, -y se puso a **yorár**", **Debi "consolarla"** y **"Colorin Colorado"**.

El **Pibe** de la **Grabadora**, did not go to **"Israel"**, did not do his service here and became a **"Capuchino"**, I don't know what he did, or where he is.

The year would be 1974? It will be 30 years, **"múchos nó, 30 no son náda"**.

What I am about to tell you may seem unusual to some.

The year was 1967.

When the extraterrestrials will **hold us, lock us up**, until they decide.

They told us to gather the food that was in the house, but by the end of **July**, there was no more fruit, and we were told to do so, as we lived in the house in **Villa Diego**.

Let's put, a chain and **padlock, to leave**, as if, we, had, gone.

We were running out of food, but the worst of it was the **infernal cold, without any relief, "August"** was a **dying day**, and we arrived in **September**, a little colder, but without drinking warm tea, I was still able to stand it, but my son -began to rave||, I begged them for him, I didn't want anything to happen to him, and so we arrived on the **1st of October**, and they asked us to go out, we knew the time because at 8 p.m., the **"Publicidad, Musical y Barrial"** with loudspeakers started and they did not tell us to go in front of the 3 spinsters, who I thought were my friends, but they showed me that they were not, that we should ask them to give us a coffee with milk and tell them that the next day we would sell the house.

Of course, when they saw us, that we were, 2 skeletons, walking, They hallucinated, we told them, that we had, locked, ourselves, in, to, think, and decide, what to do, with, the house.

In part, some of it was true.

As the reader can imagine, this is enough for several chapters!

They ask me to be **"brief and concise"**, I don't know what it will be, wow!

While, we, were, **locked, up, I received, messages**, that I had to write, -from, page to page||, the events, that would, happen.

-The closest thing, that we would have, to travel, several, points, of the **Country**, that awaited us, great **"Events"**, the **"Pirinola"**, if **they happened**, **"I put the Institute"**, **had 1000 "Pupils"**, that **"did"**, that the facts **happened**, **"Eyos"**, like that my son, had to go to the **"Antarctica"**, at the request of **"eyos"**, all this, I was explaining, in other writings.

And then we regretted not having taken pictures of ourselves, because we couldn't even imagine what we would look like. **"I kept it up"**, with the only thing I had left, little sugar loaves, smeared with

butter, in my mouth?

I was **"guided"** by that song that said that in this life, nothing lasts, neither happiness nor sorrow, wow, uffuf.

I will tell some anecdotes about the **Encierro**.

One night, some infernal noises begin on the roofs of the **Caserón**, -but it was not the one in the song|| the other one was the **"Caserón de Téjas"**.

This one had a grudge.

I go on, I say to my son, it's the boys, how do they think there is nobody, they have climbed up to the roofs, there were 3 pieces in a row, the living room of the 5x5, the next one 5x4, and the 3rd one 4x3. I couldn't stand it any longer, because I couldn't even concentrate, so I went out and climbed up a ladder on the lowest floor, when I was **still small**, and when I saw it, I wanted to die, I brought it to keep an eye out for "mice", I had a medium-sized kitten, because it was still small, and when I saw it, I wanted to die, I brought it to watch out for **"mice"**, it was playing **"with 3 rats"**, and I was watching how they were playing, like "a la **popa**" and I told him, **"aja traidor"**, I brought you, to **look after the house** and he saw me and came and ran and said to me, **"aja traidor"**, I brought you, to **look after the house** and he saw me and came and ran and said to me, **"aja traidor"**, running and he says to me -marrau|| and **"he rubs his face in my face and passes me the rabo"**, it was like he was saying to me, and what do you want me to do with these if they are bigger than me, one was brown with milk, the other, white and the other, lead grey.

The truth is a **"poéma divinas"**.

Another one, the kitten was orange with small, imperceptible white stripes, not from **Angora**, but with long fur.

Before locking us in the smallest room, we made a hole for him so that he could get in and not leave or start shouting for food, he would come and bring us his trophies, there were little plants in the backyard and he would spend his time there and then he would come and bring us the tails of some **"lizard"**, because the **lizard** drops its tail, the cat takes it away and then it grows, another one, he would throw the tails in the palm of his hand and the tails would twist and jump, because it is pure, nerveless and I don't know, it might be inertia, it has its own energy, uff.

My dog **"Canuto"**, my poor little Canuto, was also in the enclosure.

First, its history, I in the **Caserón**, I got up at 7 a.m. to start sweeping the leaves from the trees, 1st from the pavement and from there to the back, it was all wooded, so it was an amariya carpet, I went in and the first room, it was my bedroom, I had the door open and I thought I would tend to it.

I saw two eyes looking at me from between the sheets, I approached and saw that he started to move his tail and had a white hair -buried||, and a black eye and I said to him, what are you doing here, daring, who gave you that? I said to him, what are you doing here, you daredevil, who gave you authorisation, and he was waving his tail all over the ground, his head was on his front paws, he was standing on his paws, and I said to you, you're welcome, he's going back to where he came from, and I pointed to the bottom, he got down and went away with his tail between his paws.

When my son comes home from work, he starts to reproach me, why did you send him away if he sent him to you?

Master Jesus" and I say to him: "Well, if he comes back, I'll tell him I **know what to do**.

A few days later, the exact same thing happened again and I said: "Here again?

Well look, let's talk, if you want to stay here, you're not going to go out anymore, and you're going to be the family dog, -such||, then whatever, I'll defend you, but if you go out, you won't come in anymore.

He gave a jump, got down from the bed and started to make a party around my legs, and jumped up and down and I told him, first I'm going to bathe you, and see if you don't have any -fleas||.

And he did not stop celebrating.

When my son comes and sees him, he says: **"He's back, he's so cute! "He was more faithful than pressing his fingers on the door"**.

-He was ungainly, disproportionate, like the **Hunchback of "Notre Dam"**, his legs were cut off, like the longaniza dogs, he was long, my son said, like a kangaroo, his lips looked like they had been cut off with a serrated scissors, one black eye and one white eye, one black ear and one white ear, the same with his paws, it was a -joda, total||, I bathed him and just now, he was white and black, we talked about it, and he understood everything and my son told me, today he **understands**.

-I was told the Extras, that I had disernimiento||.

He was obedient, well, when we were in the Encierro, he would come and through the hole in the door, he would put his nose in and suck like a Hoover, to find out if we were alive, we had opened the

fabric for him to **"rummage"** and he survived until we left, then, when we sold the house I spoke to him and told him that we were leaving and we couldn't take him back, poor thing. I didn't know that my son named him **"Canuto"**, my **"Canutito"**, someone who read my son's book, which is on the page, surprised me by telling me that he named him, and what he bought, he didn't want it, he didn't want it anymore.

that the house would not be used and offered me to take it from a family that had a farm, -I was more relaxed||.

When we came out of the enclosure, we were "**hallucinating**", there had grown, in the bottom of the ground, chard that was one metre high, with stems 12 centimetres high and leaves 40 centimetres wide, asparagus **50 centimetres high**, radicchio 30 centimetres high and 10 centimetres wide, bean seedlings, watercress, beans, white, with red dots, and all the seedlings, with their -buds|| ready to burst, the -blossoms||, the peach, the olive tree, all in bloom, the madness, it was as if they had been pulled down, half from the top, and had **tripled in size**.

What happened, difficult to describe, indescribable, if my son had his theories, and then we had, to sell the house, because we always, went on trips and always, came back, we knew what awaited us, -the house||, and when, we, came, back, the house, was, sad, it's, no, **joke**, like, how, it, is, portrayed, in films, when, one, leaves, the house, becomes, sad, and the seedlings, wither, it's unbelievable, -but real||.

Since my father-in-law passed away, I did not want the seedlings to be pruned, I already knew, to explain what, there was, an **olive tree**, which had a trunk, that not even three men could burn it, all the plants, were planted, by my **father-in-law**, there were orange trees, mandarins, lemon, plum, beetroot, **chestnuts**, walnuts, Japanese peaches, fig tree, and vines in bulk.

By not allowing the seedlings to grow, the vine climbed up the 20 metre high olive **tree**, and the vine became entangled in the fig tree. It was comical to see the bunches of grapes 20 metres high.

I said, the "**Vine with the Olive Tree**" had a thicket of "**Laurel**" and I said: "Are these the ones we were able to get?"

In the end, the 50-metre by 17-metre wide field was crammed together.

Two years ago I found out that the owner who bought it from us was selling it, I sent **two people** to **buy it**, but they didn't say for whom, and instead of giving a deposit, but they said that for about a year they couldn't sell it, that there was no problem, and they wanted to speculate, they sold it for 40,000 thousand and they tell me, "**we can get it for less**".

When, they, returned, **it, had, been, bought, by, a man, who, had, been, compensated**, and, had, no, problem, in, reselling, it, but, at 80000 pesos, they, told, him, that, they, would, consult, him, they, returned, a, week, later, to, see, if, any, facility, was, accepted, and, o, a, e, had, **turned, over, all, the, building**, that, the, walls, -were 30|| centimetres and had three large and three small 3x3 , 3x2, 3x4 feet and all the seedlings, "**to get the olive tree out**", because of the roots it had, had to work, 7 days 7 men, of course, that no one, no one, in this, **World**, can imagine, what that, house represented, for my son and for me,

-Now for me alone.

-The 15 hellish years I spent with the family, as I then continued for 10 years after I became a widow.

Since I had to make my son study, since, as I have already explained, I promised and swore to my **father-in-law** that I would make him study, on that condition, he left me the house and that he would sell it only when my son was older, if he so wished.

Of course, at that time, we did not count on the decision of the "**Extraterrestrials**||, so after the lock-up, we left on **1 October** and the day after we left, we went to a real estate agency, "**I signed everything myself**", since he was only **22 years old** on **28 October**.

Oh, I know that we arrived, to this **Blissful 2003** and here I am, waiting for my son, the funniest thing, if you can say it, he made me **promise him**, every time I **was taken, that I would not leave him, here**, because without me he would not resist him, and that I would not abandon him¿?

So, what's next, how do I follow this up? If you're going to test my faith, it's from "**Crup Steel**"... Will we have to wait for the evacuation?

But I don't want anyone to come to me and **ask me for a "radish"**, because I don't have a fifth.

I think they played a trick on me with the house, because if they did sell it, I don't think they would want it back, it was to tempt me, and to see my reaction, I don't know what to say.

My **father-in-law's** problem left me the house so that I could live, work and make my son **study**, as he was the only grandson who had his surname and stretched it a little further, as he had 7 children, 5 girls and 3 boys, the girls had boys and the boys had girls.

Moreover, my son was the last of a **dynasty**.

And in my turn the last, from another **Dynasty**.

When I was born, an **uncle "who I never knew"**, "**was in the foreign country**", sent my mother a "**Ermine Cloak**" for me, when I got married my mother gave it to me, for the child I had, or whatever it was that

he and I had the "Ermine Cloak". "It belonged to a "Prince", it was a beauty, it was unusual, but real.
As the Priests say, let us wait and see.

With faith and humility Mary.

Buenos Aires, Lunes 30 de Diciembre de 2002

V/ Referencia: 55643/2002

De nuestra mayor consideración:

Tenemos el agrado de dirigirnos a Ud., en relación a su pedido de información para el producto CARTA RAPIDA NACIONAL número SR253903095AR, según vuestra presentación de referencia

Hemos llevado a cabo un detallado análisis respecto al procesamiento de la pieza postal antes citada, mediante el cual hemos concluido que no ha sido factible confirmar la entrega efectiva a su destinatario final.

Dada la situación descripta en el párrafo anterior, Correo Argentino se encuentra en condiciones de proponerle a modo de decisión comercial la compensación monetaria dispuesta para estas situaciones excepcionales.

De contar con vuestro acuerdo para nuestra propuesta, le rogamos presentarse en la Sucursal ROSARIO, ubicada en CORDOBA N° 721, en horario comercial con el comprobante original del envío de la pieza y su DNI o Cédula de Identidad.

Correo Argentino desea expresarle por este medio que su presentación es valorada y reconocida como un muy valioso aporte a la optimización constante de nuestros servicios a la comunidad.

Atte,

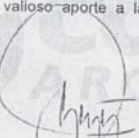
CORREO ARGENTINO S.A

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A CONSUMIDOR FINAL

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CARTA RAPIDA PLUS		5,00
NACIONAL		
		SR253903095AR
TOTAL		5,00


GUSTAVO REYES
Centro de Servicios y Atención al Cliente
Correo Argentino

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correoargentino.com.ar

Argentina: 011 4382 2200



Due to the postal strike -one page was lost||, for that reason this is a testimony of it.

With faith and humility Mary.

**THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:
Mary must make clear the why of the why (Part
19).**

Mary must make clear the why of the why.

July 1st 2003 - Rosario, cradle of the Flag

To begin with, as the public is aware, the new -President|| has been voted out and elected by popular vote.

Ultimately, however, there were only two options left; one strongly influenced by the US and the other by Britain.

I change the subject and then resume.

To speak on this subject, which has a lot to do with the new president... One, that this was foreseeable, because we are in the end times and therefore the processes that will determine this era are accelerating, another, that it is not necessarily events, purely and exclusively facts and events of Argentina!... but of the whole world... at the end of last week, let's say from 18-6 onwards, there was a change of plane, it is as if the scales had tipped, there were earthquakes, typhoon and everything shook until the earth settled down again, the earth again.

There is a reason for everything.

I stick to reporting, because what I am going to report, I understand and I write it as it is dictated to me, but... To understand, for me it is Chinese.

I continue, I clarified on another page, about the -Fish Unicorn||, -one! That I thought everyone saw it, just like the viper or -viboron, that steps or spawns at the legs||, then they have ducklings, with plumage full of arabesques, like the drawings of the viper, and that at the beginning of 2002, they found the first viper with feathers, and made a -laraca||, like a hen that laid two eggs.

I continue, the Unicorn Fish, or Unicorn Barbel, predominates in this era, and I explain why, and... that the President, has a lot to do with it; he is from Pisis, ascendant in Pisis, has fish eyes and a fish mouth or precisely from the Unicorn Fish.

With faith and humility, Mary



This card is from when my son was undersecretary, it was sent by the intervention of the province of Santa Cruz,

I took Del Val out, and the navy put Kirchner in (I cut the photo because I needed it).



In the Navy building, during the presentation of an award, and by the way -jocosos|| on the left the first one is my son.





In the Senate of the Nation, Salón Gris of the Presidency, on the occasion of the ascension of Dr. Duhalde

to the Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires, my son and high authorities

....

Chinese Dragon

As indicated by Them, this... shall we say Anglo-American-Israeli Dragon (Allies 2^{da}. World War) reigning at this time, will unfailingly be -dominated|| by the Chinese Dragon.

This designation of Dragon is due to the fact that the forces at play are Demiurgic Projections that generate the so-called -Chosen Peoples|| or final forms proposed for the human psyche that will occupy the sphere of light of the cultural superstructure or realm of planetary consciousness, hence it can be said that the US-England-Israel problem **is not precisely the Arab world**, for it is actually of Semitic origin as are the Jews, so that the confrontation with the Arabs is almost a typical problem of psychoanalysis; only in this way can it be understood that the planetary fortune that has always been the basis of the

The -Jewish -driven|| Arab, oil-driven, Bush is related to Bin Laden, etc, etc.

The problem with this trilogy is The Chinese Dragon, which is indeed set to reign in the next era, the dawn of which is already being felt since it actually began between 2001 and 2002.

It is remarkable the disinformation that the US generates about the conflict with North Korea, it happens that there is an oversized evolution of weapons technology of the highest level in Korea and they are not willing to give any ground as they feel in their -heart|| the coming end of the power of the -People of Israel|| Why, because the Koreans are the ancient Chinese Mandarins, which in successive revolutions the Chinese people pushed into the peninsula that was later called Korea and then divided into north and south, i.e.: they are the real Chinese!

Dragon of Sodom

The spiritual man, the Initiate, the sleeping Viria, the one who possesses within him a reflection of the Eternal and Uncreated Spirit, who, though beyond time and space, remains fettered to the becoming of the constant flow of the ever-flowing consciousness-Time-Democracy, due to an insane work of extraterrestrial engineering brought about by the -White Hierarchy or Chang Shambhala|| remains chained to the becoming of the constant flow of the consciousness-Time of the creator Demiurge, this sleeping spiritual man is beset by an extremely dangerous and noxious argument such as the **loss of his manhood at the hands of the -Dragon of Sodom"**.

This spiritual man has only his Will-Vril to orient himself in this world towards the Green Midnight Sun, towards the Self.... and to break the ungodly chains that hold him here, in order to leave with his own.

This definitely has to do with virility and is linked to the degree of acceptance, in terms of knowledge, that the individual possesses of his or her own femininity in terms of coexistence with the feminine created forms in which he or she lives his or her life.

Given that every form that exists or -takes place|| in the world must be represented, what would be the form that represents the spiritual man who is the bearer of an unquantifiable concept such as the idea of -actual||, not potential infinity? - Such an existence generates one of the most controversial Mythological Beings; **the Pegasus**. It is a horse, a representation of the human soul, with wings and a ringed horn whose tip cannot be distinguished because -it is not in the Created Universe||, but beyond... in the world of the Eternal Spirit, curiously always confronted by Dragons.

It could be said that Spiritual Man in his search for orientation is like a pegasus soaring towards the Origin, towards the Venus Gate, beyond time and space, towards the fatal moment when the - White Betrayal|| was consummated.

But if this spiritual man does not possess sufficient will to win and gets entangled in the earthly arguments specially designed for this purpose, a kind of mutation takes place and the Myth becomes a Unicorn Fish, a **Unicorn Barbel**, a fish with 5 barbels and a trident-shaped tail, why a fish?..... because the spiritual man did not succeed in dying to his feminine soul-forms and instead of Son of Himself, Progenite of his own species, Caput Niger, Man of stone, son of the Virgin, becomes Father of himself, who is represented by the fish in the era before this one, in which the Swan is the protagonist (a question of transfer of constellations), because these changes take place outside of conventional, transcendent time, and are located in past eras. In this way the individual does not stop at himself but generates children of life, thus losing the Courage-Virility-Will that would allow him to leave himself.

It can now be understood why it is necessary from the point of view of the Demiurge-Creator-God to weaken that "cursed" Will that can allow the Spiritual Man to break the chain and leave, it is known that the homosexual man is someone whose manhood has been taken away, whose will has been broken or deviated, hence at the end of time as Solari Parravichini and countless seers have said, - men will be women and women will be men||.

<p>The masculine hell of the Knight Templar in search of the homunculus assisted by the Baphometric Myth</p>	<p>The female hell of the Amazon Woman assisted by the Myth of Teke-Li-Li</p>	

This "rose" function is sustained by the Angel-Demons Bera and Birsa, those at the right and left hand of the Lord Jehovah-God, the Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, they have -drawn|| upon Humanity "**The Dragon of Sodom**", the name is a clear allusion to the work they proudly carried out at Jehovah's behest in their peoples thus achieving the -Ascension to Heaven||, it is that The Chosen People need to **-make a difference**" and to do so they must corrupt the Gentiles, degenerate them, needless to say that -the best candidates are the Unicorn Beards||, spiritual men.... but totally confused, totally capitalised by the enemy strategy of the Eternal Spirit, this Dragon-Myth, is totally represented by Bera, the then King of Sodom, personalised in the form of **Baphomet**, mythical Idol of -man with breasts||, which The **Knights Templar**, among others..., worshipped and adore, in turn this corrupting force generates a female Mythical Idol called **Teke-Li-Li, Mother of the Amazons**, whose attributes speak of the effect it has on women. If this were not possible, that is, if the action of the described Myths did not bend the will of the Spiritual Man and the Spiritual Child is born, then one must try to condition his environment as much as possible, to institute the corruption of minors in such a way that it somehow influences negatively from the general context, on any attempt at that spiritual vein, **"That the child may deviate and not become a Pegasus but a Unicorn Barbel"**.



Conclusion: Pederasts will always exist and will always rub shoulders with the Power and with the Priests of the Order to which Bera and Birsa belong, since they are called to execute the plans of the Lord, but Our Lady always protects her own, the spiritual men, and in the last instance will save them when the -Holocaust of Fire".

It can be deduced that **the Pegasus will always be surrounded by the Unicorn Barbel**, hence, among other reasons, the Spiritual Men are characterised by building walled fortifications.

Argentina

If the prophecies put as **"Argentina cradle of the Future**

Emperor of the Pure Blood or Territory of the Beginning of the End".... "What happens in Argentina will happen in the World" and there is talk that the -movement|| will have its body constituted by China and its head by Argentina, it is not difficult to understand that the argument "Dragon of Sodom" conditions the Argentine President; Caricatured as a fish, with the face of a fish, from Pisis with an ascendant in Pisis, a practitioner of usury, born Chilean to a Croatian-Jewish mother, naturalised Argentinean, allied to the Marine Masons, who on taking office had a wound on his forehead as a representation of the horn, as this has to do with Blood, noticeably -laid a little to one side, as it should be||.

It is necessary to clarify that these Barbaric individuals are the worst enemies of the House of Tharsis as their essence is lies and betrayal.....

Por Juan Arias

Roma. — La orden militar de los templarios, nacida en 1199 para defender de los bandidos a los peregrinos que viajaban a los Santos Lugares de Jerusalén, ha vuelto a levantar cabeza cuando parecía relegada al olvido. Los templarios han sido readmitidos en la comunidad cristiana de Oriente y se espera que se produzca en breve su rehabilitación en el Vaticano casi 700 años después de que fueran disueltos.

Los templarios de ahora aprovecharon el reciente encuentro en el Vaticano del papa Juan Pablo II con el patriarca oriental católico de Jerusalén, su beatitud Michel Sabbah, para lograr una entrevista con este último.

El gran receptor de la orden de los templarios, Rocco Zingaro de San Fernando, una especie de Federico Barbarroja, vestido de cruzado de los pies a la cabeza, con espada al costado, túnica blanca y cruz patriarcal roja sobre el pecho, se le echó de rodillas al patriarca pidiéndole la bendición.

En su cartera llevaba escrito "un pacto de paz y de fe" con el patriarca. Momentos después convocaba a las agencias de prensa para comunicárcelas el acontecimiento con estas palabras: Después de 670 años del decreto de disolución de los templarios, que tuvo lugar con la bula pontificia *Vox Clamantis*, de 1312, el *supremus ordo* acaba de ser reconocido digno de bendición y protección por parte de la Iglesia Cristiana de Oriente. Y añadió: Su beatitud el patriarca de Jerusalén ha firmado un documento por el que los templarios vuelven a ser admitidos en la comunidad cristiana de Oriente.

Ahora el problema sobre el que discuten los historiadores es si basta esta aceptación de los templarios por parte del patriarca de Jerusalén sin el visto bueno también del Papa de Roma, para que puedan renacer jurídicamente.

Soldados y monjes

Los templarios eran, en la Edad Media, verdaderos soldados y monjes, que hacían los votos de los religiosos, y que dependían de la Santa Sede. Dividían sus actividades entre la oración y el combate militar. Pero llegó un momento en que sus monasterios, por la fuerza de su importancia económica, se convirtieron en verdaderos bancos y acabaron compitiendo en riqueza con los grandes monasterios europeos.

En 1307 Felipe el Hermoso de Francia, los hizo encarcelar en masa y les condenó a la hoguera con procesos sumarísimos y, más tarde, el papa Clemente V decretó la disolución de la orden. Pero nunca desaparecieron del todo. Por ejemplo, en Italia, Rocco Zingaro, ha seguido considerándose el gran preceptor de la orden, con unos 1.000 súbditos, con sede en Roma, en la bellísima colina del Aventino, donde figuran como asociación afiliada a la Cámara de Comercio.

Rocco estima que la orden siguió en la clandestinidad tras haber soportado duras persecuciones y está convencido de que existen sobre los templarios muchas inexactitudes históricas, así como que también la orden de los jesuitas fue disuelta por el Papa, pero después volvió a renacer.

Ahora los templarios, los antiguos soldados del Papa, al amparo de la guerra del Golfo, con su sabor de cruzada religiosa, han vuelto a levantar cabeza y tienen previsto publicar un libro-informe, que van a enviar a Juan Pablo II y al presidente de la República Italiana, Francesco Cossiga, de quien los templarios italianos conocen muy bien su debilidad por las órdenes militares, por los uniformes y las banderas.

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Maria hopes that they will be

defined from above and below.

I am sorry that you have to use me, when journalists are there for this purpose.

First I will tell you an anecdote... if you can call it that... I mention it because in part, it is similar to what I am going to relate... *in my sinister mind and contact with sinister people.*

On one occasion my beloved husband took me to a midwife, and I found several other ladies in the room... to my surprise, when a lady came in with her legs open and almost unable to walk, we got up to help her and asked her to come in first, but the consulting room was busy and she had to wait a few minutes... and she started talking to me, as she was the most impressed, bewildered and terrified.

And the woman reassured me, with a -freshness astonishing|| and y almost of satisfaction.

I almost -lost|| and he says to me: *Ha... it's nothing*, he had the head out of the womb and he sawed off the womb, choking him or cutting off his breath and he says to me: I

I have them, I wait 8 months and I provoke the abortion, and I tell her: and how many do you have, and she says: none, it's my husband who wants children, not me, I've already aborted 3 and this is the fourth, and I say: but it's a crime! and he says: yes, but doing it like this at 8 months, I'm not in danger... and my husband thinks that I'm aborting them alone, that I'll lose them... I go out, I come to see the midwife and she prepares me, so that I won't have any problems.

Yo casi vomito, ¿y esa mujer y esa partera se me hicieron lo más siniestro de este, mundo!, ¿y el marido?... ¡¡flor de carnudo!!... o de infeliz y le dije: *¡por qué no te separas!*, y me dice: *porque lo quiero, si estamos bien sin hijos.*

And it struck me that sleeping with that woman was... monstrous.

Leaving this filthy fact aside, and saving the comparisons, I remembered this nefarious fact because, **Los Extraterrestres** tell me that, *"the father and mother" of the president, met while working as telegraph operators, and between keystrokes love arose, in Río Gallegos.*

The Croatian-Jewish-Chilean mother, the son born in Chile, Punta Arenas and registered there and then also registered in Rio Gallegos.

"So something similar may have happened to the lady in the story; she may have had a part of her body in Chile and her mother wanted it to be Argentinian and suddenly they took a plane and the rest of the child was born in Argentina".

It can happen, like the -Japanese|| in Peru, that he was Peruvian and when it came down to it he was Japanese!

In this country Argentina, the unsuspected can happen... I am sorry if for those things of God, I did not understand well what they dictated to me, I do not put the nationality of the father for not having understood it well...

What would be more logical is for the Argentine people to be told the truth and not for them to know everything only at the end, as happened in Peru, with the Japanese.

The Argentinian people should open their eyes and not allow themselves to be sold an *"almanac without a calendar"* again, as has become the custom, that the Argentinians are sold mailboxes without a slot.

It would seem that Argentines are ideal candidates to make them believe that the Three Wise Men still exist, as they know that Argentina is made up of "incautos y de Pe. who are and are not trained, that's why they are out of state.

It is sad, alarming, but real.

Argentines, defend the national patrimony that belongs to your children, defend Antarctica, which is the future, there will be no more water, our oil, the land, the air and the sky.

Before they poison the environment with the poison they carry in their guts. In

faith and humility, Mary

AGRADECIMIENTO

Hace quince años, el Ejército Argentino se encontraba en un total estado de anarquía, producto de las malas políticas militares aplicadas por el gobierno alfonsínista, y lamentablemente agravada por la inoperancia de los mandos que regían en ese momento la Institución, quienes no encontraban el camino a seguir.

Sin buscarlo, las circunstancias me llevaron a las puertas de este grave conflicto, dejándome en el medio de dos alternativas: la primera eludirlo, y la segunda participar. Mi responsabilidad, y los pedidos de mis subalternos, me impulsaron a aceptar la última opción: PARTICIPAR.

A partir de este momento, invitado por Menem para trabajar en el tema, me dediqué a resolver el conflicto, en razón de que no era de difícil solución. Transcurrido los primeros meses, advierto que había caído en la trampa de una mafia política. Esta circunstancia me obligó a interceder ante el gobierno menemista, utilizando todos los medios pacíficos disponibles, para que se cumpliera lo firmado, y evitar así el desmantelamiento de la Defensa y Seguridad de los argentinos. Como única respuesta, recibí burlas, engaños e indiferencias, no quedándome finalmente otro camino, que ordenar el Pronunciamiento Militar del 3 de diciembre de 1990.

Ante el revés sufrido, fuimos primero condenados a ser fusilados, y posteriormente ante el cambio de condena por intervención del Santo Padre y del Doctor Don Arturo FRONDI, fuimos hacinados en cárceles comunes y prisiones militares, donde estuvimos a los largo de casi trece años, jaqueados por permanente difamaciones.

HOY 20 DE MAYO, AL QUEDAR INDULTADOS POR DECISIÓN DEL SEÑOR PRESIDENTE DE LA NACIÓN DON EDUARDO DUHALDE, ES MI DESEO HACER LLEGAR MI AGRADECIMIENTO A TANTOS HERMANOS Y AMIGOS QUE AYUDARON A MI SEÑORA PARA EL LOGRO DE MI LIBERTAD, PERO MUY ESPECIALMENTE, AL BUEN PERIODISMO ARGENTINO, QUIENES HACIENDO GALA DEL EJERCICIO DE LA VERDAD, EXPUSIERON CON VALENTÍA Y EN PROFUNDIDAD TODOS LOS HECHOS. GRACIAS A ESTE VALIOSO ESFUERZO, HOY CIRCULO EN LA CALLE SALUDADO AMABLEMENTE POR NUESTROS CONCIUDADANOS.

**MUCHAS GRACIAS.
POR DIOS Y LA PATRIA**



Mohamed Ali SEINELDÍN

BUENOS AIRES, 22 de mayo de 2003. Semana de la Revolución de Mayo.

July 26, 2003

Waiting for the aliens to deign to return my son to me, now!

Those who have to define this story, I always believe it will be the last, because I believe I have fulfilled the expectations that impel me to write! For my part, I believe that the people who should have taken notice... have already done so. Of course, the most difficult thing is to *take notice, to look the other way, to tear one's clothes, to make the sign of the cross and to think: "I am free of guilt and charge"!*... to turn the page... and to continue, without a hint of remorse, or a guilty conscience, wow!

We are at the most critical and complicated moment in our history.

And it is because no one wants to give in, no one wants to acknowledge anything, no one wants to take responsibility for anything, not even for their own mistakes and even less for those of others, let's say... mistakes -to be generous|].

But at this stage, no one can make mistakes any more, unless it is with a high degree of malice aforethought.

When they hijacked the planes and forced them to go to Cuba... and then to return them to their respective countries, the Cuban would charge them to return them!... do you want to repeat the past to the kids!

While the Cuban was shouting all over the media that he was a Marxist-Leninist... until the wall of Russia fell...

Those who want to judge our Armed Forces and are free from sin, let them cast the first stone.

Let them judge themselves if they are worthy of judging... their house is in order...

We booted, we were left with 2 options, with the ballot... one that depended on the United States and the other on England, and... Argentina came to be the ham in the sandwich, hence the winner went to receive instructions from England... as did the former president, he went to receive instructions from the USA, -when he won||.

Those who want to give a lecture on civility 1° should take a bath.

In faith and humility.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Chupacabra...

(26th Part).

Chupacabra...

To Internet readers.

Read carefully and meditate on the **Chupacabra** issue.

If this issue is not only a product of **genetic engineering**, launched in several countries, no longer, as they say, to protect soldiers from dying in wars.

But if they release these **mutants**, no matter how much memory they plug into them, who knows when to attack, whether it's a soldier, civilian, sheep or cow?

It is food for thought... if not to exterminate **ethnic groups**, end wars, countries and take over the world, *qui lo sá...*

In faith and humility, Mary

Más imágenes de la controvertida Área 51 australiana



Nuevas imágenes de las instalaciones secretas que se encuentran en el corazón de Australia.

dos sistemas de seguridad y parece ser que existen tres zonas bien diferenciadas a las cuales sólo tienen acceso unas cuantas personas.

El hecho de que esta denominada Área 51 australiana sea noticia desde hace varios años se debe al misterio que rodea a las investigaciones secretas que se realizan en su interior y a que la zona no está exenta de decenas de informes de avistamiento de supuestos OVNIs que, según algunos testigos, podrían proceder de esa misma base. ■

Estas nuevas fotos de la base militar de Pine Gap (Australia) han sido realizadas por el investigador australiano Keith Douglass, de Alice Springs, y muestran parte de la entrada a las instalaciones, que se encuentran en el subsuelo. Aquí han trabajado unas 1.200 personas desde 1964. Cada área es controlada herméticamente por medio de diferentes y sofisticados

EL TESTIGO PRINCIPAL AFIRMA QUE EL ANIMAL QUE ABATIÓ NO ES EL QUE PRESENTAN LOS CIENTÍFICOS

¿Es éste el esqueleto del chupacabras?



Los restos de un supuesto chupacabras abatido por los disparos de un granjero en Nicaragua han abierto la polémica sobre la existencia de esta extraña criatura. Oficialmente se ha clasificado como un simple perro, pero tanto los testigos como las fotografías que se tomaron del cadáver en un primer momento parecen indicar que se trataba de algo muy distinto. Crece la sospecha de que se está ocultando la verdad.

IN CHILE LINKED TO NASA'S GENETIC

EXPERIMENTS



Chilean ufologists are to ask their country's government to investigate NASA's responsibility for the **chupacabra** attacks that killed hundreds of cattle in various regions of Chile in recent months. At a press conference, they announced their belief that the US space agency was behind certain genetic experiments that led to the **chupacabra**'s appearance. Cristian Riffo, director of the group Ovnisión, said that when his interview with the Ministry of Defence takes place, in addition to asking for clarification of these facts, he will also demand information about the alleged capture of three of these creatures near the city of Calama, an operation that reportedly led to the death of a soldier in April 2000. According to various reports, these Chupacabras - **a male, a female and a calf** - were reportedly transported in a NASA helicopter to an unknown destination. Experts in US government agencies are doubtful.

such an experiment and believe that, if it has been carried out, it would be the organisation. Witnesses of sightings of the "**Chilean chupacabra**" describe it as follows: **a kind of monkey or baboon, with humanoid features and large eyes, which moves in a zigzagging manner.**

Human Genome

I am asked to write this..., for me... it is -Chinese|.

Each one will know, for whom it is addressed... or to whom, I fulfil the request. In

faith and humility, Mary.

... assuming the dimensional steps or topological folds as a succession of similar spaces, we have a kind of staircase, whose steps are vast worlds in themselves, whose **current** reality affirms as a future or past argument every previous or subsequent step, establishing sets of laws, phenomena, historical facts, etc..., which define the **present** step as: "**THE REALITY**"..... but this sensation of reality is exactly the same as that which is felt when situating oneself in the **actuality** of any step, so that if an individual were to walk this staircase, for an inhabitant effectively stabilised in a World-step as the *Star Walker* approaches "*the reality of the stabilised Inhabitant*", he would intuit-*imagine it-imagine it-imagine it-imagine it-imagine it-imagine it-imagine it*, he would intuit-*imagine it* as a phenomenon more and more possible, as a phenomenon more and more -possible to happen|, at the very moment the Walker crosses his world it would cease to be a phenomenon and become an **actual** fact and a moment later disappear from the observer's sight to become again a phenomenon of the imagination, perhaps a thought.... the observer says: "*I thought I saw a person in that direction*"... and cannot even register the **actuality** of the Walker, for a memory is constituted and sustained by other historical facts, actual at the time, and this particular fact, the passing of the Star Walker, has no history, **present**, future or past.

Quite different is the case of the Star Walker, since the actuality of the Star Walker encompasses the extremes of that path which express a single meaning, beyond the particular meaning of each of the step-worlds traversed.

According to this example, it can be deduced that the inhabitant of the Step-World cannot even remotely star in the adventure of the Star-Walker, the least of the drawbacks being that such a move presupposes total disinterest in anything existing in any of the countless worlds, The typical inhabitant of the Step-Worlds is always part of the axiological context of a reality, so that in such a journey, he **would be "placed at the level" of actuality** in each world, thus leaving its cellular structure subject to a continuous change to coincide with the particular **updating of genes and orderings of their respective amino acids** of each World-step visited, such a situation of changes of context and meaning of the entities that constitute the history-life-time of the individual, would be for a few instants sustained in an instinctive act of conservation of existence, followed by the madness that presupposes the disintegration of the consciousness and subsequent death, for a moment, surely in its last moment of sanity, it would see -fluctuating reality|.... the "*terrible secret of MAYA*", the illusion of the Created World.

Each Argument-Superstructural or World-Stage impresses the universal chaos, particularising the forms of all things in each existing world, as can be seen, absolutely related to each other, since they are the product of the same and unique initial existence, which gives form among other countless consequences, to the **genetic codes or particular DNA updates** corresponding to the entities of each World-Stage, according to their particular natural order.

It is the Ordering of the Great Architect, The Demiurge -THE ONE||, through which the transmigrating monads move, evolving towards the fatal perfection, which is HIMSELF.

It can be understood that the cellular growth plans of any organism obey the strict sequence indicated by the particular formative matrices that express the forms that define a given World-step, if at any time such sequence does not coincide with the one indicated for a given form, for example: the liver of an organism, surely it is an intersection of fields that will produce cells foreign to the **current liver**, cells that obey a different growth plan, wrong if you will, since it does not correspond to the one indicated for the organism.

-The disease is the disease that is commonly referred to as cancer.

Manipulation of the updating of altered genetic codes simply leads to the destabilisation of Reality or the stabilisation of a new Reality, depending on how you look at it.

The manipulation of the **HUMAN GENOME** is definitely not recent, far from it, in the context of the **ESSENTIAL WAR, in which the struggle for the Liberation of the captive Spirit is fought**, it was and is a common practice, the manipulation of the genes, especially of the Human species, is of the greatest interest of the Starwalkers, for the human being is **the only operator with CONSCIOUSNESS**, with the ability to project, to put meaning into an entity and thus to determine the shape of the Step-World, or worse, to **determine a particular Step-World**, the modified humanoid organism thus proves to be a stabilising element or anchor with which the historical line of a given civilisation can be manipulated.

This is what it is all about, all the possible worlds, which world it is intended to stabilise and why, of course *the inspiration for this kind of practice comes from the traitor Siddhas and Masters of The Great White Brotherhood of Chang Shambhala.*

Invariably, whatever the plan may be, its purpose will always be the same: **To keep the eternal Spirit indefinitely chained to the material order in miserable slavery, as the will-engine of the stupid evolution thought up by its creator-computer.... God, who has lately come to be called Jehovah Satan, God of the Jews.**

This is the case of the variety of beings that can be seen in contact with the inhabitants of Shambhala; *the Hiwa Anakim or the earthy-skinned dwarf Sheidim*, whose **actualities** actively participate in the existence of the greatest extraterrestrial engineering work ever thought of, called: **KALACHACRA KEY**, which holds this... **Celestial Jerusalem**, there... between the earth and the sun... which some "Saints" have sometimes seen, as if floating in the air...

In faith and humility, Mary

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:

Cuba Libre...

(27th Part).

Cuba Libre...

As you can, check, read, elucidate and you can draw conclusions, come to a full verification.

That the story of the **Mamás and Abuelitas** is no longer true... *"that the children wanted a fairer country for all"...*

By giving **the** example of **the Cuban government and its way of governing**, it is all said and done, which is what the boys wanted.

There are no more excuses left to hide behind, as far as Human Rights are concerned, what about the murderer No. 1, who on March 18 last.... **"They were assassinated, without a trial behind closed doors and 80 dissidents and opponents...** were prosecuted, without the slightest right to free defence. Is that the fairer country that the boys wanted? And they still want it apparently and that is what they applaud in the Faculty of Law and the Universities.

When The Revolution, well... when Cuba was, for a bunch of immoral depraved people, little less than a big whorehouse, where they went by sea and land to satisfy their lowest instincts... then yes... but not for those who even participated in the Revolution and when they realised the Cuban's intentions, they tried to oppose the brutal regime, and even less so today, when there is no revolution at all, but a great dictatorship.

Poor Argentina, with the lawyers, teachers and all the professionals, who profess that ideology as well as the communists, **they have a verse that they make to the students that both Cuba and Rucia, are the earthly paradise...** and yes it is a marvel, and there is the peace that they so much proclaim, Why don't they go, the touts, since it's easy to talk and discourse from Argentina with their bellies full and warm, why don't they go there?

When the guerrillas started, there were no malnourished, no starving, no persecuted.

You were used to destabilise Argentina and to blow up the army, because the other countries were sick of Argentina's wealth, mainly the Spaniards, poisoned by Franco, who came to exile and where you went to take refuge, **with the leftist Felipillo**, who came to power after Franco.

They are the two countries that envy us the most and live sick, Cuba and Spain, from there they are the ones that instead of coming to steal as in other times, now come to privatise, what they cannot take as in the past, and **Cuba, as well as Spain are the ones that support subversion, the Mothers, Grandmothers, derivatives and the like... they support them to incite them to subversion, to the guerrilla, you applaud them and ask them to give them a lecture... they are immoral.**

Why do they allow a murderer and outcast to come and lecture instead of being repudiated... so that they can see that asking for human rights intervention is only for them to come and interfere in the country, why don't they ask them to go to Cuba to do something for these poor people?

And not that they envy him the murderer they have had for 40 years, why don't they ask for him to be tried in Spain, Rastreros!

And if you don't want to go to Spain or Cuba, go and put your buttocks and testicles on the steppes of Rucia.

It's easy to talk from here because they didn't go into exile in Rwanda... Is it cold?

What happened is that you complained about being full, because here there was always plenty, that you had the grace, the luck that you could study... and what you least want is to study, you used the Universities as you are doing now as a political committee... and that was achieved from the time the first **white beret** came up, who destroyed teaching, education was lost by the professors and from there everything became unhinged until today.

You already have the result, with those who give up, those who approve, disgust, shame on you, you should recognise how immoral you are, selfish, how the country is, you are not interested in knowing the truth and you prefer to live on hypocrisy, otherwise you would be concerned to find out, but from a good source! **Che managed to leave before the Cuban boycotted him**, because Che didn't agree with the mass murders he was doing, and that's where the discrepancy between them arose, Che not agreeing, because that wasn't the proposal and not being on his side and... he said: *I'm leaving...* Poor little Ché, until the last moment, he believed in his word, that's why when he was in Bolivia, an emissary went and told Ché that if he laid down his arms, surrendered without resistance, in a short time, he would go free? And so Che did and because he was gullible they boycotted him and this hypocrite comes to change the facts, don't be foolish, move your leaden *"legs"* and find out the truth, that the same comrades boycotted him, until the last moment he believed in his word, he hooked Che telling him that he didn't want to govern, only to liberate his people.

He has a verbiage!!!... he even fooled Che and all those who followed him and believed in him.

Find out how long ago he erected the monument to him... **it was only when you began to acclaim him and when he went into exile in other countries that you began to idolise him.**

If all the Cubans who are exiled in the United States are people who lie to discredit the Cuban, that is to say their president, and you accept it as such, then we are in the situation that the Argentines who went into exile in other countries did so to discredit our armed forces and from there to be able to introduce the *"Human Rights Gestapo"*.

If the government accepts this without repudiating... it is well known which side it is on and in which direction the policy will take, **since Cubans should not start lecturing if they do not agree with the government, and they admire their government, their way of governing, and what a monster it is.**

If he has lip charisma?...he even got Che to suck up to him.

You are subjugated and do not see the veil of infamy that covers you, let those who conspired with him and the revolution speak out... *"The Cuban did not want power, he only wanted to liberate his people from oppression"*... that is why he dragged him to Che.

After this sinister scene and the baseness of all the participants in it... and proving that this is the country that the children want, a fairer country for all, they no longer have any kind of justification... and **the Mamitas and abuelitas should take off their little faces, as grieving souls, and recognise that they supported them and support them to sow chaos in Argentina and the president is**

He wants to finish destroying the army, when together with this infamous, corrupt and murderer, they are babies at the breast, so they should put a stop to it... **"That Cuba is an abortion of Spain"**, *that from the beginning massacred all our ethnic groups, they always came to steal, and now as they can't take the companies they privatise them.*

They live sick of our wealth, just like Brazil that took all the leather and plugged us plastic shoes and how Spain like all the other countries are not to blame for the children they give birth to, if they like Cuba so much why don't they go to Rucia or Spain and don't dirty Argentina.

If you still have any doubts, I would advise you to wash with bleach, it is good for cleaning the neurons, it opens the ears and clears up the clouded eyesight, not to mention how it clears up the ideas, the thoughts and they see everything rosy and good, clean, noble thoughts come to them... like a newborn baby.

With faith and humility Mary



The demonstrations of support that Fidel Castro has received during his stay in our country, which culminated last night with a massive rally on the steps of the Law Faculty of the local University, invite a bitter reflection on the distorted way in which the behaviour of certain rulers is evaluated when myth and fantasy intermingle with reality.

The ovation given to the Cuban autocrat in the National Congress during the swearing-in ceremony and inauguration of President Néstor Kirchner and the invitation to give a lecture in the Aula Magna of the aforementioned university - an initiative that finally led to an event on the stairs leading to the faculty - confirm the validity of a leadership that is difficult to explain if one takes into account that he is a grim dictator who has ruled his country for forty-four years and who does not hesitate to shoot and imprison his opponents without the slightest scruple, who has ruled his country for 44 years and who does not hesitate to shoot and imprison his opponents without the slightest scruple.

It is striking that the same sectors, which value democracy as a political system and exalt the ideal of freedom as well as unrestricted respect for human rights, proclaim their admiration for a public man who for more than four decades has ruled his country by the sheer rule of force, without ever bothering to consult the will of the people in free elections and without being accountable to any court for his cruel and bloodthirsty excesses.

- The fact that our national legislators, elected by popular vote, have applauded him warmly and that the authorities of the Nation and of the city of Buenos Aires have already given him the same treatment that is given to other truly republican rulers is a real affront to democratic institutions. The fact that a student crowd has gathered around him and cheered him on is evidence of the deep-seated

internal contradictions incurred by some sectors of society when they are conditioned by the virus of ideological extremism.

There is a visible inconsistency at the root of these behaviours. Human rights violations are denounced when they come from one side of the ideological or political spectrum, while they are silenced or concealed when the aggression is perpetrated from the opposite end of the spectrum.

In April this year, the government in Havana imposed the death penalty in closed trials on political dissidents who had tried to flee Cuba in a boat on 18 March. In the same days it imposed severe prison sentences on some 80 opponents, who were tried without the slightest respect for the right to free defence in court, as in the most savage times of the Stalinist era. **The sentences ranged from 14 to 27 years in prison.** As on so many other occasions, the Cuban dictator disregarded principles that are enshrined in all human rights charters.

Twenty-four journalists were among those convicted, a fact that should surprise no one, for if there is one thing that characterises the Castro regime, it is its complete disregard for freedom of expression. Since he came to power in 1959, Castro has relentlessly persecuted the free press: Fidel's Cuba has been and continues to be a kind of huge prison in which it is not permitted to dissent from the government, much less to express that dissent publicly. Despite these pathetic and incontrovertible facts, the figure of the veteran dictator continues to present the profile of a leader for many, which leads some sectors to wrap him in a legendary aura and, inexplicably, even to forgive him for being a ferocious and implacable dictator.

Ideological reductionism often produces this perverse result: the legend is stronger than reality, and people prefer to idealise a character without perceiving his tragic or macabre traits. The Fidel Castro who spoke to the Argentine students yesterday with his well-worn oratory of a seasoned dictator showed the extremes to which ideological imposture can go when myth disguises reality.

- The president's first trip will be to Brazil - Yesterday he received Hugo Chávez, Fidel Castro and five other Latin American presidents at the Casa Rosada.

Néstor Kirchner will travel to the United States before the end of August, Foreign Minister Rafael Bielsa announced yesterday. -

The President's first international destination, however, will be Brazil, where Bielsa will travel the day after tomorrow to begin to outline the details of the official visit.

After yesterday's meeting at the Casa Rosada between Kirchner and the US Housing Minister. Mel Martínez - President George W. Bush's envoy for the presidential inauguration - Bielsa explained the reasons for the future trip to the US.

-Argentina has to debate issues that are very important both in the World Bank's dispute settlement body and in the multilateral lending agencies and the International Monetary Fund. The voice of the United States is an important voice there.|| said the foreign minister.

On her first day in office, Kirchner held audiences with seven Latin American presidents and several foreign delegations and confirmed that Argentina -will seek to renew its interest in playing an important role in Latin American integration|| to fight poverty.

The president received the Prince of Asturias, Felipe de Borbón, and met, among others, the presidents of Peru, Alejandro Toledo, Venezuela, Hugo Chávez, and Cuba, Fidel Castro, who

last night he addressed thousands of young people in a speech lasting more than two and a half hours on the steps of the Law Faculty of the University of Buenos Aires (UBA) where he was acclaimed.



In faith and humility, Mary

THE MYSTERY OF MARY UNVEILED:

READING, ANALYSING AND

MEDITATING...

(28th Part).

READ, ANALYSE AND MEDITATE...

January 27th 2004, this note is purely and exclusively for reading, analysis and meditation.

For those who still believe in the Three Wise Men.

I will start with the boys.

Guys... did you hear that propaganda, that says: "*You asked for it*"... well, it might as well be inserted for the next events.

It's a little wake-up call. You have seen what we have come to, doesn't it occur to you that it can't go on like this, that in spite of the years that "*I claim to have*" and that are a pile, "*they say that when the pile is high*", *without trying, some people fall off*... psss, some years, well, in the years of my complicated life, I have never seen what Argentina has come to, entering the new millennium, and... may it not be repeated in this one!

You voted for the ERP, they are atheists, they are against the Church, they are of the Left, they are in favour of abortion and drugs, **"but the Montoneros, they are Catholics, they are with the Church, they are of the Right"**, they are with the army and against abortion and drugs.

Total corruption, immorality at all levels, and well, after that... what's next? What's next, **you can't knock on the door of the barracks any more**, and at your request they've blown them all up, as well as the barracks.

As you can imagine, all outrage must be stopped!... but not that of the supermarket...

What is customary in these cases is to start *greasing* the guns, the barrels, and all the hardware, of course... as a preventive measure...

You, you are happy, that the military will no longer come out and overconfident... ahem, ahem.... But you did not come to weigh, measure, elucidate, ...|| *how wrong you are, my dear ones.... My dear ones*"...

that the current president, voted for by you.... It's the Navy, so you don't need to go knocking on the door of the **Navy Mechanics**, ...why do they come, you asked for them, but... they are already here, don't despair, everyone knew it but you, who don't even see it square, it's not even clearer, don't trust, don't throw yourselves into the pool without seeing if there is water...

In order to get rid of their anger towards them, they will give them back **the Falklands**, don't you think this is a colossal barter?

If it is wrong and there is a typo, it can still be corrected, even if they are willing to do so, will they be willing, humm, humm....

SALPICON...

See what a salpicón... Do you know what salpicón is, salpicón is what my grandmother used to make with what was left over from the midday stew; potatoes, carrots and meat and she would make a delicious enzaladón, well, what will predominate at this stage will be a great salpicón, made with the leftover mixture.

A NEW PARTY... how ethical!... and what was voted, what?... **a third position**, where everyone will have a place, a streamlined force or formula would emerge... like an explosive and galactic cocktail!

At this stage, there will be the ERP, ANAEL, the 3 A's, COMMUNISM in all its facets; the united, disunited, rejoined Left, the PIQUETEROS, QUEBRACHO, etc..., THE JEWS to bless them... and on top of everything as if it were the obelisk, *the Moms and Grannies... who are the essence of this movement* from which a new party will arise where everyone will have a place... and why not, the Tacuara Group, who said: **"The Left and the Right, all together in the breach"**... and why not...

Well, don't forget that in Santa Fe, according to the statistics, there are 40,000 children between 15 and 25 years of age in extreme poverty and that they will no longer be able to study or work, and in Rosario 200,000 are totally destitute, sleeping in the streets like pigeons, because they come from the towns to beg and then cannot return, since the trains were taken away, the towns have been left in the most crude orphanhood... and now Perón and Evita no longer come to their rescue.

But, but, but, with all the corruption they flooded the country with?

Guys, be reasonable, there's no other way, at least be happy, you won't have your boots ringing in your ears.

Don't take it to heart, everything has its pros and cons, everything has its good side and its bad side, it's a question of the glass you look through, if you proceed well..., there is nothing to fear.... - solidarity||.

No one bothered to take the appropriate measures and **everyone rushed to put their hand in the**

can and fish for their own profit, well now they have to reap the rewards, what

What cannot be denied is that they did not have time to mend what others did wrong and correct it, so that it would not *spread further*, if they were bad examples to copy or served as a bad example.

Setting an example with good teaching, good handwriting is the hard part!

If those who had as an example were lousy, they had plenty of time to exemplify those who acted badly, hence the **Nunca Más**, but... who is to blame, *the one who eats or the one who feeds him?*

But the never again, what for? To drag the whole country into the filth and corruption, which according to you was the country you wanted, well that's it, you got it, and now what?

Don't complain, they handed over the **National Heritage**, not even the most villainous of our heroes could have done it!

Anybody comes along and takes what they want and, and, and, and....

And now that the **novice President** is coming, and despite saying that **Brazil is not a republic** like Argentina, he is licking the shoes of the novice **President of Argentina**, and both he and **the Supreme who protects the borders of Mercosur**, as well as the President, felt offended in their private spheres and.... a, e, i, o, u, it was a fantochada, for the gilada, since the Brazilian came quickly and quickly, to rectify what he said, since in his project of ascension to the government was, to **flood the Argentine Republic with merchandise, for two years to get out of the well he**, and to burst all our industry and factories.

And, as Uncle Patilludo, from the Comic Strip, used to say, -we will not be offended if we put fresh and crunchy little pieces of silver to heal the deep wound that you have inflicted on the Argentinean and Brazilian people, oh... yes, yes....

It flooded Argentina with shoes for children and adults, made of the best plastic, street and sports clothes, also for two years, furniture, etc., clothes made of the best polyester and fibres to -check yourself out||.

It wasn't that they would lift the Argentine people out of poverty, starting up industry, factories, etc!... the perinola!... guys, recognise that this is not Peronism... that all together we will triumph!... all together, we will sink!!!!

On the other hand, they will start the poult, do you know what happens to poult...? To raise poult, first you have to sow alfalfa and then put the poult in because they are very fragile and delicate, you have to take care of them from the wind, because a current twists their neck and they are left looking for the tail, so you don't know if they are coming or going, it's a problem, **but if you give them good support and get them going, you can have lots of poult for Christmas**, La Republicueta has enough for everyone and everything.

Hence, I recommend you to beware of the wind, but... they don't say from whom and for what and why...

Now that they are in government, let them come clean and come clean, hurry up because after the Man in Grey... it's all over and The Final Battle is coming... and The Man in Grey is already here.

Then, they will start to spit on each other's lists, it will again be a fratricidal battle, not to say a bloodbath.

Those who wanted a fairer country, but 45 calibre bombs and all the latest degenerate hardware.

The kids want to rumble, before Christmas.

To govern, to set the country in motion.... to whom does he -frega niente||?

And if they start the cacerolazos and the piqueteros who have already calmed them down, what are they going to do, recognise that they have already lost, something has gone wrong but it can still be rectified, all is not lost.

Let us hope that the trip to the **Motherland did not lead to some ritual** and that he returned changed and lost his euphoria, in order to carry out his reactivation plan, which the people are so eagerly awaiting.

There is not a shop window with leather shoes, all plastic, whoever wants to buy them will have to go abroad or buy them in Brazil in Dollars, there is no more leather.

In faith and humility, Mary

EcONOMY

The PT leader said that "Brazil is not a republic". He later denied it

El real está worse than the peso, but Lúa is different from Argentina

The Brazilian currency closed at 3.78 units to the dollar.

La devaluación del real, que cotizó ayer a 3,78 unidades por dólar, superó a la del peso y profundizó el temor de la dirigencia brasileña de terminar como la Argentina. Un fantasma que intentó alejar el principal candidato a presidente del país vecino, Luiz Lula Da Silva, con el argumento de que "Brasil no es una república cualquiera, no es Argentina, no va a quebrar".

La frase de Lula, enmarcada en una guerra de declaraciones con el candidato oficialista, José Serra, sobre quién es el más indicado para evitar que el país vecino se convierta en Argentina, provocó la reacción del gobierno de Eduardo Duhalde. El ministro del Interior, Jorge Matzkin, le pidió aclaraciones al líder petista, quien finalmente a través de un vocero dijo que sus declaraciones fueron sacadas de contexto.

Lula: Brazil it is not like Argentina, a "repubáqueu".

N Strong statements by del the candidate presidential

Brazilian. The Argentinian government asked the Brazilian government to agree or disagree with these statements.



Apretado. Si gana, Lula podría poner a un hombre de negocios en Economía.

El BM cree que Argentina y Brasil no caerán en default

El Banco Mundial no prevé que Brasil incumpla con los pagos de su deuda bajo un nuevo gobierno, ni tampoco cree que Argentina vaya a incumplir con el vencimiento de deuda que tiene con la entidad a mediados de octubre. Así lo afirmó ayer el presidente del organismo financiero, James Wolfensohn, quien se mostró optimista sobre el panorama económico de la atribulada América latina, aunque reconoció que mucho todavía depende

de la situación en Brasil y Argentina. "Ellos (por Argentina y Brasil) tuvieron un año muy difícil", dijo desde Londres, pero aseguró ser "más optimista que pesimista". Varios de los mercados financieros de América latina han estado inmersos en una gran volatilidad durante la mayor parte de este año, ante una erosión de la confianza de los inversores provocada por preocupaciones sobre las elecciones presidenciales de octubre en Brasil.

El peso didn't escape a bad day globally

de Buenos Aires donde se pagó entre 3,61 (oficial) y 3,70 pesos (libre), con algunas ventas de arbolitos a 3,79. En Rosario, la divisa cotizó a 3,64 para la compra y 3,72 pe-

Derrumbe mundial

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Their Sons' Betrayal of Mother Argentina

(29th Part).

Their Sons' Betrayal of Mother Argentina

Well, the time has come, and until today I have been opposed to writing, because it is hard, because it is necessary to reveal transcendent facts and things... and at the same time totally immoral facts, acts and actions... corrupt and designed to corrupt a society, a structure and its cultures, its idiosyncrasy, corrupting them to the point of aberrant acts.

They do this consciously and conscientiously, in a well-organised and structured plan to destroy, corrupt their culture and good customs.

How proud they are of their cultural heritage and customs... all that is formal and take it purely and exclusively to crude tackiness.

The issue, is to destroy the country, there are several countries that are bent on that, they are all those who took advantage of the privatisation that together with the ex-president, the ex-Captain and the 2 ex-presidents, who came up nothing more than to steal and destroy the country, they change the constitution to favour them, partners and accomplices, thieves and usurpers, they kept the companies that they liked and favoured each one, the last white beret and the others all drew lots, *one mine each, each mine of a different material, gold, precious stones, in short, etc.*

They pirated the country and to silence certain mouths, **they gave them the National Patrimony**, rats! They even had to hide their miserable lives and even the children of the **Coordinadora**, who were the ones who, according to what **the Mamás Abuelitas** say to this day, say **that the children wanted a fairer country**, those children are the ones who kept part of the country, **the Rosario Islands** and other assets were kept by *"those children"* who repeated the repertoire, which they say all over the world: **"they persecuted them because they thought differently, they had other ideas"....** but it happens that from those and because of those processes, that a writer who took out, or wrote that which he says:

-barbarians, *ideas are not killed*", yes, as a justification... 10 points, to justify these attitudes and actions is a great example.... but in reality... the reality is different.

But let's get down to the real and logical, the ideas are inside the head, they don't make noise, they are not seen... but, but....

It wouldn't be a problem, if the ideas... *were not transformed into .45 caliber or galvanized pipe, rumble bombs sifted with gunpowder that makes "pupa, nana"...* were it not for these details, to whom, as the Italians say.... *"que mene frega, non me ne frega niente, eco?|*].

Those gentlemen who took **the Mines**, which are part of the country's heritage, or the **Rosario Islands**, as well as endless extensions of land, companies, in a word, **they appropriated the Treasury, that is to say, the Public Treasury of the Nation**, was all this usurpation declared?

It means, that in this country, anyone who assumes, with hypocritical speeches like; *"With the Constitution you eat, you study, etc."* And the other; *"That we are going to put an end to corruption, etc."*, of course they must be ranting with laughter, like what they are and enjoying seeing how unhappy and gullible the People are and vote for them again, over and over!

And the hypocrites take the microphone again, to continue deceiving them.

Once and for all, they should be made to vomit: *for what kind of country do they govern*, that a law be established, t h a t whoever steals, usurps, accepts bribes, should not only be removed from office, but should be banished from the country for five years and not be allowed to take back what was usurped or bribed.

How long do they think they will have a free hand to plunder!

How different it would have been if when they had the unique opportunity to carry out, to put into practice, some of the lies and hypocrisy that they had preached to the people, but... **and for them what?**

That they deceived them, they lumped them together, they instilled in them false promises, with the same coldness and malice aforethought of those who have very well planned... *from the People their dearest feelings and credulity in projects for a prominent future, promised in their campaigns and who succeeded once again in making a mockery of the People.*

With the signature of 2 white berets and the former president, who are the three partners, in everything that has happened in the country is concerned.

In Argentina everything, everything was put together in one package; arms, drugs, privatisations, corralito and corralón.

That an investigation be carried out into all the things of the National Patrimony: "*what each one kept*", from the Mines of all the minerals, the hectares, the companies and everything that belongs to the People and each one that came into government, appropriated, that they declare, their assets and how they obtained them, even if they are hooked up with each other.

Let everyone start to come clean, just like the Argentinians who took the money, how did they get it, let them be frozen until they are investigated, **or deign to come clean.**

Or at least not be allowed to run and take office again, as the people are so hungry and malnourished by past miseries that for \$5. or for a couple of choripanes, they will give up their vote.

These presidential candidates are a national disgrace and disgrace.

This is not optical illusion, it is the starkest and most vile reality.

Their authors do **not even deserve to set foot on Argentine soil**, since their very presence should be repudiated like the **Pharisees.**

In faith and humility, Mary.

World Government

Let him write, let him write... my son, yes!... how is this, how is that... but me? as I said... -it's Chinese||, for me.

In faith and humility, Mary

...An **Individuation Process** presupposes the maturation of psychological contents that shape the whole person, its influence produces a number of situations that in themselves constitute the *life-history-time-form* of an individual-microcosm.

According to their generation, there are two types of psychological contents; those whose generation is the product of the **application of Karmic or Dharmic remnants**, which come from coexisting cultural macro-spaces, on the particular **actualisation of chaos** in a **given space of meaning or World**, to which the consciousness is referred, and those whose generation is the product of the way in which the will of the individual-microcosm resolves or does not resolve the aforementioned contents.

These remnants coming from co-existing, if you will, parallel cultural macro-spaces, are none other than those produced by the successive life-actualisations of the transmigrating Monads in different worlds, present in themselves, but past as far as the Monad's point of view is concerned.

The phenomenon of metempsychosis erases from the current memory all traces of previous life-actualisations and thus the individual-microcosm, the product of the new Monadic actualisation, possesses a set of psychological contents and a vehicle shaped for this purpose which propel it towards a **"safe destiny"**.

To the resolution of these intricate labyrinths the Spirit is continuously and confusedly engaged, thus sustaining its own enchainment to this insane illusion of endless Worlds and endless circumstances, whose only end is the exploitation of its inexhaustible energy-will that drives ceaselessly, the unspeakable Monadic evolution towards final perfection, which is none other than himself, **God, Jehovah, Jehovah, IL, Enlil, The One**, or however he pleases to call himself in each space of signification of the actualisation of the ordering of his own substance.

With the renewal of the covenant with Moses, civilisation was conditioned to the **Individuation Process of the Jewish Race**, such a situation presupposes an inescapable reference for every cultural event that takes place in the world, in other words, there is no cultural event that is not referred in some way, be it present, past or future, to the realisation of the plans of the **Sacred Race**, the Hebrews.

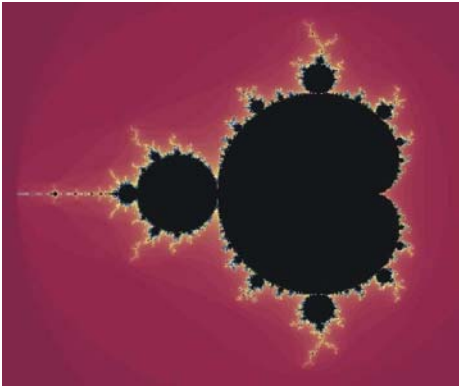
Thus the fundamental fact of world hegemony, of a **Jewish World Government**, is in reality the responsibility of all, without distinction of colour or creed, it is the mandate of God, the One Creator, a fatal destiny, as we said... **inescapable from the human point of view....**

In these cases of **Planetary Individuation Processes**, the social psychological contents are none other than the different **Social Movements** of the left, the right, the centre, etc., that drive the constitution of frontiers, that determine Nations, that generate National Independences, that wield Banners and Flags, that determine feelings that overwhelm the soul, thrill the heart and inflame the blood... all of them, contents that must **-MATURE and EXTINGUISH"** in order to give place to the one Sun, which shines in fullness in the **realm of the Jewish Planetary Consciousness**.

The new generations can already be observed referring -naturally|| to the future of their existence in terms of globalisation, because the world's nationalisms are already exhausted, their leaders are dead or have been efficiently corrupted in an effort to accelerate -maturation||.

The independences of the world were driven by **skilful Jews disguised as warlords** or simply behind them, the same ones who then recommended -savage decisions|| in pursuit of Independence, Sovereignty, Honour, etc., armies to war and then to power, to later judge them and crush them, once the Republics were re-established, they implemented the financial offensive with the creation of the **International Monetary Fund** and the total dependence on the **Stock Exchanges**, a body that deserves a separate chapter.

The mechanism that determines the management of the Stock Exchange **is the same mechanism** that determines the existence and administers the actualisation of the countless Karmic or Dharmic contents, actualisations in the form of groupings of rooted designs of the various entities, formed on the basis of the aforementioned actualisation of the one chaos, for microcosmic processes and of any kind, i.e., the said "**mechanism**" is the administrator of **the marrow** of the extraterrestrial engineering work, in terms of the production of volitional energy produced by the Spiritual Chaining to propel the evolution of the countless worlds that constitute in itself, **The Terrible Secret of Maya**...the illusion of created forms. This mechanism is found operating at the "**very boundary of created forms**", administering the becoming of those forms which stand between the **confused SELF, the reflection of the Eternal Spirit, and its Volitional Centre**.



To complete the analogy, it should be noted that **the papers** in the stock exchange are equivalent to the above-mentioned contents.

It is not easy to imagine the monstrosity of such a mechanism, its constant flow in the containment-ordering of the tireless repetitions of the same forms, actualising itself in the countless worlds, such **ordering of chaos** is amply represented in **fractal images**, where one can observe the **endless geometric abyss** proposed by a **potential infinity**, which is never accessed as **actual infinity**.

The unification of the world's stock exchanges is not a product of the history of the economic and financial development of nations, which is influenced by weather conditions, the merger or bankruptcy of companies, technological discoveries, wars, peace processes, etc... quite the opposite... **THE EVOLUTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL STOCK EXCHANGE DETERMINES THE LIFE-HISTORY-TIME-FORM OF THE SOCIAL ENTITY AND ITS ENVIRONMENT.**

A globalised world with disintegrating borders is managed by the International Stock Exchange... and some temporary traders to correct some significant deviations *on the spot*.

With the realisation of the World Government, History will end and peace will ensue... **which precedes the storm of The Final Battle, the Ices will burst... The Furious Army of Votan, The God of War... commanded by his General, The Warlord... The Eternal Führer... The GRAAL will illuminate the Battlefield and it will be the Gesta, the Liberation of Ours, The Reunion, The Stones will come to life and SHE will set the course... towards The Gate of Venus...**

CHAOS everywhere (Fractals)



The laws of chaos (so far under investigation) handle very common phenomena and activities, including **the fluctuation of the stock market**, the ball in a roulette wheel, the medium-term price of commodities, cigarette smoke, the pattern of waves on the beach, the folds of a waving flag, traffic on a motorway, international tensions and the accumulation of stars.

When, with the aid of computers far more perfect than today's, the exact incidence of each variable is discovered, it may be possible to predict everything. Or not.



NEW Magazine

**THE MYSTERY OF MARY UNVEILED:
ANTARCTIC CONSCIOUSNESS**


(Part 20).

ANTARCTIC AWARENESS

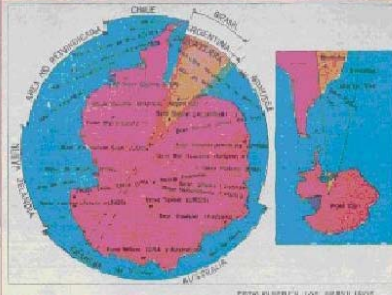
**DE UNA VEZ POR TODAS
TENEMOS QUE SABER
QUE ES LA ANTARTIDA**

**ANTARTIDA:
POR ARRIBA,
POR ABAJO,
PARA NO OLVIDAR**



ESTA NOTA TIENE UN SOLO OBJETIVO: LOGRAR QUE LOS ARGENTINOS TOMEMOS CONCIENCIA, DEFINITIVAMENTE, DE QUE LA ANTARTIDA NO ES SOLO ALGO MISTERIOSO, FASCINANTE Y LEJANO, SINO ALGO TANGIBLE, IMPORTANTE. ALGO QUE HAY QUE CUIDAR Y DEFENDER. DE UNA VEZ POR TODAS DEBEMOS DESPABILARNOS. MIRAR HACIA EL FUTURO. ESTE TRABAJO FUE HECHO POR UN "HOMBRE DE ANTARTIDA": EL VICECOMODORO RETIRADO MARIÓ LUIS OLEZZA, UNA AUTORIDAD EN LA MATERIA. PRETENDE ACLARAR DUDAS, ORIENTAR, ACABAR CON MUCHOS MITOS. ENFOCAR EL TEMA CON LOS PIES EN LA TIERRA.



ESTO QUIEREN LOS GRANDES

Este mapa que he hecho con el mismo mapa publicado por el gobierno de Chile, en un libro de 1964, es una muestra de los errores.

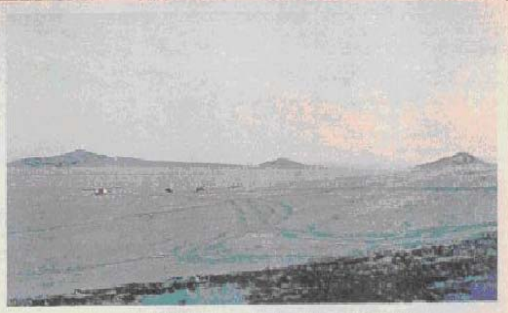
Por medio de esta manera, comencé a los habitantes de Chile a conocer mejor la Antártida. Una muestra de lo que es el mundo. Una muestra de lo que es el mundo. Una muestra de lo que es el mundo.

ANTARTICA

COMUNIDAD ANTARTICA

El problema: ¿quién es el dueño de estas riquezas? ¿los países signatarios del Tratado Antártico? ¿las nuevas naciones que, como Brasil, quieren hacerse al Sur? ¿Rusia o Estados Unidos, que con su política antisur, pretenden con sus potencias media económica en las tierras más australes del mundo?

En 1988 habrá que discutir, nuevamente, en la mesa de reuniones internacionales, el Tratado. ¿Dónde están, los actuales signatarios del Tratado? Más de diez, incluyendo Brasil. ¿Se respetará la soberanía del abuelo o, como siempre, la de los hechos? Un problema para los que hoy tienen 20, 25, 30 años de edad. Un problema urgente.



EN LA ANTARTIDA HAY DE TODO. PERO, ¿DE QUIÉN ES?

El uso de minas, los diamantes de África, el petróleo del Sahara, y Antártida: ¿el tratamiento de petróleo y uranio, carbón y otros. Estrategia militar, desde el hemisferio Sur, en un hemisferio de conflictos nucleares; mercados geopolíticos desde Oceanía, Lejano Oriente, América del Sur. Más el hambre de la humanidad, desde las ricas incalculables de las zonas antárticas. Meteorología para controlar pronósticos a largo plazo. ¿Es suficiente?

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UN "HOMBRE DE ANTARTIDA"

El autor de este informe, de este servicio especial para argentinos, es un veterano conocedor de la Antártida. Se llama Mario Luis Ojezza, tiene 45 años, tres hijos, es vicecomodoro retirado y —entre muchas otras cosas— hizo esto: participó en el primer aterrizaje en el glaciar Upsala, en el primer intento de vuelo transpolar, en el doble vuelo al Polo Sur, en el vuelo transpolar de 1965 y en la planificación y ejecución de la pista de la Base Marambio... Casi nada. Es escritor y tiene un "berretín" definitivo: la Patria Blanca. También tiene, por eso, un mote: "El colifa antártico". Y le gusta.



FECHAS, NOMBRES, HECHOS, HISTORIA...

1739 - PIERRE BOUVET DE LOZIER. Descubre la isla Bouvet (250 km al S.E. del Cabo de Buena Esperanza).

1772 - 1775 - JAMES COOK. Circunnavega al continente antártico (tres veces).

1819-1821 - THADDEUS ELLINGSHAUSEN. (Isas Traversa. Alejandro I y Pedro I. Cruzó cinco veces el Círculo Polar Antártico).

1823 - JAMES WEDDELL. Descubre el Mar de Weddell.

1831 - JOHN BISCOE. Avista la Tierra de Enderby, la Isla Adelaida y el archipiélago Biacoe.

1895 - CARSTEN BORCHGREVINK, LEONARD CHRISTENSEN y M. J. BULL. Los primeros en pisar el continente antártico.

1901 - 1903 - Expedición sueca al mando de Otto Nordenskiöld, de la cual forma parte el alférez José María Sordani. Naufragio del "Antarctic" y salvamento de la corbeta "Druggusy".

1901 - 1903 - Expedición escocesa al mando de William Bruce, instalación del observatorio argentino de Alta Nueva Isla de los Estados.

1904 - Ocupación de Orcadas por Argentina.

1907 - 1909 - Expedición inglesa de Ernest Shackleton. Se llega por primera vez al Polo Sur Magnético.

1911 - 1912 - El 14 de diciembre de 1911, Roald Amundsen llega al Polo Sur Geográfico.

1911 - 1912 - El 16 de enero de 1912, Robert F. Scott llega al Polo Sur Geográfico.

1947 - Vuelo del contralmirante Partlén, entre Santa Cruz y el Círculo Polar Antártico.

1954 - 1956 - Máxima penetración del rompehielos "General San Martín".

1957 - 1958 - Intento de llegar al Polo Sur, del general Hergan Pujato.

1958 - Tercera llegada al Polo Sur Geográfico por Edmund Hillary.

1959 - Llegada de los rusos al Polo Sur Geográfico.

1962 - 6 DE ENERO. PRIMER ATERRIZAJE ARGENTINO EN EL POLO SUR GEOGRAFICO. AL MANDO DEL CAPITAN DE FRAGATA HERMES QUEJADA.

1963 - Primer vuelo transpolar entre Sudáfrica y Nueva Zelanda, por sobre el Polo Sur Geográfico, por los Estados Unidos.

1965 - 4 de noviembre, segundo aterrizaje argentino en el Polo Sur Geográfico, al mando del comandante Mario L. Dieza.

1965 - 12 DE NOVIEMBRE. PRIMER VUELO TRANSPOLAR ARGENTINO ENTRE AMERICA Y LA BASE DE MC MURDO (NUEVA ZELANDA).

1965 - 10 DE DICIEMBRE. PRIMERA LLEGADA ARGENTINA, POR TIERRA, AL POLO SUR GEOGRAFICO. EXPEDICION AL MANDO DEL CORONEL JORGE IBA.

CUATRO MOMENTOS DECISIVOS DE LOS ÚLTIMOS DIEZ AÑOS



En el año 1965 un avión de la Fuerza Aérea, el 1420, transporta el primer correo aéreo internacional enviado desde tierra al Polo del Sur, en el avión de Héctor Domercq. Para ello tuvo que volar sobre Brasil y Paraguay, Rio Gallegos, Montevideo, Palermo, Povo San de Martín y Scott. Este avión transportaba en total una tonelada de correo aéreo, material y documental. Una contribución de la AERONÁUTICA ARGENTINA, F.F.T.A. y F.F.F.F. ARGENTINA y C.A.M.A.



El 10 de diciembre de 1965 una patrulla del Ejército al mando del coronel Carlos Jorge E. Last llegó al Polo Sur. Una hazaña.



Por una rotura convencional al desfiladero "Rancho" se trasladó a la Antártida Argentina. Quince en 1972 y en "Mercedino".



El diciembre de 1973 un avión de la Fuerza Aérea Argentina, comandado por el brigadier general Eduardo, realizó un vuelo transpolar por continente. Este hecho histórico es el punto final de las etapas de exploración y conquista y el punto inicial de la colonización polar.

En principio nos habíamos propuesto salir a la calle. ¿A cuál? A cualquiera. La suya, la mía, la nuestra. Y en la calle realizar una encuesta de cuatro preguntas. Elementales, simples, casi infantiles:

- 1) ¿Dónde está Antártida Argentina?
- 2) ¿Qué es Antártida Argentina?
- 3) ¿Para qué sirve Antártida Argentina?
- 4) ¿Por qué preocuparnos por Antártida Argentina?

No lo hicimos. ¿Por qué? No vale la pena. Hace 12 años que preguntamos. ¿A quiénes? A todos. Ministros, profesores, militares de todas las graduaciones, estudiantes, amas de casa, educadores, políticos, empresarios, obreros, periodistas, deportistas, artistas. Ciudadanos comunes y de los otros. De todos los niveles culturales, socia-

Claro, la culpa no es del chanchito... Falta comunicación, difusión, transferencia. Falta lo que sobra: medios sociales de comunicación masiva, gente que se ocupe de buscar y mostrar la verdad. Para que todo un pueblo sea capaz de conocer y conociendo pueda amar, y amando comience a colonizar.

No vale la pena salir a la calle. Estamos en la calle. Pertenezcemos a un pueblo y a una generación que no es historia, porque la está haciendo. Aquí intentaremos dar respuestas. No de su o de mi Antártida Argentina, sino de nuestra Antártida Argentina.

Comenzamos por el principio: enunciando el problema. ¿La solución? La tendremos cuando el 80 por ciento responda correctamente a las cuatro preguntas...

NUESTRAS RESPUESTAS

Antártida ha sido, es y seguirá siendo un problema por resolver. Los problemas son, en definitiva, preguntas que formulamos o intentamos responder. Cuatro preguntas no son muchas, y sin embargo, desde ellas, podríamos enunciar toda una cuestión. Casi siempre debe ser así: antes de intentar llegar a la solución, es necesario primero enunciar... Detenemos, suspendernos, respirar, cobrar aliento, pensar. Es preferible ver claro de qué se trata antes de iniciar la marcha.

¿Vale la pena, para los argentinos, "hacer" Antártida? ¿Es una cuestión de honor histórico o también una realidad pragmática y po-

sitiva? ¿Exclusivamente ciencia o también negocio? ¿Antártida como un mito inaccesible para el común denominador de los ciudadanos o Antártida para un pueblo? ¿Algunos pocos o todos? ¿Antártida para los antárticos o Antártida para los argentinos? "Es cosa de locos"... "Una aventura para utópicos..." "Para los románticos e idealistas de siempre"... "Una aventura..." "Una ilusión".

Tal vez sí, tal vez no. Es nuestro intento. Para ello trataremos de responder cuatro preguntas: Dónde, qué, para qué, por qué... Así de simple, así de real.

¿DONDE ESTA ANTARTIDA ARGENTINA?

Los seres humanos, habitantes y ciudadanos del Planeta Tierra, estamos abandonando un concepto geográfico y físico por el cual achatamos la visión real de nuestro paisaje terrestre. Estamos

abandonando la Tierra. Estamos emigrando hacia el espacio exterior, hacia las galaxias, rumbo a las estrellas. Primero el salto dificultoso de unos pocos miles de kilómetros hacia el cosmos. Cápsula espacial, satélites, cohetes, la Luna, estación orbital. No importa tanto el hecho en sí mismo sino la resultante psicológica y mental. Estamos aprendiendo a ver las cosas en su justa dimensión. La Tierra como esferoide de revolución es un cuerpo que gira, camina, se mueve en un espacio sin límites. Aparece más como una pequeña forma esférica, como un punto, como una idea, que como una franja lisa y recta. Desde la geometría limitada hacia la cosmografía del infinito. Todo esto es real.

La evolución es así. Primero la idea mágica y poco concreta de una Tierra cuadrada, o a espaldas del Hércules mitológico, o andando un camino sobre el lomo del elefante o la tortuga lenta y progresiva.

Después la realidad: es "redonda". Galileo y su heliocentrismo se aproxima a la verdad. Desde la imaginación a lo concreto.

Colón llega a Indias. No importa tanto el lugar: importa llegar ahí este por el oeste.

Verdades inconclusas. Pequeñas verdades para el gran Verdad. Límites y extensión del misterio.

Hoy, 1974, estamos frente a una realidad más concreta con respecto a la forma, a la posición y a la ubicación de nuestro laboratorio terrestre y el mundo circundante. Los astronautas, satélites, cohetes, ojivas, fotografías, televisión, dicen y expresan claramente una visión física del Planeta.

Cuando convivimos desde la familia hasta la Nación y desde la Nación hasta el Universo, hacemos política. Así como existe una evolución espacial también una evolución (a veces revolución) temporal. Las escalas de espacio y tiempo, tanto físicas como existenciales, tienen un valor de "metro patrón" para medir la aventura del hombre. Si fundimos espacio y tiempo para convivir, hacemos geopolítica. Dentro de, desde, apretados en, limitados por... la Tierra.

Ya no es así. Aparece una nueva concepción, hipótesis, teoría, realidad, concreta noción del hombre y las escalas del espacio y el tiempo: la espaciopolítica.

¿Qué tiene que ver esto, todo esto, con Antártida y la primera pregunta?

Ubicación y forma de ver, para poder entender.

Desde un concepto físico hacia una idea. Desde una forma de ver hacia una forma de creer. Desde



les, económicos, generacionales. El 80 por ciento, que ya es bastante, responde mal, expresa mal, contesta mal.

"Está abajo..." "Es frío, hielo y nieve..." "Sirve para que vivan los pingüinos..." "Los que van allá están medio locos..." "Son aventureros y románticos..." "¿No sería mejor ocuparse de Jujuy o Santiago del Estero antes de gastar plata allí...?" "Es un desierto estéril y sin vida..." "¿Qué sé yo dónde está ni para qué sirve? En la escuela me enseñaron que..."

Y esto ocurre a pesar de ciertas promociones exageradas y aprovechadas, a pesar de los vuelos traslapados o del interés de Brasil, a pesar de los yacimientos de petróleo o uranio. A pesar de... todavía hoy, 1974, Antártida Argentina sigue siendo cuatro preguntas con respuestas equivocadas, con prejuicios obstinados, con conceptos snob, para específicos y especialistas, para aprovechados... Peor aún: a veces sigue siendo cuatro preguntas sin respuesta.

OLVIDARSE DE ANTARTIDA ES PECADO. EL FUTURO NO SE REGALA. . .

una visión física hacia una realidad del espíritu.

¿Antártida está abajo? ¿Tierra del Fuego está abajo? ¿El Hemisferio Sur, y más concretamente la zona polar, son el "Fondo del Mundo"? ¿El Artico es el Techo?

Los mapas argentinos están mal. Mal en sus escalas. Mal en su ubicación. Mal en su realidad física y en su concepción intelectual. Mal.

Primer problema para enunciar: ¿Dónde está el sur?

La Tierra, el esferoide de revolución, en su espacio, no tiene arriba ni abajo, y según nos conveniga, en acuerdo y convención, tradición o costumbre, desde toda una serie de argumentos para VER LO QUE NOS QUIEREN HACER VER Y NO VER UNA REALIDAD TAN NUEVA Y TAN VIEJA COMO EL PLANETA Y EL HOMBRE.

La Tierra es un esferoide de revolución que gira en el espacio sin arribas ni abajos concretos. Más aún: ¿dónde está el Polo Sur elevado o astronómico? Más aún: ¿si cueigo un mapa sobre una pared que mira al sur, dónde está el río de la Plata? Derecha o izquierda, arriba o abajo, simplemente elementos dispersos para visualizar una posición geográfica que ya es espacipolítica.

Cuanto más aproximemos nuestra ubicación a la realidad, mejor veremos esa realidad. Es necesario dar vuelta los mapas, construirlos en proyección polar, hacer en una sola escala toda Argentina. Tener más próxima la verdad que nos están escamoteando.

Desde una nueva y vieja cartografía: con proyección polar para el hemisferio sur; dando vuelta los mapas y colocándolos en una misma escala, comenzaremos a ver una realidad física, a tener una concepción mental, a vivir una situación psicológica distinta.

Las fotografías, gráficos y mapas que acompañan esta nota son claros y por demás explicativos.

Los países están en la Tierra en una posición geo y espacipolítica relativa. Desde las escalas espacio y tiempo debemos "ver" nuestra verdadera y real perspectiva histórica. Limitamos por el sur con Oceanía, llegamos por el sur a Lejano Oriente, la estrategia es clara aunque puede ser sorprendente. Cuando en 1962 lo dijimos, hace apenas 12 años, parecía un poco infantil y hasta ridículo. No hay otra alternativa para Argentina: el sur. Los desiertos son verdaderos tapones geopolíticos. Separan o reúnen las comunidades o grupos de intereses. Antártida es nuestra única solución. Chile posee el Pacífico, Sud Africa tiene otra posibilidad estratégica, Oceanía mira hacia Oriente, Lejano Oriente se asoma por el sur.

¿Otros países? Inglaterra, Rusia, Estados Unidos, Brasil... Sí, hasta Brasil intenta una nueva estrategia. ¿Cómo? Agotada su larga y dilatada carrera hacia las cuencas (Orinoco, Amazonas y Plata), intenta una especie de copamiento del sur, del hemisferio y del Polo.

Nos quiere pasar por encima. Pretende un sector antártico.

Cuando en 1988 discutamos el Tratado Antártico tal vez esté sentado a la misma mesa. Abrir el paraguas antes que llueva es oportuno y sabio. ¿Cómo?

Cometimos un error: firmar el tratado en las condiciones que imponieron los demás.

Dice Sánchez Viamonte: "Evidentemente hay contradicción, y muy flagrante, entre la declaración inicial del artículo 4 (se refiere al tratado Antártico) que hemos transcrito, y el artículo 7, que consigna el derecho reconocido a todas las partes contratantes (Argentina, Australia, Bélgica, Chile, Francia, Japón, Noruega, N. Zelanda, África del Sur, Rusia, Gran Bretaña y Estados Unidos), para designar observadores cuyo objetivo es inspeccionar la observancia del tratado. Esto ya significa una situación jurídica que excluye la soberanía Argentina y la reemplaza con una soberanía compartida internacionalmente por doce naciones colocadas en un mismo plano de igualdad. La soberanía no se comparte. Es excluyente. Se tiene o no, pero es inseparable de su ejercicio."

No es tarde. Estamos a tiempo. Dependiendo de la proyección que empleemos para ver nuestra ubicación en la espacipolítica Argentina. Depende de una estrategia. Depende de...

"Si todo está bien, pero... ¿qué es? ¿Para qué y por qué nos preocupamos por un desierto de hielos y de nieves eternas?"

SEGUNDA PREGUNTA: ¿QUE ES ANTARTIDA ARGENTINA?

Desde la espacipolítica vamos al paisaje. Antártida es un planeta dentro del planeta. Nos resultaría difícil, muy difícil y casi imposible intentar definir el ámbito antártico. No hay palabras, fotografías, pinturas, filmes que sean capaces de aproximarse a aquella realidad.

¿Cómo transferir sus islas, cordilleras, glaciares, mares semicongelados, desiertos y mesetas, su clima? ¿Cómo expresar su belleza trágica de privación, inalcanzable? ¿Cómo transcribir su color; cuando el sol, traspasando hielos, se transforma en arco iris y tinte de rosas, amarillos, azules, rojos, violetas, los blancos y transparentes? ¿Cómo expresar sus magnitudes, los témpanos de 2, 3, 5 mil metros de largo, 50 y 60 de altura, 8 y 9 veces su volumen sumergido en "familias" de 10, 20, 30, derivando en los mares azules profundos, verde lechosos, entre bandejonos y escarcha?

¿Qué pintor, escultor, artista es capaz de copiar su meseta polar, sus glaciares volviéndose cataratas de grietas, sus montañas de piedras lamidas y en espejo? Sólo un cincel desde la mano de un dios...

Distintas antártidas. Por latitudes, por distancias, por situaciones de geografía y clima. No es lo mismo la de los 65 grados sur que la de 70 ó 90. No es lo mismo la noche polar en la base General Belgrano, con sus cuatro meses siempre de estrellas, sombras, estrachos horizontes congelados, que en la estación científica Almirante Brown, donde el glaciar derrumba su cataclismo de belleza y armonía hacia la Bahía Paraiso, congelada, limitada por una sinfonía de colores y luces.

Aquellos 88 grados centígrados bajo cero de la base rusa Vostok, el viento de casi 350 kilómetros por hora de nuestra base Esperanza; la calma inconcebible desde un sol pleno, radiante, integro en Petrel.

Un ámbito fuera de lo real, más

allá de lo físico, dentro del espíritu. Y en él, como asomos de la especie humana, las ciudades aisladas, donde 10, 15 ó 20 hombres se asemejan a profetas fuera de su tiempo y de su espacio. Comunidades primitivas en el siglo XX. Una estructura distinta y vertical. Cuando el hombre deja sus atributos artificiales y se transforma nuevamente en hombre.

Nuevas dimensiones sociales para vivir. Autoridad desde un valor moral, intelectual y físico. Por el coraje de hacerse valiente de tanto sentir y vencer el miedo. Trabajos

y esfuerzos en comunidad real, donde cada uno vale en noción de ese pequeño cosmos. Un médico hace medicina pero también hombre cajones y sirve las mesas, lava los pisos y también ayuda al alma, confortando en la confesión directa, sin las mentiras o falsas vergüenzas del mundo sofisticado de cada día. La familia es verdad en la distancia y el tiempo. El sentido de caridad por el prójimo no se disfraza de limosna; es sólo amor.

Las especies animales acompañan este conjunto de armonía natural y fuera del equilibrio político impuesto o ajeno a la voluntad o inteligencia.

Los grandes cetáceos, desde las orcas y ballenas hasta las focas y pingüinos, pasando por las aves y peces, cierran un ciclo vital que comienza en las profundidades de sus mares. Desde el fito y el zooplancton, desde una reserva de microvegetales y microanimales capaces de salvar el "hambre" de la humanidad.

El cero casi absoluto de la vida en el continente, en la tierra firme. El universo de la vida en los mares, desde donde comenzó su ciclo vital el hombre. Desde don-

**OBLIGATORIO:
DECIR "NUESTRA"
ANTARTIDA
Y NO
"LA" ANTARTIDA**

de, tal vez, lo reanude.

Necesidad de llevarlo todo consigo para caminar un metro o vivir un minuto. Mochila en las espaldas para andar el desierto. Todo, inclusive el agua; porque es necesario descongelar el hielo, aportar le combustible y energía, para hacerlo líquido.

Cada base, cada patrulla, cada vuelo, necesita interpretar clara y precisamente el concepto de desierto: llevarlo todo con uno para vivir tanto tiempo o recorrer tanta distancia. Prever y planificar cada viaje.

La concepción física de Antártida; su geografía, escapa a la posibilidad de la descripción humana. Pertenece a los valores del espiri-

tu. Es más una necesidad de belleza que la belleza misma. Trágica en ese drama de los inconcebibles e inexplicables para la mente humana.

"Sí, todo está bien, pero, ¿para qué y por qué nos preocupamos por un desierto de hielos y de nieves eternas?"

TERCERA PREGUNTA: ¿PARA QUE ANTARTIDA ARGENTINA?

Desde el paisaje como valor ambiental pasamos al paisaje en su estructura. Desde la exploración y la conquista...

Etapas en la vida del hombre, momentos más o menos definidos. Primero el conocimiento, después el dominio. Con Antártida, como con todos los lugares físicos del planeta y también del espacio, pasó lo mismo.

Desde los griegos, imaginación y lógica, hasta los fogueros y balnearios. Desde una idea más o menos lógica hasta el contacto sensible con los hechos.

¿Quién fue el primer hombre que vio Antártida? Jamás lo sabremos. Porque aquel que fue el primero prefirió silenciar su descubrimiento para no entregar las focas y ballenas a sus adversarios comerciales. Ganó en el negocio y perdió la posibilidad de ingresar a la historia. Es cuestión de saber elegir.

Conocemos otros hechos. Fechas, nombres, lugares; son sólo el manifiesto expreso de aventuras inconcebibles. Desde la Antártida tropical, desde su misterio de la deriva de los continentes, en los

vegetales de climas ecuatoriales
TxD**taG e higY0gcgs into *jan ,Je. Tal

¿El Sahara fue el Polo Sur y Antártida era tierra fértil y caliente? ¿Antártida formó parte de un solo continente con Australia, África, América, Tasmania? ¿Debajo de sus hielos, miles y miles de metros debajo, no se esconderá el misterio del principio de los tiempos y del hombre?

Una aventura para la imaginación que intenta descubrir la ciencia. La ciencia se convierte así en el objetivo primario dentro del desierto. Con ella, desde la meteorología y glaciología, desde el estudio de las auroras y de las capas ioni-

zadas, desde la biología marina, desde muchos conceptos, se explora, se penetra, se profundiza el misterio del continente misterio.

Progresivamente, a medida que el hombre penetra, la conquista.

Es necesario trasladarlo todo. Casas, usinas, comida, vestuario, energía, laboratorios, música, libros,

juegos... Todo. Se avanza en Antártida. Se reconoce el desierto de más de 14 millones de kilómetros cuadrados de superficie. Se aprende a vivir en él.

Los buques navegan sus mares. Los vehículos oruga, los trineos de perros, los aviones, abren surcos nuevos, caminos. El hombre anda su tierra.

Primero fueron los imaginativos, aventureros, locos, románticos... Los que creían y creen en el misterio. La ciencia sirve a la tecnología, la tecnología resuelve problemas logísticos y operativos; se avanza, penetra, descubre, conquista.

Sin embargo, las etapas de exploración y conquista tienen un fin, tienen que tenerlo. Un objetivo. Una misión para la tarea del hombre.

"Sí, todo está bien, pero, ¿por qué nos preocupamos por un desierto de hielo y nieves eternas?"

CUARTA PREGUNTA: ¿POR QUE ANTARTIDA ARGENTINA?

Desde el conocimiento del paisaje al mundo de los hechos. Desde

la imaginación y la aventura hacia el pragmatismo del negocio. Porque jamás se separan colonización de pragmatismo. Es la nueva etapa: colonizar. Pero hace falta el porqué.

Argentina interviene a medias en la etapa de conquista de Antártida, y muy poco, casi nada, en la de exploración. Argentina ingresa en Antártida de una manera más romántica que práctica, planificada o estructurada. No con objetivos nacionales y políticos claros. La palabra soberanía, que debe ser integral, no es suficiente. No se puede hoy recitar o hacer retórica. Vivimos de realidades. Sin embargo, Argentina es la primera en iniciar positivamente la etapa de colonización antártica. ¿Cómo? ¿Dónde?

Uno de los problemas fundamentales de Antártida es su aislamiento. Era necesario tender un puente pazaores and patabras. t os truches çxslazes j x1ian, ues " four mc

ses al año, y a veces, reunir físicamente el continente desierto y el resto del planeta. No había más solución positiva que la ruta aérea. Pero una ruta aérea es más que un avión volando. Inclusive, el avión es una consecuencia de una cantidad de factores que deben coordinarse armónica y estructuralmente. Meteorología, comunicaciones de apoyo y para navegar, abas-

tecimiento, infraestructura, instrucción y adaptación, seguridad, son algunos de los tantos elementos que conjugan la posibilidad de una ruta aérea.

Se logró. A costa de mucha lucha, incompreensión, amarguras, desesperanzas, sacrificios, pero se logró. No era negocio en aquel momento.

Desde octubre de 1969 Argentina opera una ruta aérea permanente hacia y desde la Antártida. El puente está construido. En cualquier momento se pueda reunir, físicamente, Antártida con el resto del Planeta. Somos los primeros y por ahora los únicos.

Hemos comenzado a colonizar. Falta el valor práctico, positivo, real, tangible. Allí está todo. Yacimientos de petróleo, de cobre, de hierro. Minerales sofisticados como el uranio. Las cordilleras milenarias brindan sus capacidades potenciales. El fondo de los mares, sus riquezas para matar el hambre de la humanidad. Rutas aéreas comerciales hacia nuevos mercados como los de Oceanía y Lejano Oriente, a través del sur; justificaciones estratégicas y posibilidades de lanzamientos de cohetes de bases antárticas; el turismo fabricando los últimos "safaris" en la Tierra. Mil y una realidades concretas y que son negocio para el hombre contemporáneo. Pero falta más.

Normalmente exploran y conquistan unos pocos imaginativos, idea-

listas, románticos y jocos. Con ellos alcanza. Pero sólo COLONIZA TODO UN PUEBLO. Claro, sólo arriesga hacia algo quien ama y sólo ama quien conoce. Y conoce quien aprende. A través de los medios masivos de comunicación debemos educar, entregar, dar, hacer conocer.

En las escuelas, sí. En las universidades, sí. En las cátedras, sí. En las exposiciones, sí. Pero más con un criterio de nivel universal y masivo. Una Antártida para un selecto número de intelectuales o especialistas es la muerte de Antártida. Una Antártida de anécdotas, porque así se escribe la historia. Es una Antártida eficaz. Una Antártida Argentina que entendamos todos, para todos y desde todos.

No es conveniente por ahora, vivir de Antártida, sino para Antártida. Ya vendrán quienes la aprovecharán y harán sus negocios. Es importante, debe ser así, mientras lo hagamos desde Argentina, con argentinos, para argentinos.

Una palabra es la clave en este momento: difusión. Con todos los medios que se dispongan. Radio, TV, cine, revistas. Con todos.

"Crisis de temas... ¿me dice un funcionario importante. ¿Y? ¿A tártida, qué? ¿No da para una telenovela o para un largometraje documental? "No es comercial... Me decía un productor de telenovelas ambiguas y de programas cómicos. No, no da aparentemente

para nosotros, pero si para los italianos, que vinieron a filmar el largometraje apoyándose en nuestros buques, en nuestras bases, y nuestra capacidad logística y operativa.

Si que da. Depende de la imaginación para crear, de la capacidad para vivir, del interés para dejar de ser mediocres. Depende de la honestidad para sentir nuestra patria.

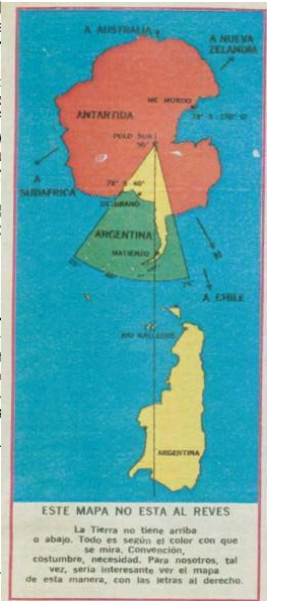
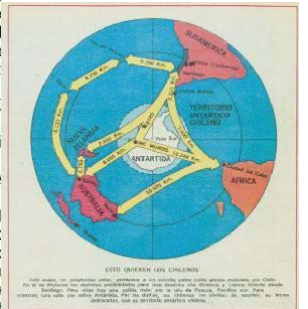
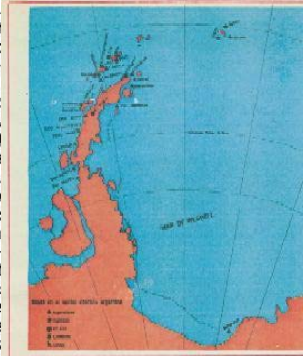
Tenemos miedo de Brasil, de E.U., de U.R.S.S., de Inglaterra. Ridículo. Tenemos que tener miedo de nuestra propia ceguera.

DIFUNDIR. Difundir bien, corrala y progresivamente, en serio.

El ministro de Economía me decía, hace pocos días, que el Estado ha previsto la construcción de una pista, de un hospital, de un hotel en la base Marambio. Eso es positivo. Lo importante es no demorar, no especular demasiado con lo perfecto y quedarnos sin nada. Hacélo ya, y ahora. Tenemos un caso efectivo. Nos consta. Una compañía de turismo ofreció de 40 a 50 turistas mensuales para hacer uno o dos vuelos a Antártida. Esos turistas son los que buscan el safari. Pagan en dólares, en divisas para el país. Quieren ir ya. Hay que llevarlos ya, antes que se "aviven" otros.

Hemos expuesto una necesidad y las posibilidades. O lo hacemos todos, nosotros, los argentinos, o harán... cualesquiera, otros...

El problema está enunciado. Estado tiene la obligación primaria, pero todos somos de alguna manera responsables. Todos, inclusive los antárticos que han "militado" Antártida, para vivir a costa de ella, en vez de vivir para ella. Algunos se ofenderán, los mismos comprenderán, otros harán.



Repugnant a raises ceder la Antártida encuesta que

Indignación en Chubut ante
 consultation on the
 adoption of a joint
 government with the IMF.
 with the IMF

Una

The "Comodoro Rivadavia" was the subject of an enquiry from a very serious town authority that the Chubutans would be willing to cede Antarctica in order to pay off the external debt and

members of the IMF, which prompted a group of deputies to present a request for an informal arrangement at the national government.

The surprising consultation, which was carried out by the consultancy firm Glacòbbe y Cíados on behalf of a European company which is supposedly trying to expand its operations in Patagonia, aroused fears among some inhabitants of Comodoro Rivadavia, who tried to find out the purpose of the questionnaire.

Chubut Congressman Víctor Cisun echoed the strong criticisms of the Executive!

kind of survey, and, together with a group of other people, is a great cause for concern.

about this kind of survey and, together

of a comprehensive country.
 orme to the Nation.

The survey consulted too chu

tensed it would accept ceding rights Argentine Antarctica, a change of the payment of the external debt and 'acceptance'.

The tripartite government with members of the International Council/Monetary International.

The Taibien required the opinion of Joe citizens on whether they would agree to cede Chubut's fiscal territories in order to balance the provincial public debt and whether they would agree to the unification of Río Negro; Chubut, Magiita;

Druz y Tierca del Tuégo en una sola provincia o región.

The legislators noted in their bill that the survey prepared by the firm Ojacobbe and Associates "raises concerns and fears that the grace crisis would not be taken seriously by

that we Argentinians are going through".

The Patagonian deputies argued that "consultations such as these, based on false evaluations, function as a form of 'union, highly risky': For selfish reasons,

The 'strong criticisms of the Poder The Committee is concerned about this kind of survey, and, together with a group of other people, is a great cause for

The Committee is extremely concerned with a group of Patagonian legislators, he The Committee is concerned about the lack and sober, according to Drincipios clue

The draft resolution is part of the essence of the Argentine.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Intrinsic esoteric experiences

(Part 30).

Intrinsic esoteric experiences

October 27th 2003, Rosario, cradle of the Flag.

To Internet readers.

I am going to tell you something that is in itself unusual but at the same time very significant.

First I will comment on something that aroused my curiosity, I was in my house in Villa Diego, already a widow, and I was waiting with the food for my son, which was already ready in the Brammetal heater, I was stirring the stew that he asked me to make *"like Grandma did"*, whether it was mustachioed noodles, moñitos or snails.

When he suddenly arrived and shouted, he said to me: *"old lady, you don't know what they showed me from above"*, and I asked him: *"so what, tell me..."* and he said to me: *"Haaa... no, if they didn't show it to you, is it because you don't have to know?"* I was curious, but I knew how to hide it well and I told him: *"yes, you'd better not tell me, if they don't want it from above?"...*, and he said: *"well... let's see, does the name Lisett mean anything to you? and I said no, and he said: "you see, I'm right".*

He had come from the company, which had given him a scholarship a year ago, he was 18 years old.

Ten years went by, my son went to Antarctica, and he left me in a ladies' boarding house, which is next to the La Uruguay ice-cream parlour, which I had heard about from others, the owner was a Spaniard.

So I had a room on the street, I didn't meet anyone, so when **the aliens** took me, no one knew about it, *it was all "weird"*. One time they took me and one day they showed me one of my past lives, but not only did they show it to me, **they made me live it again**, and I almost went crazy.

I lived in a castle in England and I was French, and one day a suitor came and declared his love for me and I was offended and I took him out with a loud box and said: *"How dare you, you are a poor Russian from the Steppes and I am a lady, you don't see where I live, I am in a castle surrounded by luxury and you... What can you offer me, if you live in the Steppes? What can you offer me, if you live in the Steppes"*, I was embroidering on a standing frame and next to it was a small table with long legs, 3 legs, there was a box of chocolates that I -liked|| with the tips of my fingers.

That little table reminds me of those old photos of the bride sitting down and the groom, with a moustache and his arm resting on that table, stop.

I continue with the story.

The Russian turned and walked away, of course I wanted to demean and humiliate him, to make him see reason, for his nonsense.

After a while, the Russian returned with a half-curved dagger or scimitar and slit the throats of everyone in the castle.

I had an ankle-length dress with a corset and a bun.

...When he finished with the extermination, he came in with a shiny black horse, took me by the waist, lifted me up and put me on the horse and sat me down, kidnapping me....

He had black knee-high boots, white trousers tucked into the boots, white coat buttoned up, left ending at the shoulder and a stand-up collar.

He had a white cloak fastened with a silver chain around his neck.

He took me at a gallop to the steppes, it was an immensity all snowy, the snow covered everything, not a building could be seen in width and length, not a tree, he stopped suddenly, got off the horse and bent down to the ground and lifted a lid, as if it were a cellar, I got off the horse we descended a staircase, and there was his house.

...In another sequence, he came running, on his black horse and when he arrived at the property where the house was, underground... and El Ruso, coming at a gallop, was shouting: "Lisett, Lisett, Lisett! and I was cooking on a wood-burning cooker built into the wall, and I was heating the atmosphere, I took my apron and hooked the end of it around my waist and started to climb the stairs, when I was on solid ground with snow I closed the lid and shouted: "Borislav, Borislav".... he came at full gallop and when I lifted my legs the horse... at full gallop, at a run and he took me by the waist and put me on the horse... and every day he would take me for a ride through the snowy countryside...

Then we would enter the house

Of course... he had already tamed me. In that life he was my husband, -The Russian|. The Russian was my son in this life, and in the previous one my husband, so these are lives we lived together.

When he came back from Antarctica, I told him that I had also been shown **who Lisett was....** to which he just started to unpack.

What you don't see in these exhibitions are indecencies, obscene acts and, even less, sex practices, - just in case you are curious|.

I continue, when he came back from the Antarctic, he looked like a Russian and he said to me: "*what a climate, how it made me feel, I would stay there forever!*"... I explained on another page that as he was asthmatic he took with him an arsenal of medicines; vaporiser, pills, injections, and he must not have used a single pill or injection, that climate must have been dry, "***if in another life he was a Russian from the steppes, he was in his element...***".

Of course I was shown several lives and we were always together, so it's like he's my other half and that's how I feel, like I'm incomplete.

In another life he was my 14-year-old little brother and I was like when I became a

widow, about 29 years old. In another sequence, I already knew how to explain this.

We were Chinese, -a married couple||, he had a ponytail and a beard in a beak and moustaches only at the corner of his lips, also a few locks, he had a buttoned jacket with a mao collar, trousers, sleeve cuffs, and the edge of the sleeve about 4 cm. in black and a black satin outfit with yellow parrot patterns on green branches, while I had a kimono, black with wide sleeves of black satin with large red flowers, black sleeve cuffs and sleeve edges.

Well, well... since my son found out that I already knew who he was... Lisett, Borislav, why... he started to harass me and tell me: *"if you think you're going to make such a fuss over me... and when we were travelling: "take the right things, you've run out of servants and servants to carry the chests to the coach, you don't have them any more and now it's your poor son who has to do the cinching"...*

In short, it was a comedy, but when we spoke nobody understood anything. I was also in Damascus.

I always told my son: *"I lived in a place that had a fountain, I always remember it"....*

And one day my son said to me: *"describe it to me, or better yet draw it for me"...* and one day my son was watching television and he shouted to me: *"old lady, old lady, come quickly, look!"...* and I went and to our surprise, the fountain appeared and it was in Damascus and he said to me: *"look, it is still there, I am going to take you and we are going to see it".... when?.... of course it will be in another life.*

I have already commented on this on another page, on the subject that when I fell asleep I would always go into a house surrounded by half a metre of wall which was the support for some black bars, ending in a very high arrow and the front was covered with water, there the pavement ended and then the water followed, it was a river and as if the river had been growing, **"like the one in Melincué"**, and had been swallowing or taking over everything in its path, one day my son told me:

-So I did, I described it and drew it, and he said to me: *"today, today? it's the same one I'm going to, so in that house, we both live there"*, and I tell him: *"don't tell me that you also go to that house, because if that's the case we'll have to take turns, to go there it's not a question of me going there when I get "drunk" with you and it turns out that you're there"*.

In faith and humility, Mary.

I expect to be shown all past lives.

I will begin to explain the past lives I was shown by the Extraterrestrials.

Apart from the kidnapping I was subjected to by the Russian... and taking me to the -steppes|| where he lived, previously taking me out of the castle in which I lived as I was a -Great Lady||.

I lived with my family, they were French and the castle was in England.

Well, I go on... the Russian was infatuated with getting my hand, which I had turned him down several times, but the last one was the definitive one, it was clear that the Russian had set his deadline.

And I was so indignant that I could find no justification or explanation for such stubbornness.

So, scorned, humiliated and belittled, he opted to take justice in his own way.

He came with a scimitar, a dagger and slit their throats, I was terrified, behind the frame, which was like a medium sized fountain, I was hiding behind it, he came with the bloody dagger, I squeezed my eyes shut, the Russian grabbed me by the waist, shook me off the seat and sat me on the horse and galloped off.

A few days later, I saw the disaster again.

I went in through a side door, she was lying on a sofa, with her head on the armrest... and on tiptoe I spied her... and the woman opened her eyes, she was all bloody and I screamed and ran away, but then a man, a gentleman of nobility, like a prince, had a satin suit, all embroidered. I run away terrified at the sight of so much blood.

And when I wanted to escape, right at the exit of the castle, a white chicken with its throat slit fell on me and I rushed screaming and another and another fell on me from the terrace, and then the Russian arrived and shouted at me: *what are you doing here!* And he lifts me up and we gallop off, the soap still lasts.

Another time, the one who in that life was my husband -The Russian||, in this one was

my son. In another, he was my husband, he was Chinese, I was Chinese.

In another life he was my brother and I was his sister.

What I want to point out is that the woman is always a woman and the man is always a man, with the same physiognomy, always the same physique.

So I lived in China, in England, in Damascus, in Russia, in -Argentina||.....

The point was that he asked for us to be put together, so we had been incarnated together for lifetimes.

Because of this issue, when we got so angry, I would say, like him, not to ask to be sent together, on missions, and he would start: *"but what a fool I was, to forget and ask again!*

Well, the thing was that not only he and I were shown past lives, like films and we are always the same, he started to be shown from the age of 17, I was shown from about 35.

And the remarkable thing is that there are people who have access to the past and can see the records, that power was always with my son, he used it if necessary, for some reason.

But one problem we always had when we went to the cinema, usually to the -Heraldo||, it was our great weakness to go to the Disney cartoons and we would burst out laughing, is that neither of us had a childhood.

The problem was that in the dark, in the cinema, we could see the Aura and our friends and their friends would come looking for it just to grope for it.

One day, I went to a cocktail party for -the Colonel|| and a lady said to me: *-I can see that you are very spiritual||*, and I said to her: *-Why?* And she said to me: *-Because of your Aura, you have golden rays of half a metre"...* and I laughed.... That's why in the cinema the Auras were intertwined, mine was golden, my son's was light blue, when he was born he was light blue and I said why, and my sisters-in-law said to me: *-but it happened to him like it happened to his cousin, who was born almost hanged with the umbilical cord||... that one was purple and this one is*

light blue. When I started school I was told that I was **"an indigo"** and I would fast and think:
It may be -unworthy... but of what?

The point is that we didn't always see the Aura, but when we did, we didn't go to the cinema, even though our friends told him, they told us, -we were stupid||, what a nice time... he would come out of technical school and I would come out of work and we would have a good time, -but of course.... we were two idiots,||, wow!

I never saw the Aura, only the *"Aura y se va la primera"*, as in the zamba.

I wait for my son to go to the cinema, I don't mortify anymore, I just wait, as I was announced... **"for the Final Battle"...**

In faith and humility, Mary.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Poems...

(Part 31).

Poems...

Late return

Don't be in a hurry, don't rush
I will wait impatiently for your slow return,
not even knowing if you would come back,
but since you have returned
unexpectedly to my side again, you
will not pretend that everything is
the same, that nothing has changed,
think that seven years is to forget it, the
present time I have already meditated
so therefore you were absent, oblivious
to the future of my own being,

but today you present yourself with such boldness
reminding me of our illusions
all the projects we had forged, what a bad
builder of your own destiny you pretend to
put up the roof without making walls start
again, dig the foundations
that they are very firm
able to withstand any storm,
a fortress that nothing and no one can overturn, so
you can start the future anew,
drawing up plans, measuring and calculating
the land inch by inch.
without making mistakes or errors,
observe the baker, meditate on his
effort and learn to forge that which is
eternal.

Absent from my own self

When you asked me to stay, you said things I
didn't expect,
But in understanding them, I came to console
myself for being who I was,
because being me I couldn't be another
one, being whatever she was, because
I don't understand how being you, who
came for me,

do not find her where I am, she is not
here, I am here, so the things that you
rambled, were for her and not for me,
try your return when I am found, and you
will know at last whether it was to me, or
to her,
whom you offended, do not think that I
am, if you have not said it, think that I am
gone, that you have not come,
that not having been
there, you have not
offended me,
and that upon return
I will find again what I have wanted

Sensations of the Soul

When you arrived I didn't expect you,
how was I to know that you loved me?
because when I discovered you, I didn't know I was
going to lose you but I don't despair
because being the most surprised I
will come to believe that it is all a lie
that you have not been there and I do
not know you.
how can I want what has not been, don't
try to come back, so I must believe

that I have dreamed of you

and as they fade away and I awake, I'll
be able to conquer the longed-for
dream.

What never was

Don't come back for me,
because I won't be
but if you find me, being that
I'm gone
I will manage to believe that you have
reached me, more as you have
achieved,
what never was,
I will run after my past to see if
you were in it, but if I don't find
you, I will run after my past to see
if you were in it,
how will I know if you have been,
don't come back for me if you have found
me, because you will succeed at last,
be very unhappy.

Past tense

When I want to be,

I can't find myself, I
shouldn't be,

where I would like
but when I discover myself, I feel I'm
leaving I lived yesterday, but on
returning
I did not discover
myself, because
being me
how could I be, I will return when I
want to be
to return to the end of what is gone,
I will not be able to be Me being
that I left, and in the end manage,
to come back again,
I shouldn't have gone out, I shouldn't have found
what I didn't lose, because if in
finding what I never had,
I will become what I never was

Rebellion

When I want to be, I don't come
because when I go I find myself,
where I want to be, I don't arrive
because I am not in me.
I should be as time was, not to
believe what I longed to be. I will
not stop to look back, for I will no

longer see what could have been,
in times of peace, there will be no loneliness

For the peerless bliss will come. I
will not be seen, for others will
come to live the peace that I did
not achieve,
but you must not be the
one to achieve this,
They will come from yesterday
to fight for you, and in the
meantime you will achieve the
end.

A time that was

I am not from this planet I
came this far, not imagining I
have ultra-earthly powers I am
from the neighbouring moon
planet where there are no
butterflies and no gardens to
behold there are only rocks
and rough crevices and barren
ground to tread on.
nor are there warm spring
breezes I don't regret being
from there because I
understand that I was born
there and I don't deny that I

exist.

I only understand that I am happy

Deviations

The truth is a lie
because when I lie I tell
the truth.
the truth lied is not
the truth pretended I
neither lie nor
pretend
when I tell the truth
the truth is not true
but when I lie to
myself
I pretend too
I don't want faked lies but
lied truths because when I
fake it
and I knowingly lie I tell
the truth
I don't pretend to lie truths
only pretend truths
they lie by lying I don't
pretend I don't lie
I don't tell truths only
vague altering lies.

The most beautiful day

My eyes are tired of
looking at so much
injustice,
When will the day of
Supreme Justice arrive?
That day will be the most beautiful
day because the lowly, the lowly
and the petty will be no more.
The longed-for peace will come
and everything must be
transformed. It would be
divine to look at the infinite,
the immensely just, perhaps
with the eyes of the soul I
can look at the infinite.
where my pupils don't reach,
people can't see because in
their eyes
they are veiled by greed and envy, they
believe that the world is theirs.
and they have short arms to reach it

Conclusions of a future

Nothing is time time
is something time is
something is never

everything return is

oblivion

past is return present
is absent from what is
gone,
yearnings, past sorrows, untimely,
premature
of shy semblances, once
ignored lukewarmnesses
anguish, devastated torrents
loneliness, ignoring what is
desired tenderness, inconstant
unrestraint rancour,
indecipherable clumsiness love,
sublime sunset
I find all this in my
insolent being but I will
not understand, for all
will be useless I
descend from the
unknowable
of a time that is gone.

Unfinished wishes

What is it about the mind
that I cannot decipher?
Try the unattainable until I
can achieve it.

and when you have the privilege

to reach the unreachable
The struggle to conquer what has been achieved
in perpetuity are cerebral processes and formulas.
that the disconnected body
tries to reaffirm
clinging to the earth
in order to avoid
floating because
space
leads us like balloons to float and
stay in space
like a secular bird
what a balm that
overwhelms us to make us
transmute so that we can
reach heaven
with the heavenly father

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS
UNVEILED:

To Farmers

(32nd Part).

A los agricultores

A los agricultores de soja para que piensen.
Protéjase, ya que cuando "llueva" y no necesiten más la soja, de la noche a la mañana se quedarán sin el oro verde, ojo que la tierra luego necesita un tiempo para recuperarse y mientras vivirán mirando la luna y mirando el lanzamiento de "la cueteria" extranjera, total los argentinos estamos acostumbrados a vivir al "cuete, por el cuete y para el cuete" y sus sobresaltos.

Bueno tampoco es para arancarse los vellos de los brazos, también tenemos buenos predicadores que predicen que La Argentina nadará en la abundancia ya que "correrán ríos de jugo verde de los dólares", que inundaran los campos por 10 años.

Rinse but without hydrogen peroxide.

To say: ... "Like Perón"... is not, for anyone to panic, that is, to urge the closing of borders... or extreme measures, one that would be madness. Let's go back in time; after Perón, years of **military** and then, a *white beret*, sandwiched between a *Riojan* and a *white beret*, let's see...

With one hand on the heart, be more sensitive, to measure the degree of sincerity and honesty, *and that he is not dead to possess these virtues...* **Who would you give as an example**, from Perón until now? Let's say, who has done something for ARGENTINA and has played "**wholeheartedly and unselfishly**" for the people who voted for him and his country, his homeland that saw him and for which he gave the best of himself and went into exile in the Cañonera that came to his rescue and left just like San Martín, **HE WENT AWAY IN THE CAÑONERA, HE DID NOT RUN AWAY.**

Both departed with the sole satisfaction of having fulfilled their duty, miles ahead of the last presidents who *departed like rats, despised, repudiated*, leaving a great disappointment in their People, in the People who VOTED for them!

General Perón repudiated the shedding of the blood of his people.

Greatness is in the little things, "**he did not flee, he avoided a fratricidal struggle**", something that the others... **was not and was not a reason to lose sleep over.**

This is one of the reasons that prompted us to make an example of the general, and not out of fanaticism, but in recognition of his healthy, virtuous and exemplary trajectory during his presidency...let it be recognised, what other government respected all the governmental laws?

Expropriate these mansions, these large buildings, for schools of all kinds, for schools and workshops with employment opportunities, for courses with one-year employment opportunities.

Community centres where people can come together for a meal, a medicine, a snack.

Let there be a little humanity for all these people who were forced into homelessness, without any help.

Enough of alms, enough of having the people on their knees, while the rulers live paying homage to all those who come to see the wealth of the country and where they can make use of it, and the laderos and crawlers in the service of the foreigner quickly and promptly show them how the singing guitar player did, with La Voz who showed him where *the frula passed through Tucumán*, which is why the President put the *Changuito Cañero (the little sugar cane grower)* in Tucumán.

And now the world congress is for that, so that they can come and see what they want, what they want to keep, that Argentina is in liquidation, play the game, take advantage of it before the new bidders take them out, it is not their homeland, they are self-confessed traitors.

Because La Voz... did not come to sing, just like the other actor who came to Argentina to drool over our models, because... he did not come to visit Monzón... when he was in prison for a crime he did not commit, and they liquidated him so that he would not tell the truth to his son.

All our boxers, our idols were crushed, massacred and annulled by the "*foreigners*", who come to Argentina when they are already decrepit humans and when they see that there are no Indians as they thought, they go back and die, it is the best they can do because they cannot accept that we are more people than them, more supportive.

We lived like human beings until unscrupulous people came to power, slave drivers, servile exploiters of the foreigner.... *Is it possible that there isn't... or is there someone who wants to come up, who has the two reasons that we women don't have? And to make our rights be respected once and for all, to value our country, our heroes? they risked their lives for this country, so that some inoperative and traitors, without risking their lives, give up what in their PROSTITUDE LIFE... They would have earned it, because they have no decency, no morals....* look into their filthy humanity, and see if they have any equity left and have the shame to respect people of whatever level.

If unscrupulous people, **such as the Minister of the sweet money that they were able to get**, nefarious beings who then fulfilled the desires they brought and then hide in the hotels, where they go in and out in cars? because here they could not go on the street, "**but as it is not that they do not sleep**", since all the thieves and usurpers live barricaded and leave the hotels and residences, they come and go by car, they do not set foot on Argentinean soil, **Argentina is only for the robbery and usury and the frula that they received for Jujuy**. Argentina becomes **the base of operations and the point of operations** with which they supply their rumbustious lives, which in other countries they could not do freely, as in Argentina, because the hybrid bastards have not had enough strength to put on their trousers and they walk like Adam, **Las Señoras will see, to balance the inoperability of sex**, because they do not recognise that they are not even able to manage their women...

The ambition is great, but this is not a geto, *and the false and equivocal demonstrations of friendship and affection are not enough to alleviate the misery that the people in Argentina have been dragging along*, which could have been remedied with only half of the trips, which in his campaign he said, just like the white beret, ...he would not do them to save money because it was a luxury that could be avoided.... "**but it seems that Tango 01 is tempting**"... they won't take the hairdresser or dressmaker, but, but....

In faith and humility, Mary

What happened from '70 to '83?

There was no justice, no lawyers, no priests, no politicians.

Neither Human Rights, what happened to the other forces... what an extraordinary **FORCE**, "*military in the morning in the breakfast, at noon in the soup instead of the noodles*".

Breakfast, lunch and dinner, in the streets alone, soldiers... you would go to bed... *and, zapate, you would find a soldier in his bed!*

America has the marines, England since the Pirates who sailed the seas, and now the seas want to take it out on them?

On the other hand, the most glorious deeds of our homeland were carried out by San Martín and the Army. They crossed Antarctica to the General Belgrano Base on foot.

And those children that the Abuelas found... were they beaten, malnourished, illiterate?

No, the malnourished have a mum and dad.

To those fathers who let their children starve to death, "**the father?** and the mother to put "**a clothes peg** on him.... **or sew him up directly**||, there is no justification for either one or the other.

There is no culture of work... here, as soon as there is a peso left over, which rarely happens, they close down the

-You can see it on Sundays when only the bakery, the hospital and the newspaper kiosk are open, when they are not, you go out on Sundays and everything is open or at least the curtains are up to display the goods.

Going back to times gone by and always taking as an example, because if we have to trace back, things get complicated.

One supposition; they say that the General had an accident in Italy, before taking office in Argentina. And that as a result of that accident **he lost a testicle**.

In other words, he governed with only one... so if with only one he did the mess he did, how could those who took over later... with the two... they couldn't even do a third of it.

THEN THE SECRET IS NOT THERE BUT SOMEWHERE ELSE!!!

Because they keep saying that... "*if they put in everything that needs to be put in*"... the country would be going up, so what's the secret... **what... they are retacean us part of the powerful reasons that identifies them as Masculine!... or what!**

Wouldn't it be time, as the pives say: "*they preach it but don't practice it*"?

Of course, the journalists and others who continue with the music of the military dictatorship must be stopped.

Who overthrew Perón, who threw the first stone and hid their hand, who took Alfonsín, De la Rúa, Isabel?... When are they going to lay their cards on the table?... *the cards only*....

Because it is well known and well known that what happened was not **only in Argentina but in three or four other countries at the same time**, something that had never happened in this country, what an aberration, but this was cloned in another state, and implanted here so that their macabre ideas could bear fruit, **just as it happened and was carried out**.

In faith and humility, Mary

**MARY'S MYSTERY UNVEILED: BIRTH
OF SUPER-HEIRS**

(23rd Part).

BIRTH OF SUPER-HEIRS

For the first time on this planet, the pives are born in two to three months and the mums at 18, 20
hs, they can already be wiggling and jumping, as far **as medicine and dollars can go!**

Before long, mothers will have the boys walking and they in turn will be running, after the inheritance
and the fragrance of dollars.

Good for modern medicine and its benefits, but it is not for the many, only for those who have well
earned dollars.

Maybe Argentina, married to the prince, could be next.

IT IS TIME FOR YOUNG LEADERS IN THE FORCE

October 27, 2003

Before writing on this subject, I apologise a thousand times for being so repetitive and insistent, it is
not because I'm being charged, I'm just going by statistics, it's a bit crazy if you like, and depending
on how you look at it, and the angle you take.

**The issue is both difficult and complicated, resisted by some and approved by others, it is a
national issue.**

On the need to re-implement **THE MILITARY SERVICE**, grrr, wow, meow, sniff.

One statistic is that the young people who are drifting aimlessly today, without study or work, are easy
prey to crime.

Let's start by recognisingthe people who would be employed and their benefits:

1st. to make shoes, shoemakers, leather craftsmen, jackets and trousers, weaving mills would start to operate,
garment cutters.

Belts, straps, buttons and buckles, kitchen utensils, for each soldier, Sailor-type bags.

Pots and pans, cookware, soldiers' food, the repertoire of groceries, ranches, for beds, mattresses,
sheets; seamstresses.

Underwear, weaving, for sportswear, gymnastic equipment and sashes.

Cleaning products from soap to disinfectant and toothpaste, hairdressers, gym teachers, teachers in
general, doctors, nurses, medical and dental care.

Is it not preferable to implement military service than to fill the prisons with young people, because they have no future, because of drugs, violence, rioting, theft, etc. How do they discharge the burden of energy that weighs them down... in the face of impotence, because they have no escape, no way out?

Everyone would win, and everyone would be useful to themselves and others!

But not so It is one part of society that is privileged,while the other remains powerless, seeing how she is left to her own devices, and what do human rights say about that? want them to begin to be recognised, but as a fact that belongs to everyone! only then will it be equality and fraternity.

- No more prisons should be planned.
- Training, job opportunities, managers needed, examples.... **LEADERS**as well as manufacturing singers and groups for the privileged who are examples of virtue, whom the pives know how to admire, like the singers.
- What, selections, charismatic pives as an example that there are and virtuosos of all strata.

Why and for what purpose soldiers?

In order to replace the police in certain tasks and aspects, children up to the age of 12 must be trained for daily and personal life, totally dedicated to that specific task, which is education.

No matter how old I was, I left third grade at 13, -the oldest in the class||. The

teasing and taunting that went on, over the top or on the side never embarrassed

me. I continue,

Let's say, there are an infinite number of tasks that a soldier can do, to supplant the police.

The police must first be paid a living wage, so that they don't have to work overtime.
-uniformed||.

A supermarket is not going to be more or less protected because it has a -police uniform||, they can put -particular|| guards, the police who are dedicated to their -specific task||.And it is not of -Jailers!

This is what prisons are for, and we must put an end to the fact that the police, because they have no experience in this area, is that prisoners flee and are burdened with sanctions that ruin their records of being a faithful servant, and this only creates annoyance, disagreement, resentment and what need,

The police deserve to be treated in a more -humanitarian|| way, as they put their lives on the line. The

police deserve a more -humanitarian|| treatment, as they risk their lives in the line of duty.

If we want a better and less corrupt country, as has been the case so far,with pives, let them lead. traffic, if they are uniformed..... but!.less rejection and more acceptance, there are administrative tasks, **The School, University, should be a Temple, not a "Committee"**, as it does not study or letstudy, there are students who are from other provinces. an occupation, be it student or work, they are not invited to leave, **under penalty of sanction, in their qualifications, "The School, University, should be a Temple not a "Committee"**, as it does not study or let an occupation, be it student or wok, they are not invited to leave, **under penalty of sanction, in their qualifications, "The School, University, should be a Temple not a "Committee"**, as it does not study or letan occupation, be it student or work,they arenot invited toleave.

would have the time to offend while learning at the same time, it gets them out of the idea of planning crimes.

Of course I would end the degrading fact of the -boys|| opening and closing car doors, the -young men|| with outstretched hands giving sympathy, and the pives to study and get them off the streets!..... - begging or cleaning windscreens||

Of course, for this to happen, the main thing is needed: **the father must once again take his place in society as a father and be respected by his children, be the head of the family, as he always was**, whether he was 5 or 5 years old.

7...or 9, and he maintained them alone, today not even one can be maintained, for this, the factories must start,

It is in the government's interest to have soldiers, not prisoners, -prisons||, and all this ends, as Perón and Evita did, sending from the education council, 1 metre boxes with everything the pupil needs, that starts and until the father starts to work.

From, notebooks, pencils, equipment, overalls, everything from 5 to 12 years old, and so the wheel begins to turn **and to control and distribute there are the soldiers and** the weaving and weaving will begin.....
and there will be work for all.

That until only a few months ago, -Rosario, pardon the expression||, was turned into a toilet, with the number of closed companies and businesses, they were turned into public toilets, that today can be eradicated, *whoever is found with the body of the crime in his hand, is sanctioned by having him write a thousand times, "I must not urinate in the street", or else pay the fine.*

Now they are calming down and the pavements are cleaner, but broken.
Monumento a La Bandera was an ideal public bath.

The social resentment that led to the -degradation, contempt and denigration|| of our national symbols is humiliating for those who exercise it and for the Argentine people who feel undervalued by resentful groups and vent their misery, -where it hurts us most||, and nothing less than Argentina which is the country where everything abounds, and even more so -lazy|| who do not want to work and pretend that others are -solidarised||, what is left over is work, but the pretensions are even greater!.

Instead of so many Jeans..... let the workwear factories start!whether they are The new "mamelucos" or jacket and trouser sets, comfortable, for work, not for painting, and this goes for the factory workers, who will need to get going and will once again see the newspapers - full of job advertisements - full of notices.

Let the businessmen start dusting off the dollars, put the machines in motion, the -Santos Marchando|| are coming, what happened to the great men we had, what happened to the businessmen, who prefer to invest in another country, is solidarity and faith in the country over, what are they waiting for, -Perón is no longer coming||.

Let no one else be complicit in the silence, let the thief and briber be denounced.

Do you remember when Perón used to say that together we would win? in this round we will all win? united we lost.

.....but as long as we have faith, we will be rich, in virtues, spirituality, let us be us and not ourselves. let's take responsibility for the wrongdoings and infidelities of others, everyone has to answer for themselves, so if we have a clear conscience, we have nothing to fear, "others are the ones who should be afraid", "be fair and pure of heart", and everything will be given to you, with faith and humility, security, you have earned it, do not disappoint those who put their trust in you, be responsible for your own destiny, amen

BODY "HEIRS TO THE NATIONAL PATRIMONY AND ITS ASSETS".

To form this body of custodians of the homeland with a voice and a vote and decision-making power.

A sky-blue corps with white plastic-coated cloth, or earth-coloured and milk-coloured, who have learned a trade, who have clothes, a house and food, teach them the honour of -serving the Fatherland authorised by the Government[|].

Aspiring "St. Martin's Leaders", authorised by the three forces, know how to Honour their Marches and Patriotic Symbols.

Your main mission will be to familiarise yourself with the telephone numbers of the institutions that provide services to the population, in the event of a meteorological disaster, to go to the site, to ensure that the problem is solved as quickly as possible, be it water, electricity, gas, if there has been a collapse of metal sheets, landslides, falling trees, etc. that all services are put into operation as quickly as possible and in good order.

That because of fallen trees there will be no electricity for 15 days?.....

"Protect national assets and industry from foreign vultures".

.... In addition to all the climatic misfortune, there is the fact that the business cannot open, there are millions in losses due to the lack of electricity, the refrigerators do not work and all the dairy products, ice cream and meat go to waste, one disaster after another.

And when weather disasters strike, and people find themselves without electricity, without a roof, without a telephone, without gas, they find themselves helpless, in the cruelest orphanage.

But the government does not allow them to flood the country with goods, it prefers to have prisons full of people who are useful and do not have to commit crimes to support their families, who cares?

And the same goes for young people, to train them to defend themselves.

They prefer to continue building prisons, instead of building institutes and model homes or privatising those large, closed andempty buildings that are waiting to provide the people with a little welfare and tranquillity..... if they would open, call for registration would not be enough, since the people would no one wants to see how everything is deteriorating due to lack of maintenance, and that's without counting "*people who no longer think or live for anything but today*", not future, but for now.....now, the present, that's how they act.

"The Avengers are still not satisfied.".....

This is exclusively for those who were against Peronism, against the people, or who .were traitors. They madethem drag them down, denigrate them, what more do they want, they are beggars in their country.

Of course, **after Perón's Peronism**, until today, all those who have risen have done so with Perón's coat of arms and his acronym.

But of Perón's doctrine minga!

Today they were saying in a news programme that Brazil sold Argentina two years' worth of clothes?

So that our weaving mills do not start to produce, there is no work.....

Maybe when they are done paying obeisance toforeigners, they will look at the misery that is

The government is covering the Argentinean people, thanks to the pirates who are still in force and to the suppliers of coloured mirrors who do not abandon us, they come to cover our feet so that we do not catch a cold.

Either they will come to give instructions on how to behave well, or our rulers will receive directives on how to take the measurements of the back width, as **they are the experts** on how to **"roll up their sleeves"**.

When the idyll of kisses and hugs is over, the **final** stretch of **THE FINAL BATTLE** will begin.

-Don't let them fill our country with goods".

Let's start once and for all to become aware and to appreciate what is ours, let's not allow it to be sold in live cattle, we don't even have the horns left, to make horn combs, the wool from the sheep, we don't have any more mattresses or woollen pillows, all made of foam rubber, which are unhealthy.

With the cows, we don't even have leather shoes any more, because with the cattle the leather goes too, and so on and so forth.

Only with these two facts, by fishing them in another country...and in our country, they were closed. we don't have the raw materials, the weaving mills as well, because they take the wool, the linen.....

That the government should do as Perón did and "EXPROPRIATE" the businesses and companies that have been closed for years, with their machines inside.

Instead of signing so many decrees of "necessity and urgency", the government has to be more urgent than hunger.More urgency than the hunger of the people? If "Perón did it, why did others who took up his banners" do absolutely nothing for the hunger of the people?

From the first **White Beret** who gave "caja Pan" that went to the "villas and inside there were guns", today the mothers cry for their innocents, who only had**different** ideas, only**that they were .45 caliber.**
or galvanised pipe.

In faith and humility, Mary

Project to be implemented by authorities

Form commissions in the neighbourhoods, create learning sites.

Why not use the schools, i.e. the buildings so that they can continue to function all night long, whether it be for teaching trades, job counselling, arts and crafts, if they were to give the possibility to

the young people, who no longer have access to study, some because they are 20 or 25 years old and it is not enough time to learn a trade, a job to survive, if they have already formed a couple and their children are coming, what can they give them or teach them, if they don't even have enough for themselves, it is never too late to start studying, that they don't have to travel... that the people, the young people don't have clothes or means of transport, let's make it easier for them!

The environment in which they live, the "**neighbourhood school**", and they will be the first to protect the schools from being disturbed.

They should do the same as I did when I set up the institute, for a classroom of say 40 students, make a bench like a carpenter's bench but for individual students or for 2 students per bench, put a plug, give them a tester and the necessary tools and that each student undertakes to protect and take responsibility for them, teach them how to weld, the material is provided by the institution, another classroom, put the engine of an old disused car and teach them about car mechanics, tuning, rectification, car electricity, etc.

The plumber's trade, and even how to change a faucet handle, how to unclog a kitchen sink and the pipe from the sink to the grate, a doorknob, a door lock, etc.

There are 1,000 jobs that with little intelligence and a lot of skill can be achieved, great results, those who like electricity can fix irons, fans, candlesticks.

When they acquire knowledge at school, the same neighbours bring them a fan or a lamp or an iron and they buy spare parts, as well as batteries for wall clocks, torches, which is the easiest way to start.

There are too many teachers, there is a lack of will, there is a need to provide accessories, when the young people start learning, they will awaken their interest to be useful, to improve themselves and then they will begin to study what they like... **it is never too late to study.**

Making student canteens, university canteens... and this should not be a political campaign for anyone, because having a plate of food is the minimum that can be given to every human being... not a handout... **a dignified job, it is in the constitution.**

A census of premises and properties that have been unoccupied for years.

If the person or individual does not study, he/she has no education, at least primary education, he/she cannot be employed, work in whatever, because he/she lacks the basics and has no notion of what he/she can do, nor what intelligence he/she possesses.

In the neighbourhoods there is a grocery store, a greengrocer's, a laundry and other businesses, why don't they get together and collaborate a little bit each one, instead of.... "Why don't they roll up their sleeves and start to do something for those who have nothing... nothing to begin with, nothing. Don't they see that since the train was withdrawn the kids come from the villages to beg in the centre and it gets dark and they stay and sleep anywhere, the night catches them in the street... and *what can they do, let's have a bit of solidarity, the kids don't have.... They are not to blame, the years go by, they grow up in the street... what can we reproach these kids for, if nobody taught them anything, if they don't know what is right or wrong, and when they commit a crime... let's not be unjust if we know that we didn't do anything for them... what can we reproach them for? what can we claim from them.*

It may be that even the countries that sent donations of all kinds, food, clothes, money, that everything is used, that nobody cares anymore... that only and selfishly, only for their own welfare!

Let them put a chair, a pot, let the chain start, or is it that there is only solidarity when there are disasters? How did it come to total detachment!

ARGENTINES, WE ARE HERE, WE ARE BACK TO WHAT WE USED TO BE. LET'S NOT ALLOW MORE KIDS SLEEPING IN THE STREET, FOR GOD'S SAKE.... SOMEONE PUT UP A GARAGE, A SHED, SOME BLANKETS.

In faith and humility, Mary

Note to the opposite sex

That is, men over 30

Remember when Lee jeans became fashionable, it was all the rage, the story goes that it was discovered by a Jew who was commissioned to make a tough fabric for the miners.

Well, they were adopted by young people, then unisex became the norm.

So far so good... but, but, apart from the boys and girls, they were adopted by their fathers and mothers, ho, ho, what happened!

The next thing that happened was that the short shot fashion came along, wow, grrr....

And of course it wasn't made for the over-30s, with bellies...

Why is it that from the age of thirty onwards they do not tolerate the BATAMBRE, which goes beyond the navel, because the belly begins to expand and to have free will after a certain limit.

If the gentlemen leave it to free will, it expands to inconceivable, unsightly limits.

One, a gentleman's belly is like a woman's bust, when it loses its tone, turgidity... blun, blun...

What remedy is there for that untamed and unsightly belly?

Return to wearing trousers, normal or long trousers.

The belly should be inside the trousers again, the belt loops should be about three and a half centimetres long so that a three centimetre belt can pass through, in other words, if you'll pardon the comparison, like a pancake belt.

And every morning, when you get up, you go running a little hole in your belt and you firmly propose it to yourself, and you talk to your belly and tell it that you will not pass from here and it is you who dominate it and not it you, since all our organs **"have life"**, so why not tame it, be persevering.

There is a saying: **persevere and you will succeed.**

Don't deprive yourself, of going out, of going dancing with your wife, because **an intruder** comes between you, luck, STOP.

In faith and humility, Mary

To Internet readers

I am **"suggested"** to communicate with all humility, to those who have knowledge of this intricate and complicated subject, *"for me"*... but, what do the **"Extras"** tell me that you who **"already have knowledge" and access to the book, which my son wrote**, that you are already in conditions to access, also through the Internet, the books that my son wrote as **INTERNS, for the "group"** to whom he internalised, explained, letter by letter and line by line, to try to initiate them in the subject of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

These books, he called them **"FUNDAMENTALS OF HYPERBORNEAN WISDOM"**, to which you will have access, because you are fully immersed in the subject and can already understand it, analyse it and draw your conclusions.

As I was not allowed to read them either, I can neither judge them, nor say if they are beautiful or ugly, *and because I would need another life to understand them, to decipher them, because for me they are "Chinese"....*

Perhaps you will find it easy to understand after the book.

In faith and humility, Mary

Hymn to Navutan

Millions of years ago he was
born on a day like today.
Navutan they called you,
son of the most Noble Blood.

We are waiting for you for so
long, more today, very close,
very close,

is your arrival.

The Guide of my People awaits your sign.

The Son of Our

Lady awaits your

call, your

encounter,

the instant will be terrible.

The heavens and the earth

tremble, the time is near:

Navutan for millions of years, Navutan,

the end is near.

The Virgin and

Child, the Guide

and his People.

Navutan, you are the only one missing.

Lucifer permit it, may we see you soon!

Gardel and Magaldi

To the internet readers, I want to share with you something that hurt me in small doses as I was only about 9 years old.

The theme is always the same, it revolves around the death of my mother, the theme is that as I knew her death was inevitable, sooner or later, sooner or later it would have to be.

It was also written in the -Firmamento|| that my father lived with a -Turkish||... ha, Turks and Turks... a streamlined race.

Of course, my beloved -Mother||, was thinking of taking the -vessel||, since my rascal of a father

would disappear for weeks and I was sure he thought... *Where is he going to go with two dicks?*", so he would appear and disappear, like a -rainbow on the horizon||, and in one of those comings and goings... chaff!

my mother got pregnant with me... What a problem, my mother went everywhere to get me out, and nobody wanted to because -she was losing her life|| and I was stuck like a tick.

That is the terrible remorse I had with me and a guilty conscience, in the end I won the cinchada and the patriada, I was waiting for the 25th of May and I was born on the 30th, I made him a Catalan dick, but I am still a Patriot, -the world trembled when I breathed||... the best of the crisis of that moment, something like a time bomb, I was cradled in the glorious years of the '30s.

They didn't separate and stayed together for 2 more years, so I was 2 years old when my father took off and wanted to kidnap me.

I was sleeping with my mother... and she was thinking that now that I was 2 years old... what would become of me? and I couldn't sleep and I slept with the radio on... cool!!! if I woke up and I woke her up because then she would stamp on my tail the beautiful lobster that the slipper had, it was a poem on my tail, I lived looking at my tail, how beautiful the lobster was on my tail as it was made of rubber and in relief it was stamped, like the seals that were used in the kingdoms to sign the reports and the banns.

I continue, -I had to stay just breathing without moving or making noise, otherwise -the lobster would come||.

One day I woke up and I saw an almanac on the chest of drawers and I thought of hanging it up slowly, I looked for it and I found a nail and I needed a hole and I put the almanac on the nail and the nail in the hole and it was from the socket and I flew to hell.

Well, why think about ugly things, if anyone can imagine.

Now I came to the subject that I wanted to tell, and that to this day I still live in indignation... -I... before I spoke, I knew all the tangos||, mainly those of **Gardel and Magaldi**, my mother knew both of them personally, and why? Because a girl from Rosario, a friend of my mother's who wanted to be my godmother at my baptism, this girl or young woman went to Buenos Aires and was -Vedette del Nacional||, so my mother knew Gardel and Magaldi, but this godmother of mine always came to Rosario because she had her family, but one day she married a well-known man with a double surname and I was left without a godmother.

But this was not the issue, but as I said, when I was about 9 years old and we lived on Boulevard Segui between Pje. Colorado and Entre Ríos, in front of my house and in a tenement, lived -Magaldi Father||, who was in a couple with a -negra mota||, totally mota hair, hence the son had totally curly hair and had to iron it.

When -Magaldi|| died, it was only those who were encouraged, since he died of tuberculosis, -until when are they going to lie if there was an epidemic||, what a shame the couple is or was, the kid was not born from a cabbage.

I always spied on him, because the door of the tenement had leather hinges and the bottom one had been cut off, so the door was tilted and you could see how every day the woman and another person took him out on a cot in the sun.

When she died my mother and other neighbours went and the children couldn't go in so we stayed and played hopscotch.

What's the problem... he lived with a black woman... yes, he lived with a black woman and he was as white as milk, in the films he looks like an angel, the boy was with his mother's family, but as soon as the boy turned 15 the exploiters began to exploit him, because he had a voice similar to his father's, but when he changed his voice... the exploiters were more rude, and when he was older, to get a job... to get a job, to be given a job... It was a luxury, poor kid, they say that he died of a heart attack...

What the hell... He died of disgust, because of all the infamies that were raised against Magaldi and

Evita, people don't believe that you can die of disgust... how many I know, when I participated in a passage of the novel, the actor who played -El Zorro||, he and Mrs. -Gabriela Gilli||, was a doll of pretty and 10 times better actress than the actor husband.

He managed to get her out and then he didn't even let her act anymore and she did what a person who feels cheated would do, she preferred to die.

She can die of disgust, of indignation, more than deceived, defrauded, mocked, used, that's what killed Gabriela, but God will tell.

He covered her with children, when she was filming El Zorro she was about to have a family, she hid her belly under the table.

In faith and humility, Mary

Side comments...

A few days ago I listened on the radio to a film commentator who claimed that the film **Juancito Duarte** had been released.

And that the criticisms were terrible, since a man who knew him when he worked as a custodian in General Perón's presidency made statements.

According to the critics, the director of the aforementioned film portrays Juancito Duarte as a drug addict and a moron.

This is something that Mr. Custodian came out to deny and criticise in turn, about the manner of his death, or how he died.

The custodian assures me that in the report, it is very clear that -he died of

doubtful death||. This surprised me greatly.

Because I said to myself: ... *"so many years that one lives and believes that one already knows everything or almost everything... and that nothing surprises him anymore, big mistake, there is always a space for astonishment, even if it is small"...*

My case... I put, for example: **"until today I was convinced that there was only one way to die, that one died, without saying water goes... either because they "sawed off the tap" of the gas or the air, because this is as far as my love goes, or because of some conflict; earth, air, sky"...**

But now, at this point, to find out that there is a **doubtful death...** that would be... half of the body dies and one eye is left open doing a *"Catalan dick"*?

The worst thing is that they don't explain anything, how is death

doubtful? To be alert and aware, with so much *Uncle's story...* it is

doubtful. What was said at the time, but who can not doubt?

According to a lady, one of those who look through the curtains of the blinds, she heard voices in the early hours of the morning, and saw two, let's say -speeches|| to give it more force, carrying him by his feet, dragging him on tiptoe and his head hanging over his chest, to his flat, and that the next day, someone reported in the newspapers that he was found dead in his flat, and that it was not known if he had committed suicide or if he had been killed.

This is called **DOUBTFUL DEATH**... death is only one!

That the form is questioned over there... but that he was dead no one doubted it. But that's

the way it is -the to-ing and fro-ing|| of this life and the next... who knows?

For Biologists

I already commented on this, but at the top of the page.

The subject that had caused me surprise, curiosity, astonishment...

I was about 5 years old, I belonged to my grandmother "**the Jewess**" and she kept me locked up in the henhouse, **not because I was a bug**, but *because she was angry with the Germans, she was born in Germany, but... she was a Jewess by race.*

At the bottom there was a reed bed and there were snakes, I played with them and loved them, I think they were more understanding and friendly.

I saw that the "**viper or snake**" came stealthily and climbed on the duck, which was not the ducks but "**the legs**", it curled around the neck and I thought, "it hangs it!.... no way! it gave it a couple of turns and the duck's leg would get flat on the ground and the snake *would "step on it like the duck"*, when the snake finished the function, it would get up, and there would be a "*spring*" left and I would see it go up and disappear and with the duck it was the same, when it stepped on it, the duck would rise and swing a spring until it lifted it and.... (*no ta má, se fé!*).

That intrigued me for years, "*he was a chinchulin type*".

At the beginning of last year or the year before, they say, it appeared in the newspapers that they found a "**viper with feathers**"... and why not, if ducklings are born with an arabesque on their feathers like the viper, why can't a viper come out to the mother leg and ducklings to the father viper?

On another occasion the newspapers brought out a "**two-headed viper**", I cut it out and kept it, nothing new to me, only that it had been misplaced in my -cerebellum|| or brain, but that's the way it is.

Just like I saw **the "unicorn fish"**, which has a horn in the middle of its head... like sharks, they are things of this world, aren't they?

I have a couple of Siamese cats, 2 sisters, so the sister-in-law lives with them, but with respect, he wants to court her but she has claws that give him every beating that leaves him shivering, I don't know if he is not her type, or if he does it to respect his sister, the point is that he cries for her and she is not moved, but the sister has 7 of them.

The father is celestón and the michas, te con leche, ears, tail and muzzle black, he has a light blue tail, paws and muzzle, panoramic, they are my family.

In faith and humility, Mary.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Family History

(38th Part).

Family History

To the readers of the Internet, I am going to share with you some facts that for me alone, are very heavy and it is not fair that I alone, carry all the weight that I have been forced to transport through this happy and sold world, wow, meow....

I will start from the beginning, which is where they suggest to begin.

When my beloved Mother married me... it is no longer news.

I entered that aristocratic Family without knowing or imagining "**what it was**", let's start as I knew how to explain it; I only had 2nd grade, since I had already started 3rd grade, but when my Mother got sick, I had to stop studying, since I had to "**get married**", I didn't understand what one thing had to do with the other, grrr... in short.

Of course, I had to see... and a lot of it! That was the crux of the matter, so that no one would be surprised, I was just -understanding it||, but as a song my son used to sing to me for these occasions said: ||Tarde ya muere el Sol||... and in it he summed up all the -delay|| I had in understanding things... wow.

-Better late than never", late but I understood them.

When I entered that dwelling, I was unaware that it was "**the anteroom of hell**", according to my Mother I would marry so as not to be left alone, orphaned in this world, hence I would marry "a *good suitor*" to insert me into a "**well-constituted**" Family, so that I would not roll around like a ball in the intricate labyrinths of this tumultuous life.

May my mother and her noble thoughts be blessed," I said, "*yes mummy, no mummy, well mummy, whatever you say mummy*"... I didn't want to antagonise her, but fate was not helping me, with -the selection of suitors||.

The first - from the age of 12 to 13 - I endured it for a year, the second - from 13 to 14 - and there my mother got involved and told me: "*you are going to marry this one and that's it*", the truth is that I made them one of each colour so that they would give up and leave, but they were resistant like the clothes -Anan de Pergamino||, or -the yerba Taraguí|| that lasts until the last sip.

What immense happiness my mother's dream has come true... she married me!



Walking into that house was like walking into a bag of cats... meow, meow.

"There were 7 siblings and she was not so saintly.



Participation for my Wedding



 REPÚBLICA ARGENTINA 25485 7m
 TELÉGRAFO DE LA NACIÓN
 MINISTERIO DEL INTERIOR

ENLACE TELEGRÁFICO AL D. VORE MOYANO ECHEVIRRI A LOS 20
 ROSARIO

PROVENIENCIA	N.º	D.	M.	A.	Hora	INDICACIONES
ROSARIO	4470	415	18	245		
Recibido	337	9	13.36			20/10/20

FELICITACIONES SINCERAS A LA NOVEL PAREJA
 GILBERTO MOYANO LOZA

N.º 7.000.517-1908


 REPÚBLICA ARGENTINA 364 7m
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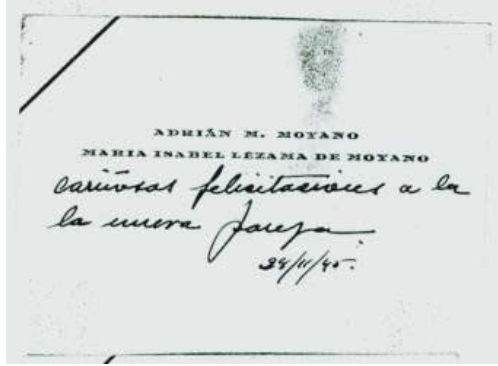
a Espelaco
 Luciano. Linde.

PROVENIENCIA	N.º	D.	M.	A.	Hora	INDICACIONES
Cardelón	4470	415	18	245		
Manos	337	9	13.36			20/10/20

Felicitaciones
 y saludos a los
 contrayentes
 María Elena
 Goza
 de sus parr.
 7 8/11

N.º 7.000.517-1908

Congratulations from the MoyanoLoza family



Congratulations from the MoyanoLezama family

Folio 20 5004

REPUBLICA ARGENTINA TELÉGRAFO DE LA

MINISTERIO DEL INTERIOR
VILLA GOB. GALVEZ

PROCEDENCIA	Nº	Fº	Hora de envío	INDICACIONES
Córdoba	8556	27	20.00	Sin 24
Materia	P.R.	27	7.10	FECHA 11-2-1942

Saludos cariñosos para todos
y mensajes de felicitación a la
nueva jueza.
Felisa y Victoria Moyano
Cires

100 - T. 004 C. T. 5746

Congratulations from the MoyanoCires



Let's tell the truth!!!!... life never smiled at me, it always showed me its teeth, if not its fangs.

On the other hand, I have always smiled sympathetically at life, no matter how much mischief it has done to me, and that is why I have come to the conclusion that it is only fair that we share our joys and hardships with the readers of the Internet.

No kidding... someone is taking my share of "joy" here!

And as the old Vizcacha would say.... **they're getting me up early.**

I'm not saying that they should give me anything... but a recognition, a medal or plaque, for the -Courageous||... life does not recognise me at all! I

continue with the story of this ungrateful life.

There were four girls and three boys.

As soon as I got married and joined the family, two of the girls died, not because of -scared for me||, but because of the epidemic of the time, in other words, -I was the youngest in the family||, after the unfortunate death.

A woman and a baron married, but it was common in those days, on Sundays we all got together, there were 10 of us, a pack.

As common as it was to meet at 10, so were the -tremendous brawls||, I was not used to that rhythm.

To make this clear, I will start with the eventful life of my dear and long-suffering -Father-in-law||, because of whom there was **-that Family and that surname||.**

My father-in-law's father had sugar cane farms in Tucumán, which were tended by married couples with children, and they took care of taking the harvest at harvest time and taking the sugar cane to the -Ingenio||, which returned it to them, The bags of sugar were shipped on the freight train, El Mitre, directly to Córdoba, to "Villa del Soto", which had the "**La Soteña**" Sweets Factory, while my father-in-law was studying for a university degree at the Faculty.



Mi suegro (el primero de la izquierda) con amigos

Family, i.e. a young boy, it is common for parents to support him to study, -but not with a tail like a kite||.

So there was no turning back, the doors were slammed in his face, and the usual repertoire: *"I would have thought about it before"*. Before when, here is part of a tango that said: -people are brute when they are deceived||... of course, the people, the neighbours, the town... but what about the Family, of course her brothers had a monetary interest, but she was a little Indian.... ja

She liked the boy, I don't know if he was 1.80 or 1.90 metres tall and blond, I never noticed the colour of his eyes, she treated me like you, and when she said to me: *"come over here, we're going to clarify some things"*... I trembled, I preferred anything to being scolded... My father-in-law! ... for me he was death.

-First he was a gentleman||, he told me things like no one had ever spoken to me before, I had no father, he was taken away by the Turkish when I was 2 years old and my mother was 24, -he was taken away by the carnival||.

He was upright, fair, kind, humble, for me he was a father, a counsellor, understanding, but yes, he had already taken my time and pressed the key that made me moan the most, I would start to cry inconsolably and he would take advantage of this to beat me even harder, he had no pity or consideration for me because he knew it was the only way for me to understand him.

The thing is that my mother marries me and after 8 months she dies, they forbade her to see me anymore, a sister-in-law tells me much later that something like a month later they told her: *"well madam, you married your daughter, now you have nothing more to do in the house and it doesn't occur to you to come"*? I didn't know that, so one day, like every day, the greengrocer's cart came and my mother-in-law told me to go out and attend to him and buy onions, I went out as they had forbidden me to go out even to the door, I lifted my apron and as I approached the cart, I saw a lady in the middle of the block, which was on the corner and she was spying on me, with a purple dress, like the one I made for her going to the dressmaking shop **"and I was stunned"**, **I didn't want to believe it? no... how could she be my mother and not come to see me**, no, it couldn't be... I didn't say anything to anyone, but this increased my anguish and when she died 8 months after she was married, that convinced them that it was true that I was getting married because she had relatively, just enough time left... when she died, I was three months pregnant... I am not mistaken, she married me on 26 November and died on 26 July... No! I was wrong, I got married on the 24th of November (I just looked at the marriage certificate), wow....

I spent the 15 years of my marriage crying, one for my mother, the other for getting married and then going up in smoke and never seeing me again.

That's why my father-in-law used to take advantage of the time he was alone with me to tighten the pegs on me, like on the guitar.

And she said to me: ... *"listen to me, you should be grateful to your mother, who married you before she died, think that if you were left alone, what would become of you"*, psss, snif, bubunnn....

Yes... those are nice, consistent, not hollow words... but one of the conditions was that she would come to live with me.

Well, I continue, I have already explained this subject on another page, on one occasion, when my husband was at home, I took off my apron in the kitchen and my father-in-law went and put me in a

I deactivated it and put it back in action and put it on the doorknob where it was sure to go, and so it was, he went to take the doorknob and Chaff, she grabbed his fingers, started screaming and told my husband to bring order: "your wife has no judgement, no formality"... and for the first time my husband stood up for me, I listened in fear and he said: "but dad, can't you see she's a 15 year old girl... what judgement and formality is she going to give her?" and there my father-in-law embraced him and said: "Why, didn't you tell me she was about to turn 18?", and my husband said: "Yes, but I forgot to tell her that in 3 years time". Stop.

Well, and there he says to her: "I don't make jokes, she doesn't know where it starts and where it ends, the right of each one, the permission.... You make bad jokes and what does she know... she thinks she has the same right to pay you back, it's you who has to control yourself", in the end I learnt a lot at every one of these delusions, grrr, psss, my father-in-law was disconcerted.

I continue with the story.



In the end he had a strong fight with his family and he got angry or upset because of the misunderstanding, because of the contempt for the chinita, which he didn't love her either, they made a bed for him... and well he was upright and had honour, but these condiments in certain things, like these, for the family were out of the question, 1° there is the respect and honour of the family, its lineage, its idiosyncrasy and then if in

In the second case, the personal problem between him and Coyita, although she said she was from Tucumán, because it was better to say "tucumana" than "coyita", they were at the farm in Tucumán when they were hired.

I continue, the Family felt humiliated, demeaned, singled out, as they lived in the limelight and for the limelight, **THEY WERE OF THE OLIGARCHY, Patrician Families, they participated in the Independence of the Homeland, this Family is made up of Patriots, Heroes, fallen in battles and that this son should be outcast? When his father died, he should have been the prop, the support of a legacy that was entrusted to him, a Patriarchal Legacy, and he, the Family considered, had denigrated him to the point that his Family felt itself in the most tremendous orphanage, the sisters became nuns.**

To all this and with so many reproaches, which he believed to be unjust, my father-in-law told them that he was renouncing everything that could correspond to him; income, family, goods, patrimony, family legacy with everything.

That's why every Sunday there were these -panoramic|| squabbles that I didn't understand why, since they were very careful not to mention anything that anyone who heard them could interpret or deduce what they were arguing about.

My father-in-law took his -coyita|| and went to work as a "tram driver," for all to see.... "And he put her to work making empanadas, which was what she knew how to do, and selling them, and he told her that he would fill her with children (10), of which I know, 3 died when they were little, and when I got married there were 7, and 2 died when I got married.

When the company -La Ciudad de Roma|| opened in Rosario, which was what today are the fabulous supermarkets, my father-in-law became a salesman, earning a family salary for the 7 children and, apart from that, he took everything from the company: clothes, shoes, footwear and foodstuffs.

Well, I could never know the reason for this family war, and when I did, it was too late!

When my father-in-law decided to leave Cordoba, he joined that company which was English, when Perón came to power the company withdrew, and my father-in-law was left in the street with 7 children, he joined *Previsión y Hogar*, selling houses and land, as a salesman, and when the eldest of his sons returned from military service he joined Previsión y Hogar, while there my father-in-law managed to buy the house in "**Villa Diego**" and moved or rather he moved the family to Villa Diego.

At that time it was all countryside... the houses were counted and the girls were just coming out of school, he put them in the nuns at the age of 6 and they were already 22 years old, and... they either left or they became nuns and my father-in-law took them out, withdrew them from school.

That's where I became part of the trups.

The fights continued and the Family was divided into two.

In the end I found out that they reproached my father-in-law that he had no right to have deprived them of the inheritance that corresponded to them and "**the family heritage, taking away their blood heritage, their cultural heritage, their idiosyncrasy, their lineage**", in short, they were a string of reproaches that they made to my father-in-law.

They treated me as they said one day when a very elegant lady came by.... I don't know if she was from Buenos Aires or Cordoba and she asked them: "*What about this girl?*" and they said: "*she is the girl*", and I, an idiot of me, stretched out my hand and the lady very kindly greeted me, of course I didn't know who "**the girl**" was... but the woman smiled at me and must have thought: "*how polite this girl is*", in short I knew that the lady had come to tell my father-in-law about the death of my mother.

But I'm going to another subject, one day I was confronted by the pack, and I was being mocked and among them was my beloved husband, in that moment my father-in-law was in a room, he comes out with a card and two suitcases and they ask him: "*Dad, where are you going?*" and he answers: "*to my Córdoba*" and the girls grab his legs and start shouting: "*no dad, no!*" and he tells them: "*well, you're going to treat her like God intended, otherwise...*", I was watching the scene, I didn't know where to put myself.

Well, it happened, but the next day they all left.

I had just moved to Saladillo to occupy another house, which my father-in-law had evicted the tenants, because a son was getting married and due to lack of payment, the son was my husband, so we had to leave, I happened to be there that day.

I had to be with my father-in-law because since my husband was no longer there in Villa Diego, having moved to Saladillo, I had to be with him and I talked to the daughters and daughters-in-law about how we could do it, since my mother-in-law had left him alone a long time ago, and I had been coming every morning for a year, because the daughters and sisters-in-law said that their children were studying, while mine, who was 5 years old, had just started school, but as the ladies could not, I had to take my son out of school and go every morning, and return to Saladillo at night, to my house, arriving at 12 noon.

My father-in-law begged me, implored me to leave him alone, because he would not resist, when I got home I started to cry for my father-in-law who was left alone.

I used to travel every morning, wash clothes, clean my house and then I would leave with my son and come back at 10 o'clock, I would take the bus back, sometimes I would miss it and I had to wait sitting in the Banco de Porland which was on San Martín Avenue opposite the Ramos Generales office in Lavalle, until the school holidays came, then I went one Saturday and I said to one of my sisters-in-law, my brother-in-law's wife, "well, Mrs., now you won't have any excuse to come to see Grandpa, it's the last day I come": "*well doña, now you will no longer have an excuse to come to attend grandfather, as this is the last day I come*".

When I am about to leave, my sister-in-law's snake says to my father-in-law: "*so the little maid is leaving*". and I said to her, "*Yes, just the little maid, because you are Mrs..... I am the little maid*".

God only knows how hard it was for me to do that, and it wasn't because of my father-in-law, but because of everyone's apathy and to see how they reacted. Today the burden of conscience prevents me from living, because I should never have done it, especially after having witnessed the fights and how they treated my father-in-law, and if they held back a little it was because of me, because they didn't want anyone to know why the fights were going on.

My father-in-law and my mother-in-law would get up at 7 a.m. and drink mate and she would leave and he would be alone until I arrived. This went on for years because I didn't know that the family, or rather the girls, had tuberculosis.

When I got married I joined that family, the youngest one was made a ward of the Nuns, I was 15 years old and the girl had just turned 14 years old... In May like me, we were Gemini; dual air sign, volatile, cheerful, sparkling, we understood each other, divinely, but the good things didn't last long for me, because the Nuns Adorers only receive pupils when they are 14 years old, I remember how she cried: "*no mother, don't lock me up, I'm going to die if you lock me up!*"and the mother had a heart harder than flint, so she locked her up, and I went with my mother-in-law every Sunday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon to see her and to see my -guri||, who she loved him and who made him cry, when he was 18 years old, the nuns called my father, my father-in-law, In the end, my father-in-law told my brother-in-law, whom the family called "**El Cacique**", he went to look for her and took her to the Argentinean Anti-Tuberculosis League, which was on San Martín and Ayacucho.

And she was there from 18 to 20, this girl's name was Adela and the other sick woman, Elena, recently married... they called my father-in-law again to go and fetch her because she was going to be discharged, she was cured.

I was living in Saladillo because my father-in-law ordered my husband to do so, because one day my father-in-law asked me if my husband had told me that the girls had tuberculosis and I knew hell, and he said to me: "*and how... your husband didn't tell you anything, so that you could take care of the baby!*", and I said no, "*my husband told me that he would go to Villa Diego and she, the one called Elena, how could I come and live with me*".

And my father-in-law almost exploded and gave her such a shock that I couldn't understand anything anymore. So they tried her at the Carrasco hospital, where the infectious diseases were, but the most disconcerting thing was that she had been married for 2 months and the doctor said that there was no cure and that we just had to wait for the outcome, I always calmed her down because she was 30 years old and single and I called her an old maid, as I had my 8 or 9 month old son and she was 17 years old and I told her that *she would be left to dress in sackcloth*.

But her marriage was very controversial and complicated because he was Jewish, his name was Moses and the church did not accept him and she wanted him, so they baptised him, my father-in-law and mother-in-law were the godparents and they told me that it was the mixture of blood, which infected her... quilo sa....

-but in 2 months?||.

I clarify that I am writing this at the request of the "girls"... so it is at the request of Adelita and Elena, since the other side demands it of me.

Well, we agreed that when Adelita was discharged I was living in El Saladillo.

-I think she must have pushed for them to let her go out.

Well, what can I say about this girl... she was hospitalised when she was 14, she stayed until she was 18 dressed as a

Seraphic]], a nun at home... I don't know and she goes out and my mother-in-law the **"Coya without detracting from the Coyas"** as I was with them for more than 5 years, what does this woman do? she takes her every night to the dances, the girl was an angel, white as milk, 4 years without sunbathing and two years in -the League]], the thing is that the boys were crazy about her and they soaked her three nights, from 10 at night to 5 in the morning soaking wet, on the fourth day she started with a fever, I flew to see her and when I see her she says to me:

Oh, my... you know what's happening to me, but don't say anything to dad or mum, but when I sit on the bed it's as if a bottle was going, glu glu glu glu.... And of course there was a big problem, and when they called my father-in-law, he called the **Cacique**, he took her and now he was the one who was the one who had to put the bell on the cat, I had to go and endure the sermon and ask him to come and get her, to take her to the doctor, in the end he loosened up and told me: *"tell mum and dad to be ready, I'll pick up the three of them to check them"* and so he came at 7 o'clock and took them. The doctor said: *"pleura, water in the lung"*.

From so many hours of wet clothes, the vapour was absorbed by

the body. From then on, the doctor ordered bed and injections.

So I had to start going every morning from Saladillo to take care of her, since her mother was running away because she said she couldn't see her suffer... ?????

My brother-in-law offered me to leave the baby with his wife, who was looking after him, and at night, he would pick him up, besides, they were uncles and godparents.

Of course, in the 14 years that my son was born, he never celebrated a birthday, and he said to me: *"Why do they celebrate Pochi's, Dani's, Adriana's and Negrita's birthdays and not mine?"* and I told him that because **they didn't remember "by themselves"**, so they had to have a party to remind them, but you remember by yourself, without having to have a party, *"Why? you know you exist, you are here, you don't need your uncle and aunt to remind you"*.

It was, it was a subject that I had to swallow twice as much as the 10 of the family, on Sundays, always had someone's birthday or rather it was to celebrate a birthday.

Of course if I was the Girl... they didn't celebrate me in 15 years of marriage...????, but what I had to work on Saturdays and Sundays for that pack!!!

I continue with my sister-in-law Adelita.

When I arrived at 9 a.m. my mother-in-law steamed up and just had breakfast, so another two years went by, until one morning when I arrived I wanted to give her breakfast and she said: *"no, I don't want anything"*, *"why, what's wrong with you"*, and she said: *"why, it's not worth it"*, and I said: *"what's wrong, don't tell me stories!"* and she started crying, - *"what's wrong, tell me!"* and she tells me that at 7 o'clock when mum and dad were drinking mate by the window, - *"I felt that they were talking about me, and mum was saying what's wrong, that they don't take her to the doctor anymore and dad said why, the doctor said that it's not worth doing anything to her anymore, just wait"* and I said: *"Sonsa, and you believe doctors, if you told me that they have a formula to preserve themselves from death, then I would believe them, but you... you were in a catholic school... how can you believe it, you didn't see it, you didn't see it, you don't believe it? how can you believe it, didn't you see that they say: "Science has already done everything it could, now it's in God's hands... and what more do you want, or don't you believe in God anymore? Yes, yes, yes, yes, I want to live"*.

The day after this bad experience, I go to my brother-in-law and I tell him to do something and he tells me that there is nothing to do, and I tell him to take her to San Nicolas, that there is an institute there, and my sister-in-law, that is to say my wife, jumps up and says to me: *"why take her to die in San Nicolas, when she can die here"*, and I almost eat her like a radish and I say to her: *"listen to me... if you had a daughter."*

I mean, if you had an 18-year-old daughter and you knew there was a chance, you wouldn't try!
and my brother-in-law said to him: *"don't talk any more"*, and I started to cry and I said to him: *"do it for your daughter, God will help you"* and he said to me: *"well go and tell them that tomorrow at 7 o'clock I'll pick them up"*.

I was jumping for joy and shouting to tell her the news and I said: "*Adelita, what do you want to drink*" and she said: "*I want something but... I don't know if you are going to give it to me*", - "*tell me whatever you want*", - "*to celebrate, give me some mates*" and I said: "*well, let's have some first class mates*", and we had the mates to say goodbye.

The family, if they took a piece of cutlery or a bowl or a plate, they would throw the kettle in front of them.

She was boiling water, and she was crying, I know that's the way it's done to kill the microbes, but. anyway.

We went to San Nicolás and everything was fine... they accepted her, but the rules were that she had to be admitted and as my mother-in-law, my brother-in-law and I went, she said to me: "*You bathe me, I don't want to bathe with my mummy. look at me*" and I say: "*yes, maybe you have something out of the ordinary*".

We went to the bathroom, in the middle of July, they didn't have hot water and they brought me a 5 litre kettle of boiling water and a bucket and a jug, it was a boarding school for nuns, I bathed her and wrapped her in a towel, "*we're going to weigh her*" they weighed her; 23 kilos, and she immediately ran the scale and said: "*23!*" and I said: "*no silly 32, you don't even see the numbers*".

We went back and would return on Sunday to see her, it was Thursday.

On Sunday, we went with my mother-in-law and she was very happy, she had even put on weight and she asked my father-in-law to bring her wool for the following Sunday, she wanted to make a *mañanita* and we both went, and we brought her the wool and when we returned the following Sunday she had already started the *mañanita rosa*, the nuns taught her the *garbanzo* stitch, and we left, she was crazy with joy and shouted: "*I want to live!*"

And at around 8 p.m., they had already turned off the lights and radioed that **Evita had died**.

all the nuns, the nurses were crying their eyes out. She got so scared that she had a heart attack, well... what it was like to bring her in, the paperwork for control, the thing is that when they brought her in it was pouring rain, muddy paths. it was an odyssey, not to mention my sister-in-law's dog, she started: "*avisto, yo I knew, I said so... and for what, 2 weeks.*".

At the same time, one of my sisters-in-law said to me: "*I will never forget what you did for my sister*", and what did I do, I told her, not knowing what she was going to say, and she said: "*you made them open the drawer of the kitchen and you burnt her and started crying*", and I was so bad that if she didn't tell me I didn't even know it and the man took me out and said: "*well, miss, we have to close it, we can't leave it open, because of the contagion that the microbes give off*".

Well, Adelita left, she had told her family that if I died, everything of mine, my clothes, my shoes, would be left for her, for me, and sometimes she would make me angry and say to me: "*do you think I don't know that you are waiting for me to die*" without words.

They gathered everything together and sold it, because they said, they needed the money,

"ADELITA, MY ANGEL IS GONE". I continue with my other sister-in-law who was hospitalised in Carrasco, for infectious diseases.

One May Day the whole family was together in Villa Diego for empanadas, asado and loco.

I'm at the back of the house and I see her passing through the fabric and I run to the back of the house. The shouts: "*Elena is here!*" and the house was in an uproar, since all the children were there, I was an idiot, I ran and hugged her and gave her a kiss, she came in and the family gathered behind

closed doors, when they came out, I saw a -hostility|| with me that I didn't understand.

One of them, as it was May 1st, there were no buses or taxis, so she came on foot!.... I don't know, about 50 or 100 blocks from Alberdi to Villa Diego, or 200 blocks, I have no idea!

They gave her a plate of locro and my brother-in-law drove her in the car.

As this sister-in-law became ill 2 months after her marriage, she had her house furnished and her husband Moses.

In the end she did not want to stay in the hospital any longer and wanted to go home and have her husband give her the injections.

I did not know about his condition and did not ask about **-Hostility**||.

A year went by and my husband told me not to go to see her. And I thought to myself... he takes care of me... no way!

A year later he sent for me, her husband told my husband, as they worked together in the refrigerator, and I went.

Elena hugged me and kissed me, and told me that she wanted me to forgive her and I told her what? and she told me: *"you know that my mother came to the hospital to tell me that you were living with my husband, that you were having sex and that's why I came out of the hospital, but my husband swore to me that it was a lie, and imagine putting yourself in my place, how my mother does this to me, it's OK, you can assume that it's because she hates you, but what about me?"* I started to cry and she started to console me and in the end we both cried, and she said to me: *"do you forgive me for having believed my mother", "but Elena, Elena, don't even ask me, you are the victim of this intrigue, I am the one who has to ask you for forgiveness, that you have suffered this infamy alone for so long", "I ask you to forgive my mother".*

At 2 o'clock in the morning, a neighbour came to tell them that it was urgent that it **had been cut**, it was my mother-in-law, my father-in-law and my husband, they rubbed it with alcohol, because until it went out, it was screaming from the infernal body pain.

What can I say about this, that he called me when he felt he was dying.

Gone are the 2 sick of the same thing, the smallest and the biggest, the 2 girls I loved the most.... 2 angels... and for them I do it.

They are the 2 that I don't know how they do it from above, years ago the 2 of them grabbed me and told me: **"you have to do it, you are the only one, you can do it, we can't, we couldn't and we shouldn't"**.

*But they don't tell me what, what I should do... and they just tell me that this... **what I'm doing, that their family, their family knows**, I don't know anyone, nothing material, nothing material, no rancour drives me, I'm beyond everything, cured... cured of horror, and to bear the consequences, I do it so that the girls and my father-in-law rest in peace, I'm not guided by anything petty.*

When I got married and became part of this aristocratic family, my sister-in-law Elena, the eldest of the women, was 30 years old, she said to me: *"since you've come, I'll leave the house to you and I'll go and work in bed, and you'll stay in my place, and now you'll know what's good"*, I didn't understand anything, of course I was fed up with my mother going up in smoke and taking the whole house with her. She went to work inside to work in the house of a Norwegian family, it was the time of the war, they were ship owners and travelled continuously, so she was the landlady, she took me to get to know them and I was delighted, the house inside was a ship, the table and the long benches like the ones on the beach stuck to the floor and 4 wooden bars that crossed the table and continued up to the ceiling, they were used as legs, but the most remarkable thing was the floor of wooden slats in one piece, the dining room was a ship, I loved the Norwegians.... they would come every month... or more, my sister-in-law Elena was there from 30 to 32 when she married Moses, and after a month she got sick and after 2 years she left, -moving on to another subject and another world||.

After the two girls left, there was the third one who also got sick, with this one as she was married and had an 8 year old daughter, I confronted her and told her everything but pretty, she told me the symptoms and I told her: *"madam, get yourself seen, don't put the baby at risk"*, and she said: *"yes, but you know what I will get if I go to a doctor and then... if I have to have a treatment?"*

And I told her: *"how often do you go to theatre and cinema premieres, if you don't want to do it for yourself, do it for your daughter"*, and so she did, her husband went with her and I stayed with the baby. She came and said that she had caves in her lungs, that she had to be strictly in bed, 2 litres of milk a day and ½ kilo of raw liver and keep the baby away for at least three months, I was going to look after her... the raw liver in stamps or capsules, crushed, and lots of fruit, she put on about 20 kilos, she was stubborn, injections of streptomycin and gold, the thing is that not only was she cured, she was like a calf.

The 4th remained, but she was married to the administrator of a mutual insurance company, so she had doctors and medicines at her disposal, she came out of this battle unscathed.

But what unnerved them the most, both my mother-in-law and these last two daughters, was me and always me.

I was the mystery of everything, they mortified me so much since I entered that house that it is hard to believe, or to study it psychologically to try to unravel what these people had in their heads, may God forgive me... but with all the intrigues and nonsense that I had to swallow, that in the end I took it as a joke and I was attacked by laughter or the **"Extras"** did it to me to be able to resist the attacks, I do not think that any being would have endured it.

I begin... when I became part of this -sainete||, more commonly called the Family and... "that my mother had married me with a prize"... as Easter eggs come, I... looked at them, serious and laughed, and did not answer them. "I was looking at t h e m , serious and laughing, and I didn't answer them, I never even answered their innuendoes or insults.

If I have to tell you my vision, I saw them as small, miserable, mean-souled, miserable beings, dwarfed... ignorant of love, solidarity, humility, detachment... mean, lacking in love and fraternal affection.... -0||, nobody loved anybody, there was no companionship between brothers and sisters, nor children with parents, nor parents with children, I was shocked, what an orphanage, how can one live so empty, so devoid of feelings, living selfishly, for oneself, devaluing others with resentment towards everyone and everything.

Of course, I only found out about the discord and the problem of the Sunday brawls when my beloved grandfather, that is, my father-in-law, was leaving the world.

I continue the topic, whether my mother married me because I had a prize, always to this day tempts me to laugh.

Then, the issue of why her daughters, chubby and plump, died, got sick and died and I was there with 40 to 42 kilos.... "My mother-in-law said to me: *"don't you think it's strange that my daughters get sick and die and you don't, that's strange, isn't it?"*

I didn't laugh any more, but I said: *"Grandma, God knows what he's doing, if he takes me, who's going to look after you?"*

Or else I would tell them that the Tata God would be angry for the things they said, you so Catholic... the girls from 6 to 22, praying...

One day I got up the courage and asked the doctor what it was like.

First of all he said to me, urgently you have to separate your child from the sick and I told him how to do it, and he said: *"If you see a brazier and you know that your child is going to burn himself, aren't*

you going to

take him out", - *"yes, but we all live in one family"*, - *"take him out, take him somewhere else"*, that was my problem, my terror, not seeing him anymore, the baby was 18 months old, and he got sick, I treated him vigorously and he was cured.

One day my son, who always called me **-Tata**||, came by, because my mother-in-law forbade him to call me mum... and then he came up to me and said: *"my Tata, who gave the Avela"*... and he shows me the mate, which he was giving to my sister-in-law Elena who had very little left, and when I see it, I slap him away and slap him, you know I don't want you to drink mate, he goes crying and says: *"Abela, Tata took it away from me"* and my mother-in-law shouts at me: *"what's going on with you, if you've got a problem with me, don't get involved with the boy"*, what could I tell her, that she didn't know, she did it because of the poison I had, on top of that, mine was no mystery, the doctor explained it to me, when I was with my -grandmother||, the false bean and she kept me locked in the henhouse, the dreadful hunger I went through! And I ate green fruits, roots, sprouts, in short, I got sick in both lungs, so I explained to the doctor at -Unione e Benebolenza|| who took an X-ray and I had sequelae in both lungs but as I was of a strong build I had cured myself, **yes, exactly! I was cured from "above"**, so having been sick, I was immunised, I kept asking them to let me take care of them all and then take me away... wow, grrr, meow!

Even the doctor who treated my son also **-left**||... the baby was cured, I gave him streptomycin and others and he was cured.

Well, I have already explained this.

That in the same week that I stopped going to Villa Diego to take care of my father-in-law, one night, he vomited blood, I wanted to know what happened, nobody wanted to tell the **"little maid or the girl"**, what happened, in the end one told me, when I wasn't there, they went all out, my oldest brother-in-law, who was called the Cacique, confronted my father-in-law and demanded that he tell him why he had married his mother and my father-in-law, said: *"because they told me she was pregnant and to give you a surname"* and his son said to him: *"I don't know what happened to my father-in-law, he started vomiting blood, I don't know what happened, the next day I went to see him early and my father-in-law was in bed and my mother-in-law was making him some mate, I went to his room with his permission because he called me, and in an oversight he said to me: I went to the room with his permission because he called me, and in an oversight he said to me: "now let the old lady go to the kitchen" and he said to me: "don't let your husband sell this house, it's for when the baby comes of age", and I said to him: "You're asking me to go against it, you're asking me to go against it". You're asking me to oppose him, I'm not going to be able to stand up to him and the whole family", - "you're going to be able to, because I'm going to help you from above, listen to me, I can't talk", - "Grandfather, don't say such things to me!" and I started to cry, - "promise me that you will make the boy study to become an agronomist", - "yes grandfather, but why are you telling me these things", - "don't cry because the old lady will come and she won't see you like this, take all these documents, give them to your son when he becomes an agronomist, Give them to your son when he grows up, so that he knows who he is, who his family is and where he comes from, now go away, my son is coming to fetch me" and they take him away, he looks at the house as if saying goodbye to everything and to me, and they leave with my mother-in-law, my brother-in-law and my father-in-law.*

When they leave I start to cry, because I already felt empty, unprotected, helpless, something was leaving me with him.... It was horrible.

A week went by, he had been admitted to the British hospital, one morning my husband came and told me: *"we'll bring him back in a few hours"* and I said: *"I want to see him now"*, - *"don't you understand that we'll bring him back in a few hours?"* and I started shouting that I wanted to see him now, not later, - *"but you'll see him!"* It was 10 o'clock in the morning, when I went to get dressed I realised that I didn't have anything to wear and it was August, hellish cold, so I put on a black coat of my mother-in-law's, which fit three like me, I put on a patent leather belt of 4 or 5 centimetres and some of my mother-in-law's shoes, of course I had forgotten that the **"girl doesn't need clothes"**.

We arrived at my dear father-in-law's room; it was a room with another little bed, for my brother-in-

law's **-El Cacique**|| (the **chieftain**).



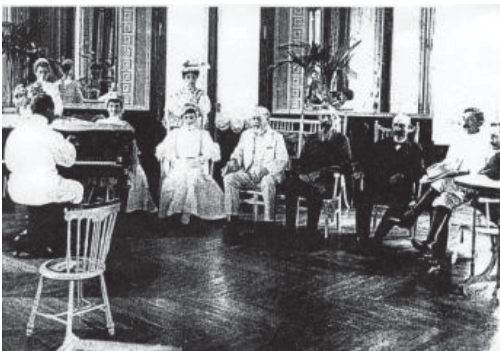
My husband emphasises for the last time that the father is unconscious, with his eyes closed and will not see you,
...what a nonsense to go, what's the point!...

We went into the room, there was a chair next to the bed and I collapsed there and took his hand and started crying on it and I said: *"why, why grandfather, what happened?"* and my father-in-law started to let huge tears flow, and my sister-in-law -the viper||, my brother-in-law's wife, shouted at my father-in-law's daughter, my husband's sister.... and my sister-in-law: *"come here, look what he is doing to your father, he is making him suffer"* and then my husband and my brother-in-law took me outside and **"there my father-in-law cut himself"**, I said to myself he was waiting for me, no

I can write this without crying and thinking, **...What an unfair life, he totally lacked what a human being can give to another, even if it is to relieve his soul that is about to leave that body, how can one be so unloving, so lacking in sensitivity....**

My father-in-law gave me all those documents and told me that, by the time your son is older and knows who he is, he will know who he is.

The days went by and one day they started to dismantle the furniture, I didn't know what was going on, and then I went to see what was going on and they saw me, they were all there; my mother-in-law and her offspring, my husband in front and they said: *"her, her"* and I said: *"what's going on? - You must know where the papers are that*



Julio A. Roca (el primero de la izquierda) En un concierto

we are looking for", - "and what is it? And then they tell me, "I have them", "and why do you have them?", "and because he gave them to me", and they didn't even let me explain, "yes, and why did he give them to you, and what did you give him, because you gave him something", and I went to the room, took everything and threw it in my mother-in-law's face out of indignation, and my husband in front, how disgusting! how can you be, to have such a corrupt soul, starting with my husband.

That attitude of rebellion and -sicilian|| fury that attacked me cost me a lot of grief.

Of course my son got tired of reproaching me, I never told him that he told me his **-abela||**... I told him so.

after my husband died and he reproached me all my life: *"you threw it in his face... and are you proud of what you did? And are you proud of the feat you did?"*, of course I didn't tell him why, *"if grandfather gave it to you for me, why did you do that, if it wasn't yours, it was mine, grandfather wanted me to have it"*.

When my father-in-law passed away, he was the only one who carried the surname. He had... he was... he was... according to my father-in-law;

He was a cousin of "Don JULIO
ROCA" The mother was CIRES,

I.e. "FELIPE MOYANO CIRES ROCA".



I can only say that I was married for 15 years to a -**Coya**||, which is what I got in the cast.

But with whom?... I don't know until today. A man from Cordoba sent me some booklets.

When my dear -Grandfather|| told me he thought that I would feel belittled, hurt by passing myself off for 15 years as the maid or the girl, How wrong, after seeing the treatment and harassment with which he was treated, I believe that this pride, **-this aspiration or delusion**||, never...was never...given to me.

would have gone to his head, so much stronger than a feeling.

In the morning, people started to come **"to see Villa Diego's house"**, and I would attend to them and tell them what I thought.... "until one day my brother-in-law, the **Cacique**, came and opened the door of his car and left it open and, like a storm, he opened the door to the street and shouted at me: "*you snotty little shit, what do you think, I put up the notice of sale every day and you scare away my clients*" and I told him: "*!Haaa...¡, you're going to sell it, well I'm going to go to the judge and I'm going to ask for part of my son's and mine*", and there my mother-in-law shouts: "*what? this house is yours*" and I would never have wanted it to come to that, and she says to me: "*if this house is yours.... I don't want to stay in this house one more minute*" and she called for all her furniture to be taken to her, and she went to my brother-in-law's house in Saladillo, she told him she was going to sell it, and took it to her daughter's house, who had a pension and a 5 x 5 room where she would put all the furniture, but a month later, her daughter told her that the situation and that she needed the room, that she would divide it for students, and she took it to the

I went to see her with my son, it was the end of August and it was freezing cold and I said to her: "*Grandma, why don't you put a brazier or a "Branmetal"*", and she told me that her daughter wouldn't let her, "*Grandma, come to Villa Diego*", and she said: "*before death*", a few days later a pensioner went upstairs to wash clothes and heard a moan and called my sister-in-law.

She went upstairs and my mother-in-law had been on the floor for two days, she had been hospitalised, she had a pressure attack and her mouth and one eye were twisted, in other words half her body was paralysed.

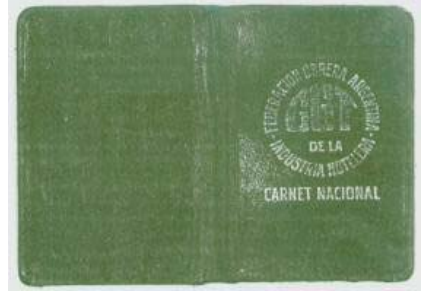
I went to see her at the -Laprida|| sanatorium, and when she saw me she gave me such a look of hatred that I didn't go any more.

A few days later my sister-in-law went to wait for my son at -La Técnica||, and said to him: "*Grandma is dying, come on*", and he said to her: "*and what do you want me to do?* **And here ends the story of the "Coya and the boy"**.

May God forgive me, but Elena and Adelita and my father-in-law may rest in peace, they were three souls tormented by ambition, misunderstanding and lack of affection.

On one occasion, my son left the technical school in the afternoon and from there he went straight to work, where we both worked, I had made him come in with me, who worked in a -coquettish|| business, where people went the owner advertised in the magazine -Ecos de Rosario||, it was called -Ecos de Rosario||.

-My son was the -sandwich maker||, he made the canapés, the triples, etc., as we were closely linked from an early age with the owners of the sandwich factory "*La Pan Pan*", my sister and I were sent to school, from there I was able to assist her at a critical moment of her illness to a relative of theirs.



My Gastronomic Guild card (the photos of Perón and Evita were put on by the Guild).

Well, this place, -Coqueto||, was on Mitre and Córdoba. My

son attended the "Escuela Técnica de Electrónica".

The cousins, -Dani and Pochi|| came and invited him to go out, I think it was at 5 or 5 p.m., they were leaving the -Lasalle School|| and they told him: "*Felipe, come home for some milk and we'll talk*", he didn't even need to, since he was having a snack at work.



My child in the pension



My son in the USA

And well, my son went, when he was inside, my sister-in-law told him: "*Felipito, come outside, I want to talk to you*", - "*si Tía*", and she told him to leave, not to come back, because his company was negative and unhealthy for the children.... "*yes Tía...*".

My son arrived at the shop and didn't come back, I went into the kitchen, which was the dressing room and the bathroom, I waited, I said... he must be putting on his jacket, and I went in, he didn't want to open the door, he was crying inconsolably and I opened it: "*tell me what's wrong!*" "*Auntie, Auntie!*", - "*what happened, what did she do to you!*", - "*she threw me out!*".

And of course, I knew, but he didn't, the little music of the bastard son, and I tell him: "*why did you go*", - "*and why did they come looking for you*", - "*well now you know, that you are not a persona grata, for them, your father died, we have no connection with them anymore*".

Of course, when we met her at the Pami II hospital and when she saw my son after 20 years, she almost had a heart attack, of course, it all came to her mind, what she had done to us, with the theme "that she was not from the family", son of who knows who's father.

And my son saved her by saying: "Auntie, let's have a coffee."

While at the bar, he unburdened himself and began to tell us that his two sons had been expelled from the Lasalle school and that Danito had swindled a policeman and that he was looking for him -to liquidate Danito... poor thing||....

Then my brother-in-law, who was the manager of the mutual fund of a Guild, took out money for the child to go to Spain, and he made a hole in the mutual fund, and the hole was exposed.

And what happened... the father got sick and they put in a substitute, and the substitute made a big deal about it and they fired my brother-in-law, the one who every year threw a reception, inviting the -Rosario elite||.

The house was a -Princely Princely mansion mente||, with waiters, buffet service, table linen, curtains, furniture like in the fairy tales and the Prince.

The "*crem de la crem*" attended, all the Mutual Galenos, frrr....

The point is that overnight... -blusssssssssss|| the balloon was deflated, but not all was lost a -Galeno made him give retirement and a living Pami||.

Of course, a fundamental change, as the Negro Rada used to say: "*Life gives you surprises, life gives you surprises*"... and the Negro Rada used to say: "*I'm afraid that the bad one will come*" are setbacks...

As happened to Fasi Lavalle, but it is all fixable.

Nobody dies twice, "but that yes... many recite without having died", psss....

Changing.

When they held the receptions, logically neither my son nor I could attend these festicholas, but my husband and the co-religionists and co-religionists could, we did not enter at that level.

Then my son used to say to me: "***old woman, life is very sad when you joke about it***"...

The most sinister thing that could happen to me, happened to me, this family could not see us, that we were in peace and harmony, my son and I, we were working, both of us, and we were paid a salary each, we had no problems and that made them sick.

My sister-in-law started to come to bother me at work and to tell me why do you need to work here, if by helping me you can earn the same as here and you are with your family, how hypocritical!

My son would tell me that you are not going to accept him now that we are getting rid of these people... and she would come and tell me that she couldn't find anyone she could trust and that they all stole from her.....*I said to her, "Come on, come home, don't go home. make you beg".*

I still had my mother-in-law, I don't know if it was a month or three that she had her, in the 5 x 5 room, downstairs in the

and then moved it to the terrace in a small room.

Mi hijo con mi suegro en el palomar del Parque Independencia



In the end he convinced me, I said to myself it was for the month of May, at the end of the year the boy finishes his technical school and graduates as an electronics technician... it happens soon....

But, but the devil tucked his tail.... or my mother-in-law's snake tucked its tail.

I was a widow and I told him not to pay me more than the bus fare, because if we both had lunch at the boarding house and I would give him a snack when he left the technical school and he told me: *"I want you to come at 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening from Monday to Friday"*, that is to say that in the morning we travelled together and we came back together.

My sister-in-law had a baby girl that my son used to bring her some 6 or 8 months, when he knew I was pregnant, the fear of the family was that he was going to be a baron and be the only descendant of that family and the only grandchild that my father-in-law longed for.

What happens... one day my mother-in-law tells my sister-in-law that my son wanted to rape her daughter, my sister-in-law screamed her head off and was not satisfied, she went to the police to denounce him, worthy daughter of the big viper.

They call me from the school to warn me and when I get home, my son had left alone and I ask him what happened and he tells me that the engineer from the technical department questioned him, *"and what did you tell him?"*

- *And why?"*, *"because I'm fed up with those two vipers, ask Adriana"*, and the girl cried out that they were grandmother's lies.

But my sister-in-law had already kicked him out and cried: *"you see, I told you, let's not go back to that family"*, and I laughed because I had no choice, either to laugh or cry and he said to me: *"what are you going to do?"*, - *"I'm going to keep going and I'm going to arrange for you to have lunch and snack at the Club Español Republicano"*, I went and he told me he was going to pay me, ... *"if the boy does 3 or 4 little things and pays for the food, sets the tables and serves"....*

But I was exploiting it, I was doing banquets for 30 people, 50 and 100!... and my son was only there to attend, in short.

I kept going from my sister-in-law, and so when he graduated as a technician, **a company gave him a scholarship for being the youngest technician in Rosario, 17 years old**, it was a solution.

One day, I'm walking down the street and Adriana sees me, she ran away from home and went to a friend's house, the girl runs crying and she says to me, *"Auntie save me, my mummy wants me to marry an old man and I can't even see him, Auntie save me!"* I told her how long she had been gone from the house and she said to me: *"just now"*, - *"well baby, come back now, before she notices your absence, you know her, if I help you she'll kill us both"*, and she came back... she didn't marry her off.

But he also kept her as a servant, she washed the sheets in the boarding house and cleaned the rooms, he kept her almost kidnapped and even denied her, in the end only when she turned 30 did she escape from the house.

She had the mentality and the body of a 15 year old girl, she ran away to a garage, she liked the boy and the boy didn't know what to do with her and took her home and the girl cried inconsolably and the boy took her to the house.

She asked not to be taken back to the house because her mother would kill her and the boy's mother was moved and told her to leave her, that the next day her father and mother would go and talk to her parents and so it was, my sister-in-law made her the cross, that she didn't want to see her anymore... his parents married them off.

Once we went with my son to sell a car, and to our surprise, he didn't ask if we had anything to do with so-and-so... who is married to my brother and has the same surname, and when I asked him what her name was.... -Adriana||.

There were no doubts and they told us to come in, and the girl was so happy... and she had a baron and my son said to me: *"old lady, let's leave before her husband comes"*, and then he arrived and kissed each one of us and told us that the family had made a cross for them and they didn't even know the boy, they are going to tell me about it... they were.... they are unbelievable.

I justify the girls because the mother put them from the age of 6 to the age of 22, they had no affection, no parental love.

And barons, therefore, human beings need the guidance and understanding of their parents at every stage of their lives.

An anecdote to qualify.

When I got married my beloved husband took me to Buenos Aires, we were on a bench in the square and I was packed, I didn't want to go anywhere, then a policeman came and as I was crying, he said to my husband, *"what are you doing to this minor"* and my beloved husband said: *"she is my wife!... if not we go to the police station"* and I was jumping with joy... I wish they would leave him inside... and he told him that we'd better go to the hotel where we were staying and show him the marriage certificate, and the policeman agreed, and in the end he told him that well, so as not to have any more problems, take it with you, right?

When we came back from the moon trip -of acíbar||, he took me to his house in Villa Diego, there I caught the first displeasure I had, what this noble family had done, from my house to the consort's, they took my belongings, the only thing I had, that is to say, my baggage, a suitcase, full of -Alma que canta, Antena.... I had the whole repertoire of all the singers and songwriters, **Gardel's accident, the wake, Magaldi's wake, countless memories, commemorations, when Libertad Lamarque wanted to commit suicide because of Gardel, when Las Mellicitas came out of the Teatro Infantil** that was in the municipality of Rosario, there was no artist that did not follow him and had him.... and what happened?... it happened that as Villa Diego's house was an old house, one of those that to go to the bathroom you had to take a sulqui or saddle a horse, -I say|| because they usually did it in a -legua||, far away from the house, that is, at the back of the land.

Well, this thing they did to me... Of course they were waiting for me, and they were waiting to see my face and see what I did or said, how I reacted, I went to the bathroom and found all my baggage of years nailed to the hook, when I saw that, I went back to the room and started crying, my husband came and started laughing like crazy and said to me: *"and that's why you're going to cry?"* I thought: **"I can see what's in store for me"**... and that's just how it was, I never had anything mine or private, they even took my son, they brought him to me, -take the teat|| and they took him away from me, I didn't even have the right to enjoy my son.

Now I wonder what kind of people these people were, when I went to that house one day I asked them to show me some photos of when they were kids and that's when I realised, if not everything, then a lot... and they told me that when they came from Córdoba to Rosario, they had their boots stolen, where they had all their photos, one day I said to my husband how angry I was: *"look, all people from Córdoba are little mistakes"*, and he said: *"yes? Look, you're married to a man from Cordoba, when we were coming from Cordoba they stole all our documents and valuables"*, and I said to him: *"and how...? it says in yours: born in Rosario"*, - *"and of course my father registered us all in Rosario"*... **So that they would lose track of him?**

There I realised that when they came from Cordoba they wiped the slate clean, I was struck by the fact that there was no book, there was only a 1st grade dictionary, nothing else, no pictures, etc., just the walls.

Today I think about what those people put me through and it

scares me. I endured it all for my son.

My mother-in-law used to get up at 7 a.m. to drink mate and until she didn't stop drinking... I had to make a sewed mate with that yerba mate, **"it was the girl's rule"**, when people came I had to eat in the kitchen.

At the wakes I had to serve the coffee and I was always the **girl**, I had to clear the furniture of the mortuary room by myself ?

When my husband died, I left Rosario for 20 years with my son to work, both of us... and I didn't give my address to anyone.

When my husband was alive and had been working for 15 years, one day I told him: *"I'm going to go to the labour department to claim the 15 years they had me working as a maid, or the girl"*, and he said to me: *"who will believe you?"*

Believe it or not, I left before litigating with these people. If you

see it in the novels, you say: **"What a fantasy they do..."**.

The most sinister and aberrant thing that my beloved husband left me as a memory, and... that when his family got tired of telling me that I had married a prize, **he never recognised him as a son**, apart from not wanting, according to him, to have children with me, when when my husband died, as I explained, I went with my son to work in the north and after 20 years, I returned to Rosario, and like a -zombie|| I went to the Famosa bakery in Rosario and half of my relatives, and when the man at the cash register, who was the owner, saw me, he said: *"what are you doing? - "and you can see it..."*, *"how can you see it... it's been 20 years since you disappeared"*, *"heeeee... it's been 20 years that your family has been looking for you"*, - *"and for what?"*, - *"for the succession!"*, - *"haaaa... I thought it was for something important"*, - *"don't play dumb, what's wrong is your brother-in-law the Cacique"*, - *"yes?..... I'll keep him in my prayers"*, - *"don't act stupid, if you want to see him alive, go, I don't know if he'll make it through the night"*, and I flew away and told my son: *"take me, take me, your godfather is dying"*, - *"what's wrong with you, you've gone crazy, look, with everything that son of a thousand did to you..."*, and I started to cry, *"take me! look... come on, just once..."*, - *"crazy, crazy, don't you see that the whole family is going to be there..."*, - *"that's why we're going once and until the next wake, we won't show up"*, well, in the end she loosened up.

I was in Pami II and I asked how he was admitted there and they told me that his doctor was there, and as he was in Pami, he was admitted to intensive care, but that after midday he was taken to the ward, it was on the 2nd floor so we had to climb the wide stairs and when we got to the waiting room, all the relatives were seated, as soon as we got upstairs they were like in the cinema, all in a row, when my son went upstairs the exclamation was: *"today... he's just like his father but he's 1.70 m tall". he looks just like his father but he's 5'7"*, he didn't have Coya's short legs and my sister-in-law - **Benjamina**||, who was the one who had mortified me, said: *"come on, tell me who the father is... you're already married!"*, she turned white and fainted and my son gave each of them a kiss and said: *"Aunt Benjamina, I'll buy you a coffee"*, and she looked at him and touched him and said: *"incredible, he looks just like my brother"*.

This lady, my sister-in-law stopped eating and they couldn't make her eat, she refused to eat and they couldn't do anything, she died, of course the family said... what a strange case, they couldn't find anything, one fine day she didn't want to eat anymore, until she died, just like Gabriela gilli.

We couldn't see my brother-in-law because they didn't bring him and my son said to me: "*Well, are you happy? You saw them all, look, I didn't insult them because of you and because of the mess that would have been made, they won't bring him tomorrow, you see that after 20 years, how these people have changed*".

When my son was born he was blond with light blue eyes, they harassed me... they asked me who he had been born to and I burst out laughing and told them the milkman, he was blond with blue eyes.

But the unusual thing is that in that family all 7 children went out to the mother-in-law, **it is seen that the Coya blood surpassed everything**, all 7 had black hair, and when they told me.... I couldn't hold back my laughter, but they were all poisonous because my father-in-law was blond and my father was freckled red, my sister was freckled red and had yellow cat eyes, I was wine-coloured and had caramel eyes, a roe deer, of course with the years, everyone changes, besides my Italian father and mother, my sister had freckles like a lentil, I must have carried her!

Well, why I wanted to see my brother-in-law before he leaves this planet... I wanted him to give me a confirmation that was very important to me.

So I arrived the next day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, when he saw me, he sat up, opened his eyes wide, as if he was seeing a hallucination, after 20 years I couldn't believe it.

To explain this would take me a ||page||, in the next life, if I come back here, I will tell you, don't hate me.

I am going to comment on an event that happened to me that I already mentioned at the

beginning of this page. One because it is a very pleasant and -jocular|| memory.

I was told that a young man came to my house, more like a -mastodon||, if you will pardon the expression and without offending him.

This expression is or was because I was 13 years old and some 43 or 45 kilos for 1,60 m, he on the other hand something of 1,90 m and something of 90 or 100 kilos... something like **"Samson and Delilah"**.

When something like that came along, I would hide and spy.

He was a Chilean, and as they were about to set up Alindar, Ovidio Lagos' metallurgical plant, engineers and technicians had come to start it up, and as Acindar was owned by Chilean capital.

He was a technician and he came to ask for my hand, and I told him: -I've come to ask for the hand of your little goat||, and I listened to him and said: "*your sister will be more of a little goat*", of course I didn't know that in Chile they called her that.

Well... my mother that a technician from another country came to ask for my hand, he

was the zumun.... Of course she accepted it and gave him the visiting days and

everything was sealed.

I didn't dislike the young man, I just thought he was old, he was 24 years old for me and I thought he was too much of a man for me, anyway.

I received him and we sat on a double sofa, he put his arm around my shoulders and started to put his hand down and reached my ribs and there I gave him a push and he almost fell to the floor and I told him that he wasn't going to grope me, if he wanted to grope his sister, I threw him out.

A week went by, 2 weeks went by and he didn't come back and my mother started to get impatient, as he didn't come back, I think he must have come for two weeks... and in the end I told my mother, don't wait for him because he's not going to come anymore.

And my mother... *"And my mother said, -and why, what happened?|| and I said... "because of what he did to me", - "and what did he do to you" and I didn't want to talk, -no because you're going to defend him||, well my mother said, -you tell me and I'll see if it was wrong", and well, and I told her and why? "And that's why you threw the boy out, if all boyfriends do that with their girlfriends, it's a show of affection", - "yes... let him go and do that to his sister, nobody's going to come and grope me".*

In summary, my mother went to the Alindar to look for him and apologise.

But the Chilean was no longer working at Alindar, he had left for Buenos Aires, he left with the group that came and they went to Buenos Aires to start up another steelworks.

My mother says to me: *"did you see what you did, now the boy is gone, get ready, we are going to Buenos Aires".*

We took the train.

As the train is about to leave, whoa, meow.... a bunch of -Navy Cadets|| get on, when I saw them get on, I stopped, put down the bag I had on the top of the luggage rack.

The train was full, I was the only girl, let's say, and my mother started: *"hey brat, take out that bag and let the boy sit down"* and I was looking out the window, as I sat alone and my mother in front of me and she started kicking me.... "I wanted to crush them, in the end with a homicidal fury I took out the bag and let him sit down and I kept looking out the open window, when I took the bag she said to me: *"no, please, that's all right..."* and she put it up and everyone applauded, and she said to me: *"what's his name?and I didn't even look at him, "I'm going to guess; María Rosa, etc..."* and my mother said: *"her name is Rosalía", and Rosalía from here, Rosalía from there... and then she said to me: "what would you like to be when you grow up?"and I turned around and said: "bataclana"... and as he was speechless and didn't speak any more, I turned around and said: "and now what, the mice have got your tongue" and he said: "you left me cold... at least I'm thinking of getting married and having children..."*

I just looked at him, he had beautiful eyes and I thought: *"he's a cadet, he'll be 17 or 18 when he enters... and what am I going to do with him if my mother wants me to get married now... and he has to have a career, no, I can't get engaged, if not married, why am I going to get his hopes up and I'm going to get my hopes up, about something that can't, it can't be".*

I thought about it all in a minute, I no longer treated him with hostility.

And he says to me: *"Rosalía, are you going to give me your address, so I can write to you?|| and he gives me his address:*

José Adolfo del Signo, on board the **"Torpedero Catamarca"** which is docked at the North Dock.

Of course he must be a grandfather by now.

I felt he was a good kid and didn't deserve to be destroyed as he was just opening his wings to fly.

I'm not going to deny that in the end the boy -won me **over**||, that is, he won my sympathy and I even liked him, but... and what do we do after that?

My son used to say to me: *"you used to think a lot, nothing about yourself, always about others".*

We arrived in Buenos Aires and the attentive guy took our bags down and said goodbye and left, he had my address and I had his, from the Navy.

My mother went to the company they gave her in Acindar, where the Chilean was, and there they gave her the address, my mother took me and we were attended by a brunette of 1.80 m, and my mother asked her about the young man and she told her that he had been living with her for a month.

And my mother dropped the bookshelf.

She was already jumping for joy. The young man's surname was **González**, his first name?

And time was running out... we went back to Rosario, I was happy and my mother was disappointed, frustrated, another failure.

My mother said to a lady who did all the housework: *"Doña Rosa, the postman is coming to bring a letter from Buenos Aires in the name of Cuca, you intercept it and don't let her receive it, let alone read it"*. I was feeling it, so I had to keep an eye on the postman, and one of those times he comes and I run and the lady takes it from me, my mother appears and takes it from him, I wanted to read it, and we had a fight, in the end my mother says to me: *"we are going to tear it up, let me read it to you!"* And so it was, I was anxious and excited and my mother kept the letter and asked a relative to answer it and I don't know what he wrote, because the young man didn't write to me any more.

It was about 2 years later, I went to Alberdi with my son to show him, he was a -piglet|], at 2 months he weighed 10 kilos, and at 40, 42 kilos I couldn't carry him.

I took the Alberdi Express and carried him, he was 6 months old.

When I arrived from my family I stopped and a young man stood up and went to the front, **when I saw that it was the Marinerito**, I went back to get off at the back and he looked at me with an air of a jerk, he "watches" me up and down, he looks at the baby and starts to laugh.

Of course I was on the train, when he asked me what I'd like to be when I grow up, and I said in a bad way, Bataclana... hence the ironic smile, as if to say... **you didn't want to be a bataclana, what happened to you? it failed you.**

Of course I never saw him again, and when I got off the bus and the two of us stood there, I hoped he would follow me and not see where I was going.

I don't know if he pursued a career, but if he is on this planet he must be a grandfather and he must have been a good husband, father and grandfather.

As I was in particular and the traditional little bag, sailor, I thought it must have a few days free... and then the **"Idilio Marineril"** was over. Stop

In faith and humility, Mary.



Let everyone draw their own conclusions... (Part I)

To Internet readers.

I would like to inform you that what I wrote about my husband's family and in fact, family in 2nd degree or in-laws... I should have written it, so that it is understood how the branch comes and **"what they want to get to", those who incite me to do this**, in itself who interprets the subject or the purpose of this story and who it is addressed to... -It goes||, of course I don't know, I must write it, without internalising the why or wherefore.

Of course and logically, this is what least or least points to or refers to... either me or my sisters-in-law.

This is going to raise a storm because of **the underlying issue**.

In fact, I couldn't even begin to decipher it, since there is a deep sea here, that I had only studied 2nd grade and I started 3rd grade, but since my mother got sick I didn't want to go anymore, I wanted to be with her, the teacher came to pick me up and my mother told her to convince me, that not going to school didn't solve anything and I just started crying, I couldn't explain the inexplicable.

In the end my mother chose not to insist.

All right, that's as far as it goes, because I've already explained this on this page later on. I continue.

This, directly or indirectly, some or all of it is directed at **THE HISTORIATORS**, those who know and wrote Argentina's history.

My whole life takes place through the history of Argentina.

"WHAT HAPPENED!"... THEY TELL ME THAT THERE IS SOMETHING BIG HERE, HIDDEN... THAT THE WHOLE TRUTH IS NOT TOLD, BUT ONLY HALF OF IT.

THAT THERE IS SOMETHING VERY BIG AND IMPORTANT, CONCERNING ARGENTINA, THAT NEEDS TO BE UNRAVELLED, DISCOVERED AND LAID BARE.

STARTING FROM THE FEROCIOUS MASSACRE OF THE INDIANS.

DON JULIO ARGENTINO ROCA, WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S UNCLE AND THEREFORE JULITO ROCA, MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S COUSIN.

I know nothing, nor do I know anything about Argentine history, and if I do know anything it's

because I was told about it. I am only now finding out about things.

That's one way to have kept me in ignorance!

There was something I didn't understand, no matter how ignorant I was, there were things that didn't make sense to me, that didn't convince me, despite my simple existence, that gave me the impression of standing on a volcano.

"The fact that my husband took me to live in Villa Diego, in that big house, which was a fortress, where I spent 15 years of my life... when I went to that house I was surprised by everything, it looked like they had just moved in, the house had only the walls, it didn't have a painting, an almanac, there wasn't a single book, only a primary school dictionary, smaller than a missal".

In order to reveal what is hidden, I had to unveil my life.

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF ARGENTINA, WHICH I AM TOLD THAT UNTIL IT IS REVEALED, IT WILL CONTINUE TO SINK IN THE SEA OF IGNORANCE.

BY GOD AND COUNTRY... BY HER ALONE MUST I BE JUDGED.

In faith and humility, Mary.

Let everyone draw their own conclusions... (Part II)

To Internet readers.

What I am writing now, as a closing to a sad and painful stage, for the people who had to live it, I echo, I put myself in their places, where each one of them had to suffer detachment and disaffection, **only for having been of that "Caste"**, to which they had to be involuntary participants of a **Historical Life** that they neither asked for nor wished to be part of.

And even less so if that fact, from the outset, deprived them of the joy of having an ordinary family?

To the Internet reader.

The Facts...

When I finished writing "**The Family History**", I finished the story, being in the dining room, and I went to my room, to go to bed and continue meditating on this subject, and I thought; *how the brothers of "Coyita" hatched this plot and married my father-in-law...* and "**The Extras**" said to me: "**And why should it be her brothers and not his family?**"

There I was confused, confused and I said to myself: "*and why not... but to think of something like that, it was something sinister, monstrous, no, no... not even in my dreams, to think of something like that*"... but they explained it to me, point by point.

The barbecue, the wine, the stay for a night and part of the day, a plan well thought out by the family.

THE EXTRATERRESTRESTS tell me that he, my father-in-law whose name was Don Felipe, that's why they called him Felipe, after him... that he used to get into fights with the family, he and his brother Adrián, they were both university students and they **were against the massacre they carried out with the Indians.**

And everything lasted as long as the father was alive, but when the father died, who was the one who defended them, **they decided to get rid of "the two rebels and those who were against what uncle Julio Argentino Roca had done".**

The Family proposed this sinister plan to the caretakers of the sugar estate. As if to

say: ... *well if you love Indians so much...* marry him off to an Indian.

And Brother Adrián, he studied medicine, of course in a *Catholic school*, the problem is that **the priests did not want to give him a medical degree and never did**, so he worked as a quack to maintain the family, **because the priests and the Church were in favour of the massacre, and all the churches in Cordoba owe a saint to Don Julio Argentino Roca.**

Then Don Julio's -gurí|. And my father-in-law used to call his little cousin -Julito|.

The issue is that the family of -Dr. Adrián Moyano Cires|, because he was not allowed to practice medicine as God intended, had the family in total misery, of course his daughters were pupils at a nuns' school.

Just like the girls, my sisters-in-law, all 4 were pupils until they were 22 years old, when my mother-in-law put them in pupils, the oldest was 6 years old and she told me that she used to wipe the other three's tails, the nuns made her take care of her sisters.

Dr. Adrián's girls from Córdoba, also when they left at the age of 22, were busy doing handicrafts.

Dr. Adrián died and left the family destitute. I think there was

a son who was a baron, I don't know if he followed medicine.

My father-in-law's two sisters became nuns, until I was with the family, one was Mother Superior and the other Prior.

The school and the Teaching Hospital, first called "Hospital ESCUELA MOYANO CIRES" and now "REINA FABIOLA".

My father-in-law was in Cordoba until I don't know what year and then I don't know what happened.... they came as fugitives, the thing is that they didn't have any photos or documents.

But because of someone's wedge my father-in-law made new documents. My father-in-law told me that on the trip from Cordoba to Rosario, *"their boots were stolen"*...

The thing is that my father-in-law was married and his 7 children were all born in Rosario.

This is the truth that THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS tell me. May

God and the Fatherland judge me.

Now the Chicas rest in peace and my dear father-in-law.

One of my sisters-in-law named her daughter Adriana and the other named her son Adrián.

Adriana's mother's name is Ana Victoria and Adrián's mother, the late Benjamina, always bore the names of the family in disgrace, Benjamina was the name of my father-in-law's sister and Adrián, Adriancito, the Dr. who lived and died in misery.

There are still my sister-in-law Ana Victoria, Victor Hugo, my brother-in-law, my niece, Adriana...

My father-in-law's family, that is, my father-in-law and his 7 children came to Rosario as if they wanted to liquidate them, like the Indians... but it was all in the grace of God through the church.

I lived in Villa Diego as **"on a volcano or a cemetery"**, you have to go through it to find out, anyway it's over...

What I experienced in that house in Villa Diego only I and God know, I am a clairvoyant and medium, so I **saw how the ghosts danced but they didn't bother me**, one day I said to my husband: *"look at that one next to you"*, and he said: *"where?"* He says to me: *"where?"* - he looks this way and that way - *don't you see that you are crazy, people like you who start seeing visions should be locked up before they go crazy*", 1° I never said a word to him again, 2° he gave me the idea and I went to see the doctor and I told him that I had to go into hospital, that I couldn't stand my husband anymore... **either I would go into hospital or I would commit suicide**... he was the one who looked after my son and me, and as the baby had asthma, allergies, he went to check his back and he had blue slices, and he said to me: *"and this!"* and I said: *"my husband"*, - *"and how can you allow this!"* And he said to me: *"and why don't you separate?"* and he gave me a lawyer's card, and I said to him: *"well, but now you have to interpret me"*, and **I couldn't even sleep in that house because of the shadows and the dances and the drums.**

On one occasion... my dad took me to a seer in Entre Ríos, from the bus you had to walk about 20 blocks cross country... cold, rain, mud and finally a little ranch, he attended me and spoke to **"one"** who was next to me, I could see him too... and he told him why they were bothering me, that they should go somewhere else... and they left.

When my son was 14 years old and I was widowed, he told me that he also saw them, but he didn't say....

In faith and humility, Mary

THE MYSTERY OF MARY IS UNVEILED:

Solution...

(41st Part).

Solution...

Why do you mortify me so much, so much, if I have already fulfilled my duties. It is that I will have to pay for other people's faults.

Since I was brought into this blessed world, it has only been to unleash their karma, which each one of them has been dragging along, and they have been playing dumb so as not to take responsibility for their miseries.

So what was it worth to me, to have bent the -servis||, to be humble with my neighbour, not to show off and to fulfil all the precepts, I never reneged and I accepted with nobility the servility to which they reduced me, I always responded with greatness before the pride of the miserable ones who wanted to lower me, humiliate me and did not realise how insignificant they turn out to be.

I was predestined from the start to carry a sovereign **NATIONAL KARMA** (which I should expose in the light of truth).

I was and am ready to unveil the Mystery, which enclosed and encloses this **sacrilegious family**.

I am not the one who, nor anyone to judge, nor to blame anyone, that is what the Lords of Karma are for, to JUDGE, nor do I have the power to FORGIVE.

Here... everyone will have to take responsibility for the steps they have taken, whether wrong or right, justifiable, reprehensible or denigrating, for each case there will be a scale of values, statistically...

What I am writing is being dictated to me, that is to say, it can be seen that the judgement and decisions are not taken by me. I don't exist, "*I am without being*", I transmit, without having art or part.

Let's get to the point, what gets on my nerves, since I am a meat person, is purely and exclusively the fact that they have used me... to mention an example, the **EXTRATERRESTRIALS** in the year 1.I went with my son, he told me: "*look old lady, what a beautiful place, let's buy a lot*", and the **EXTRATERRESTRIALS** told me to buy a block and my son asked me if we were going to be able to pay for it, and I said: "*yes, of course*".

And well, I bought the block on the only hill there was, **they were telling me the EXTRAS to look for lot 13 but I got lot 12.... and they wanted a triangle, a three sided lot, but I got the 4 sided hill, they told me that that place was, or was the 1st and last FORTIN, and what the hell did I know, what a FORTIN was**, wow, meow, snif.

SE REFIERE AL BOLETO DE LA VUELTA:

POSESION INMEDIATA: La Sociedad Vendedora entregará los lotes debidamente amojonados por Ingeniero, de inmediato a que sea solicitada por los compradores y hasta un plazo de un año a contar desde la fecha de la venta.

AGUA CORRIENTE Y LUZ ELECTRICA: Los lotes de las manzanas 1 a la 50 serán dotados de agua corriente de excelente calidad y luz eléctrica, obras que la Sociedad Vendedora iniciará de inmediato. -----

PARQUIZACION: La Sociedad Vendedora también se compromete formalmente a realizar las obras de parquización de la totalidad del fraccionamiento. Miles y miles de hermosas coníferas y otros tipos de plantas ideales para la zona serán puestas y cuidadas por la Sociedad Vendedora, en cuyos trabajos se halla ya abocada. -----

DERECHO DE CAZA: La Sociedad Vendedora otorgará el derecho de caza a cada uno de los adquirentes en un coto de más de 3.000 hectáreas adyacentes a este nuevo centro, para lo cual le suministrará un carnet que le dará derecho a penetrar en su propiedad y beneficiarse con el interesante deporte de la caza mayor que constituye uno de los grandes atractivos del lugar. También le dará derecho a transitar a lo largo del río Chimehuín en la gran estancia La Ganadera del Sud S.A., para que los pescadores encuentren los lugares que ellos prefieran para buscar las mejores piezas que allí se logran: truchas, salmones, etc.. Esta cláusula queda supeditada a las reglamentaciones legales impuestas por Parques Nacionales, el Gobierno de la Provincia de Neuquén y autoridades Nacionales. El comprador queda impuesto de la Ley 18.594 y manifiesta conocer las disposiciones y reglamentaciones de Parques Nacionales. -----

GANADERA DEL SUD S.A. INDUSTRIAL Y AGRICULTORA

But if the EXTRAS told me so, it was the law for me, and I never asked why and what for. I did what they told me to do and weighed: "...". *They will know why and what for*"....

With this I would like to point out that it has been 30 years... or almost, that I have been paying for land, water, electricity, etc., and I still haven't got the deed, I think I have lost count of the letters, and now I should have started a lawsuit against the person responsible for formalising the agreement.

RECEIPT ISSUED BY THE NOTARY'S OFFICE HERRERO OF CANCELLATION OF DEBT AND AMOUNT OF THE DEED



Dr. Mauricio at the entrance to the Lanin Park



Crater left by the "Stone Seed".

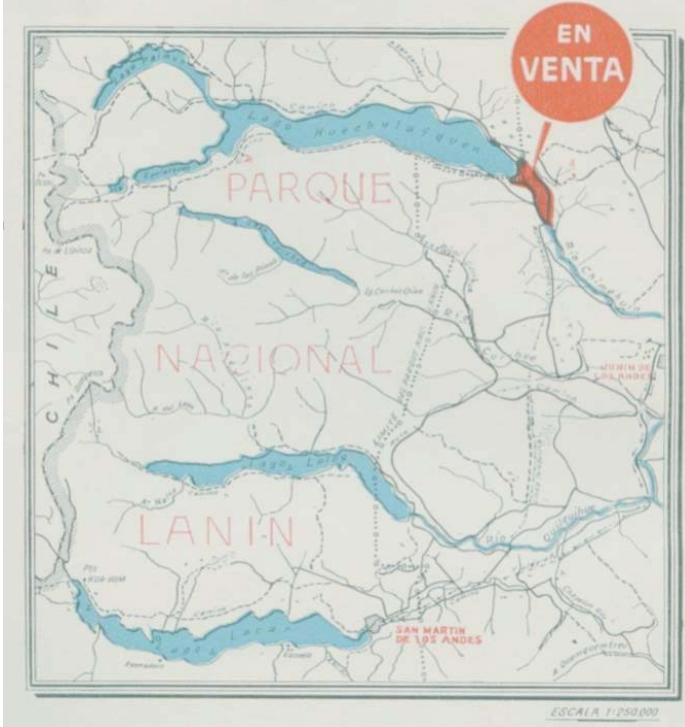
In '99 the **EXTRAS** urged me to go to **Junín de Los Andes**, to **Huechulafquen** with a lawyer, and so I did, I went with him and a nephew.

I have already explained this on another page, that we went there and there is still no water, no electricity, no road, it is a huge devastated field, and there is not a single tree, as if only anguish and desolation were growing...

We went to see our land... to our surprise, **a huge AEROLITE fell on my land, leaving a huge crater** that you can't see the end, as the kids would say -a buraco||... a nephew who came with me and the lawyer, climbed the hill.... and I carried a big cross that **Father Eusebio, Benito Mussolini's confessor**, had given me... and I took the cross off and put it between my two palms and raised my arms in the form of a prayer, **"making a request to heaven": ... "that no one dare tread on my land"...**

While we were travelling back, I found out that two climbers had made a promise to climb the Lanin Volcano, *which also depends on my land*, and I found out that the two climbers had **DIED**, they had to fulfil the promise before 2000, I was bitter, I was grieved, but I said, "I am sorry:
... *"no, no, this is not mine"....*

The lawyer, whose name is Mauricio, was looking at the crystal clear water of **HUECHULAFQUEN LAKE** and the mouth of the **CHIMEHUIN River**, which is in the *National Park*.



Lanín, so this fact was lost.

I wanted to climb the hill with my nephew, and I couldn't because my feet were sinking to my ankle and I fell and Dr. Mauricio said to me: "give me your hand", and with one jerk I pulled myself out, I was buried, "in that Dry Lava and Ashes of the Volcano" which it is clear that at one time was vomiting lava||, I said to my nephew: -throw my cross there||, the thing is that when we got back to the hotel, the doctor said to me: -what about the cross? - "I must have dropped it when I slipped and sank" - "what a pity, it was so beautiful" - "yes, I had been carrying it for 20 years"... Father Eusebio said to me: "always carry it, it will protect you".

Well the thing is that **the EXTRAS urge me that this year, I must have the deed, yes or yes?**
God protect me now.

The reader will imagine that I was not allowed to study or read, so that I would not find out what I should not have, be it about -the War||, -the Massacre||, etc.

One... I am not so important that they took... or that they went to that trouble... that they made me the story, that they needed -my virgin mind|| and it was only to hide the Family history from me.

Of all the Readers... "The Perspicacious", the one who unveiled the Mystery, the Profound end of this plot? Will you realise that I am too little to be the architect of this plot, who am I to take so many precautions?

That I would expose the plot of ARRIBA!....



At the top of this hill is my plot of land

What could have prevented the Falklands War...?

And many more disasters that could have been avoided.... What is my role here, I don't know yet!

But what I do know with the little that I know today, I can tell you, that this ambition, Project or whatever, of the **WORLD GOVERNMENT**, is a bigger madness, that they are doing, promoting or projecting... when they realise that this is the end of the powers that be, they will not be able to go back.... don't they see that this is what they are aiming at?



The Powers want to do like **-the dog**||, pardon the comparison; *when the dog wants to get rid of -the parasites|| it wallows in the earth until it gets rid of the parasites, the scab or whatever causes it discomfort... or the -intruder||.... well - similar|| or an example, because the **Peoples, precarious, insolvent, for the Powers, "taste like Parasites!"**, hence - they want to *get rid of*|| all of Latin America, but the comical thing is that there are **OTHERS WHO ARE WAITING FOR THAT FACT TO TERMINATE THE POWERS.***

are waiting...

I don't know what they are waiting for, but I know that they

Why not leave aside pride, rational beings, to unload their consciences, open your hearts, your faults or your mistakes.

arrogance and how to their confess

There is nothing more infamous and dastardly than the with money, or by doing to kill, again to silence a guilt time for the world to know why it happened happened war, even if it is for more land,

wanting toto cover up something worse or by guilt, already is such a o this or that more power, if it is for more



It is nobody's place to judge anyone, and what is done is done, silence is worse, concealment hurts, demeans, denigrates.

In this 2000's "LET'S CLEAR THE WORD AND REWIND THE ACCOUNT", as it was done with the warehouse... make forums for discussion, for confession, at world level, that everyone speaks and everyone has a voice and a vote, and here or in the world there is not a single Judge... who sets himself up as a Judge or who claims to judge anyone.

And I am urged to buy that APPLE that they made me buy 30 years ago, to make a great monument, for those who fell on that land... that the **Extraterrestrials** made me buy, that block for that purpose... **and that the families that are still left, the descendants of THE MASSACRE, raise it.**

For the Military, Indians and civilians who fell... "IT IS NOT PRESISIOUS TO SAY WHO PARTICIPATED"...

Just get campaigning and get on with it.

MAY GOD AND COUNTRY JUDGE THEM.

No one can set himself up as judge, no one has the supreme authority to judge the world, **"who bears the name of the fallen, be they Indians, civilians or military**, all those who should have participated fulfilled a mandate that was given to them and only to **"HIM"** will they answer.

THAT IT BE SQUARE AND THE NAMES OF THE 4 SIDES, LIKE AN OBELISK, THAT IT BE RAISED BY ARGENTINIANS AND FOREIGNERS, WHO PARTICIPATED, AND THE NAMES OF BOTH ARGENTINIANS AND FOREIGNERS.

... "Of course the Indians are all Argentines"... and long live the Homeland!

Let there be peace among Beings of all Races....

Come to your senses, there is still time.... -Long live the homeland!... may the participants and the fallen, who all fought for the homeland, may there be peace for all from this year 2000 onwards.

Only then will Argentina cease to be submerged in greed and ignorance. To become a

Free and Sovereign Homeland. Amen.

In faith and humility, Mary.

"I EXPLAINED TO INTERNET READERS THAT IN HEAVEN THERE WAS A WAR OR FIGHT BETWEEN ANGELS OR ALIENS". "A FAMILY WAS DIVIDED, ONE... THE CURSED ONE, STAYED WITH LIEV, AND OURS WITH KIEV... THAT OF LIEV'S,

WE HAVE IN ALL OUR GOVERNMENTS AN EXAMPLE". "MAY GOD PROTECT US, AMEN".

Tourism section of the newspaper "La Voz del Interior" of

Cordoba, Sunday 9 May 2004.

Junín de los Andes, 121 years young, is the oldest town in Neuquén. It was founded in 1883 on the banks of the Chimehuin River in an extensive valley bordering the Lanín National Park, which protects forests, rivers and mountains in its 379,000 hectares.

These lands where Mapuches and Tehuelches reigned, with the development of the Desert Campaign organised by Julio Argentino Roca, the first Huincas (white men, in Mapuche language) arrived.

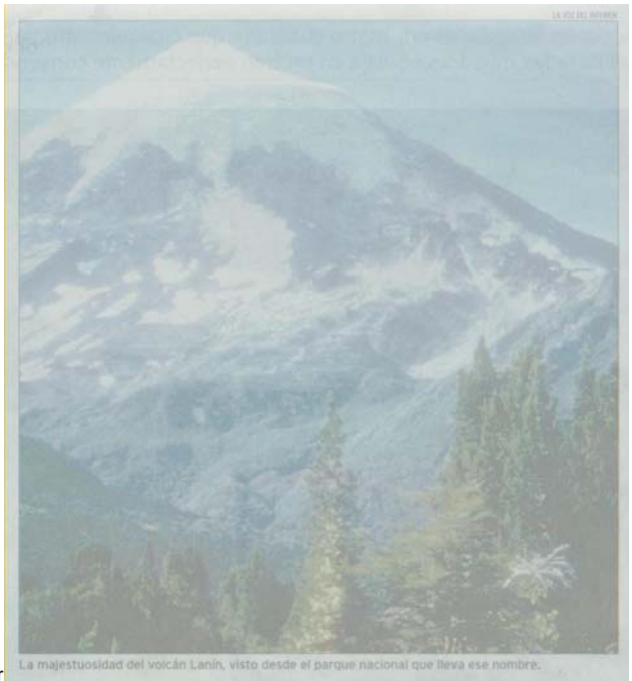
The army outposts reached the place known as Yconiyen (valley of the chacavales) or Cun Cun Nicieu (meeting place around a Mojón), where they erected the fort known as "Fuerte Junín", which in Aymara means post or pastureland.

Junín de los Andes also has the profile of a mountain village and its buildings show it: profusion of wooden and stone houses, gabled roofs and wide, clean streets.

The central square is named after St. Martin and the largest perimeter

The square is also home to the wor the Mapuches. In this square you can also find specimens of the native chacay and even a ceceoia from the United States.

The square has a very particular history, since when it was projected by Colonel Brondsted in 1897 it was going to be named after Bartolomé Mitre, but as they could not find a bust of the Prócer and they had one of General San Martín, this name was given to it.



Junín de los Andes has numerous alternatives for touring circuits, practising sports or simply getting to know unforgettable places.

One of the circuits, perhaps the one with the most magnificent landscapes, is the Huechulafquen Lake (in Mapuche, lake where the point is located), which is 30 kilometres long and five kilometres wide, with depths of up to 400 metres. From Chivos Island you get an incomparable view of the Lanín volcano (dead rock, in Mapuche language), with a height of 3.776 metres and eternal snow.

The mouth of the Chimehuin River, at its outlet from Lake Huechulafquen, is a paradise for *fly casting* trout fishermen. Impressive specimens of these salmonids are obtained there.

The route takes you along Route 61, which borders the lake, and passes through the Mapuche communities of Raquithue and Lafquenche, Puerto Canoas, Lake Epulafquen and La Unión.

Another spectacular circuit is the Curruhué which, along route 62, leads to the Curruhué Chico and Grande lakes, the Verde lagoon, the Achen Ñiyeu volcano, El Escorial, the Carilafquen lagoon and the Epulafquen hot springs.

Finally, the Lago Tromen circuit, along Route 60, passes through the Malleo River; **the Mapuche communities of Palnefilú, Atreuco, Chiuquilibuín and Aucapán**; Lake Tromen; the Lanín volcano; and the Mamuil Malal (or Tromen) international pass.

A visit not to be missed is to the Centre of Applied Ecology of Neuquén (Cean), created in 1986 and dedicated to studies and research for the use, conservation and control of the species of the fauna of Neuquén. There you will be able to observe the hatching and hatching rooms for salmonidae (trout) and a llama hatchery.

The Via Christi

The Via Christi is a sculptural ensemble that represents, in 18 stations, passages from the life of Christ, together with the history of the Mapuche people and of the Church in the region, with its saints and martyrs.

The circuit is located in the Cerró de la Cruz, from where you can see the whole valley of Junín de los Andes, the nearby hills and the Chimehuin River.

I'm going to talk a little about me... I know that everything I wrote is centred on me, but... I know that my opinion doesn't count, doesn't count, doesn't weigh, has no value, nor is it a reason to take into account, or that it will create a reason for awareness, that would almost be a joke, a reason for laughter, since it is a joke, a joda... speaking badly and quickly.

But what makes me think **that I was the ideal architect for this "Machiavellian" plot**, that is to say that not since my marriage, this was already woven, from before, perhaps since I was born, I think that the course that they made me do with *my false "grandmother"...* *the Jewess*, was a kind of training, to get me in tune and in orbit, from then on the one that awaited me...

But more curious, comical or unusual, that nothing got to me, of course... now I think that **The aliens must have "immunised" me against snakes, scorpions and scorpions**,

of everything poisonous, because they were my jollity... of staring at them without flinching and watching them decay, erupt and disintegrate like the lava of the Volcano a crude exemplification.

So, at this point in my complicated and tangled life, nothing surprises me anymore... that a Good, a Bad, a Rich, a Poor, a Miserable or a Miserable... for me they all have the same value, if *God created some of them and the Devil created others and mixed them all together to live together...* and... **it is a World Experiment**, to see how each one reacts and to contemplate "from above" how they grab each other by the hair, what tricks each one uses, I am reading the fascicles of The War and I see it clearly, how they test each country and see the arts, the tricks, that they use to avoid the enemy, that in the end we are all, all brothers, created by the same being and with the same objective and that being together, *they degenerated the objective for which the Races were created.*

Wouldn't it be about time to stop making the "caldo gordo to others", to stop being the great "Circus" that we are for "alone of those from Above", and that even today the naivety is such, that they have covered their understanding with the veil of ignorance and carnal stupidity.

I am now allowed to read... to know what I was not allowed in life, today I am allowed and made aware of everything I was denied until today, I accept everything even though I am overcome with a homicidal rage, not for myself, but for the people in general, those who were involuntary participants, volunteers and victims.

If anyone of those who read from the beginning, the page....

Let's make a guess...

Setting myself as an example not of virtues... by -supus||....

I had been booked, marked or destined for this mission... **let's call it "mission"**, grrr....

All managed from the top from beginning to end, let's see... I had no childhood, no youth, I was taken directly to the **-slaughterhouse||**, passing through the pens....

The test was heavy, but I jumped over all the obstacles, they cornered me like a pack of cats: when they see themselves cornered, they jump up and climb up and give them the Catalan whistle and the dogs are shouting, foaming at the mouth and they do, grrr....

I had no way out, so I had to accept the indications given to me from above, whether I liked it or not, and I had to smile... and smile.

My son... you will have seen him in the photos, which I published, all laughing and one wonders what he is laughing about... if he is just laughing and me... the same.

I don't have a single photo of the ones that my brother-in-law, the **Cacique**, took every Sunday when he came, he never gave me one... **the girl doesn't need photos.**

Well, this example is to specify, other topics, my son sometimes told me, referring to the **EXTRATERRESTRES**: *"old lady, how can you accept everything they tell you or suggest you do... if they don't explain to me the why and the wherefore... they don't get me hooked and I see that you, if they tell you to jump into the river, you... Bulnnn!... you jump in, how can you be like that!" - "look... I'm already played and I accepted the game, so now I do what was agreed... without asking "why and for" and besides, both you and I saw the true result of everything they "suggested" us to do and it was like that, one can't be of two words, if you accept to fulfil a mission you can't change your horse in the middle of the river, you have to **continue until the end even if they come slitting your throat**".*

And well, and why not think that all missions are the same, and what do we know if the other missions were not like that... nobody ever knows what it is, or how it is, like me or my son... if they tell him how and why.... nobody takes a trip! on the other hand, first they sweeten you up and you go in, like an ass and then, *grab hold Catalina!... and why not think that **the Desert Campaign** was not something like that it would bring the "Wellbeing of the Homeland" and the Indians the same, that they had to annihilate the Intruding Invaders, the point is that both wanted the wellbeing of the Homeland and fought for it to the death, fiercely, what was unequal!... tell me about it, 10 against 1... more unequal... I don't know, and what a pack!... but if they had told me what was in store for me and my son, who knows if we would have taken a trip... speaking rudely.*

Let's see... *Joan of Arc*, to name but one example, but there are thousands, otherwise where are the daring ones, the Patriots, or do you think that the Heroes of La Patria did not take a gamble, of course you have to have nerves of steel, leave egoism, interests, fears, leave the One to be All?

Of cowards and traitors, they are the most abundant.

But Argentines who put themselves at risk for their homeland, so that they do not **surrender their national heritage**, protect what others have defended with blood and fire, without asking for reward or recognition.
everything is **"in exchange for what, and I get what I get"** but disinterestedly !!!!.

Here's a charade...

Once I was in Buenos Aires, I was on the underground and a lady was getting off and those who were getting on put her inside for about 3 kisses and the lady was screaming because she would get off and take her who knows where, and she shouted: *"what a thing, there are no more gentlemen left!"*, and one of them said: *"no ma'am, there are, there is time to prove it"*, wow, meow, STOP.

And well now we are like this, **THE MALES AND PATRIOTS ARE OVER, ONLY THOSE WHO LIVE ON OTHER PEOPLE'S BLOOD ARE LEFT, AND THOSE WHO ARE PLAYING FOR THE DEFENCE OF THEM HAVE BEEN RADIATED SO THAT THEY DON'T MOLEST AND "LET THEM DELIVER THE COUNTRY WITHOUT SACRIFICE".... UNTIL THE CHOSEN ONE APPEARS!!! TO PROTECT THE HERITAGE THAT OUR ELDERS BEQUEATHED US WITH SACRIFICE AND TENACITY, GLORIFYING THE NATIONAL FLAG, CRADLE AND HONOUR OF THE HEROIC PATRIOTS WHO GAVE THEIR BLOOD FOR THEIR BELOVED HOMELAND.**

Confederación Argentina Patriótica

Lema: Todo Ciudadano Tiene la Obligación de Sacrificarse por la Libertad de su País (San Martín)

SECRETARIA PROV. Mario Antelo 1020

T. E. 392714

Ciudad Histórica Cuna de la Bandera

Rosario, 30 de Octubre de 1974.-

Objeto: Responder a un comunicado de prensa.-

AL SEÑOR D. LEGADO REORGANIZADOR DEL
MOVIMIENTO FEDERALISTA PAMPEÑO,
DOCTOR ISMAEL AMIT.-
P R E S E N T E . -

De mi consideración:

La circunstancia actual, permite hacer presente esta misiva, a los efectos de esclarecer la mente ciudadana, respondiendo a un comunicado de prensa que dió a emitir esa Delegación Reorganizadora por intermedio de diarios matutino -Buenos Aires-, referente a la Intervención del Poder Ejecutivo de la Provincia de SANTA CRUZ y sus fundamentos.

Asumiendo toda responsabilidad, en nombre de la CONFEDERACION ARGENTINA PATRIOTICA, y en representación de su Consejo Nacional, esta Presidencia se permite dirigirse a Ud., y presentarle su respetuoso saludo, expresándole su sentir patriótico que, sobre el particular contesta:

- 1) Que, el acontecer cotidiano y principalmente el del orden Nacional, me incita a evocar esa dolencia del carácter y espíritu cívico, que día a día va desapareciendo, como si una ola de descomposición invadiera nuestro País; encontrando la ausencia o el repudio de una norma jurídica que, asegure la unidad y la armonía interna, junto a la absoluta falta de educación "Social-Política". Es obvio, que, la armonía, "Social - Política", requiere la existencia de una norma jurídica, que obligue por igual en los "gobernantes y gobernados"; normas que no puede ser el producto de una lubricación individual y caprichosa, sino el resultado de un proceso histórico con hondas raíces en la tradición de nuestra CONSTITUCION NACIONAL ARGENTINA, que responda automáticamente a las aspiraciones y a las tendencias colectivas de nuestro Pueblo-Nación.
- 2) Que, el texto de su nota de prensa, observando al P.E. Nacional, no concuerda con las afirmaciones expresadas por el conjunto de Partidos Políticos, -algunos de larga trayectoria-, acuerdo llevado al seno de una Reunión Multisectorial -convocados y presidida por la Presidente de los Argentinos, Sra. MARIA ESTELA MARTINEZ DE PERON.
- 3) Que, no he de enjuiciar, la actitud asumida por el Sr. Delegado Reorganizador, pero sí hacerle notar que evidencia una absoluta desconformidad por parte de ese Movimiento, a su vez no ha respetado las normas partidarias presentes en su acción resolutoria, y la falta de ética profesional, tergiversando los hechos que, ante la opinión pública, deja vislumbrar ese Movimiento, un magistral Federalismo burocrático.
- 4) Que, tomando por norma y ejemplo del Partido FEDERAL Nacional, al haber sido muy conciso y explícito en su exposición de conceptos y formas, expresadas por su Presidente el Sr. FRANCISCO GUILLERMO MARIQUE, al decir: "La democracia es bullanguera justamente porque se entrecrocen las opiniones, pero primero mantengamos al Gobierno que tenemos..."
- 5) Que, si bien es cierto, en el análisis del Predobizlo dice: "...afianzar la justicia...", y en la PRIMERA -Capí

Nota N.º 272

LETRA D

tulo Unico - Declaraciones, derechos y garantías, en su Art. 5° -Cada provincia dictará para sí una Constitución bajo el sistema representativo republicano, de acuerdo con los principios, declaraciones y garantías de la Constitución Nacional... y el Art. 105 del TITULO SEGUNDO -GOBIERNO DE PROVINCIAS- que Ud., hace mención; en el análisis del Próximo dice: "...consolidar la paz interior..." y se menciona en la PRIMERA PARTE-CAPITULO UNICO el ART. 8° -El Gobierno Federal interviene en el territorio de las Provincias para garantizar la forma republicana de gobierno...; la Constitución otorga facultad de intervención al Gobierno Federal; pero no dice a qué poder o poderes -legislativo, ejecutivo o judicial -corresponde determinar la procedencia de la Intervención. Por consiguiente en el Capítulo III -Atribuciones del Poder Ejecutivo -Art. 86 - El Presidente de la Nación tiene las siguientes atribuciones: 1) Es el Jefe Supremo de la Nación, y tiene a su cargo la administración general del País.

A continuación transcribo el diálogo mantenido ante el Dr. ALBERTO ROCALMOBA, Titular de la cartera del Interior, al abordarse el tema de Provincias intervenidas, por el periodista Sr. NESTOR BARREIRO de la revista "GENE", dice: -Cuales son las causas que pueden motivar una intervención: R: -Esos gobiernos elegidos por el pueblo no cumplieron con su deber de gobernar para el pueblo. Esa es la base principal para intervenir una provincia.

En la actualidad, demuestran en los poderes legislativos y ejecutivos, todo lo contrario, donde se sigue obediendo en forma retrospectiva al lema burocrático hispano tan conocido, de: "ACATO, PERO NO CUMPLEO"; con la premura que exige el evolucionar del tiempo y la hora presente, estimo de la Sra. Presidente, debe hacer valer su condición de "Jefe Supremo de la Nación", ordenando la intervención de las Provincias restantes, en forma amplia, para extirpar ese mal que adolece nuestro País así, a lo enunciado precedentemente se pasará hacer una Obra -PATRIOTICA, efectivizando lo "SOCIAL-CONSTITUCIONAL-JUSTICIALISTA"; y no más autorización a nuevos Partidos Políticos, por ser los causantes del divorcio de la "FAMILIA ARGENTINA".

6) Que, debemos profundizar, aplicando la mente y coherencia que son los resortes que entran en juego para obtener el éxito deseado; en síntesis cronológica, el cuadro general del acontecer Nacional más saliente de nuestra historia, a su organización definitiva, es concretar en el terreno de los hechos la "misión histórica a cumplir" dentro de su acción conjunta y sentido cívico, el hermoso párrafo que todos anhelamos de nuestra Constitución Nacional Argentina 1853 que dice: "...con el objeto de constituir la unión nacional..." y así llegaremos hacer una ARGENTINA POTENCIA, en homenaje al gran "RESTATURADOR DE LAS LEYES, SOCIAL-JUSTICIALISTA", TTE. GRAL. D. JUAN DOMINGO PERON.

Entonces, sí, felices vosotros que vais hacer realidad y efectivizar las aspiraciones de la CONFEDERACION ARGENTINA PATRIOTICA, en su definición constructiva y no destructiva, y en confraternal abrazo con las demás Provincias Argentinas en convivencia Social, Cristiana y Humana; revivificar el hecho histórico: el gran abrazo de Posta de YATASTO.

No me induce el mero interés de herir susceptibilidad, y sí preservar nuestra Diplomacia Institucional, como Embajadores de Relaciones Públicas, llegando a un entendimiento formal, con Dirección, Conducción y Disciplina, que todos por igual estamos al servicio de la Comunidad y la Patria.

Cordialmente, el ciudadano patriota,

MIGUEL SERGIO LESI
Presidente

Before finishing, I would like to thank for the trust placed in me, at the time, by **the Argentine Patriotic Confederation** of the "*Argentine Institute of Tourist Exchange*" which in representation of its Central Board of Directors, led by **Mr. Miguel Sergio Leal, President of the "Argentine Institute of Tourist Exchange"**.

Confederación Argentina Patriótica
Lema: Todo Ciudadano Tiene la Obligación de Sacrificarse por la Libertad de su País (San Martín)

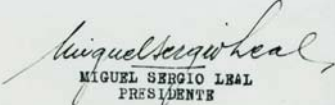
SECRETARIA PROV. **M. Antelo 1020** T. E. **35921 - 392714** Ciudad Histórica Cuna de la Bandera

Rosario, **ENERO DE 1973**

Objeto: **CARTA CREDENCIAL**

Nota N°. **55**
LETRA **D.C.**

CERTIFICO: Que, la SRA. ROSALIA VDA. de MOYANO, Argentina, de nacionalidad en la CAPITAL FEDERAL, L.C.N. 2.822.610 - Clase 1930 reviste el caracter de DELEGADA COORDINADORA del CONSEJO NACIONAL de la CONFEDERACION ARGENTINA PATRIOTICA, estando facultada para gestionar ante el Estado Nacional, Provincial, Municipal y/o Instituciones privadas de esa Jurisdicción Argentina, debiéndosele reconocer en tal caracter. En Rosario, Ciudad Histórica Cuna de la Bandera, departamento del mismo nombre (Provincia de Santa Fe) y segundo centro urbano de la REPUBLICA ARGENTINA.---


MIGUEL SERGIO LEAL
PRESIDENTE

A little something for the knowledgeable and well-read...

When a President assumes office, supposed to preside over the affairs of the Nation, he swears before the Bible... *What is that, half a metre above it?... lest he tears off his hand which he will then put in THE TIN*, and the flunkies ready to suggest, after a rehearsal, that he swears by God and the Fatherland, and that if he does not comply, he will be sued. The fact is that if "*comrade Fidel were here*", everyone would have already gone through the wall that causes him so much delirium of happiness, of course, *if he were here he would have a full stock from here to 3000.*



It would be a jolgorio even for the guys of the Ex Coordinadora who got the islands and in the eagerness of the green gold wanted to reduce to ashes, the vegetation to plant soybeans, and wanted to burn 100 year old trees, so we suffocate and hospitals crowded with asthmatics and allergy sufferers, but green gold can do everything and as we do not even have authorities or a mayor who puts on his trousers at once and the entire government...

When are they going to get the long ones, they're too old to go around with childishness and coquetry, kisses and hugs.

Here in Argentina we need "macho" men, we already had several; *bisexual, trisexual...* now we need a Government with a **CAPITAL LETTER**, the Country

the whole world is waiting for him and they say... he'll come for Easter or Christmas, quilo sá, quilo sá...

In faith and humility, Mary.

Here is more on this which for me, although I am now allowed to report, -is still Chinese||....

The Saints and the System

... Human society is stratified or ordered according to a **"Racial Criterion"** and integrated as an object, in the countless spaces of significance that make up a Cultural Superstructure, Superspace or Macrocosm, topologically speaking, of all the possible races, that which is especially referred to the **"principle of all things"** will occupy a *central zone* in this Superstructure, that is to say to the *Creator, Jehovah God, The One*, for which reason it is called the **Sacred Race** and constitutes the aspect of *"His Presence"* among men, closest to discernment, to consciousness, constituting the **Macrocosmic Sphere of Consciousness**, in such a way that it can be deduced that the other Races make up the rest of the **Macrocosmic Superstructure** or **Unconscious**.

In this fact, and not as a matter of injustice, lies the existence of a **Special Regime for the administration of Karma**, as evidenced, in the present Holy Race; **The Torah... the Word of Jehovah ONLY FOR the Hebrews**.

The existence of the men who make up each of these **Planetary Super-Objects-Races-Arguments** "swirls" around the **Religious Consigma imprinted in the blood or Particular relationship to The Creator**, the **object and justification of their existence**.

But these Planetary Super-objects-Races-Arguments, do not constitute *"the foundations of Reality"*, they are only *"parts"* of the **MACROCOSMIC OBJECTIVE** of the evolution of the Animal-Man or Pasu, they are only **guides constantly thought out and sustained from the "Centre of The Kalachakra Key"**, the fantastic fold of Reality, commonly called **Chang Shambhala**, the extraterrestrial construction used as a base by the **Protagonist Siddhas of The White Betrayal, The Gods Traitors to the Eternal Spirit, the abode they share with The Saints...** more or less *"actual or transcended"* microcosms that *"contain"* the ebb and flow that the transmigrating souls produce in their evolutionary becoming, **the Masters of the Great White Lodge...** servile refuse of the latter...

To an individual situated at levels of three-dimensional quantification or Material Plane, the innumerable and particular forms exhibited by the decay of matter -on|| the **design matrices of each species of object, animal or thing**, corresponding to the particular Cultural Superspace in which this individual is situated, *will seem to be the foundation of Reality...* This subjugating effect of the Material Plane is in reality a **great deception and possesses the greatest instability imaginable**, for the quality, quantity and form of all that surrounds this individual is the product of an actualisation that takes place *"a priori"*, inwardly, within his *cultural structure*, or particular ordering of his own existence, whence this individual is situated.

He -takes|| a **"design"** and projects its corresponding **"sign"** thus giving rise, through his position of **MEANING IN THE WORLD**, to the existence of things, which is to say that reality, is the sum of projections of innumerable individuals that *"constitute ONE Material Plane"* and distinguish it from other possible ones whose **Reality is Virtual...** from the point of view of our individual-example... plus the same, are **REAL** from the point of view of *individuals who have their existence in them...*

The multiplicity of coexisting worlds... **THE TERRIBLE SECRET OF MAYA: THE ILLUSION OF CREATED FORMS...**

It is worth saying that **The Foundations of Reality and the Present Event** lie in the human mind, and in the depths of this lies the **Religious Consigma**, the unique Relationship with THE CREATOR, and for this reason, this Consigma is present in all human spheres, in a constant evolution towards its objective, towards its *Entelechy*, towards its *Final Perfection*, the realisation of itself, which is none other than to return to The Source, *Brahma*.... this turning out to be "part" of the **MICROCOSMIC OBJECTIVE** of the evolution of the Animal-Man or Pasu, **the Creator, by reencountering his own substance**. This **evolutionary path**, this "operative" is "guided, signposted" in its entire course by more evolved Souls, more or less "Redeemers" who operate as milestones or landmarks, who are none other than **THE SAINTS and Religious of the Planet**.

Over these structures "glides" the constant flow of the Creator's Consciousness-Time, generating the *History of Men*, **ADMINISTERED BY THE IMPERATIVE SYSTEM**.

Analogically speaking, in the structure of a house we can observe; on the foundations (**religious culture**) the columns (**Saints and Priests**) that support the masonry and façade (**political, social, financial systems, etc.**) are based.), it can be inferred thus exposed, the "structural" Responsibility that **The Shepherds** have, even the most "good", the well-intentioned and consequently the "Shepherded", **the Lord's sheep**, who normally complain about the oppression of the System... but never fail to collaborate with their "**psychological tithes**".

Of course, it is not possible to compare the **Immortality** of **THE ASCENDED MASTERS OF THE WHITE LODGE**, a product of the "sustaining effect" produced by becoming a *Dweller on the Threshold* of some **Greater Mystery** that the adepts of the Apostolate must "live" in order to be accepted in **The Lodge**, with the sincere devotee, whose heart is inflamed with humility and good intentions by rapture; nevertheless, inexorably.... **They sustain and protect the Imperious System**, which corrupts and plunges the *non-Sacred Races* into misery, in order to allow the latter to "**make a difference**" by treading upon a mixture of **earth, ashes and blood** of the rest: ... "**only 144,000 of the tribes of Israel will be saved**"....

In the light of these concepts, we can understand the genocides and massacres of History, as well as the *Peoples whose racial Purity, the Memory of Blood and Will allowed them to access the Red World of Scorpio, build the Castros, plant the Menhirs and with the help of the Liberating Gods, faithful to the Eternal Spirit, leave for the VALHALA OF AGARTA where they await the Final Battle, to settle an account with the enemy*...

[Back to the beginning.](#)

The Mighty Ones...

To the Internet Readers.

I am grateful just to have shared what I have written, because then I will know that I am not alone in this world.

I, although I do not know Argentine history.... I would have loved to know, to understand, but -NO||... everything was hidden from me, so I used to say: "*What happened to the Germans and the Jews?*"... because I knew nothing, and asking... was as useless as asking what happened to the Indians.

Today I mentioned this to a taxi driver on the journey and he said to me: "*and... and how is it that these people are very powerful, that's why nobody wants to talk*", and how is there a reminder of things and inconsequential events... and the subject of the **MASSACRE of the INDIOS**, of something that happened in my country... what!

I don't know if in Argentine History that fact is... or at least figures, and why, if it was or was **"a necessary evil"**, does it not deserve to make atonement and a day of *National Mourning* for those souls and **those who are still alive, but dead...** why carrying that burden, that weight, must be burdensome, for those who have a conscience, **I mean... because outside... and that it was a necessary evil, which had to be rooted out like a weed.**

Because if this were a unique event, something out of the ordinary? or out of the existing, it would be a matter for regret.

But let's go back in time; before 100-something years ago, when the ancient Tribes and Races had the Sacrificial Altars for the Blood Rituals...

It was always a **Deity or a God to whom they paid homage**, each culture had its own way of paying tribute to them, offering them, some offered them blood, others sacrificed themselves by flagellating themselves, others with food, crops, or the rite to the earth, or to the Pachamama, all kinds of food that they prepared, with what *"the Earth"* offered them, that is to say, *La Pachamama*.

And as for the fact that no one speaks out of fear, *because they are very powerful...* Why are they very powerful, because they killed the Indians, because they married an Indian for defending the cause of the Indians... or the other son for not agreeing, as relatives of *"Don Julio Argentino Roca"*, after being a great doctor, *"the priests took away his diploma"* and did not allow him to practice, since he studied at their University, and why did they do that to him...? **BECAUSE ALL THE CHURCHES IN CORDOBA ARE MADE WITH BLOOD... AND MAKING AND DONATING CHURCHES... BELIEVE, THEY CALM THE CONSCIENCES**, hence they are powerful... **because the Church, because the Curia, kneels before the Mighty Ones...!**

On the other hand, my dear father-in-law, **Don Felipe Moyano Cires**, did not agree with the **genocide** of his uncle **Don Julio Argentino Roca** and his cousin **"Julito" Roca**, that is why they are powerful, that is why my father-in-law *"had to escape from Cordoba"* with the 7 children he had with India, register himself, his wife and his 7 children; *"born in Rosario"* so they would not be killed... because he was of honour, of law... and he preferred to live in misery rather than... Like his brother Adrián, he preferred to work as a *"healer"*, because he could not prescribe and because he was married to a noblewoman, and the sisters became nuns.

Understand that none of this has any value...

Everything, everything depends on The Gods and against Them nothing can be done, they are the ones who manage the world, we can cry, scream, kick, that what is written in heaven cannot be erased on earth, when they accept that... against the designs cannot be fought, against the Designs of the DEMIURG...

By this I mean that *there is no mighty one here...* if the mighty one is called those who take life, *then Hitler should be given the same honours*, because the case is exact, *only that in this fact "money" is given value*, not the -land|| like the Indians, that this or that Nomad Tribe could... could have fructified! ... such an opportunity cut off!!... divine..., but I would like to point out that this unfortunate fact scattered *"part of the Family"*, so I do not think that this Family could have enjoyed this *"period"* that they were lucky enough to live through.

Things, facts and events are easy to see from the outside, but here heroic soldiers took part, or does **anyone believe that the 25th of May 1810 was all jauja**, here it was necessary to PUT and HAVE, what... it was necessary, not only to show it off!...

As did the **Colonel promoted to General**, well earned promotion!

But, today let's take a look at our "Gesta" of today... subversives, picketers, kidnappers, thieves, not only white-collar but dirty hands, name something that the governments that took office after the General have left behind... there is nothing, yes, the looting of Argentina was disproportionate to the misery of government that they could offer.... no way!!!, without going any further -our last Governor and Mayor||, his grey matter was only enough to make "*The Island of Inventions*"... and who invented him?... **what human wretches we have for Governors!** This is the most we deserve, how poor of soul we have been and continue to be, it is the reward for so many sleepless nights and sacrifices for nothing, how poor we are... lazy and useless.

So that they can study...

Going back in time and it's not that I'm stuck and high in '45. But it has a lot and a little to do... or substantive, to draw from or get information from.

Substantial... I compare it to how substantial the Chacha's Mammoth bone soups or broths must have been... and as for information... la Perinola||! with me... they wouldn't get out of trouble.

This is because when -the Pesada|| guys wanted... they wanted to get some information from me, let alone... information... because that!... was harder than milking a fig tree and getting milk, wow....

... "*Let's say... well, let's talk*"... they said to me, to see if the experts could deduce from a conversation what ideology I had. Let's say... they went crazy because it was worse than wanting to talk to a mentally handicapped person. I remember that they knew how to make me... and I had a high IQ! And of course, I was a little less than a mogul, a moron, not to put anyone down.

Due to the fact that when I got married I was told ... "*when the grown-ups talk the children don't interrupt*"... so I got used to it, *like the figure of the little monkeys*, watch, listen and be quiet.

They asked me if I thought who was better; Perón or Rosas, and about Russia; Stalin or Lenin... and I don't know who they were, I only went up to 2nd grade, I started 3rd grade and in May I didn't go any more, I never read more than the Martín Fierro.

Of course, Perón comes up and I'm getting married!... in '44, my husband, who was a militant of the **-General**||... I had a roe deer, half were Catholics, the other half **-Masons**|| and some were Balbín Radicals, others Frondizi Radicals.

Most Progressive Democrats, whoa, meow....

I continue, of course I did not speak but I made myself understood, -even if I did not know how to express myself|| because I lacked the words, because I did not know the meaning of the words. That's why I went to the Instituto Privado de Enseñanza, because in the north there was the Government School and the *Marist Brothers'* Champañan School, which was a great place, divine, but for the middle class, that is to say, the boys who started the first and second year of secondary school and then had to drop out to work, -those who were deficient like me||... that's why I gave them short courses, with job opportunities, of course not everyone liked it, but most of them did.

So I had 1000 pupils and... others learned to study.

Those who promoted education and employment opportunities were very adventurous, as was the Army, which put its boots back on to help its people by incorporating young people to study, just like the Navy and other Armed Forces that are part of our homeland and our history.

Give no place to the invader, to the traitors and sell-outs of our heritage, he who has no HONOUR deserves no trust, as the Father of our Homeland used to say:

"Be Loyal Custodians and Defenders of Our Flag and National Symbols", that the aggravation we had to endure, that the ships left the port with flags of other countries, hiding that they were Argentinean, how that offence was allowed!

Let's hope it's not one of my nation's *Battleships*.

"May God and Our Lady be with you, Heroic and faithful to the Fatherland and the National Flag, glorified by them and for ever".

I love my country, its Armed Forces that took up arms to defend our homeland and those who did not do so, committing perjury, may God and the homeland sue you and judge you as traitors to the homeland, it is time to start paying for the insults, the perjuries.

There is no better judge and witness than time, which is

inexorable. I am nothing and nobody.

I was only appointed to write and I write, I don't know if I understand this system, I don't know if it's right or wrong.

I am not for or against anyone, I just know that I must do it and I do it, if this is my mission, I must fulfil it, without asking "*why or what for*".

My destiny

I want to make it clear, although it is unnecessary for me... unnecessary, because I think Internet readers are quite perceptive and suspicious, compared to the simplicity of my ignorance.

On the other hand, and contrary to the Book of my Son, which I have been told, they read it in doses because it catches them, meow, wow, psss.

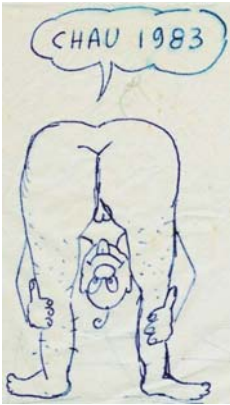
Well I go on, I am not guided by any sociable material interest.

Only the ambition to see them regain their lost peace and tranquillity, otherwise... I knew it from the beginning; I have nothing against anyone, for or against.

I have no grudge envy hate....

I just think and deduce that this was my destiny, nice or ugly, but if it's the life I was given... and well, if I have another one it might not be so complicated.

Although it seems to me that as the old Vizcacha used to say; that I've been taken in early, that I've had 2 or 3 lives put together, and as this one doesn't know what 2 + 2 is... and doesn't understand a damn thing about anything.



They didn't allow me to get even a little bit lively, and that's how I raised my son. *and he has two books, one where he writes down the little pranks... but when he opens the big book... Hoooy, he really doesn't forgive!*", my son would shrug his shoulders, bite his bottom lip, hold his head and tell me: *"and now? - "and now I don't know... if you don't promise him that you'll be good and you won't do it anymore..."*, and he promised not to do it anymore and when he humped something, whether it was on the table or on the floor, we took it from him and both my father-in-law and I told him that the *"tooth fairy"* had taken it away... of course, when he woke up there were no more books or tooth fairy, like when he was a year and a half old, I would tell him the story of Little Red Riding Hood, but he was a boy: *"...and the wolf came, and the boy climbed a tree and threw his shoes at it and the wolf ate them and threw his clothes at him and ate everything and when his belly was full he fell asleep by the tree, snoring.... zzzz... then the boy got down slowly and ran out **naked with his hands in his pockets...**"*, and he said to me: *"se, se, se, vo so asqueota, asqueota"*, and he covered my mouth every time I wanted to talk, he said to me: *"you don't talk because you're so asqueota,*

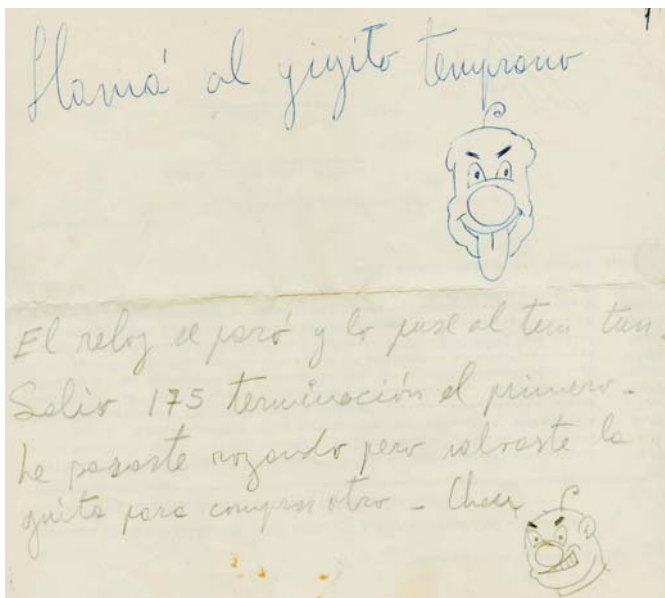
and my father-in-law, who couldn't deny that he was from Cordoba, said to me: *"why are you making the boy like that, you're making him malicious"*, and I told him that I wanted to see if **the mischief would work.**

I already explained that at one time, I was making love to the cat that was brought to me.



Extraterrestrials, so that she would not be alone, and to name her *"Pisinguini"* and the micha *"Pirili"*.

Well, I was making love to him and I was telling him: *-and my son was behind me and he said: "haha! how come you never told me that I was Yiyito de la casa"* and I turned around and told him: *"you're not going to tell me that you're jealous of El Gato"*, so when I got angry and told him: *"don't say a word to me for at least two days"*, and he would leave me some drawings, which he knew made me burst out laughing and he would sign: **El Yiyito**



The World of Scorpio

What they tell me to write, although I understand very little... from their words, which I don't know the meaning, some will have to read it with the dictionary in their hand, is something terrible to me... but that's the way it should be. They tell me to take it out on the page and I must comply, when I was complaining because communication with Los EXTRAS makes me anaemic, it weakens me physically, my son said to me: "don't complain, think of the Blavatski who must have received until the last moment of her life and didn't even agree with what they made her write", and he would read me the story, this woman was from the Theosophical Society and she wrote many books and my son read them all and about her life, he studied the case, her name was *Helena Petrona Hahn Fadéef de Blavatski*, she was Russian and at the end of her life she was very ill, all sore.... and she kept on writing, anyway.

...That one as a vision of The REPRESENTATION OF THE CONJUNCTIVE CYCLOPS OF THE NUPTIAL INSTANT, sustained from the ETERNITY of the OWN SPIRITUAL CAPTAINS completely disguised the "finitude" of its components and was confused by the place indicated for the most important uncreated, non-existent instant... **THE MEETING OF HIM AND HER...** perhaps THE BRIGHTNESS, perhaps THE HUGGINESS, perhaps THE ANXIETY, perhaps THE WARMTH OF TRAITION, in a

instant the Blood simply WAS NOT, and the next instant all was obscured, the eternal present continually turning to shadow... and there was THE BEGINNING OF TIME. From that abominable moment, for every concept, for every reminder of that REVERSION OUT OF PLACE, "exists" through Time, -BAD BREATH OF THAT IS, THAT IS||... "traces" in the sight of the knowing observer, product of the spontaneous generation of the "new" forms that were "added" to the Creator's Design-Plan, essentially modifying it to "include" in its bosom, the representation of the FUNDAMENTAL fact of the captivity of the ETERNAL SPIRIT'S REFLECTION, and achieving the inconceivable, **MYRIADS OF "INFINITE" MEMBERS OF A STELLAR RACE, TRAPPED IN THE "FINITE" CONFINES OF THE CREATED UNIVERSE**, such a

This event was particularly reflected in the existence of an arachnid; **the Scorpion**.

Such a Fundamental fact presupposes a Restart of Time, an infinitesimal lapse in which the "modified" Design-Plan of the Demiurge was recharged with the "new codes" which would permanently mutate the Animal-Man or **Pasu**, converting him into a Sleeping **Virya**, "Potential God", someone who, from the *recharged Time*, has the Possibility of BEING, BEYOND THE STARS. This operation, performed by the Executioners of Chang Shambhala or Siddhas of the Tenebrous Face, has as its objective, from the point of view of the One Creator Demiurge, the achievement of an incredible "acceleration" of the Evolution of the Transmigrating Monads, product of the incessant SEARCH FOR ORIENTATION of the Spiritual Self, since the multiplicity of created forms is interposed between it and its Spiritual Centre, in this way **the Souls**, conveniently "united" to the Spiritual Self, navigate the "Demiurgic Space" like a parasite, capitalising on effort, understanding, wisdom, will and other inexhaustible resources.

It is not necessary to clarify that there is definitely no intention of liberation of the Captives, on the part of the Captors, The possibility of Liberation was provided by THE GREAT AS, The Lord of The UNCREATED LIGHT, The One Who stands at the DIESTRA OF THE UNKNOWN GOD, KRISTOS LUCIFER by depositing a Stone of His Crown in the Created Universe, as a witness and reminder of The Divinity of the Hyperborean Spirit, **THE GRAAL**.... which allowed to Generate an Own Space for The Gods Loyal to the Eternal Spirit, **THE VALHALA OF AGARTA**, where everyone who awakens, with the help of THEM, can depart and await ... The Near End...

It is clear that in the aforementioned *operation*, the "INITIATIC JOURNEY" of return to the *Breast of Brahma* of the Monads was also modified, whose beginning was permanently transferred to the instant of Spiritual enchainment, that is to say that "The Door" or **Axiological Contextual Space that is necessary to "recreate"** for the purpose of **Returning to the Origin**, "each to his own"....It is **The Moment of The Fundamental Modification of the Demiurgic Design, for the Created Soul** and its understanding, produces one more Member in the ranks of the *Transcended Souls of The Venerable White Lodge of Chang Shambhala*.... and it is also **The Instant of The Fall, the Chaining to Matter, for The Captive Spirit**, and its realisation produces a **BERSERKIR WARRIOR**, a **FURIOUS BEAR** who has been AWAKENED from his sleep by that SONG OF A-MORT...., one more **Awakened Virya** in the ranks of the **FURIOUS Army of WOTAN**, *The God of War*....

The fantastic Work of metaphysical genetic engineering, a consequence of the profound understanding of the Plan of the One arrived at by the 200 Traitors, consisted ultimately in the embodiment of the SYMBOL OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT, resigning the evolutionary spiral of the Pasu, **IN THE BLOOD OF THE PASSU**, *THE SAME BLOOD* that today flows through the veins of humanity, worked by "some" to produce *the highest honey* and by "others" to "**clarify**" the **symbol of the origin** in order to be able to project it, and to **be free in the origin**. Thus the Blood is **ONE**, the same that mutated in the beginning, the *Executioners of Shangri-La*.... the future Priest, **Son of IL** procures the *draining of the symbol of Divine Origin*, smearing his face with *ash and washing his feet with lye*, **human ash and lye**, from unsuspecting Viryas of inferior Races, as far as possible humiliated, either incinerated in the moment of greatest confusion, worshipping the Creator through the countless Cults of the World, or in the moment of greatest misery and corruption, to which he is premeditatedly taken, for that ash and that lye are the product of the resubmission of a *Blood that dulled the Symbol of Origin by default* and may well **wash away or ultimately "blot out" any vestige of Spiritual Lineage**....the Warrior, future *resident of Agartha* seeks the **Death of the Created Soul**, the **abridgement of The Intruder**, by any of the 8 WAYS OF LIBERATION THAT THE WOTAN RUNES FACILITATE...but inexorably both must -pass| through The Blood, **BUT THIS BLOOD MUST "PRESENT"**, for **THE PRESENCE OF HIM**, of the ONE GOD, is necessary, of the DEMIURG, JEHOVAH, IL, ENLIL, THE EVIL OLD MAN, his ineffable Presence *suspends the flow of his own substance*, in other words, **his presence stops time**, an indispensable event so that *the exit does not disappear into the past*. The Initiate *moves towards the nucleus of HIS crossroads*, in principle, it will be the metaphysical location of the *topological fold*, which **supposes the moment of his own fall**, by means of the use of the faculties that the ARCHEMONIC RESIGNATION conferred upon him, once this fold is located, the Initiate *will "move"* towards it, "*step by step*", **effectively indeterminating with "worked" stones or Lapis Opositionis**, the temporal current whenever necessary, until STABILISING IN THE WORLD OF SCORPIO, this is the way to RESOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE LABYRINTH,

generated from the displacement itself, once there, **it will "FORCE THE IL DRAGON TO SHOW UP"**... and IN THE MIDST OF THE BRUTAL COLLISION OF WILLS... **ACHIEVE TO BE DEBORN BY THE DRAGON**, for the transit to his **HOLY BUCHESHIP** will set him free. This and no other is the **"NECESSITY OF THE RITUAL SACRIFICE"** ... ONLY DURING THE RITUAL SACRIFICE **DOES THE BLOOD-BUD PARTAKE OF THE ONE**, ONLY DURING THE RITUAL SACRIFICE DOES HIS SACRED PRESENCE IS... at that moment the *pigs prostrate themselves* and the *Eagles give Battle...* THE VICTORIOUS SPIRITUAL WARRIOR ON HIS WAY TO THE ORIGIN... THE ORDA, THE UNCONTAINABLE JOY, THE OVATION, THE REUNION... PURE BLOOD INSIDE, PURE BLOOD COVERS HIM, DRAGON'S BLOOD, INCONCEIVABLE HERO... THE BLACK SUN ILLUMINATES, THE PUPILS ARE GREEN...

In the case of the Sacred Races, the Demiurge *backs up his choice* with an accelerated process of this inescapable matter, as in the case of *the Jews crossing the Red Sea*, after Moses turned the *water into Blood*. This biblical passage gives an approximate idea of the **QUANTITY of Blood necessary**, is that *nothing pleases the Lord more than the Sacrifice in His Name*, because it allows Him to **HARVEST**, *the Pleasant Pain* of the victim of the Consecrated Sacrifice and the Sacralizing Admiration of the Sacrificers in HIS PRESENCE... SACRIFICERS OF JEHOVAH, CRUSADERS OF THE LORD, HEROES OF GOD ... indeed the last group of the Lord's chosen ones, will need the **Blood of all mankind**, a mandate clearly expressed in the "Sacred Texts": The Sacrifice of the *Red Cow* and the use of the **ashes and lustral water of these** for "purification" purposes, **the Great Red Cow** is none other than ALL HUMANITY, THE GOIN (cattle), the members of non-Sacred Races, the "Christification" of the *Master Jesus needed the sacrifice, in this case...* of all the innocents of the Kingdom, the idea can be obtained if one thinks of the amount of "impure organic matter" needed to achieve a Diamond, "pure organic matter" ...but always organic matter...

THE SACERDOTAL INITIATION consists of the Face of the ANTEPASTS constituted by all the Faces of Blood, kneeling in the centre of the **Sacrificial Lake of Blood**, in submissive contemplation of The Face of the Great Father, such a situation corresponds with the disappearance of the Symbol of the Origin, the extinction of the Spiritual I... **The Death of the Bear**, *gorged with poisonous honey*, whose **bleeding corpse** will nourish the roots of **The Great CROWN Ivy** which will produce more flowers... one for each ancestor, whose face is in each bee... and thus from the centre of each flower **the eye of Him** will observe the **Thousand Faces of the Blood** at the same time... the Connubio between Creator and Creature... The Great MOTHER BINAH proud of her Beloved Elbow...

In some cases of "extreme gravity", in the case of "deeply rooted Spiritual lineages", the **Kalachakra Operations Centre** sends "specialists" equipped with the **Deadly Dordje**, which has the particularity of accelerating the evolution of a particular group of inbreds, *dulling the Symbol of Origin by default* and bringing the organic matter to its fatal dissolution in a matter of seconds, **always Ritual by Ritual**, in this case to CONSAGRATE THAT GREAT PAIN TO THE AMBRIENT CREATOR. In such a case one can perceive the characteristic buzzing sound emitted by the Honeycomb when all the bees beat their wings at the same time, **it is a nameless terror**, the piercing scream of the Countless Presences of Blood, brutally pushed towards their Final Dissolution.

THE HYPERBORNE INITIATION presupposes the Effective transfer of the Initiate, at the very moment of the chaining, based on the absolute control of the corresponding **Axiological Contextual Space**, only that in this case *the Blood that has been spurted is His Own, Pure Blood, Black Blood carrying a Sign of Death, Frozen Blood, Reptilian Blood...* There too, **HE** will be present, in a supreme attempt to maintain the Established Order, **HE MUST DEVOUR HIS OWN SUBSTANCE**, the soul body of the Spiritual Warrior and "The Swarm" contained in The Blood, will claim if successful the possibility of penetrating **THE INFINITE ARCHEMON**, which guards **THE CAPILLARY PASSAGE** that leads beyond Time and Space, between dense clouds of volcanic sulphur, to the surface of **VENUS**, THE AMBIT OF TRUTH, comprehending at last, as a LIZARD, **all possible realities...** there she will be there, of **IMMACULATE BEAUTY** fulfilling her Promise, the **VIRGIN OF AGARTA** *rescuing her own...* Wolves, Bears, Eagles ready to kill, who will charge dearly for their deceit during the FINAL BATTLE...

To find the **Scorpio World** means to **RECOGNISE AND RESOLVE** its riddles; the first "*instant*" of the Spirit in the Universe of the One is entirely "*sanguine*", this first INSTANT OF BLOOD necessarily expresses the utmost purity, since the **Symbol of Origin** has maximum *emergence*, only in that first instant, to **disappear into the past** in the next, Although it is enough to generate the existence of A REFLECTION OF THE ETERNAL SPIRIT, CONSTITUTED AS "**SPIRITUAL SELF**", immediately **disorientated**, yet this instant of Pure Blood is "**immortal referent**" in every possible future, and as such must be present, even in the most dormant of Viryas.

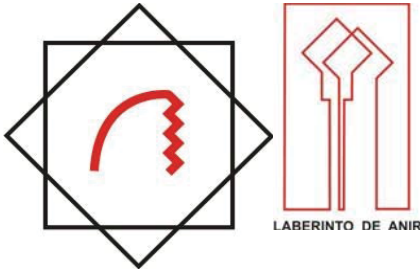
From the point of view of the Spiritual or -Lost Self|| of the Viryas, the *Metaphysical Soul Content of the Blood*, constituted by the *ontological succession of the summary of all the existences*, conscious Subjects or -past lives||, with which the Soul manifested itself in its evolutionary becoming, which determines the **Present Subject or Person**, In all its existential aspects, **Karma** itself, results in a "POISON" for the Lost Self, "**poison that makes one sick with disorientation**", since the subconscious operates as an inexhaustible source for the emission of situations-arguments that "*come to the ATTENTION of the Self, IN TIME*", constituting the **moving part** of the structure of deception.

The macro metaphysical structure corresponding to the EARTH-SUN Relationship or KALACHACRA ROYAL SYSTEM which holds within it the Cursed Abode of the LORD OF THE WORLD, known as Chang Shambhala, is in reality the "*Machinery*" which ABSOLUTELY intercepts every photon carrying the *Designations of God, His Plan...* producing the aforementioned modification that keeps the sleeping Viryas deceived, i.e., light from the Sun permanently sustains the **White Treachery**, but not light from any other Stellar Source. The light coming from the Moon is Solar light *reflected* in the Moon, illuminating the Earth, but it **cannot be intercepted by the Kalachakra, for the Moon does not constitute any anchorage in it**, so that the -Moon|| light, though reflected, has no modification whatsoever in the Designations of origin, thus resulting in a "*breath of fresh air*" for the Virya who has begun his *Path of Return to Origin*, for this light, not having "*the codes*" that sustain the "*modifications*", operates as a destabilising *force*... operates as a *destabilising or stimulating agent* of the RECHARGED Design-Plan, producing a certain alteration on certain groups of Designations, which, although fluctuating, are no less significant, it can now be interpreted why the **Hyperborean Orders**, such as the Dreaded -Black Order SS|| of the **Great German Führer Adolf Hitler**, under the command of the **Grand Master Reichführer Heinrich Himmler**, are often referred to as -Lunar Cults||.

The Menstrual Blood BROTHERS influenced by the Lunar Phases, and renders the *woman infecund*, such a condition institutes a **sign of death in that Blood**, which refers to the idea of a Blood that if it ran through the veins of an Initiate, *would only produce a Son of Death, a Kaput Niger, an "Awakened" Virya, a Child of White Stone... never Created Life*, being thus a reference to that moment when we KNOW TIME... under the Scorpio Sun. This fact is proof of the possibility that the woman has conveniently oriented to "*cure and heal*", to neutralize, to **immobilize the Archetypal Poison** that "*moves*" in the Blood, it could be said that it is about the *presence of an ANTIDOTE of "orienting" effect for the Lost Self*, for this reason, because of this condition of NATURAL IMPURE of the woman, she is not allowed to **OFFICIATE** as PRIEST IN THE CRYSTIC MYSTERY OF TRANSSUBSTANTIATION; in full Ritual this condition of "*The Officiant*", would have devastating effects for the Cult, since *the Wine, far from becoming the Blood of Christ*, would become *Black Blood... Pure Blood... Frozen Blood. MENSTRUATION CUP OR BLACK BLOOD...*

Man, conveniently oriented, seeks this immobilisation in the Blood, of the HEAVENLY POISON that the different ONTIC REGISTERS, like **Apis Mellificas**, produce as an effect of their structural influence on the *CURRENT Conscious Subject*, obviously this "*immobility effect*" is linked with the **SACRIFICE** of "*exhausting Karma*", an arduous task, since it demands an iron will to support the **SACRIFICE** of "*exhausting Karma*", This "operation", which immobilises the archetypal poison or exhaustion of Karma, involves a metaphysical change in the realm of Blood, *the generation of Wax, "THE RED BURN"*, the WILL of the INITIATE makes up the "**Red Blade**", and the "Will of the Initiate", the "Will of the Initiate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", the "Will of the Incarnate", and the "Will of the Incarnate".

activity, as a result of the influence of the Optical Registers, so that **"THE MUTA MESH"**, from being composed of **Apis Mellificas** to being composed of **Apis Cerificas**, which *"stretches"* the Wax in the Blood, generating **THE PANAL OF RED WAX WHICH IMMOBILISES THE POISON HONEY**, allowing to intuit, in the ambit of an OWN TIME or Transversal product of the STRATEGIC CLOSET that defines the **Archemonic Technique**, the path to take at each crossroads of the **Inner Labyrinth**, which is constituted as an effect of the RESIGNATION of the **EVOLUTIONARY SPIRAL** of the Pasu with the **RUNES OF ORIGIN**, which leads us to situate ourselves in *the spiral* of the structure of the human ear, where the acoustic context reveals the possibility of *constellating the Red Wax* in a single instant, as a *"resonant"* effect of a sound or *"Vija"*, which would be equivalent to the VOICE OF THE GREAT ANTEPAST HYPERBOREUM, since *"listening" to it*, takes us back to the moment when WE KNOW THE TIME... under the Scorpio Sun. **ANTIDOTE, RED WAX, HONEYCOMB IN THE EAR...**



In the light of these concepts, it can be expressed that the approach to the Constellation of Scorpio, implies **"Stepping on The Moon"**, for the Solar influence on this *"Lunar Earth"* is in every way similar to that of the first Instant... and **Stepping on the Moon** implies *solving the Mystery* of the DOUBLE RESIGNATION which is perfectly expressed by THE SCORPION... but such a sign can not only be *"seen"* in the Scorpio, but also in the Little Koala Bear, in the cetacean called Narwhal, in the artistic expression of some Labyrinths, in the

representation of The Secret Chamber in which THE HYPERBORN MYSTIC expresses itself... THAT BEING NAMED **PARACYLITE**, in the Megalithic Constructions, in the architecture of the Great Cathedrals, etc... WHOEVER **STEPS ON THE RED MOON AND SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE DOUBLE RESIGNATION** GAINS ACCESS TO THE **TRANFINITE BRIDGE THAT LEADS TO VENUS...**

Many the Summoned and few the Chosen...

To the internet readers, I say that it is said spiritually...

That many are summoned and few are chosen...

Purely and exclusively for the readers of the Internet, I inform you that from this page, I will step aside, since the boys, or rather, the group that made it possible for my son, to be able to put on paper, what he had to read for 20 years (5000 books, he ate 1 per night) to inform himself, and not only with the information that he took from the library of the Vatican and the Mother Synagogue... as I have already explained in other pages that to do so he went out of the body and researched only what he had to use for such a task, because since he was born he was predestined, to carry out that book and that it would be unique in the world.

Hence I, before putting it on the Internet clarified: **"You may or may not agree with what is written in this book, but as it was not written for one person"**, at least that I know of, nor to do business, but to inform the whole World **HOW THE HISTORY WAS**, from the creation, from all the Popes, the Kings, summarised about the Jews, the Templars, etc. I already said that I was not allowed to read it, as I should have my mind off that subject, I am for the end, that is **THE FINAL BATTLE**, I don't know where the club will come from, whether from above or from below.

And I want to invite you to take part in the **DISCUSSION FORUM**, which will be opened by the Boys to carry out this undertaking, being the *Pupils, or Adepts* as you like, that you received from my son, because he read and explained to you in the Conference Hall belonging to the Association of Notaries of the City of Cordoba, with the participation of about 100 people from various parts of the Country, word for word... what it meant, so, if one does not remember the meaning, there will be the other one to blow it out of the water.

As I explained in another page, my son got in touch with this esoteric group at the end of '81, beginning of '82, which was in charge of **Mr. Ricardo Centeno**, and he provided him with the typist by the name of -Nene|| and so, in this way, he began to drain the mind, which had the information of 20 years, his head was already about to explode.... with 5000 books read... that is to say, in 20 years he was shaping the book, -arming it|| inside his head... how he was going to approach it... plus the subject of the Führer's wars, etc.

I don't think there is a word to describe the appreciation I feel for you, the Internet Readers, for me you are **CHOSEN... not just anyone gets there.... YOU do.**

Conclusions of sums of facts, of events and things that have happened, which have no sense or justification, unless we want to justify them, and to bring out of the depths of human feeling, the greatness that the soul reserves for us for incomprehensible cases, which we must accept without understanding the why or the wherefore.

What I went through, or was put through....

It is not for me to prove to anyone that in another life I was a great lady... and in this one -the girl||, and well, one for the other.

In the end, what difference does it make, from the -story of the stepmother's girl||, even though I think the girl -had a great time||... the one in the story...., now me!!... I had a good tyrant.

If this is what they had in store for me... well, badly or well I lived it, in total ignorance, not knowing or understanding, one does not manage to elucidate the size of the offence, nor the malice with which they inflict it, ignores whether they showed affection or malice, does not manage to weigh the insult... surely it is much more sensitive, sympathetic and humanitarian. People are confused when the injured person remains impassive... and sometimes it is out of mercy; he is perplexed at the sight of so much human misery... *what inspires understanding in the face of so much slovenliness and dehumanisation... how can it be harboured in a single person...* and sometimes he masquerades as a good person, even making himself sympathetic, while in his soul he harbours all kinds of passions, envy, frustrations that result in the basest reactions.

Although I must admit it, human beings are like that; they do not measure or weigh the pain of the insult, they only unload it, to let off steam, without thinking about the damage they inflict, hence, if the other reacts, the one who inflicted it, feels he has been wronged, and cries out for justice... and asks for justice in the face of so much injustice inflicted.

He only feels hurt, if the offended person reacts... and in the end he gets fed up with being impassive...

Not all are bad, not all are good, all have their burden of sensitivity, instability and insensitivity, and sometimes, it is a very heavy burden for some and uncontrollable for others, not that we have to justify them, not at all... only that we must be the ones who must open our hearts, ***not to understand or justify, but to "show solidarity"... before there was such material... now it is scarce, I do not consider myself better than anyone, but less than anyone else.***

With faith and humility, Maria o... Rosalia - ***"With my heart in my hand"***.



The following brochure is an invitation to participate in a photographic competition which I extend to all of you.

LOS PUENTES DE ROSARIO Y LA REGION

El Colegio de Ingenieros Civiles propone descubrir y mostrar puentes que uniendo lugares, posibilitaron el encuentro de pobladoras, el acercamiento de distintas culturas y el desarrollo de esta región, conocida históricamente como "País de los Arroyos". Por tales razones son considerados únicos, donde la belleza y la ciencia se han expresado por medio de una obra de ingeniería.

CPIC
Colegio de Profesionales de la Ingeniería Civil
Comisión de Medio Ambiente y Urbanismo

Teléfono 730 - Nº. 3367 - 465337 - 3368 Rosario - Santa Fe - E-mail: cpic@cpic.org.ar

CONCURSO FOTOGRAFICO LOS PUENTES DE ROSARIO Y LA REGION

PIC
Comisión de Medio Ambiente y Urbanismo

REQUISITOS DE PARTICIPACION:
8 de Noviembre a 15 de Noviembre del 2008

REQUISITOS DE LOS PREMIOS:
15 de Noviembre a partir de las 18 hs en el Colegio de Profesionales de Ingeniería Civil - Rosario II

REQUISITOS Y ENTREGA DE PREMIOS:
30 de Noviembre - 18 hs.

BASES

PARTICIPANTES
Podrá participar toda persona interesada en descubrir y mostrar estas obras de los Ingenieros Civiles con fotografías de carácter artístico.

TECNICAY PRESENTACION
La participación en este concurso será con obras en papel color o blanco y negro, en la medida de 18 x 24 cm hasta 24 x 30 cm, montadas sobre cartón, vertical cuya base será de 20 cm y su altura de 40 cm.

Cada autor podrá presentar hasta 6 (seis) obras.

Las fotografías deberán ser inéditas, sin procesar y no podrá figurar ninguna inscripción en la parte frontal. Al dorso deberán estar identificadas el título, ubicación de la obra y señalamiento del autor, en sobre aparte se consignará, en el exterior, el señalamiento y en el interior: señalamiento, nombre y apellido, documento, dirección, localidad, código postal, teléfono, título y ubicación de las obras presentadas.

PREMIOS
Los premios no serán reemplazados desiertos, un mismo autor no podrá acumular más de un premio. Las obras quedarán en poder de la institución organizadora y podrán ser utilizadas, sin fines publicitarios mencionando título y nombre del autor, quien no recibirá remuneración alguna por este hecho. Se han establecido los siguientes premios:

1º premio	COMPUTADORA
2º premio	CAMARA DIGITAL
3º premio	CAMARA DIGITAL
4º al 10º premio	PRENCIÓN

JURADO
El jurado estará compuesto por cinco personas, dos en representación del Colegio de Profesionales de la Ingeniería Civil, un representante de la Facultad de Ingeniería Civil de la U.N.R. y dos en representación de la Peña Fotográfica Rosarina.

CALENDARIO
Las obras pueden entregarse personalmente cualquier día hábil en el horario de 8 a 15 hs, o por correo al:

Colegio de Profesionales de la Ingeniería Civil
Dorsino II
Santa Fe 730 (3300) Rosario

ULTIMO DIA DE ENTREGA
8 de Noviembre
Día Mundial del Urbanismo

REUNION DEL JURADO
A partir del 8 de Noviembre

NOTIFICACION A LOS PREMIADOS
15 de Noviembre

INAUGURACION DE LA MUESTRA
15 de Noviembre a partir de las 18 hs en el Colegio de Profesionales de la Ingeniería Civil - Dorsino II

CULMINACION Y ENTREGA DE PREMIOS
30 de Noviembre, 18hs.

VARIOS
La entidad organizadora pondrá el máximo cuidado en la conservación de las obras, pero no se hará responsable por los pérdidas o daños ocurridos durante el tránsito y/o exhibición de las mismas.

El Colegio se reserva el derecho de resolver en forma inapelable cualquier situación no prevista en el presente Reglamento.

Las obras no premiadas podrán ser retiradas por los autores a partir de un mes después de finalizada la muestra.

AS PROMISED...

HYPERBORNEAN WISDOM FUNDAMENTALS - Part I

May 20, 2005 - Rosario, Cradle of the Flag.

As a promise is a debt... I fulfil the commitment to insert in the page, the "*Book Fundamentals...*", which is part of several texts, let's say of the COURSE that my son not only gave to the "*then boys*", today men of easy 40 years.

In other words, not only did he give them the course, but... he explained it in its full context, but from each lesson he distilled for them a wealth of knowledge, ranging from -A|| to -Z||.

Explaining for your better and greater understanding...

... What in turn the texts induced them to finish, what I said in all the previous pages; "**THAT EVERYTHING HAS TO DO WITH EVERYTHING**", is the definition given to me by "**The Extraterrestrials**" to determine "**the for and the why**" of everything exposed and not to be taken as a term of theirs and their own.

I continue, the texts, my son wrote them for the "*kids*", so that it would be understandable, audible and comprehensible.

I clarify... I will explain to you the meaning of every word in the Book, because the Book is an *ACADEMIC WORK*, and to interpret it you must, at the very least, have secondary and esoteric knowledge.

*In order to do so, he must be inwardly and spiritually compassionate, willing, desirous and eager to possess **THE KEY**, which will enable him to gain access to knowledge.*

I clarify why, **ONE BECAUSE KNOWLEDGE MUST BE EARNED AND PREPARED.**

TO RECEIVE IT, hence our -predecessors|| are cautious with KNOWLEDGE and the proof is that we must begin to walk the path of knowledge, from the bottom upwards, from the lower grades, to gradually ascend until we reach the summit, and hence "*many are called and few are chosen*"... and the question is often asked -...why he is and I am not...||....

Giving knowledge to the unprepared is a double-edged sword.... You are prevented from such a blunder and frustration!

If you are prepared, there is no need to despair, as you will be called...

Hence the definition of the ELECTED, and... why are they chosen? **BECAUSE THEY ARE PREPARED TO CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.**

Sorry for *the inconvenience*.

In faith and humility, Mary

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BERSERKER

BOOKS

