

Into the beginning of May '25, on a nearby vista, I was sitting by myself a touch unwilling to pay for a drink and preparing to meet my Lorelei- for the first time. I arrived there on foot walking ~>10km sensing a few of my ancient folks (Nils, Earuru, Beksuz) along the way. There, things weren't exactly at their best. Despite the modern architecture, which I did not mind, I did not respond too well since there was a monitoring video camera. For hours I was there alone, with only one group who kept to themselves. Since no one even offered to pay for a drink, I pulled out my RPG. Things got exciting quickly. I don't remember what the group did next or the other few people that walked past by, but I needed extra coverage, so I made a move to make sure some of the right, in my eyes, underground people had at least a touch of oversight, since I was under camera. The RPG was pure fire, with it in one hand, I blew up the combined tank line structure in the U.S. meant for New World Order control of the population. Since I couldn't stop laughing, the bartender was becoming increasingly aggressive and began shouting orders like he owned the fucking place. I did quite more than I expected that day, so I retreated to a nearby vantage point to observe the aftermath, namely whether the bartender would do something violent or irrational. Since no one seemed to care and I noticed some distasteful old people coming in and doing nothing for more than two hours, I tried to reach out to my ancient folks, who were the only ones with actual meaningful skills. Due to the geographical area, communication was almost impossible. I was pissed off since no one there did anything of value and took back my seat. One guy there thought he was a player so I killed him. With nothing else to do there that day, I strictly walked back to my place.

~ Ry

