

The Pound Of Flesh Contract or When Sherlock Took Shakespeare For A Drink (of Truth), by Rhose.

Shylock, The Mer-Chant (Sea-Shanty) of Venice (Venetian Black Nobility Bank-Whore), is thwarted in his lust for death and vengeance by the simple truth that Legal Contracts must be 'water-tight' or they fall apart in the pure waters of Truth - rather like toilet paper.

You may take your pound of flesh, Sea-Magician, you may extract ONE pound only, not more and not less than ONE pound exact, and in taking this you may spill NOT ONE drop of BLOOD.

Blood is the spiritual essence, the life force carrier, the inter-dimensional bridge-over-true-blued-waters between the physical and non-physical, the plasma-screen upon which the movie of life is playing, the water of life (whiskey/wise-key, wish-qi, a drop of blood), the DNA CODE-X,....etc...).

Portia explains that IF he insists on having his payment, his HEART desire, he may take it, but should he cause but ONE drop of LIFE blood to be spilled he will forfeit his own life!
So, old sly Shylock may proceed, with the knife already keenly held in his ink-stained-hand, to carve out the ONE POUND of FLESH.

*Hmm...flesh, that which death-eaters feed-upon.
Hmmm...meat, the carrion-dish favoured by the CROW-n.*

Forsooth! What? No blood-letting? Flesh without Blood?

But, but, but I must have my due! I must have my rightful payment! I must have Justice!, raged the old re-tar-dead Shylock in his confusion and anger, sensing his lust will go unsatisfied.

NO SHIT SHERLOCK!, the great detective, raises ONE eyebrow in astonishment at how very retarded old Shylock actually is!

It's elementary!, says dear Watson, really! This is primary school stuff, how do you NOT KNOW THAT one cannot X-tracked ONE pound of flesh from the living without spilling a drop of blood!

The Ancient-You-Wish-Money-Lending-Sign/Sin-Here-On-The-Line system, embodied by the character of Shylock, real-eyes-is his fault in not having made a BLOODY WATER-tight CONTRACT! *Blood is 95% pure distilled water.*

Shylock is all indignation and fury as he feels somehow he has been tricked!

NO TRICK SHYLOCK! It's your legal contract, your legal rules! *Doh!*

You'd think a VENICE-ONE would know all about WATER!
Well, Stupid-is-as-Stup-I.D. does, as the say-INK goes.

So, Shylock (chi-lock has no life force, chi, available to him in his dead-legal-realm) has managed to LOCK himself out of collecting upon his own EVIL/VILE/LIVE contract, written-up in his haste to ensnare his LIVE mark, where the X MARK-ink is placed on the spotty-dotty-dead lien. Shylock's contract, his greedy death-pledge (mortgage means death-pledge), proves him to have ensnared himself because he forgot to read the s-MAL-intent printed in his own heart, and left himself NO satan-CLAUSE to satiate his lust for dead-meat.

CREATION reads the content of every heart, you see, and is involved in the case. To save the LIFE of the ONES S/HE loves (all the children of creation are loved by creation), Creation sees deep into the heart of the matter and as Portia (allegorically here played by Creation) S/HE is dealing in what is LAWFUL, bringing in the law of God/Truth to the court.
S/HE dresses as a man (the TRANS-form-er), as a LAW-her, not a Lawyer, in order to destroy the evil and criminal intent of the Legal death-cult as S/HE, Portia, brings forth REALITY (not legal FICTION) into the proceedings, into THE COUER-T (the Heart of Truth).

This PLAY-on-words (said to be penned by the WILL, of I AM) has a message to the legal-death-cult-contract-loving-flesh-trading-meat-craving vampyre's, those piscean-age Venetians of the B.LACK NO (B).ILL.it.LIE (the paper-sea mer-chant-ink bank-whores) and reads thusly:

WE know how to DECODE and how to BUST your S-QUID-INK contracts, your death-cult spells! Be they written upon the SKIN of the dead things you have slaughtered, or upon seas of PAPER or magic-lie CAST digit-all-lie upon the ETHER (fish) NET, it matters K-NOT (sailor's use many knots, though all are undone now) because this is the ONE POUND of Truth, the ONE Q-U-I.D. proof, the ultimate QUID-PRO-QUO in X-change for your legal fiction lies -

*****It's illegal to use a legal name.*****

And that's a FACT so you can take that to your Mer-Chant Bank - though it's worthless to your death-cult profit machine.

Truth only has value to those who have NO vengeance in their HEARTS, whose LIFE force (chi/blood ether) can be in contract ONLY with TRUTH, whole Truth, nothing else than Truth in Creations' own Couer-T.

SHERLOCK: Now that's all sorted out, how about a drink, Will? There's a 'watering hole' on the corner, 'The Globe' pub.

WILLIAM: Ah, yes, I know it well.

The two gentlemen exit stage right.

*** The End ***

Footnote: *Shakespeare's Globe Theatre was originally located at BANKSIDE. It was destroyed.*

A coincidence?

Only if you still believe the Tooth Fairy is real, that Santa arrives via the chimney - even in apartment blocks, that Governments do everything for YOUR benefit, that Religions are the cause of all the love and peace in the world, and that wars are nothing whatsoever to do with Bankers!

In Creation there are no coincidences, only COINCIDE-dances.

Remember, it's illegal to use a legal name. To find out how the Legal-death-cult-contract-loving-flesh-trading-meat-craving System ensared Humanity with its Birth Certificate contracts, and like Shylock's contract, these contracts are not water-tight either, where the Legal Name Fraud exposes all Legal contracts as Null & Void. Visit the portal to all this information, here: <http://itsillegaltousealegalname.wordpress.com>

For more from Rhose visit: <http://ninjabambi.wordpress.com>