

When Babe Met Caesar In The Circus
by Rose/Ninja Bambi - 7th December, 2014

Remember the farmer in Babe saying, "That'll do, pig. That'll do..." when the little sheep-pig had succeeded/suck-sea-dead in rounding-up all the sheep, having been given the
BAR RAM EWE

mantra, the secret password, to use against them, to control them?

Yes, well this is an allegory for how the police and other elements of the control system process others for their masters, using their legal-name-slave-hunters mandate.

The secret par-sword was given to Babe by the traitor woolly-backs. The sheep who seemed to be like the rest, yet who chose to assist with the entrapment/imprisonment/penning-in of the other woolly-backs.

Reminds me of those other wool-adorned and black-robed ones who sit on benches/banques/banks profiting from judgements/decisions made over others.

BAR RAM EWE

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To your breed (parasite)

To your fleece (theft/profit via deception and fraud)

To your clan (BAR association) be true

Sheep be true.

BAR RAM EWE/YOU!

Just a clue.

Just a clue.

Just a clue.

Gives a different slant on Babe-Pig In The City now. The City of London most likely!

Whole-Lie Would/Hollywood is a MASS of clues for those with eyes to see and ears to hear.

Yes, the man said, 'That'll do.'

And so say the plastic card worshippers when presented with the much-loved password/pa-sword to commerce known as
A-MER-ICON EXPRESS:

"That'll do nicely!"

The Express A Mer Eye Con/A Sea Icon or one of the Sea-Merchants Idols within the cult of Mooneye Worship, is the super-fast sir-vice which awaits those who sport this representation of the id-entity of mindless consumerism in all its forms, which is welcome in the service of any desire.

This Sir/Ser-vice is in worship of all things external, all things of falsely per-see-ved value within the A-MER-EYE-CON, A Mer-chant Sea-Man, Admiralty-Law-Mer-Sea, Merci.

Thank you, Sir.

Thank you, Mad-am

Thank you, Miss

Just sign here.

A.N.Other X marks the spot.

And where the inky Signs and Sins are too slow and messy for the entrapment-into-fraud, it moved into the digital age of PIN numbers and the en-code-dead CHIP has you continuing to be PIN-d-

own by the legal name fraud you ignorantly commit and chipped like any pet whose owner wants to be sure is never lost for long...defining you as a chip-off-the-old-head-on-the-block with the axe waiting to fall each time you use what you think is yours but isn't within a matrix labelled with the BARcode-dead mark of the beast enabling commerce, liens, debts, fines, taxes and frauds of every description.

And here comes the com-Hearse and the undo-err-taker to carry-out-the-dead-by-consent who are both witnesses and per-Pa-traitors to the crimes against themselves and each other.

Commers-all and commercial-lies-d sheep-pig-dogs in actively-inactive comas who
see-yet-see nothing,
hear-yet-hear nothing,
other than that which is sublime-in-all-lie programed and inserted into their 'CHIP'
via their beloved indoctrination/control system and media moguls.

Oh, how they love their media, my dear!

How they fall prostrate at the alter of that media-demon-deity draped in designer-labels and corporate logos and dripping in blood diamonds and other peoples' misery.
Oh how they worship the false eye-dolls and the endlessly tore-kin heads with the fake faces made of glamour surgeons wares all dis-played on pay-per-view channels and photo-shopped covers and papa-rat-sea-flashlit moments posing as this weeks red-carpet-A-list Starlets teetering at the top of a stiletto-heeled Oh!-Jimmy-Choo-SE! trying not to look down the steep s-lid into the hell of fallen-idols and Z-bed Harlots – such is Babylon's Progress.

Though for those on the dream-boat called 'WANNABE' it is not-the-thing to consider the potential fall from dis-grace so long as for a moment EYE AM in demand being glamour-us-lie shot on some tropical beach, baring for all to see me two-bob-bits what cost an arm-en-a-leg-but-were-worth-it for up-lift-up into the sparkling world of the Cheers-d and Toasted champagne 'n' charlie jet-set.

Aye, so long as EYE AM seen as a bay-watch-worthy bathing beauty sure that skinny-wins-the-prize and caring not what sins are wrapped in product-lies filled with toxic-charms and plastic-eats seasoned with 'why would anyone even do that!!!' so long as EYE look good and EYE look like the ultimate too-hot-to-handle Whole-Lie-Would Babe!

If it's on TV it must be real!

Right?

Yet all the moonthly 'lifestyle' magazines you flip through in the waiting room of hell seem to make you feel you are too old, too fat, too poor, too this, not enough of that, falling short here and overhanging there, slacking in your career and dissatisfied in your relationships.

Yes.

And all while they tell you exactly what's hot and what's not and give the vital information of
Top 10 best...
Top 10 most...
Top 10 sexiest...

Welcome to your A-Mer-Icon day-dream-night-mare.

And remember to fight for your rights to keep it!

How much has it cost you so far, this dream-mare of y-ours?

Was it worth it?

Quite a price you've paid to play in this high-stakes-poke-whore game!

Yes. This high-maintenance false-eyelashed-dolly-of-a-daydream...EYE gotta-have-it, bigger,

bigger, must have bigger, buy, buy, buy some more...does not come cheap!

Welcome to the P-leisure Dome, built upon the ashes of ancient Rome.

"Let the games begin!", many have heard roared.

Some of us walked out of the arena, sickened by the endless s/laughter.

Some turned their backs upon Rome and rendered unto the great
SEA-SORE all that which is his.

Yet how many still linger in Rome and still participate in the Circus Maximus and all its gories?

"Roll-up! Roll-up! Roll-up!", bellows the ringmaster to the eager ones.

It's almost that time again...the time of the
SEA-Son-All-Whore-Ding
as-so-she-ated with
A MER-eYe X-MAS-S/LAUGHTER
as it takes it's toll and payment from those who wish it upon themselves.

"Are you not entertained?", asks the ringmaster of the self-harming and spectacularly greedy
hoards/whore-ds.

Good question!

What is enter-tain-ment?
(enter = go inside)
(tain = mirror)
(ment = mind)

Who have you allowed access to the mirror of your mind?
And what hollow-graphic reflections have they placed therein without you real-eyes-ing it?

Time to **enter** your own **tain ment** and use not the external, electric light as your torch(-urer), but
your own inner light as your gently-guiding flame of truth.