

Woes of a Doomsday Well

Peter Fotis Kapnistos (2010)

Who would ever have thought that ‘a well below the sea’ could rise up as a threat to our present society? As a matter of fact, a few others and I did warn about it — with some telepathic precautions.

The Apocalypse presaged a well or bottomless pit in the chasm of an abyss that would unleash misfortunes upon the world. Contemporary psychology treats the fantasy of a well or symbolic tunnel as an archetype of the subconscious mind watching itself.

On April 20, 2010, the Deepwater Horizon oil-drilling rig of BP exploded in the Gulf of Mexico. The explosion killed 11 platform workers and injured 17 others. The sea-floor gusher became the largest marine oil spill in history. If not contained, it would possibly impact all the oceans of the world.

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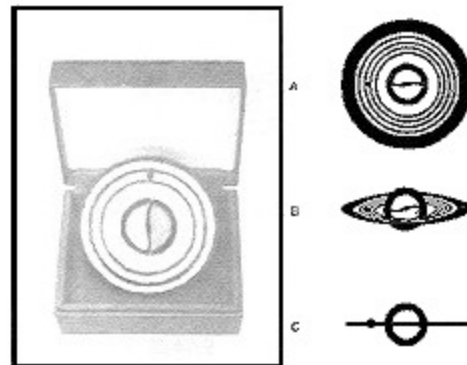
During 2008 and 2009, I dispatched my articles, “Directed Panspermia and the MIB Experience” and “Uriel: The Well Seal and the Man of the Island” to various blogs and websites. I straightforwardly reported:

“Just before dawn on Saturday, April 20, 1974, as I sat near the port of the Aegean island of Mykonos, I met a Man in Black who telepathically revealed to me a metal seal, the cap of a well pipe in the flagstone near my feet, with the design of what he said was the universe engraved on it.”



“He then broke the metal seal by melting its small central rod with a forceful gaze. I

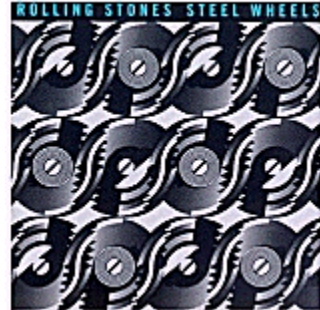
could see a cloud of steam or vapor swirling around his forehead. I heard the loud trumpet-blast of a ship’s horn, but I didn’t see any large boats moving in the harbor. He walked towards me and said; ‘know the faith,’ as he passed by my chair. Then he disappeared into the village footpaths behind me.”



The weird MIB experience with a well seal began on “April 20” and concluded three months later, when I photographed the round metal object and ascertained that the well seal was a very old atomic symbol of heavy hydrogen (deuterium). Its broken nucleus signifies binary fission, the strongest force in nature.

A fourth century Apocalypse of Paul describes a well sealed with seven seals, and afflictions issuing from the mouth of that well. An amazing aspect of the Aegean well seal I photographed was its similarity to the Bruce Codex diagrams from the University of Oxford. The Bruce Codex contains 2nd century AD manuscripts found in 1769 in Upper Egypt by James Bruce, a Scottish traveler who explored the source of the Nile. Though still largely unknown to the general public, the Codex Brucianus diagrams of a well seal (called a tryblion) are possibly the world's oldest graphic images of the seal of God (worn in the forehead) cited in the last book of the New Testament.

In my point of view, the Apocalypse abyss descriptions imply complex organic molecules outgassing from a seafloor fissure made by a prehistoric comet collision. Somewhere below the deep sea conceivably is the ancient starting point of all life on earth. I subsequently mentioned the wellspring on January 9, 2010 and reported that the seal of the antiquated well structure is nowadays absent from the waterfront castle gate. I quoted the Rolling Stones lyrics: "*Baby, baby, baby, you're out of time.*"



On April 20, 2010, the Deepwater Horizon oil well exploded in the Gulf of Mexico. The first seal broke in April. The second seal splintered in May. The third seal fractured in June... Before the toxic oil outflow lastly ebbed three months after it burst, emergency task forces feared their last option would be a “nuclear” seal — to plug up the gushing well below the sea.

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Behind the scientist guard was docked a very large golden object that resembled a metallic oyster shell.

“He is there,” the scientist guard gestured behind his shoulder.

The government agent walked slowly toward the circular object and quickly stepped back when he noticed a mist of steam condensing around its hydraulics.

“It is a cryogenic incubator,” the scientist guard said with a glare.

“Just how long has he been like this?”

“Since the Cold War,” the scientist guard replied. “He is over one hundred and twenty years old.”

“How on earth were you able to do this?” Asked the agent. “When everyone else failed.”

“Because everyone else froze dead bodies,” the scientist guard said. “We froze him alive. Surely you have heard of the frozen embryo? It is frozen alive. But do not be troubled. He

is not ice-covered as you may suppose. We used cryonics to fine-tune the temperature of his body. But it is hydrogen sulfide gas that actually keeps him suspended in unchanging sleep. It is remarkable.”

Some years later, the agent returned to the isolated metallic incubator once more.

“You lied to me,” he whispered angrily to the scientist guard. “You said that he was my grandpapa.”



“It wasn’t my idea to lie,” the old scientist replied with a defiant stare. “He wished to be associated with a foremost American family. So he floated the fairy-tale of your adored grandmother in Paris. By then he was openly sterile — from his meeting with an impure bacterium.”

“And you spread other lies about me, the tortures and rapes,” the annoyed oil cartel powerhouse from Texas bellowed.

*“But you wanted to accept as true that he was your grandpapa,” the old scientist guard yelled back. *Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson* became your book of preference, didn’t it? Yet didn’t you realize that the skull and bones character was a serial necrophile? Nothing of normal human convention could ever stimulate him.”*

“You lied to me,” the fuming partisan whispered once more. “Without fear or favor, we’ll drop him into the deepest hole ever drilled,” he challenged the other and left.

Will poor George finally slay the camouflaged serpent? The scientist guard nervously wondered and timidly stroked his chin.

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A scrupulous leader looked out of a window over Washington D.C. In the entrance hall, a fact-finding assembly was hearing statements from an oil well platform engineer. Ready teams of corporate lawyers, appointed to reduce the mess of upcoming lawsuits, were also present.

“What is the explanation of this?” the tall man asked at full volume.

“We call it a junk shot,” the platform worker replied and expelled air from his lungs. “We use pipes and a high pressure pumping system to essentially pump materials like shredded tires, knotted ropes, and golf balls into an oil well.” He held his panama hat. “This time it was a burial at sea, coded Aryan Escort. The junk shot that went wrong.”

“Burial at sea?” The nimble person in charge asked. “In a concrete overcoat?”

One of the VIP lawyers quickly interrupted with the controls of a digital monitor. “Sea burial is a lawful service in the United States and many other countries,” the attorney interposed. “The captain or commanding officer of a ship can bury remains at sea, if the location is at least 600 feet deep. There are commercial services that do it for a fee.”

After a thought-out silence, the lawyer continued. “The deceased in this case was an elderly financier who secured burial at sea without religious ceremony, as a confidential funeral. Clearly, no laws were disobeyed in that aspect of your inquiry. Therefore, if you continue to disapprove of the deceased’s principles, your government may be held to blame for betraying the confidentiality of a departed charitable banker and obliging campaign contributor.”

“I’ll need you here,” the tall chief whispered into the ear of a seated legal expert.

“I’ve been to a lot of funerals, and this damn sure isn’t a funeral, is it?” an older congressman quietly remarked with a scoff.

“Except that’s not correct,” the platform worker unexpectedly stated. “It was a creepy supernatural funeral, as I saw it. They had a wild party with drugs and sexual activity on the upper bridge.”



An uproar of remarks erupted in the hall. The platform worker persisted. “They had a wild magic party because he wasn’t —”

“He wasn’t what?” the person in command abruptly asked.

“He wasn’t dead yet,” the platform engineer responded.

Two more corporate lawyers quickly jumped up and tapped the digital monitor. One of them shouted out. “Assisted suicide laws are very clear in the United States. But not in some nations around the world — if they exist at all,” he hammered his message home. “In international seas or trans-boundary waters, as is the case with this specific offshore burial, there is no existent clear-cut regulation on assisted suicide, nor is there a statute criminalizing that activity under maritime law.”

After a considered calm, the clever attorney carried on. “The deceased financier was brain-dead, in a vegetative coma condition. His doctors had experimented with various types of cryonic preservation for years. But when it was at last certain that full recovery would not be possible, his final petition stipulated assisted suicide through burial at sea. Certainly, no offshore laws were violated at that point of your probe. For that reason, if you choose to lay into the self-respect of an entitlement to offshore euthanasia, your

decision-making might be held liable for discrediting the diktat of international and maritime laws.”

“What was the nature of his sickness?” the careful chief respectfully asked.

“Our client was an eccentric investor,” the attorney replied. “A matured centenarian. He got pleasure from voodoo religions, vampire lore, hollow earth theories, astrology, and the occult. He suffered from a rare intestinal parasite, a forty-foot flatworm. Though his private medical records in general have no connection to your well seal inquiry.”

“How much did your client pay for his bizarre sea funeral?” the person in charge coolly looked into the foremost corporate lawyer’s eyes.

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In his report, *"Oil Rig Explosion April 20 Is An Occult Date"* the English writer and public speaker David Icke pointed out that April 20 is the birthday of Adolf Hitler. The historian John Toland at one time wrote: “Skeptics wondered why Stalin had spread the story in 1945 that Hitler had escaped when he knew the body had been found.”



The Soviet journalist Lev Bezymenski said that Moscow made the decision to hold the forensic details “in reserve” in case someone might try to slip into the role of “the Fuhrer saved by a miracle.” In other words, conceivably a “Hitler double” was potentially still on the loose — and possibly guilty of ruthless war crimes.

According to the Washington Post, the US Office of Censorship intercepted a letter in July 1945 written from someone in Washington. Addressed to a Chicago newspaper, the letter claimed that Hitler was living in a German-owned hacienda 450 miles from Buenos Aires. The US government gave this report enough credibility to act on it, sending a classified telegram to the American embassy in Argentina requesting help in following up the inquiry.

The picture of a weathered old man with his forehead covered by a handkerchief recently circulated on the Internet. It is purported to be the last known photograph of the escaped Hitler double.

According to a noted History Channel program, a deep quarry 20 miles from Prague called "Amerika" was where German Nazi scientists developed a doomsday device, which, upon the dictator’s death, would drill to the core of the Earth and destroy the planet in a dramatic climax.

In 2008, a German who claimed to have worked on "Projektverderben" said it was not intended to destroy the world. It was capable of destroying a populace and leaving its wealth intact. It was meant to be used on the Americans.

On the day of a bizarre sea burial, the corporate bullies who delivered an elderly financier's last rites cheerfully waited to be paid — for private services rendered and to press on his future business establishment. But in a matter of minutes, unshakable stocks worth a trillion dollars were exchanged for highly speculative junk bonds and transferred to the selfish manager's accounts. The eccentric investor took it all with him.

I suspected that the Deepwater Horizon oil spill would turn into a major “shockerooney” when I noticed that psychic metal bender Uri Geller had coincidentally suffered a diving accident. His underwater mask had injured him, giving him a black eye.

"You got a black eye diving?" I asked him in an email. "How deep can you dive?"

"I was quite deep," he answered.

I had written detailed reports of the threat of a well below the sea, issuing contamination from its mouth. Now the doomsday well was discernible. The thought of it was making me have an uncomfortable feeling.

After three months of anguish, the BP oil spill seemed to be under control. The Gulf coast would take years to recuperate. But sealing the gushing oil would turn out a global sigh of relief and a shrug of good riddance.

Lessons were learned and important breakthroughs were made after the Deepwater Horizon tragedy. Actor Kevin Costner told Congress that his company had developed a high-tech machine with a team including his scientist brother, which could filter oil from water, leaving the water 99% free of crude. By August, officials said that most of the BP oil slick had rapidly dispersed.



A bizarre sea burial may also have had weighty geological implications. Technological developments were said to be shedding new light on the Mohorovicic Discontinuity, the boundary between the Earth's crust and mantle. The Moho marks the lower limit of the Earth's crust.

Some biologists even wondered if humanity had crossed a scientific singularity. A ghastly parasite of hemorrhage was no longer being reported by worldwide forensic investigators, and might have gone into extinction.

A young-looking Washington speechwriter was freshly assigned to put in writing an oration, using modern terms to express a very old aphorism. It would be very, very tricky; she cautiously thought to herself and meticulously gazed at the early writing:

“And that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are.”

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