## Friday, September 21, 2018

[Bill Gates warns (signals the elites for) of Disease X. The demon GULAND warns against the "Fell Wind".](http://missing411rvp.blogspot.com/2018/09/bill-gates-warns-signals-elites-for-of.html)

[](https://3.bp.blogspot.com/-qD-mlKUqxec/W6WtqIroupI/AAAAAAAAB8Q/_yRlPRKIalc1-XSe8XljpkVf1tymXo_jwCLcBGAs/s1600/battornado20mil.jpg)

What follows is the main body of another warning I received from the demon GULAND of the *Grimorium Verum* during last night's midnight consultation. Bill Gates, ass clown and silly muppet of the ruling families, once more spoke about Disease-X. Silly Billy's "warning" is in actuality, in my oh so humble opinion, a signal to the elite that they are ready to commence. For those of you who frequent this blog, Disease-X (and ever more accurate warnings from the demon GULAND) is a reoccurring topic which I first began documenting back in 2015 before Disease-X was on the radar (it is just now becoming so).  
  
Hear now the words of *he who causeth all disease.*..raspy and chilling voice of the demon GULAND.  
  
"On my words is carried a viral message. Sweeping across the sphere, roaring over the water and screaming in the winds with unnatural speed, given swiftness by artificial propulsion. The black air, already with death as a passenger, once concealed and contained in the fetid lungs of the inoculated black skinned, oh they ached and writhed. Buried in mass graves, to ferment and fester. An old and efficient death, who when last spoke her message, half of the white skinned feel to their knees, and in sobs to a sacrificed lamb died in confusion and lament. Gnawed on by rats, who where being gnawed on by death's champion. The black winged fouler takes to the air again. Across the ocean she will fly, mouthing in silence the names of the millions who she will claim, who will die screaming her name through phlegm, and snot, and gurgle. From the land of the yellow skinned will she depart. Long in the works and by design. She has now a prefect vessel built for her nocturnal ride. Those who suppose themselves to speak on air and through lighting. The rotten and poisoned Apple, polished by the dragon and sold back to the eagle...who took a bite.      
  
The fell wind comes, over the waves, held, suspended in the air by buoyant particulates, a dread ship set sail on the clouds. The weather will be made perfect for her voyage, by voltage and magnetic fields. Her landing has already been prepared. Injected with medicine from the land of the yellow skinned at birth till now, the stage a theater of encoded bio-chemistry, set to receive her venom with thunderous applause. Virulent upon virulent. The eyes, and ears of the dragon in near every hand and pocket, near the mouth and the nose, and the ear of the eagle's people. From these little talking boxes will come highly sophisticated instructions carried by vibration and emitted frequency. The dragon, the sickness and the carrier will all speak. The message constant, the meaning: mutate. Close to the body the illness will hear the dire whispering of the dragon.  
  
The sick will tell on themselves. Report on themselves. Post pictures, make fliers and plaster them on a profile they share with the others who wane. The dragon will calculate when to openly strike. First by subduing the right talon as the eagle's left is currently ripping at itself. Second by grasping the virtual throat and silencing the electronic voice, then by boots on the land of the eagle, trampling over the sick, the sick who helped fund their own invasion. They have sold you out, the factions of the land of the eagle who have eaten your children, drank their blood and placed them on altars. They seek the embrace of the dragon because they fear the claws of the eagle. The dragon will publicly devour them, like Rome paraded the kings and queens of conquered peoples in cages. These traitors see that the Anglo-Saxon conspiracy has failed, and the protocols of Zion as good as the word of a Zionist. They know their sickness has been uncovered, the blue wave they spoke incantations for has become a red wave which promises to drown them all.  
  
Look the west for it dawns as the sunsets. You will hear the cough as the time of casting lots begins, the rattle in the lungs, the clearing of throats will increase. The dragon will come only when the eagle lays gasping."  
  
I begin work on how to prevent, and or at least lessen the effect of this possible scenario.  
  
Be safe!  
  
-El Patron.