

Target from <http://skepticsforum.co.uk> by member chaggle

Target 1275-1934

created August 18 2019 at 2:59 PM BST

Remote viewed by Anita Ikonen

RV method Elements Target Construction ETC

Today August 20, 2019

Start 11:58 AM

1:02 PM Pause

10:16 PM Resume.

Probe freely.

A man puts on a dark jacket which has a rough fabric like jeans, it has got beige wide straps on the front which are tied from one side to the other side with a belt buckle, several of those at least three are on the front of the jacket for closing the jacket with. The air is stuffy here we are in a closed space in the hideout. No boats go here, but these men have come here on big ocean faring ships and they embarked to land each with a backpack and down along a diagonal wide board along which they went from the boat and down to harbor, they were in good spirits and mood then and chatting with each other and one of them was eating a red apple while they got off the ship. Then after that they traveled a bumpy ride on the back of a dark-green black jeep which has a pickup truck cargo loading space at the back with thin bars on four ends which supports a dark green or military green (kind of a mint green almost) tarp canvas as a roof over it. A lot of them were shivering at this time and hugging their knees and resting the chin on the knees and they had their hard hat round helmets on then one boy had his glasses on also.

This is an unpleasant site, but the blonde man is dealing with it.

False history warning.

The blonde man squats down on the ground in the hideout and holds the limp hand of the body on the ground in his hand, and outside the hideout screen the men on the outside of the hideout are running from left to right while they carry the stretcher.

There is a sewer tunnel, the tunnel, on the left. There is a kaboom in the tunnel which makes even the plastic rubbery texture of air itself stretch outward radially outward and then return back again but changed since the air then retains yellow electrical sparkles hanging in the air that was affected nearest.

The blonde man stands up tall. He sees the dark green Army jeep arrive and stop there near into-page and a lot of more camouflaged troops coming out of the back of the truck. The jeep doesn't stay for long before it drives along to the left. The troops have the round dark helmet on and each carry a black large machine gun rifle, their faces painted black and dark green camouflage paint, but their moods are fine they are not angry or afraid. They are very friendly with each

other in their group, like friends, supportive and kind like if they were playing with each other like card games and things or if they had done that before.

1 - we really have to or want to go to the right where there is a golden bright color, but our legs do not carry us the legs have been broken, both thigh bones have been disconnected below the knee joint so we cannot go there into the bright golden light

Golden light: Teeth are there, teeth have been shattered on an old man, like blasted out. The gold is a blast a bright blast which broke teeth on an old man who was facing into that direction but he was not even near to it. Fingers would also not be able to touch against it. The noses they are also burned off near to it. There are lots of bones here, exposed white bones of a skeleton.

Skeleton: There is still fresh wet pink meat on the bones but only some. The water flows down along the bottom of the tunnel pipe, it is near. Bodies were being dragged down into and along the pipe inward into the pipe tunnel by the blonde man who brought them to there from their original position outside.

The drop-down at the tunnel where bodies are being brought: The blonde man thinks that the women, girlfriends, of these dead comrades will want to see the remains of their fallen boyfriends/husbands that is why he brings these here. Then the blonde man in the down-drop plays a game of cards and has the cigarette butt in his mouth and also puts a silver colored or aluminum colored metal spoon in his mouth, this spoon contained a brown medicine which smells and tastes like tree sap it is good for the stomach it is said.

Golden: The teeth blew off a man's mouth or actually melted. The men went back onto the big ship, they had the backpacks but those have different and less contents now than before and are also disorderly packed this time and emptier than when they had arrived, and they have the black machine guns each with them and walk up the board back to the ship.

Ship: Lots and lots of cargo and boxes in the storage room are here. Lots and lots of supplies are here inside the ship.

Supplies: Lots of ammunition, grenades even, lots of stuff like that.

Boardwalk to ship: Tired and also injured feet with injured ankle joints that were twisted, small ruptures and cracks in bones and joints of feet but can still manage to walk.

2 - The happy man who has the red flesh, he picks up the cigarette butt and put it into his mouth. The thin water that flows along the tunnel pipe floor, and that we have to go inward, or he shrugs his shoulders as it does not really matter, he plays a game of cards there he holds a fan of cards in one hand and picks a card out from his fan of cards, he bites into a thin white like pipe barrel.

7 - Orange color, sphere, large like a grapefruit or slightly larger, has gold metal wires wrapped around and around it, the ball inside these wires is soft if squeezed on, this thing is thrown and is a way to throw the gold wire over to the other side with the use of throwing this ball with the

wires on it. This gold wire is used for welding, when it touches against another metal thing then it causes small bright golden-yellow "stars" sparks on the floor by the man's feet who is doing it. Some other men are approaching this place from afar into-page with quick steady footsteps. It is the blonde man fixing on the gold wire on the ground to make those sparks, he looks behind him and sees the other men approaching it feels like those approaching men are other men not of his own group.

Other men approaching: They watch their feet, and that is because there are a lot of bones and flesh in the ground. These men approaching did not come off the boat, and they are searching for any living ones among the mud field of bodies.

5 - Lots of men are standing and are in a chaos in the golden light which forms a big dome sphere over them across the air. The men are moaning with a sound as if the air was taken away from them. The air is different here in this situation and place. These men turn into skeletons quickly, they are baked by the light. They are hit and struck down on their back by another man who hits them on the back with a stick. This is the old man from outside the one who had the dry mouth.

False history warning.

1 - Metals, one gold metal barrel pipe which has one end on the ground and the other open end upward, the blonde man squats before it with one knee up and one knee down against the ground, he is in a good mood and is fixing on it like a technician. Something can go down into the pipe, and it is a chunk of flesh. Someone calls for him from inside the tunnel at the down-drop area. The blonde man has to go there to take cover. A skeleton of exposed bones is in the ground, the blonde man leaves the gold pipe on the ground right on top of the skeleton and then begins to run into the tunnel. There are more people walking and stomping up on the ground above the pipe, they have search parties and a search dog. And the woods are near to the left-into-page, deep wild old spruce tree woods that one could run into.

9 - A big wide open blue space, cold, ominous, not homely, we are inside the pipe with the water along the floor of the pipe. We are under ground. It gets worse from here if we go down into the black soil with bodies there. Black faces from face paint, waiting, but in good moods smiling. The men run further inward along the pipe. We could also go up through the manhole. The jeep drives up there along the ground if we go up through the manhole. The jeep stops there briefly to drop off some more troops. There are lots of exposed bones of skeletons. Lots of activity here on the ground there.

3 - The blonde man is shaking his head at what he sees on the ground in the hideout. The other men outside the hideout are running out there and they stop near the hideout outside the hideout. The gold wires from the radio are brought together on their ends to make a connection. The blonde man does not leave the man on the ground behind. Sweat on the camouflaged man's forehead. The tongue is swollen in the mouth of the camouflaged man who is on the ground and there is the smell of gunpowder and bitter metallic smell.

4 - Unpleasant things, military beige and dark green and black colors. Army feel and look to it. Harsh environment, hard surfaces, dark colors everywhere of black and brown and beige and dark green, no vibrant colors anywhere, and nothing fun or playful or delightful here.

August - oh wow, lots and lots of bodies marching here on the brown lumpy mud ground. The bitter smell from the ground that the blonde man senses, he lifts up the limp hand of the body on the ground while he squats before the body on the ground. He takes off the helmet on himself or on the man on the ground and sets it aside on the ground, he then stands up tall holding the helmet in his hands against his hip and his attention is to the men arriving from the jeep outside this hideout. There is urine on the ground outside the hideout one of the men who arrived from the jeep has to pee there.

18 - lots of blonde hair the thick fringe hair of the blonde man. There is red blood here and also brains. There are fish bones skeleton here. And the helmet he holds it up with the open side facing up like a bowl. He dives down against the ground, and then he moves quickly toward the tunnel where the water flows along the floor of the tunnel but only a thin stream.

2019 - something nasty and green surrounded by black surfaces on the ground. Black dark flat surfaces nearby, not an open area not out in the open. A military pocket knife combat knife is taken out of the pocket and unfolded to open (this could be the wrench tool from earlier). It is used to cut the beige strap band that goes under the chin of the camouflaged man, to get the helmet off.

2:59 PM BST - Swirling yellow golden orange, lots of people organizing and finding their places, someone spits and pukes, a messy disordered place but organized and in order, no one sits here on chairs, everybody runs into the water tunnel.

A ticking time bomb, dynamite sticks wrapped together and with a clock on them in the center.

Ok this target session has been leading and guiding me a lot, and there is also a false history warning. Probe properly the elements, without prejudice about what they might have seemed to be so far.

Helmet: Kaboom. Against a man's forehead, sweaty locks of hair. Strange smells. Going inward into a tunnel, pushing against the mud on the ground. Strange smells reach into the nose. Someone tapped down hit hard on the back. (The dog has been hit and I have also seen men hit with a stick on the back, so that is an element or situation at the target site.)

Who hits: A tired man who is really fatigued and would like to go home, he goes to sleep here soon. The old man's body is in the mud only head and neck and part of arms sticks out.

Old man: He feels well, he has gone to sleep here, he does not struggle anymore, he is looking up through the manhole in the ground.

The impressions are strong and many and interconnected with each other on this target. I now

need to probe "as if the target had been harder to construct than this".

Spider method: I start at the gunk in the hideout but the target takes me straight up to the ground above, so the hideout is under the ground. It is dark night outside on the brown mud field. Black machine gun rifles. Nothing goes up into the air or is coming down from there either. This is a strange place of war games. A very Army kind of feel. The blonde man is with knees down against the ground, one hand against the ground as if to be on all fours, but one hand closed and down on his back and that hand contains several very large like rifle bullets that have one pointy end and one blunt end and are of a brass color but with more of a red metal on the back end and two thirds of the bullet at the pointy end is brass colored, he is gasping for air and I see that the old man gasping with a dry mouth is same as the blonde man gasping for air now.

The camouflaged man on the ground gets picked up on a stretcher and carried away by other man. A camouflaged man with the helmet comes down to the hideout by using a rope ladder from above. A German shepherd dog up outside is sniffing to find people but it is also sniffing to find food, always curious to find something to eat too. We are down inside of a tunnel under ground. The tunnel forms an "X" at an intersection going to all four sides. There is a strange yellow gas here toward the back-right. No papers are here, but I see some papers being flipped through in a man's hands.

Papers: Black ink written on them. About Army tanks, two or three of them up there in the mud going up and down along the small bumps along the brown mud ground. Black machine oil has been rubbed against the Army tank outside. The air is very cold outside like winter frozen frost on the ground, small straw on the field is covered in crispy frost when the daylight comes back. There is a detonation device on the ground which a lit cigarette could ignite to make a kaboom.

The hideout down in the ground is very small and it has not got a toilet so someone or people peed there on the ground. A rope ladder leads to downstairs into it from the up outside. There are men down in the ground. I probe the rope ladder from above, and the camouflaged man down in the hideout tells me to come down inside, he is inviting and kind. The camouflaged man has a jacket which has two breast pockets with a "V" on the bottom of the pocket and a button at the top center to close the pocket against the jacket. "Where are we?", I ask him. "You don't wanna know. We are in a pit. We are not welcome here, and Hitler and his crew are trying to chase us out. We are charged with treason if we desert our camps. But YOU there! - you are most welcomed to leave! *You don't belong in this place any more than we don't.* Who brought you here anyway? Were you dropped down here from the planes above?", he says to me and takes an inhale from a cigarette butt. "But, now that you are here, you can be there over at the cooker. You can prepare us our meals! Or, *well*, what is left out of our rations. We don't have a canteen, but we make use of what we have got.", he says and then he jumps up toward the manhole entrance and grabs the edges of the manhole at the ground and looks outside. "Yep, still not quite here yet!", he says and drops down again, he was checking to see if the beige-golden Army tank would have arrived here yet. "We are going to shoot it down." he says about the tank.

"How?", me, thinking that an Army tank could not just be shot at. He thinks or says that we (they) could also drop down bombs on it (on the Army tank) from above from airplanes.

Feedback signal: A rather pleasant scene, the red human element is there, and this is a discovery in the ground. So we need to focus on what exactly is in the ground on the hideout, as that was also our initial main element.

We are not traveling here. We have to stay here in the hideout at the ground that has something there. The dog sniffs around here with its black nose against the ground. The dog knows only anger, and it recalls and remembers and keeps track of nothing else, that is how it takes the commands, it only knows about anger, and not about the pleasantness of getting a friendly pat on its back, it growls and can show its teeth too and charge at someone with a gnarl.

The men from the hideout have placed a sizzle on the ground outside, the thought is that as the Army tank drives over it, it will explode to damage the Army tank from its underside.

The old man who was in the ground with the dry mouth he has turned into a skeleton.

12:49 midnight. I have a lot, but doubt sets in because everything is so labeled and fits together without any work, it has the symptoms of a false history that writes itself at a very fast pace. I will return to it tomorrow and calm down and set labels aside and work on probing. There is a lot of movement and events and impressions that makes it require some discipline to probe without premature labeling. Pause and will resume back tomorrow.

August 21, 2019

1:57 PM Resume.

The men walking outside the hideout are walking in a peculiar way in which they lift their knees all the way up so that the thigh becomes horizontal, this is not how people ordinarily walk, it reminds me of military marching. And they are moving toward the right outside the hideout because a pipe, such as a machine gun barrel or the barrel of a military Army tank, is being pointed toward their back that is what makes them move onward.

I need to confirm the identity and labels of elements, otherwise I cannot speak with such certainty about all these being military and Army and war themed. I place here a "premature false labeling" warning, and also a "false history warning". The frantic fast pace and how I got carried away by the target yesterday, and how it sets a definite historical scene and story, is symptomatic of false history even though there are no Mayans or aliens in this.

The black box, made out of thin flat black vertical walls, it is possible to drop down into it from the open top, and there are people in there down below, they each have the black machine gun element in their hands, they seem calm. The green glowing gunk is on the ground in the hideout and makes itself reminded of again, I need to focus on it as the central element. The blonde man lifts up the limp woman's hand from the green gunk on the floor in the hideout, as seen also

yesterday.

The blonde man puts a large metal item into his mouth into one side of the mouth in the cheek and bites into it. It seems connected to the military machine guns or Army tank barrel which are nearby also. The blonde man is on all fours and vomits here onto the ground.

Outside the hideout is the old man with the dry mouth and the bright strange white golden glow which reminds me of a big bomb such as a nuclear bomb detonation, there is something strange about it like that. Lots of people out here have fallen onto the ground and no one is standing up here. The white glow out here is very strong in the air. There is a pull toward the right which is across the air and not due to a physical pull, I mean it is not due to objects or walls or vehicles but due to either the strong will to go toward the right or otherwise something like a blast pushing toward the right, and that we cannot move toward the left and also cannot stay where we are, all this outside the hideout on the mud field. Lots of metal objects similar to a wrench or a spoon in light-gray color are sticking out of the ground in the mud field. Metal and men are embedded in the mud partially exposed to the air. There is a big round bulge object which has a square base, it is here outside on the mud field further into-page.

The blonde man is wearing a dark-green uniform which has on the shoulders some yellow or other color hard material rectangular tags, consistent perhaps to a military uniform. The blonde man feels well and secure here in the hideout. He hasn't eaten in a while. He is pushing some type of long stick down into the long pipe barrel of his machine gun, while this machine gun is set down with the other end against the ground and he squats down with one knee up and one knee down against the ground before the machine gun, it looks like cleaning out a rifle barrel, and he is aware of the people outside the hideout, he looks toward it and listens toward there while working on his machine gun.

Outside the hideout is a hot yellow glow that fills up the entire air like a thick rubbery expansion of the air outward also toward the hideout. There are lots of skeletons here in the ground outside. The air smells electric like the smell from touching the static on a television screen with the hand.

In the down-drop at the other end of the tunnel there is a bad smell there. People are playing with playing cards here a game while holding a fan of cards in their hands and exchanging cards into the fan of cards and out of it with each other, their movements are quick and nervous as they continuously keep looking toward the tunnel to see if anyone might be coming toward them from the tunnel, the blonde man has the cigarette butt in his mouth.

The central element is the green on the ground in the hideout. A camouflage painted Army man with a black machine gun and the black round helmet is pointing the end of his gun against the green spot on the ground in the hideout. I will do look at element from other elements to try to see what is on the green spot on the ground: Red flesh, beige human skin, the bright yellow-white glow outside the hideout that fills up the air like a nuclear bomb blast, it feels very serene

and calm when the white glow expands across the air because it is very quiet, the camouflaged man takes his round helmet off and holds it in his hands to look at the expanding glow out there but while remaining in his hideout, the old man tripped on the ground and fell face and belly down into the mud during the white blast, his teeth got crumbled and crushed due to the blast, his head is blasted off, the brain destroyed, the skull broken open from the top which faced toward the blast.

We are in underground tunnel systems, not just one single tunnel horizontally straight but there are intersections of more tunnels. We are under ground. The hideout is also here under ground. The tunnel in question is also here, but there are more tunnels. Ladders bring us up from the tunnels to a manhole so that we could go outside. "There are no women here, so, get out!", says a camouflaged man with machine gun and round helmet. "I am sorry, I am only investigating.", me. "What do you wanna know?", the man smiles, leaning back casually, taking the cigarette butt out of his mouth and pinched between two fingers. "Where are we?", me. Some men yell and shout nearby because the Army tank is now approaching up there, it is coming in closer to the manhole!

The Army tank has been covered by one of those military Army blankets that are made out of the shreds of fabric which are shaped like seaweed which have holes throughout it and have camouflage colors beige and dark-green to look like a leaf coverage, one such has been over the Army tank to conceal it, it conceals it from airplanes that fly up above.

The Army tank weighs several tons (several times 1000 kilograms). It can drive over bodies in the mud and crushes their arm bones with the sound of a snap. There is a red flag like the Russian flag that was red with the two tools in one corner, the Soviet flag, hanging over the barrel of the Army tank. The Army tank is beige-golden colored. It can also shoot bullets which can be loaded into the barrel from the inside of the tank. It gets REALLY hot inside the tank! There is also a manhole on the top of the Army tank if a man wants to lean his elbow on the outside top and have his head to the outside, then he could aim easier with the barrel while the tank is driving slowly forward. The Army tank drives very slowly it is not a fast-moving vehicle. It gets so hot inside the tank the air feels compressed and heated. It is hard to breathe inside the tank because it gets so hot there is no fresh air inside. The bullets loaded into the tank barrel look like long shiny brass colored with a flat bottom and a very long pointy end. It is used for breaking down houses, and not aimed at individual people. Some horses were also trampled down by it, knocked down by it. There was a man on a brown horse in the mud the horse got knocked down when the Army tank slowly moved past.

I see a red flag waving on a short flagpole, it was either Russian Soviet red flag or the United States flag that has some red in it. It had been set down on a building like a small flag marker to claim a land. It was not a proper tall flagpole just a small flag to claim a region, to note that grounds had been claimed and seized up until that far.

I am going to end this session here. I am worried about false history. No let me try some more.

Someone's foot got injured.

TC: "Air, gun man", I hear from the blonde man as I find him putting long bullets that have a pointy end down into the barrel of the machine gun, loading them in through the open end that he points up with the other end of the gun down against the ground, in the hideout. "Air" referred to airplane up above.

Ask target for words: "nothing great here", "only menacing", "NOTHING GOOD!", "oh no, go away!", "yeah, just another day of paradise [said sarcastically]", "no flowers and sunshine here!", "nothing good comes out of this place!", "yeah, just another demise" [said a camouflaged man with round helmet and took a cigarette butt out of his mouth and pinching it with fingers], "something terrible happened here", "we were unable to save him" [about the injured camouflaged man on the ground on the green spot in the hideout].

"What happened to him?", I ask about the injured man on the ground. The injured man is missing part of his leg, I see a broken leg bone of the lower leg protruding from where the leg has gone missing and red flesh around it. "We were unable to stop it.", blonde man says while kneeling before the injured camouflaged man. "We don't know what to do now.", blonde man adds to that.

2:36 PM End RV. I will now write a summary. "We don't know what to do, whether we should wash him, or, perhaps if it is better to leave him alone, and let nature do its thing.", blonde man about the injured man. I will write a summary on a separate document.

1275-1934

created August 18 2019 at 2:59 PM BST

ELEMENTS

IE. Dark-green color, slimy and flat.

T. Wow! Whoa! It does not want to be touched! The slime is connected to the rounded metal object that is the war helmet bucket, but of course we already know that the slime came from that helmet bucket. Wow there is really a strong character and energy and personality almost, to this slime, this is not just quietly sitting there and being meaningless, it makes quite an impression it is like "wow"! For its size, this slime makes a huge impact and impression! It doesn't smell nice here. It wasn't dropped, it was placed here, placed here for safe-keeping (even though it is not valuable like gold). There is a woman there right on the slime. The woman was gunned down by a man who had a big black rifle or machine gun.

P. Not pleasant, is a very bitter metallic smelling and tasting dark green gunk. Is against the chest, body, of the camouflaged man with helmet. Is a liquid on that military camouflaged man's body. It is not blood, it is something else. There is sadness here. And some "disrepair".

IE. Bitter taste, like toxic waste and metal.

T. Oh god, this taste/smell is awful!, the man declares about the green gunk on the ground. It makes him start to cough and vomit there in the hideout. The truck that was parked there outside it starts to slowly roll away from here toward the left, the driving feels calm and not panic or fearful nor anger or danger. Metal. Metal in the ground, and a military man hiding there in the dark and camouflage lying on his back on the ground with the rifle against his chest, the one lying there is the same as the camouflaged man I drew.

P. Ew, nobody would have wanted to taste this thing! And it does not go up, it is not being lifted (yet I see the camouflaged man lifted up on a stretcher). The taste comes from the black machine gun rifle. It has sunken into the ground in the form of a dark green liquid, while other men with rifles ran further into the tunnel.

IE. Something is nicely disgusting here, real nasty and yucky but therefore all the more fun to explore.

T. The blonde man who has no helmet on his head by the way, he has a bare head with blonde hair. He has seen something nasty with his eyes.

P. Metal and green gunk liquid on the ground. The blonde man squats on the ground in the hideout, he has a black cannon unless his machine gun pointed vertically up with bottom resting on the brown mud on the ground and end of barrel pointed up and he handles it while he has the short cigarette butt in his mouth, he is calm and he knows what he is doing he is in good mood not angry or scared.

IE. Green slime, mucus, gunk.

T. Sadness, sorrow, someone lying on the ground in a small pit which does not embed the whole body down. Letting go of someone, sadness, departure.

P. A person's body is right there at it, if I touch this gunk then I am touching across the face of the camouflaged man who lies here in the ground. He is still alive. There is a shallow stream of water inside the tunnel on the floor of the tunnel, the entire tunnel is a round big cylinder pipe without a flat floor, the water takes place only at the bottom of it along it and is not a lot.

2. IE. Black or very-dark-gray metal as a flat horizontal smooth sheet or floor. Floor.

T. The big box that is the truck element moves to the left, something nasty is left behind on the ground here. The camouflage curtain made of shreds is hanging here.

P. There are beating hearts and people down against the floor on their backs. The woman's hand is a limp hand resting against the chest of a man on the floor, presumably his own hand, he wears a black or very dark colored jacket. He is resting and waiting, it is a waiting game, but he smiles he is in good mood and good spirits no anger or pain or fear or sadness. He talks to someone squatting next to him, the two of them are buddies and friendly. They listen to some instructions being broadcasted over the radio to them, a brown old-fashioned radio.

Impressions: It is dark here. Something nasty was put here and left behind, it is unpleasant and it is something that nobody would bring to their home. This is a mischievous target, something a bit rascal-like to put this green slime here, it is just a little bit like a prank, but I am loving it this

target is so much fun there is somehow a laugh about it at least for me. Flat against the floor. Nothing goes high up, nothing moves up, nothing is lifted up. We are in a hiding place. It is unpleasant, and a man has left it there.

T. Not a bomb shelter (negation). The blonde man in the hideout moves a shred curtain a bit to the side to carefully look outside from the hideout. He has the round helmet held by one arm against his body. There is something splashy inside that helmet, and he takes care of it like if it were a person in there.

P. We are hiding here, and we do not want to be found because of the bomb. We are resting and lying here inside. The bomb makes us go kaboom. The blonde man squatting at the mud ground lifts up with his hand the limp hand of the man in the mud, the man in the mud has most of his body embedded in the ground.

IE. Dark covering which makes black outline like the outline of leafy trees with some gaps in between, we are in that kind of a shaded dark hiding which is concealed by this covering which though feels like thin veils wrapped over as thin walls, like the military camouflage net curtain that they use, that kind of look and feel but all just very dark and black. Military camouflage shreds of dark green and beige colors which mimic the shape and shading of leaf coverage and has some holes through it.

T. We have to stay in here, we cannot under any circumstances go outside of this cover. There are more secretive things here inside in the hideout.

P. I am not allowed to touch it, says the blonde man in the hideout and his body becomes stiff and stern about it as I was about to touch the screen. There is the smell of urine here, a man has peed very close near to the screen either in the hideout or otherwise on the other side near the screen.

IE. The man who has left the slime there down on the floor in the hiding place. He looks to be a blonde man, about early 30's, thin build, not very tall, rather big nose, slender long face, dark eyes, he stands before the slime on the floor, just standing there and he is not going anywhere away from there. It seems that he has poured the slime from a bucket onto the ground, but he is not about to leave. He reminds me of Julius Caesar but I don't know why yet, maybe something about the way he looks but the period and costume does not match with that at least not now, so we will find out more as we go along.

T. He feels sorrow, grief, disrepair (target specifically wanted me to say "disrepair"). He sunk down into the ground and became a limp body person.

P. This man is a young man! He feels that he could be 17! He is a young character, his body has not yet built up the shape of an older man of 40+ because his shoulders and neck and jaw bones have not become wider or stronger like on a fully adult man. He has that young boyish look to his body. These men are wearing heavy duty dark boots that are very wide and massive and dark and that also go up a lot on the ankle and leg. He suddenly stands up tall and becomes very rigid, it is the man I saw outside who stood rigid, completely stiff body and expressionless face, perhaps a military standing in formation. It gets cold here very quickly, a cold wind breeze sweeps by close

along the ground. There are search dogs outside.

IE. Bucket from which the man has poured the green slime onto the ground here in this hiding place. Looked like a war helmet, the kind that is like first or second world war, like a bowling ball shape (but not perfect sphere round of course) with some dangly fabric parts to it like camouflage fabric strips over the head or the beige strap that goes under the chin that sort of thing.

T. Kaboom, something spreads out like a force expulsion away from the helmet. It is very strong and intense, it does not have a weak character or personality, it is not just "simply there".

P. Soft padding inside the helmet, with wide beige woven fiber straps that go one way several parallel adjacent and then other ones across the other way, with soft padding underneath those straps. It smells like sweat. A man is drinking some water or liquid from out of a metal flat flask, wide flask which is flat on both sides the kind that cowboys are always seen drinking from in old movies but bigger and gray metal. There is urine here on the ground in the brown mud. There is flesh and brain in the helmet.

IE. People outside, and movement outside of the hiding place, not fast, but slow, feels gentle, not harsh and not dangerous, feels mild and kind and not agitated. The man is hiding in the hideout and looks to the green slime on the ground and feels a little bit nervous and anxious about the slime on the ground and the people outside, as if he is hiding himself or responsibility about the slime from those people.

T. One man stands rigid and stiff, he has bit his tongue, someone is touching against his body on his back and legs with the rifle as he stands stiff there. Something is being spoken there at a very fast pace it sounds like jibberish because it is being spoken so fast. The truck, he hops onto the back of the jeep truck and the truck slowly drives away toward the left. They have left the injured person lying on the ground behind. One of the men standing here has to pee soon he feels the need to pee.

P. Smoke rises up from a small spot on the ground just outside the hideout, black smoke rising from one tiny spot on the ground and then spreading a bit as it rises. It smells like smoke and something down below it the origin source of the smoke is a dynamic small metal or rock piece with red inside and it is swirling inside itself in the material but this piece stays where it is on the ground. I see that this piece has gone through a camouflaged man's head even though he had the helmet it went under the helmet and through from the back of his head and out through the side of the face near the cheekbone and came out and blood and flesh came out with it when it exited before this piece hit the ground where it now is. A man stands completely rigid outside as described earlier.

Impressions: The man squats down before the green slime on the ground and he feels that he does not know how to retrieve or handle or manage that slime. It is as if he wants to pick it up slowly and gently in his hands. I see two hands that are unmistakably women's hands, either then his or from the ground at the slime in which case there is another body on the ground at the slime. Something happened here, because of the slime on the ground. What happened is the

slime on the ground, it was something that happened, the man who is here at it is hiding it from the other people outside, this incident should be handled and dealt with but he does not know how, it is like an accident on his hands (on his hands meaning either due to his actions or that it is something he feels that he should be managing or sorting out), like a mishap, something he regrets, something that would best not have happened, something unpleasant, but he does not feel angry about it, just annoyed and somewhat helpless because he does not seem to know if he can do anything about it.

T. The injured green slime mess on the ground is something that the blonde man squatting before it does not want to touch, but which he would have handled very delicately.

P. He looks at the limp woman on the ground, he drags her body down along the tunnel that has the thin stream of water flowing along the bottom of the tunnel, he then lifts her body up against the back of his shoulders so that the body hangs down with its feet against the ground but leans against him at the back of the shoulders. He then tosses the limp body over into the place where I have seen them be down in the ground like in trenches where they will be facing toward the direction they came in the tunnel and aiming the machine guns toward that direction.

2. IE. Two women's hands delicate and limp, are at the slime. Either the man's hands meaning that he would be a woman (or, unlikely, that he would have dainty long slender woman's hands), or that there is a woman on the ground at the slime in the hideout. The blonde man squatting by the green slime, picks up a limp woman's hand on a bare woman's forearm up from the ground and when he lets go the arm and hand drops down to the ground again so the woman's body is limp.

T. Cold, ice cold not warm hands. Delicate here around that body. The body not saying anything, restless, sleep. Eyes seeing these hands and feeling concern and grief and took his own helmet off to the side squatting there.

P. The blonde man grabs his throat hard with one hand squeezing his throat and his eyes are wide open. He is that much nauseated by what he sees there on the green gunk on the ground. There is a mess of brown head hair all messy on the body on the ground that has the hands. The smell of dark metal. The men coming in, a man from the outside uses the barrel of his big black machine gun to push it through the camouflage curtain shreds and to move some of the curtain a bit to the side to see into the hideout and then enters into the hideout. There is a lot of urine and vomit on the ground here in the hideout. There is a throbbing warm hot pain sensation on the body that has the limp woman's hands, and this body won't be getting lifted up, picked up from the ground (negation).

IE. A big dark metal box on the outside of the hideout on the left side. It is just a bit taller than an adult human and is made out of thin dark metal plates with hollow empty space inside. It feels nasty and unpleasant, as does this place, it has that same feel. This is a vehicle, it starts to slowly roll away from here, the blonde man in the hideout yells "Noo! Don't leave me!", while he was squatting at the green slime, so he did not want the truck or people there to leave him here, yet, he does not run after the truck, he remains here at the slime, as I said he is not about to leave the slime.

T. Empty inside at the back. Not warm here, cold, no sunshine shining warm on it. People standing or sitting or squatting inside it or on it. No fun there at the front, this is not a fun or happy place, it moves slowly away from here toward the left.

P. Cold object. Meaningless, a nothing. Because the people are all there where the urine is. They are hiding here. There is a not very tall hill of brown dark mud along the right side into-page.

Impressions: Something nasty, unpleasant, and hidden. Something we cannot deal with or handle, something we do not know how to "clean up". But it is important to the blonde man who knows about this thing, in fact he seems to be the one who slipped up and caused this thing, important to him is that nobody else comes here, at least not before he has figured out a way to manage this mess that is here, this problem. And he will take his time thinking about it, as perhaps something could be done, but he does not know of a way. He is hiding here from the other people who are outside of this hideout. He feels no stress or fear or anger, he is calm, he feels like someone who accidentally broke a vase and is trying to figure out how to fix it but realizing that it cannot be fixed, though the mess that we have here is no vase I can assure you of that. Something unpleasant on the ground. Something unpleasant that can't be lifted. It needs to sit there and to remain on the ground. The man looks like Julius Caesar, but of course a lot of men throughout time do.

T. No tools were here with which to make repairs to it, a wrench tool used on it.

P. Something that cannot be fixed, it cannot be fixed, it is broken and in disrepair.

SE. Big black rifle or machine gun which had gunned down the woman who now lies on the green slime on the ground in the hideout.

T. This rifle sits sturdy in the blonde man's hands. So it is his gun. This man is playing war games. This is military with the black military helmet that is round and the military camouflage drapes that looks like leaves and the face painted with black and dark-green camouflage paint. He is holding onto this rifle and he would never lose it or give it away, he keeps track of it. But he feels no fear or panic, it is like he is playing paintball war games, he feels like that kind of military.

P. This one gets hot when fired and used a lot, and then it actually needs to rest to cool down. It makes a sound which is not like a gunshot sound on tv, it makes a sound that is more like firing a rocket into the air and then there is the sound of the metal bullets bouncing around off of surfaces like a hard sound of pinball game. It was put against a man's head and then the man's head feels very hot inside and blood is gushing out through the bullet hole on the side of his head at the temple on the left side of his head, he had the hard hat helmet on his head. It feels really hot inside his head and on his face now because of it. I see a man who enters up into the open outside by raising himself up through a manhole round lid and hole. Outside is white air and lots of red sparks like the kind you see during welding, lots of red-orange "stars" sparks everywhere appearing and disappearing. Outside it is quiet and it feels like a very old man out there, an old man is gasping for air his body is lying on the ground and is embedded mostly in the ground, he reaches his hand upward and he would also need to drink some water he is very thirsty his mouth is entirely dry and he makes a sound from his mouth like a moan which sounds like an old man, his eyes are closed, his tongue is swollen and hangs out of his mouth on the side of his mouth.

There is urine here on the ground. Someone in dark clothes steps one foot down on the man's body and uses the foot to roll the man over to his side and then keeps the foot there standing on the man's hip.

SE. Military man that I drew, has the hard hat round war helmet, camouflage paint on his face black and dark-green, lying on his back on the ground where the green slime is in the hideout, and has the black machine gun rifle against his chest.

T. He feels calm and safe and secure, he is smiling, nothing is pain or anger or fear or stress about him, he looks toward the outside where the men are standing but he moves his eyes and only slightly moves his head that direction, so he remains flat against the ground hiding. His body is in a pit which follows the outline of his body but is not very deep.

P. Chaos, commotion, at the back of his head. The smell of smoke and sizzle. He lies down on his back and the narrow stream of water of the tunnel is right underneath his back, his body is being dragged by his foot or feet along the tunnel toward the drop-down place that is further in the tunnel, it is the blonde man dragging him to there. The bare woman's hand again with all four fingers lined up against each other as always (meaning fingers not spread). This hand is completely and entirely cold. The head of the man is missing when this woman's hand or hand is at the drop down of the tunnel then the body that has the hand does not have the head.

TE. The pit around the camouflaged man on the ground, follows the same outline as his body and is not larger than that in any direction. Oh. I just sensed some serious flesh wounds on the camouflaged man.

T. He dug this pit out with his body lying on the ground, by shifting his shoulders, pressing his shoulders into the dirt to dig himself down a bit for better hiding.

P. Warm, soft, has been lied in for a very long time, not comfort on the back to lie against it hurts the spine, water flows on the ground nearby next to it on the bottom of the tunnel, it smells really bad here a sharp bitter metal smell. They are happy to sit up again and to get up from the narrow hole in the ground, this narrow hole is just the outline of a man's body lying down and is not deep at all, most of the body is still visible and is not below the ground. The blonde man is repairing building something up here with his wrench tool. He assembled something so that it could be repaired and be fixed. Meanwhile he had the cigarette butt in his mouth. The blonde man knows what he is doing.

QE. Flesh wounds on the camouflaged man who lies on the ground in the pit. It could be gunshot wounds, it felt like and looked like several small round metal bullets like how a shotgun fires many at the same time that are spread out, that went into his flesh, flesh wounds, it burns and hurts in his muscle it feels similar to acid, and blood sprayed out of those wounds, most of it went into his legs thighs but some wounds also on pelvic and lower abdomen but mostly the legs thighs.

T. There is a liquid possibly a vomit going out of someone's mouth, unless that symbolizes that we are in a tunnel where liquid flows along the ground like a sewer tunnel or other tunnel with liquid on the ground.

P. His body sunk down into the ground the brown mud. His eyes can still see. And he needs to pee, so that is why there is urine on the side. He put the helmet back down on the ground, and his face has black and dark green camouflage paint in splotches not lines. He seems well, he smiles, he is in good mood. First he got up on all fours and then he stood completely still, here on the ground in the hideout where he has the small dugout pit for his body, he stands completely immobile on all fours and looks around toward the outside of the hideout to make sure that no one has seen him move, before he then gets up further.

QuinaryElement. Tunnel where clear liquid flows not deep along the bottom, could also be a man's throat who is vomiting. (This is the first time EVER that I have had a quinary element meaning fifth level element away from target signal.)

T. The ruckus is happening in the hideout, if we were to go outward toward the left here then there is nothing there. I see a man who is squatting down before a fallen comrad here in this hideout. It is nasty and unpleasant here, something like vomit, it is not clean here or pleasant.

P. No spirits walk here, but there are the spirits of dead bodies walking on the mud grounds above looking for their dead loved ones whose bodies are embedded in the ground and part of heads and arms and legs can be seen. It is calm and soothing up there on the mud field of bodies, as most of the ones who could have been rescued toward the left on the slow moving truck at the back of the truck.

SE. Wrench tool which the blonde man can use to make repairs to the thing on the ground in the hideout.

T. Somebody has a small remaining piece of a cigarette butt in his mouth. Goes down into the ground, falling down, now hiding lying flat against the ground, pretending to not be seen, hoping that they do not see him, oh no they did. The woman that died here.

P. Used to rescue people with, to save people. Only the blonde man knows how to use this tool and to use it quick. A man lies on his back on a stretcher, it is the man from the small pit in the hideout.

SE. Stretcher on which the camouflaged man lies on his back with arms rigid on his sides, he is being lifted up, he has bit into his tongue. (Stretcher was found as a negation.)

T. Pleasant and calm, being better, being well, a nice soothing sensation, comfort and joy and relaxing, nice to be here, very pleasant, goodness, and rest, familiarity, softness, joy, purity, light, books to read, military hospital with nurses, sanctuary.

P. The beige belt straps of inside the helmet are the same as the belt straps that go across the stretcher. There is a strange smell here. There is a kaboom from the ground as a grenade in the brown mud in the ground exploded, it had been embedded a bit into the mud when it went off.

SE. Military men several who ran further into the tunnel to the left side. They ran in a peculiar way where they lift their knees a lot higher than normal running and they make many small footsteps very quickly, it is not a normal running, almost like the kind of running where one does not want the feet to touch down against the ground. Each one held a black machine gun rifle

against its body against the chest, they were all dressed like the camouflaged military man.

T. Anguish, unease, getting away from something, then dropping down into a hole and turning around to point their machine gun rifles forward into the direction in the tunnel from which they came and standing guard like that, the head and rifle are at the same elevation at the floor then and the body is just dropped down below the ground, like in trenches but we are in a tunnel. The men feel well at this time. I recognize one of them as being the face of the blond man, with the long blonde lock of hair, here he has got the black and dark-green camouflage paint splotches over his face. He takes a short cigarette which is soft and bent and already mostly smoked up and he puts it into his mouth and begins to light it with a match. Other men are running. The blonde man feels calm and well, he is smiling, this is fun like a paintball game. The way the men lift their feet is not normal running from humans, the way they lift their knees higher up and barely want to touch against the ground. There are many human faces in the ground, they are stepping over dead bodies that are halfway embedded into the brown mud, the man I described earlier who is embedded in the pit in the hideout is only one of the many men embedded in the mud.

P. Sweat, because they are running fast. They are handing things to each other along a lineup from one to the next once they reached to the drop-down at the tunnel. They are in good spirits and in a cheerful mood. There is urine on the clothes of one of the men on his left side shirt sleeve near the shoulder but on the arm side. They are happy. A radio starts speaking, it says something about the bombs falling up above from airplanes and the blonde man listening to it leans back and sighs deeply and thinks oh boy like tired that it is still ongoing.

SE. Search dogs, German shepherd breed, on leashes, walked by men in dark clothes and hat, on the mud field. The dogs are going to sniff out any man lying in the mud who is still alive. A man lying on his back partly embedded in the mud greets the dog and scratches it on its head.

Recovery operation to find survivors with the aid of dogs.

T. These dogs feel sad and afraid, they feel as if they have been beaten on their back with a strike and that they would like to run away into the forests toward the left-into-page direction to be cowardly and run away. These dogs feel a great deal of anguish and keep the tail between their legs, they feel fear about being here and are whining and whimpering and feel uneasy, that is because their frail legs and leg bones have been injured on what they are stepping on on the ground, they feel pain when they are stepping here, dogs are having their leg bones broken and injured and are whining and crying and not feeling safe to be anywhere. The dog is dreaming about a steak on a bone to eat which it has eaten in the past, it would rather be doing that. The dog doesn't feel well even when it is eating from a dog food bowl and being patted encouragingly by a man on his neck, the dog eats with its tail between the legs even at that moment of food and being patted with encouragement. The dogs can sniff out the dead, dying and injured. It is because dogs are expert trackers and can sniff out blood. A lot of the men recovering in hospital beds get to meet the dogs and have the dog lying on the bed and get to thank and pat the dog that rescued and found them. There is a radio playing in the hospital room for music.

P. The dogs love it when they are fed a bone! They are looking for mines in the ground, they can smell it from the bitter powder residue that is left on them. And then if they don't, if they miss it,

then they lose a leg and a bone (their own bone). They get hit and beat a lot on their side so they put their tails between their legs and feel miserable and unwell, they would most rather run into the woods with their tail between their legs but to look for a bone. This dog was taken down into the tunnel where the water flows along the floor of the tunnel, and it is because the dogs can see in the dark so the men don't have to light any bright lights or lamps with them but they still might bring with them a small very faint light which is a small vertical line of light but weak not bright. The dog is whimpering and growling not in aggression but feeling unpleasant about what it found. The dogs never feel good again, even later if they seem to be well and are being patted and given encouragement and compliments, they will never be well again in their minds and moods. The dogs don't like walking here on the mud, but they are beaten (hit on the side on the ribs) if they do not go there.

E. Hospital room for recovery of rescued military. The nurses have white clothes with short skirt and white t-shirt and a white folded hat. The men who are here recovering in the hospital room feel very comfortable and happy to be here, they cherish being here.

T. I am brought back to see the face of the camouflage paint man with round hard helmet and black rifle gun held in his hands with the barrel pointing diagonally upward, he speaks and points to the other men like him and they all start running down the tunnel. There are grenades.

P. The Bible is being read here quite a lot! The Bible gets passed around from one bed and patient to the next, exchanging hands. But the best is the tv or radio for the men in the beds. They don't like the food served here, it is mostly soft cooked green peas but they eat it anyway of course.

E. Grenades at the tunnel and hideout area there somewhere. Black or dark brown and looks just like a grenade.

T. This grenade is connected to an injured man who has torn shreds of flesh and his face is missing the nose is all gone and strips of flesh torn to shreds he lies on his back on the ground still holding onto his black machine gun rifle with both hands and holding it against his chest.

P. Burning hot sensation like an acid chemical burn not heat temperature burn. This is the helmet with a lot of character in it. Slippery if we try to grab it it slips out of the hands upward. Slimy somehow and difficult to grab or hold in the hands. It sizzles and starts to make a smoke that rises in a narrow small stream from it. Someone feels unwell here nauseated because of something that is disgusting here. The man on all fours on the mud ground (the same as the man also seen on his back in the small pit in the hideout) close to the ground just barely lifted himself up off the ground and staying still like that and listening around him carefully and not even moving the head only moving his eyes around, he is in good moods.