

THE

QUARTRAINIA

OF CLOWNADAMUS

by CLOWNADAMUS

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(

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)

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Definition: Quartrainium

A collection of non sequitur statements that seem interesting or even profound on first reading, but are most likely the ramblings of a drunk, lonely, clown.

A prophetic stream of universal-bytes received from Angels or other celestial folk who frequent the hallucinations of Clownadamus (like Nostradamus, but a clown).

Words joined together, rhythmically pounding our reason to dust.

Something to read that you can either a) imbue with great weighty seriousness-juice or b) recognize as the opposite of insight.

You know those pictures which look like nothing, but if you stare at them a long time ... well ... they begin looking like some kind of sailboat or giraffe? Just stare at the quartrainia a while -- maybe after an hour or so they will start to fucking mean something to you.

A path to sacred truth.

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QUARTRAINIUM 1: Dr. Freckles first awesome
indecipherable, amphibolous, prediction (way better
than nostradamus bitches)...

Yonce et de, Me portus of mind shall leap the boundaries and bring forth that bounty known only to gods and drunks (at least those that drink cheap whiskey)... An angel called 'Roger' provided these noteworthy thoughtitudes...

Quartrainium 1:

Next door, to a high chair, the master of feeling will get too much sun.

Moon beams shine and yet no rain touches the earth.

Keep an eye on BAMUS, BAMUS has issues.

The fifth wave of energy will emerge from the slime of constant chat.

Torples be toppled, yada yada yada...

Nigh is the time for an emperor to emerge - so soon before a native count.

From the continent of jingoism a man will make light of war.

Do not take your eyes off the ball!

Canvas is covered with infected soup -- someone should clean this.

Kansas is filled with rancid poop -- nor is there time

to flush it down. Mortius is rearing toward the lawn -
rake those leaves. When walking sideways on highway 12,
remember - the cops hide out near exit 13.

A star is going to touch the ocean after a cloud
emerges from a sky without stars. Bjork is beating the
elves. Let not the sullen folk stop with the chanting,
because an angry wave is coming - ride it.

Tested vehicles have broken lights, and yet fire is
alight on wasted US tax payer dollars.

Iron fish swarm the green sea -- Captain Mike will be
saddened by this.

QUARTRAINIUM 2: Nether dogs of RIMBUS well - cannot tell (Prophecy == Scary)

[from the ancient texts just written by Clownadamus -- a.k.a. Stanley Nordisk, a.k.a. Dr. Freckles -- to relay messages from an Angel called 'Terry']

A corsair sails east, weather is changing - Michael will lose his lunch.

Chains are being forged for the coming enslavery - masters will become broken wenchs.

Egg that is not born, will be born for the egg - chocolate candy flourishes in the plastic bird.

The 14th Planet is holding, make sure you check the batteries in your smoke alarms (one should be safe).

Cranes are moving the world and the world is moving the cranes - NIKE shoes are lost at sea.

Leader of smoke will on silver beast ride, his eyes burn with a thought towards justice - justice will be denied.

Happy Easter and Good Friday, take care y'all...

QUARTRAINIUM 3: Investment Advice for Black Monday or Blue Monday or 'MEH' Monday, April 9, 2012...

[These prophetic ramblings were provided (to Clownadamus) via the Angel Chuck, who lives under the bridge]

The fruit which ripened must now be plucked - the plucking will allow other fruit to grow.

NORDIVIA is ankle deep in shackled rumination, if you please your cat the cat will simply bite.

KING GREEN is tired, wait a while and the king will rise again - but the battle ends when days shorten, and the sovereign will drown in his own blood.

Once in a while take a walk outside - you need vitamin D.

HESTOR is ripe with Norman tailoring, suits for all but the size is too small.

KELREM is weak and in danger of losing control - Greeks and Romans will soon feel the pain of loneliness.

If you decide to take a trip on Monday, please, check the weather first and drive safely.

The first wife is walking and making sure the ground is soft - the first wife is away and the cat of the house will bring great harm.

IBM seems a bit over-valued to me - we should be a little [skeptanoid](#).

The first republic's bank stands tall, but is built on nothing but offal -- cheers to the dogs who tear the sides asunder and shame to the hogs who pile on to this mountain of pain.

High fructose corn syrup is not really good for you - despite the fact that it comes from corn (and we all think corn is good).

Professor DAN will hold classes at night while his own teacher chains the man to his desk - move away and words will dissipate.

QUARTRAINIUM 4: DOW Crappage and April 20 - 420 BEOTCH!

[These quartrainia were relayed, to Clownadamus, by speaking to Jim, the naked guy, who lives across the hall in his apartment building... Jim is likely a meth-head... But he could be an angel too... Hard to say]

NICKELS and DIMES find wary moments in my pocket, Timothy is limp and his stool is hard (probably jagged edges too, kind of painful on the way out if you ask me, just saying)...

A man wearing white shoes is no longer chasing the whale - dolphins have time to merit stars, but stars are no longer there.

CHICKEN MCNUGGETS are a mystery... Nuff said....

Kool heads will trade fruit for mineral, light minds will avoid the fall, Bank of America is a ZOMBIE - but probably has 1 more dead cat bounce left in her...

AAPL is overpriced... Soon it will reach 450 a share... Buy at 450, but beware - the skinny guy in house of white no longer cares if budgets are tight... Money printing buys a few months... Sell this dog at 800-900 a share in November and move to Idaho (or Oregon)...

NAMUS of de REMEA is queen - be careful, her junk is smelly and her trunk is large....

No longer are days spent chasing wolves, now the wolves are chasing us - Summer sport with bludgeoned skull and water turned crimson by a dead rat.

YONCE de MORTIS - need not my word be with idea, it

merely flirts with syntax and then turns left.

Copious amounts of fruit and vegetable keep a person regular - less chance of hard, jagged stool (not a big fan as you can tell, sorta hurts.. you get the picture.. it makes a noise when it clinks on the porcelain)...

MEAT PIE is not to be eaten by the wooden parachutist
-- broken limbs are broken dreams for HESTOR....

Tomorrow, make sure you check yourself before you wreck yourself -- and stay away from tulip mania, even if there is an Apple icon on the tulip...

QUARTRAINIUM 5: Predictions for Monday, April 23rd, Two Thousand and Twelve... MONDIS!

[These meaningful little statements were transmitted to Clownadamus (a.k.a. -- Dr. Freckles) via the celestial interweb, being routed from Cherubs and other such minions to my friend Charlotte (diabetic prostitute who also moonlights as an unlicensed dentist) who hangs out at "Chuck's Gud Eats" just off HWY 666 in Colorado]

Telephone calls are being made and the great toaster strudel is nearing perfection - have butter ready.

YEMUS of Mortan is apart from his beloved, a long separation means fiery rains are coming.

Tend to the sheep on the northern pasture, make sure the sheering is done in a [gud](#) way.

A plain dress on a beautiful woman bespeaks great [horliness](#) - remonstrate and perpetuate golden shackles.

Bottom feeders are breaking hearts - young turks run wild on Wall Street.

Curtain call for [Professor Sad and his 3 twips](#); a time for culling his men is approaching and the [twips](#) are crawling for cover.

Pen to paper for ideas unwarranted, speeches given on beeches for scantily clad cupcakes.

Zebra is said to swear an oath to TIGER - TIGER is shredding the last piece of memory and leaving nothing to chance.

The dead man's fruit finished ripening weeks ago, so pluck this AAPL and sell to merchants who are willing - be patient, seed saved today can be used tomorrow for the harvesting.

Worms are waiting for you, the water is filled with rancid yellow milk.

Let the first SNOWFLAKE survive this spring and cool the rivers of blood - blood is coming in waves.

Always check the back seat of your car, at night, before you sit down in the front seat - axe murderers will get you if you don't!

Whiskey no longer gets me drunk - so I will switch to ethanol (and sniff ether or perhaps glue).

Check "Craig's List" for the 1982 Black FORD ECONOLINE Van with NO WINDOWS in the BACK and only a window/door handle next to the driver. Girls will love you for this purchase. You will be the bomb.

Your toilet needs cleaning - not your glasses.

Michael of SLOVIS is no longer in control - sell the bonded craft shop before the whale forecloses.

Celery contains NOTHING but water and fiber - best case it is good for our bowels, worst case it is covered in cheese or peanut butter and ERGO rendered nothing more than an edible spoon.

YARSKOY is a loser today, and a loser next month. The man for whom windmills dance is leading the GALLIC

peasantry towards great destitution and his neighbors to desolation.

Kelmer is not in her right mind - her eyes will be plucked out by the jester who talks too much.

Open range for sweet rabbits and barley crops grow, no more cows are herding there - only dark shepherds who carry scythes instead of staffs.

QUARTRAINIUM 6: Awful Insights into May -- violence begins to spill into the streets

[These rather vague and murky predictive musings were sent to Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) via specialized tachyon particle ray technology, from a guy smoking weed in the year 2045... So... Ya know... These are stony insights, and as such should be considered potentially less than cool.]

Market for gypsum grail, not forthcoming on exit from the temple.

NORDUS is entering the fifth tier of [resuppligance](#), and as such his hair is quite unkempt.

You didn't check Craig's List for the 1982 Black FORD ECONOLINE Van with NO WINDOWS in the back and only handles for the door/window on driver's side -- please, you need this vehicle for your big date next week. Go buy it! Really! Chicks dig these vans...

Lasers are being directed towards SATURN - tear that box of crackers a new one.

CHIMPANZEE mechanics will replace orbital mechanics - don't have your new van worked on by Chimpanzees!

The 3rd time of joyful-lotus is coming - prepare the roast cat with gravy (cat lovers should unread this).

Nice people often get treated nicely, but not always - that's why you should always carry a ['shiv'](#)...

BAMUS no longer cares for KELMER - KELMER reigns in a world of dunces, immersed in the tension of Hellenic

folly. Spain is going down the crapper.

XELTON (pronounced zel-ton) will be the new vitamin C. Ead-mor-xelton will become the rallying cry of public school teachers (mostly because public school teachers are that cool).

Yorium wine merchants no longer sell Merlot - because Merlot sucks.

BURGERS will burn the crank-zone of your gefeldasphink -- be wary of plugged toilets.

RAIN is preparing fire for BAMUS - BAMUS cannot win the chess match when the chess board is missing pieces and RAIN is missing a compass.

Mont Ben cannot claim success - green waves flood the center of town, leaving nothing but empty 40 ounce bottles of Old English 800 and Colt 45 Malt Liquor (the good stuff).

DANISH princes will rule the Mark - Copenhagen becomes the spoke of the wheel.

MAGIC PILLS are for commerce - sadness like plague is spreading (Eli-Lilly may have new sauce for old brains).

The CHEVY VOLT is SHIT - please don't buy this piece of shit (250K a piece in tax payer dollars - shit)...

ECHOES ring through the palace hallways and KING THEGNIER is running out of ink.

Count your blessings, but avoid being blessed - the

water has become foul and the priest no longer has grace.

ARMY ANTS converge on CALIOT - tempers flair at fallen heroes.. Tears are wept for orphans with knives... Not good... Not good at all...

NINCHA moves ROOK south - checkmate for the last patriot.

Fish oil is good for your heart - but it does have a fishy after taste.

SAND is no protection from WIND - wind fights wind as fire engulfs the nursery.

QUARTRAINIUM 7: A Day for Treachery - More time for NUTS (thoughts concerning financial bets for 4/30/2012)

[These quartrainia were sent, via ancient rune stone chimery, unto Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) for purpose of thought-storm and prediction of things that might happen, but most likely won't. ERGO: bet on the opposite of what these whispers state!]

Yet falters the first DUKE, for his mind is unmade and his bed is messy - try not to feed this beast.

Counter the argument of MOON-COOL Thompson, and make sure your homework is complete.

KERBANA holds credit in sway, trumpets wait for his great day - jubilee stands on the perimeter of his mind.

The current weather patterns are imbued with hopeful chat; ice shall fall hard on the ground of summer.

In order to keep your house clean the children must be allowed to play outside. The children shall play, all day and all night, but one of them will stay out half the night. Curfew is not respected.

LAKE NOLAN is filled with debris, fancy mistress leads the caravan to Tanis.

MARKET for burnt offerings opens late and closes early. Make sure the chicken is allowed to speak, but then you must break its neck.

STONE and MORTIS for building temples - MORTE is life for ANGELS unseen.

Telephone calls from VENUS, mostly because we ordered a pizza but provided the wrong address. Shit... This happens a lot.

STREETS are left empty by the coming fire and the men of action will be stranded on the CENTRAL BEAM - keep the receipt of sale.

KEVIN needs more time for digging - the grave is still too shallow. Arms and legs are removed but the body is still too large.

OODLE is no longer capable of rational thought, take the car away for a week -- he or she does not appreciate you.

When the time of LOOMIS is upon us, we shall bring forth garbage bags filled with cheese - NOVIS moves to the 3rd house.

Build your house upon mud or clay. Build your house of brick or stone. Build your house and call it a home but make no mistake - the home is in foreclosure - JERRY needs the money for BEER!

MAGIC GAMBLING NUMBERS ARE: {2188003, 45, 48927, 78402, 135798, 9861, 21020, 100, 109}

QUARTRAINIUM 8: Black Hooded Thugs Roam About OLEND-
TAGGE... Terrible advice (visions) for May 2nd
(2012)...

[These quartrainia come freshly packed, in ice, from Seattle's Pike Place Market... Fishmongers who serve NEMO stand firm and their mind's eye is tuned to angelic waftings in open seas - Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) concedes nothing... Enjoy your pasty stew!]

Normal range for your vehicle is no longer adequate. Dark rays bounce off your windshield - the glass is tinted for a reason.

CAPITAL stands, but broken thrones are on the horizon. General Smith also stands - and lurks near the wall.

AAPL has further to fall - I think as low as 450 by July (end of July at the latest). Buy this fruit at 450 in July and make a bundle by November, just drop this rotten fruit by December (there is no ice wine here).

KELMER continues watch - eyes have been plucked but the JOSEY from Gaul is withered. Keep the super-model in the cabin, chainsaws will make good company for her.

BALTIC stirs for Danish prince, and with chocolate comes KRINGLE. Diabetes comes next!

MEAT is the new MILK and MILK is the new super fuel - cows will rule an empty BARN.

WIRED mistress portends wastrels of the NIGHT - a series of crappy films gives birth to a terrible tourist trap (near Forks, WA).

Many more camels proceed to TANIS - TANIS falls in 3 nights following a GIMBUSIAN FESTIVUS for market kites.

Properly cooked eggs or poultry can taste quite good - undercooked eggs or poultry may tear out your butt-pipe!

GRASS is in favor for the ANGRY KNIGHT - CA Dreaming is scheming for merchants and the exchequer. Beware of false pot-heads!

COROLLA runs for 102K miles, and then a NORBERT with WHIMPERING dimples keeps close a price of ZERO - strange wife says NO to SONATA!

ROMAN soldiers approach PALESTINE - JEWISH children STAND TALL on MT MORGOOZE - KELVIN is hot for chimps with wings.

SUGAR COATED CEREAL is not really healthy - it fries your fucking pancreas!

BAMUS no longer keeps the morning SACRED. He gives credence to questioning and takes ownership of villainy. Make your own bed and sleep with the smelly dog poo!

YALTA brought only BRETTON-WOODS - KERBANNE keeps making gold from useless cotton and his midget friend THEGNIER stands watch on CAPITAL mischief. BAMUS makes amends for insults but the insult is his CONCUBINE.

Make sure to complement your wife - tell her she is smart, beautiful and powerful. Even if you don't mean it, it will still bring you favor (and maybe get you laid).

MAGIC GAMBLING NUMBERS for MAY 2nd, 2012:
{373,195,317,14,76,121,196,278,349,30,331,17}

**QUARTRAINIUM 9: Torrential Rain is coming to HISPANIA -
KELMER HIDES behind her HERALD**

[These quartrainia were found, abandoned, by the side of the road in a 1980 BLACK FORD ECONOLINE VAN with no windows in the BACK and only window/door handles for the driver. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) found traces of blood as well. Probably OK... But signs of 'foul play' abound...]

TEMPEST wall separates our corsair from northern routes - gold and silver fall before AUTUMN. Take the first coin minted, hand it to the nearest bum, and wait for applause.

CHEW your FOOD before swallowing. Germans are watching.

The last descendant of TERRUS is coming. Make way for merry-making and frolic - DOORS are never to open again and the gas light has been blown out.

NEVER abandon the silent kingdom. CAPTAIN NALOM no longer holds sway over pickets and watchers. PEASANTS prepare for a feast of dirt.

Yet for terror a sight unseen and no longer relying on moral danger. Never again will weapons be used for the HUNT - flood approaches and GAUL is in chaos.

BACK ACHES are a sign of NOT BENDING at the KNEES - headaches are a symptom of groveling on your knees too often! The ANUS-TROLL cannot make you a slave - his strength is in getting folks to bow. BOW LESS, feel MORE, and let the TROLL live under the bridge - possibly die there.

BORE out the marrow - feed this faire to the DOGS.
CANINE teeth tear muscle and leave fat for WITCHES.
WARLOCKS await a harvest of liver.

FIRE and SMOKE obscure a demons pact. GERMANS will make
guns instead of GRAIN. RUSSIANS await an archer's
promise - the ARCHER is silent and BAMUS stands fast.

NAKED ruins are for you. Please, take the garbage out,
buy some more TOP RAMEN, watch a DVD and then blend
into that sullen night which awaits in your 500 square
foot studio.

POISONOUS SNAKES have lost their fangs - feign attack
instead of waiting. SNAKE and CAT are at odds - no
treaty can be mediated.

Ruckus making children abound. Normal parents are lost
in daily counsel - parents with counsel for days on
end. 3rd CHILD knocks twice on the parent's room and
JENGUS no longer allows milk. Drink from the dirty
glass instead - if you are thirsty, prove it!

Man the turret and accept the payment from RANGUL.
Mercenaries are sent to DENMARK to hunt the illusive
MOTTS-BEAR. JAWS clench on skinny wenches and FAT
ROGUES - stay away from COPENHAGEN. It is night there
but a peculiar DAWN is immanent.

QUARTRAINIUM 10: Market Fake for Joker -- Leavings not gone for Monday, May 14th, 2012

[These quartrainia were transmitted to Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) via ancient celestial 56K modem.]

Mortal fix for EUROPA depends on the IBERIAN wolf. Make sure your longs are short and your shorts are clean.

Terrible meaning coerces the last DUCHESS of FRANCONIA. Monsters are lurking near the central court.

Kevin RAIL jumps on first offering and KELMER awaits confirmation of the balloon. Nothing is left to chance when GENERAL BILL is kept waiting in the ante-room, too dirty for the royal gathering.

CHINA meets with TIGER and southern islands are left to their own destiny. GUN SMOKE will linger but better angels will make the peace.

AMPHIBIANS presage the final conflict between GOURD and BANANA - AMERICANPATRIOT is left holding the bag while BENNYFRANKLIN is left holding his wiener.

COSMOS opens first airline with COSSACKS running for the exit. No wings for them, only the burning remnants of a KOMRADE'S dream.

QUARTRAINIUM 11: Descent of MOON to make RANDY the second light, NORMAN rulers are without compass...

[These quartrainia were received by FAX from the inner dwellings, somewhere near the 2nd circle of hell - FAX NO 333-888-6669.]

Nothing left for harvest except rotten vegetables. Land is left without furrows for new grain.

KELMER is in hiding but bespeaks tartly commentary, and ROW-WITCHES are without umbrellas.

DANISH hounds are feeding on the last of the standard bearers. Make sure the CAPTAIN weighs anchor before the night comes on - a wind from the east will shatter ships.

A cancer is growing in BRITANIA, and wise doctors are without a cure. A careful and patient sovereign will count the ELK still foraging on public lands - the common land shall be laid waste.

Raconteur is taken back to prison following a failed theft and notorious scene. Rascals are no longer kept separate from the other novice and unwashed.

Italy will bend and the shoe will fall.

PIGS are made to feel the weight of GERMAN greed. PIGS will be standing when German heroes are struggling and lurking on the empty streets.

PIZZA is not really PIZZA if frozen and then heated - make it fresh for a change.

The second tier gondo-lords are no longer making it - they are BAKING IT! Watch closely as fortunes are lost and egos come crashing down.

THEGNIER is turning EAST - patriot gold will be exchanged for hero's blood.

Magic Numbers for today: {32, 94, 14, 78, 44, 24}

QUARTRAINIUM 12: Adventure in Space - Boredom in TIME
(Make Your Bets)...

[These nib-lets-o-insight were gleaned from ancient rune stones which were being read by caterwauling BISHOPS who live just down the street from the Union Street Mission - CAVEAT EMPTOR Beotch...]

ZIPANGU rallies strength from dark sun. The ovens have been turned down, but the heat is still building. A lost cousin seeks counsel and an ally.

European princes are blinded by golden showers - their mistress is hidden by the grayish walls of poverty.

GERMANS stand ready to eat, drink and be merry -- this is the only hope for their friends and neighbors.

To shoot the first arrow is to see the first star.
Target practice is needed.

SILVER MERCHANTS ply their wares to silly folk while diamond encrusted trinkets lay waiting for slavish engorgement.

Magic Numbers = {65,14,84, 32, 28, 44, 75, 51}

QUARTRAINIUM 13: Vague market and economic forebodings
for May 29, 2012. Cheap whiskey is the path to
enlightenment!

[These strange missives travelled 3,000 light years to reach our mind-zones, only to pollute us with wasted hopefulness and dark neglect. Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) found these writings scratched on meteor rocks.]

Your first turn at money roulette has bound your children to Hispania. Banks and fortunes are falling. The KING'S HOUSE no longer stands and KELMER is left holding the bag - will THEGNIER come for the rescue?

Bank of AMERICA, JPM-Chase, CITIBANK, Morgan-Stanley, AIG (and many others) have too few fingers to plug the holes. Look to 'gentle ben' to do with money what Jesus did with loaves of bread and fishes - ben has been practicing these last few years.

LANA SPANREENG was and is a stupid bitch. She claimed wisdom and thoughtfulness but instead turned her back on GALT. Gold coffins await this wretched old queen - for her perfidy we shall all pay greatly!

BAMUS reels and looks eastward and is wanting battle to cool the hearts of his kingdom. The EMPEROR of HASTE stands guard over his burning cauldrons and uses lies and smoke to hide his crimes. The ovens being built will roast entire cities.

YANDLIS HALON is her own dance partner - stay off the drugs or not. It makes no difference now princess - the wolves are in sight and your followers are as numerous as they are WEAK!

ORCA, the giant killer dolphin, is the only sentinel watching the tides. Otters play nearby and fear only the teeth. Green waves of poison are filling our seas and the master only stands and watches. You will know it is near when the sulfur clouds come floating by.

Big Foot does NOT exist - but there may be very large, very hairy people with large feet, however. Don't look for the demons of chance, remember that the darkest and most mysterious of monsters are those who live next door, say hello, have cute children and bide their time before turning on you. Sasquatch can take care of himself - can you?

Magic Numbers for today and the following days: { 836, 2903, 4327, 1731, 2138, 231, 606, 3234, 247 }

Stock Predictions for next year...

AAPL, July 2013 -> \$250

GM, July 2013 -> \$10

BAC, July 2013 -> Less Than 2 dollars a share because the trading will be virtually frozen at this point and it will be delisted. They cannot go bankrupt or insolvent. They MUST be saved. So, in theory, you could make 'money' off of BAC by buying a LOT of it once it drops below 3 or even 4 dollars a share. Buy a lot, hold through restructuring, watch Bernanke 'pump it up' and hold for about 12 months. Then sell... No bank, no matter who their underwriter is, will do well in the next few years - even if the 'guarantor' is Uncle Sam.

GOOG, July 2013 ->\$150

Facebook, July 2013 -> delisted @ \$4 dollars a share

GROUPON, July 2013 -> delisted @ \$2 dollars a share

NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING IF IT DOES NOT MAKE YOU FEEL
GOOD - feeling good IS the payoff.

QUARTRAINIUM 14: Mock turtle soup... Resonance... And we await the time of FOOSBALL!

[Messages, sent on an AM carrier wave, to bring great tidings of cheerful nutty thinking -- all courtesy of Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles)...]

Kept in darkness, the first woman and man to bear fruit will also be the last. Childhood memories dissipate as these two dance and make their way from TONAND to REOLE. Make sure you keep an eye on them.

Master of Faces (Facebook) continues to deflate -- hiccups abound, but make no mistake, this POS equity is going down. Expect FACEBOOK to be de-listed soon.

CHERUBS filled with dark mischief stand guard on the highway. HYBRID vehicles roll by as the first LORD of DUST is awaiting the night.

KELMER keeps fencing with the COUNT from PINAS. Kelmer will bend and EUROPA will weep for it. GERMAN magistrates can not be swayed - they will roast her.

Magic Numbers for June 7th, 2012 -- { 54, 88, 12, 8, 76 }

If your hair color is brown and your eyes are blue, you should be receiving good news soon - possibly GREAT news. Remember, chances are something terrible will befall a loved one in exchange! Ergo, generosity must be the watchword. A man who hands out DUCATS to those he loves is in fact planting the seed of mutual concern.

**QUARTRAINIUM 15: Rusty Noodles Infiltrate the US
Government - ROBAMACARE STANDS as LAME TAX!**

*[Justice Roberts, from the parallel dimension where
"Robama Care" has been in place 20 years, sent these
vague and rather strange warnings to Clownadamus
(a.k.a. Dr. Freckles)...]*

Fuck Obamacare.

Whistling mockery of GIMBUS fuels the specter of coming
anguish - as humans take measured steps towards doom.
TOMAS stands tall and says: "FREEBIES FOR EVERYONE!"
But children who stand in line get [RUSTY NOODLES](#) and
hopeless stupidity.

Terrible sadness infects THEGNIER and KELMER. Both are
said to vacation, jointly, in HISPANIA - but the water
there is filled with sulfuric acid and rage.

CONCERT is held for BAMUS on the lawn of despair.
Capital is abandoned to weasels and morons.

NORBERT spent all night digging for gold - English
ladies are tired of the noise being made.

Cautious hunters are waiting in the bog - their path
was laid out years ago, but there was never a way to
their goal. Now, with BAMUS leading the way, the road
to grey madness is open. Prepare the lanterns - Autumn
comes early and darkly this year.

Magic Number for TODAY: 909

QUARTRAINIUM 16: Nothern lights appear off-white in a celestial omlette...

[These quartrainia were found washed up on the northern shores of the great ocean. Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) bought these on E-Bay from some dude who charged way too fucking much (1,000 bucks). Buyers remorse is setting in.]

No betting man knows KELMER's mind. A betting man should keep his cash in the DOW, at least until the first week of November. A cautious man would cash out his 401K - NOW. A crazy man is still in the DOW in January 2013. Olde Nick is going long.

Strange birds will be spotted near the ancient cities. Fiery monstrosities arise from baked earth. Master of Deception will engage BAMUS in table tennis - Jesus weeps because someone stole his burrito.

The DUTCH KING is breaking wind but keeping his word. People look to this man for new engagement and strange schemes, but KELMER is kept at bay.

RAUNCHY pictures are plastered everywhere. GANGS of hooded thieves approach the BASTILLE - tempering your first mind and unleashing the second soul. Caring mothers no longer expect gentle hands, but rather the feverish aggression coming from GOD'S OWN SOLDIERS.

There is still a chance the GARDENER will arrive. He brings with him good stuff and a chance for something new. Fruit from his ground will yield 20,000 fold - his name will be CORNISH, his destiny will be JOY. Yeah... This seems less crappy.

On 21 CAPRICORN, near the 5th meridian, a boy will be given the gift of wrath. This boy will bide his time for 7 years and then the boy will set fire to the planet. Worry not, we have fire insurance. Women in white dresses hold vigil for this new lord - women in black dresses will follow.

A warehouse, filled with CHINESE SHIT, is managed by drunks. Leaders, so called, hold court with ale and mead - crappy psychoanalysis is practiced. Heroes are nowhere, cowards are abundant - SCOTOC is managed by assholes.

Fishermen are reporting a lean catch. DUKES of ABUNDANCE hold court to determine 'what is awry'. DUKE William will ask for compassion, but the OLD Queen will build prisons. The OLD Queen is taking counsel from wretched men.

ZIRP ending keeps getting postponed. THEGNIER plays his weak fiddle with his reptilian overlord NANKBERN - overlords want interest on nothing. When these rates go up, the true bottom of the housing market will be found.

AAPL's price, in a year, will be what it should be - LESS THAN or EQUAL TO 200 dollars a share.

The end is NOT nigh.

The end is NOT here.

The end happened already - prepare yourself for beginnings.

Magic Number for today: 83 (remember, these numbers

should be written on a piece of paper and placed in your pocket, for luck and power)

QUARTRAINIUM 17: BAMUS, KING CASH and THEGNIER are running out of ideas...

[These quartrainia were scratched off Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) arms, after having taken a brisk hike in Denali, AK. The scars from infected mosquito bites left a strange pattern to be interpreted - even stranger are the feelings of joy and release at knowing that our rulers are clueless and we are on a crazy-trail to a napalm shower. Peace!]

Mutterings from KoC are bilking elderly pensioners. BAMUS claims compassion, but carries several knives of justice (or maybe throwing stars of justice) under his jacket. BAMUS will use compassion to burn the innocent and uphold JERKS.

KELMER awaits more ramblings and rumblings from drunk Greeks. Germans are no longer waiting for a Roman holiday - instead they await their own re-capitulation in the midst of ancient guilt. The Dutch King no longer watches over old treaties - instead he prepares his own set of rancid proposals (all of which would make the Devil blush).

The only victor in the coming deluge is ENTROPY and the losers are all of us who believe that money is nothing and should be worthless - tell that to the savers or to your grandparents (they might disagree). Toilet paper rolls will continue to shrink - "with Charmin Ultra, less is NOT more".

Yellow clouds are on the horizon. Children will look up in expectation and will be left with limbs where none were supposed to be, and others are absent where expected.

The Prince of Deception is hiring thugs to go after the BASTILION PRINCE. Thuggery will be the new diplomacy. BAMUS will polish his knob and his Nobel Peace Prize, and await the change to turn water into blood.

CANCER moves to the 45th stage of resupplacance, and lightning strikes and turns sand into glass. Tanks are seen scouring the Earth. Smoke is left where cities once were.

Today's Magic Lucky Number: 61 (remember, write it on a piece of paper, put it in your pocket, and wish for more free money from Bamus, Thegnier and KoC)

QUARTRAINIUM 18: Magic Money and HOPEFUL nonsense from BAMUS

[The quartrainia were relayed to Clownadamus, while out on a walk near Carkeek Park (Greenwood, Seattle). While dodging bullets, rapists, prostitutes, Section 8 Housing Child Abuse noises, and other such OBAMA SOCIAL MIRACLES. A crow, flew down, and made it known that this 'age of ours' is nearing its end. Crows can be rather pessimistic - yet they are survivors and boy do they hold grudges. Crows have wisdom, we should listen to them more often.]

DUMAS, who no longer writes, is making sure the money trap is set. RORO can't wait to crash another currency, he failed to complete BRITANIA's demise, he may try again. CROWDS of drunk Spaniards will be moving to a new home, somewhere in the streets - fascists will rise from ancient grave sites and FRANCO will march once again.

THE DUTCH KING is no longer funny, but boy does he make KELMER laugh. THE DREG of EUROPE is spinning lies and hiding from the 'shaving' incident. DREG will make speeches, once a week, for the next few months - each speech will bring less euphoria and more let-down.

FOUR LOKOS are congregating near the new city. FIRE is seen in the distance.

THE MAGIC NUMBERS for TODAY are [the unemployment numbers](#): if you believe them, then YES --> you believe in Magic.

**QUARTRAINIUM 19: TAN HILLS remind and suggest peace -
the ILLUSION is the DESIRE...**

*[The quartrainia resulted from interpreting the left
over remains of dead bugs on Dr. Freckles'
(Clownadamus) windshield - left there from several
hours driving in Kittitas County, WA. The residue of
broken bug dreams revealed new truths to translate and
share. Sorry dead bugs... :(]*

A dead wife is revealed by BAMUS to be 'victim of holy
crime' - YEMRON sits, amidst the clouds, crying for
both the wife and the victim. BAMUS smirks, but his
reckoning is only weeks away. If the victory comes to
this overlord, it shall come with payback and broken
promises.

KELMER continues to march, towards doom, being driven
that direction by mad GERMANS and crazy ITALIANS.
SWABIAN THRIFT doesn't sell on Wall Street - Goldman
would rather count money than be accountable. BAMUS
lets the devil off the hook.

Market for rotten dreams is opening soon. A network of
slaves is priced too high and will fall too far to be
allowed to fall. Governments will plead for their
network of feelings, but the moneyed few have had too
much deception. FACES are revealed to be without FACE -
no one will save face.

THEGNIER is standing on the edge. HIS wish is to plead
to the overlord of CASH, but the OVERLORD is busy
polishing his diploma. Money is being exchanged and
less money is returned. Fire ravages elderly holdings
and cat food reigns in the checkout line.

A LEADER of MOCKERY is arising near SUDAN. His plight is that of the lonely warrior, but his responsibility is towards monsters and mischief. DARK FLUID is at stake and many will exchange RED for BLACK.

QUARTRAINIUM 20: YARN and OMY are at odds with fate...

[These quartrainia were found by Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) rolled up and inscribed on a receipt, left wadded in a public washing machine. Great effort was made to determine the meaning of these etchings and to determine what kind of detergent was used.]

YARN is thrown into the cage - OMY stands fast to see if the tigers seek him first. BAMUS is amused and takes great pleasure in his indolence and their attempt at ideals. Markets waver and slide in hope that some strange KNIGHT will heal the land, but all know BAMUS is firm and solid and not at risk. Despair is POWER for BAMUS.

KELMER is both lifted and lost when reviewing the DUTCH KING. GAUL continues to reel under pressure from IDEAS and EXPECTATIONS - young turks raise their fists and make demands, but nothing is forthcoming. The fire of GAUL is dying, what comes next is more flame.

THE FRUIT continues its climb to WINTER - winter's darkness will be the orchard's demise. Monstrous predictions of GOLD and SILVER surround this petty orb - jingoism replaces reason amongst the select few.

BAMUS is presented with storm for victory - questioning this is to question the universe. The universe will laugh when this ordeal is through, a homecoming of pain is nearer than you think.

RISING SUN and TIGER are making plans. Schemes are being hatched to slaughter the fattened calf. PEASANTS believe WATCHERS are out there - keeping an eye out for death. RISING SUN and TIGER know all too well that the

WATCHERS are drunk on hubris. A harvest of souls is coming.

MAGIC NUMBER for TODAY: 312 (write this on some paper, place it in your pocket, and wish happy-happy-joy-thoughts... Something nice could happen, or something horrible.. Caveat LECTOR!)

QUARTRAINIUM 21: Torpedo Launch Immanent and MASTER of LIES is waning...

[A remarkable wind, sweeping dust from our lazy summer skies, whispers in Dr. Freckles' (Clownadamus) EAR. It says, "stay constant, be good and clear your mind... the sun is about to turn crimson." These quartrainia are missing translations and should be read with eyes cast down - and slightly to the right.]

KELMER is running out of time. The DUTCH KING threatens NEW crusade. GERMANS keep watch for a little man, with a tiny mustache, who makes NO ONE laugh.

BAMUS is stronger than most realize. His magic is brewing storms anew, and new storms will be used for gambits. The half island is in danger and our own empty hearts will do no good. Stay close to your family and mark the days to resuppliance.

Tired are the friends of the MERRY ICON - friends wait for the current emperor to depart, but waiting is a waste of time. The new lord is in no position to send anything but emissaries dressed in false cloth bringing more empty promises. TIM RORO is another false prophet.

The JIHAD is coiled. The PERSIAN KNIGHT is no longer speaking simple words, but rather making intricate plans. MERRY ICON can move pieces on the Chessboard - but the KNIGHT is playing GO. The heritage of ABRAHAM and DAVID is about to burn - matchmakers were born in 1945.

In the distance, if your heart is still, you can hear the clamor of gangs and frolicking angst. Youth are scattered and yet will coalesce at the moment when rage

turns to madness. This emperor and the next have nothing solid - their allies have built yurts in Micronesia. Keep what is important close, keep what is dark far away and know the difference between friend and enemy - knowing this difference will be all you need to know in the days ahead.

Magic Numbers for the next several days (if not hours):
{ 34, 2187, 56, 1934, 0002, 2014}

QUARTRAINIUM 22: Nested verbs do not translate -
harlequin stands watch in TAMPA...

[As Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) was exercising/exorcising near Golden Gardens Park today, a strange man with a bike asked, compassionately, about the state of 'your/my IPHONE'. Freckles said there was no state - he didn't own that piece of shit technology. The stranger walked away, dropped a bloody rag, and inscribed on it were these quartrainia.]

Desperate measures are on the lookout for bad times - THEGNIER is nervous and afraid. BROLI is not just some city in Italy, it is the failing of the 'masters'. Not a moral failing, they care not for moral hokum, it is a failure because they got caught.

NARKABE quells more angst among traitors. Silk money is cast aside in favour of magical beans.

Magic numbers for today: {89, 11, 2/3, 67333}

QUARTRAINIUM 23: No loss for oil men and no rest for the helpful...

[Upon visiting Kidd Valley, and reading the grease stains on the inside of the paper bag, Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) comes forth with new insights - likely left there on the bag by ancient aliens or homeless people with super powers.]

THEGNIER is marking days till gaol - KOC is promising vapor (he awaits the new king or the restoration). A flood of paper is on the fringe and the dark pool becomes thin. Shall we await a wheel-barrow?

Toothless youngsters stand in line, to give and receive alms. LINNTOC is spreading joy, but a false variety of joy that only a salesperson can spread. LINNTOC's husband is spreading something else.

TIMM is filled with hot air and merit. His toadies stand by and await the beatings. Bamus views this distortion from afar and reels at the possibility of his own resupplacance. BE careful to be on watch for shadow men and please be aware of your surroundings - the gas nears and there are NOT enough masks to go around.

Magic Numbers for the taking (take the numbers, etch them on cookies, cook and eat them): {54, 1, 59, 4/5, pi}

QUARTRAINIUM 24: Great pardons to the KINGS of YORE for my fartitude - don't eat brocolli while on road trips!

[These quartrainia were left, as a soft sticky film, upon the inside windshields of Clownadamus' car while driving back from 'family business' this last weekend. Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) knew immediately that this sticky substance was more than simply the condensed leavings of a high-fiber diet -- they were, in fact, the 'leavings of wisdom', a greasy residue of understanding. These are the quartrainia that resulted from the 'sticky leavings'.]

ROMULUS, upon victory at the yelling-match, stands firm for wishy-washing thinking and half-measures. His plan, though more subtle and long-lasting, is a bit too much for the yokels. BAMUS is still in shock, lying half-dead, by the side of "life's road". His eyes turn towards revenge. All this and the dithering old manservant (OLD-BEN the FOOL) awaits a long walk toward the electron beam. Be careful, Old-Ben, the sand people are not too far off. Great battles in October turn to pathetic drama by November.

RIAN's people scurry and run about. Democracy is dead (the smell is the giveaway). A fire started by a fool (BAMUS), not too long ago, is now moving from realm to realm and every king trembles before it - as with Mao, it is better to find a quiet place to hide and let the mad folk read your dumb little red book.

KING of CASH has opened the spigot for instant cure. Thegnier, standing erect, shows great superficial bravery - but he knows, deep down, that the British scandal will only wait till February. Now, as the time grows near, the jackals surround KELMER - KELMER, with

imps in train, is bending towards the will of the 'Dutch King'. Kelmer forgets what crop will grow when this sort of gardening is practiced.

MASTER of DECEPTION is building his ARMY. His will is to tear the world a 'new one' and make sure that "instant justice" replaces what currently masquerades as justice - which is really hypocrisy. Instant justice is simple - just add hate and place in Microwave for 10 minutes on high.

The following numbers, if etched upon the surface of a cookie, prior to baking, will bring great power, if you eat the cookies AFTER baking/cooling RATHER THAN during - eating cookies, during baking, is not recommended:
{45, 67, 21, 90}

QUARTRAINIUM 25: Twenty-Five Quartrainia means a free set of steak knives... Yay...

[These warnings, not necessarily of doom and despair, were found painted on street signs and traffic signs throughout the neighborhood of Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles). He noticed these messages during his walk yesterday and was able to translate some of this into unintelligible prophecy.]

The NORTH STAR has moved - SOUTH. Relentless voyagers in search of new land find merely the unguided and wretched pirates who storm the sea of TOORUS. A noose is being prepared for these travelers - a feast of dreams is what they expected.

KELMER and BAMUS are in balance. KoC (King of Cash) continues to print and share and print and share. The sharing and caring makes KoC seem the charitable chap - there is no charity in this, only manipulation, dishonesty and a PhD thesis that is STILL being defended.

Deceptive strangers from the desert lands forage and seek out the everlasting hope of holy-power. Lights, unknown there, are about to be seen. Cave dwellers prepare ghastly gifts for HEBREWS and the NEW PEOPLE. A flock of iron birds will soon be seen, the cross of David will show clearly, tragically, obvious.

The MORMAN and the MARXIST are stuck in a dance of jealous stupidity. Minstrels and harlequin and all sorts of carnie folk move about this arena - in search of easy pickings. Divisions and fractions spell disaster for MORONEY - BAMUS has only to fear the possibility that Americans can be fearless (not

likely).

Magic numbers, for future reference: 187, 203, 21, 96

QUARTRAINIUM 26: Humans BET on themselves - and lose...

[These QUARTRAINIA were received by CLOWNADAMUS (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) while talking to a young Indian woman about a job in his own country - the USA. She could BARELY speak English - Freckles believed that the language of his land WAS English. Nope.. The new language is assholery... And this young woman was an EXPERT in that language. But, reading between the lines, Clownadamus derived the REAL meaning of her call - and that is what is translated below. So at least it wasn't a total fucking waste of time.]

Temper the STEEL of northern men whose eyes turn WEST for lack of sleep. Careful steps taken but no person is so careful as to not realize their mistakes. YONTIS is not in the 7th house and the first tier gondolords are declaring war on each other.

NYQUIL is taken but BAMUS cannot sleep. Furious monstrosities lurk below the surface, awaiting the time of 'unleashing'. Cold winter storm will ravage the NEW CITY and leave our TIMM in despair - after so much hope was wasted. Thegnier has rigged the game - the dead tree, which no longer grows, is made to seem green again.

CRAPPLE and MICROSUCK schlock more shit to the hoi polloi - the people slop that crap up. No longer owners of their own destiny, the people of lands far away taking time to remember themselves and to prepare for GAOL. Uniformed jerks, with rubber hands, and XRAY eyes, grope the privates - to the point that privacy is forgotten. The skies are now emptying.

Dark blood of the EARTH is still valued above all -

above life, above freedom, above justice. Strange carnival barkers speak in tongues about "a time, down the road, when freebies will be needed", all the while these same spokesmen of perfidy cannot be kept from long dregs of cheap whiskey and rum.

"Mothers! Be Careful! The MERMAN is RIPE", shouted the last of the stellar graduates. NORBIS and LATHOR tempt each other with swipes and grabs and measly left overs. TONOK, the ravager, sits at the bottom of the sea - keeping the corpse of Gilgamesh company. A ray of lifelessness emanates and burns. The last haven for the HEBREW is turned to fire. We're fucked.

QUARTRAINIUM 27: Dark Clouds on Dark Waters EQUALS joy?
(Probably not)

[These ramblings were received, in plain text, as transmitted from the 'noisy' channel on Clownadamus' TV set - they are presented for your review. CLOWNADAMUS (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) is NOT liable for their misuse. IF you use this 'word salad' for any purpose other than warbles and kerfunklelism THEN you accept the repercussions.. Dr. Freckles cannot take responsibility.. He is already being sued over a water-purifier-pyramid-scheme... Kind of sucks...]

STORM waters rise with tides of angst and misery - THE NEW CITY prepares and surpasses all panic. LOOBERM is beside himself and escapes the onslaught. Mothers weep with tears polluted by dirty waters - fathers bear the brunt of hanky-panky.

SICKNESS shall ravage the DUTCH KING and his minions. CONTAGION SPREADS despite the medicine administered by KELMER. THEGNIER and KOC are without merit and THEREFORE without footing - BAMUS simply awaits his fate.

BAMUS is moving to the 2nd HOUSE of resupplacance. HIS mind is clear and his heart is thorny. UNTOLD MASSES will clamour for PAPER ANGELS, but DARK forces close in and surround us all. JEALOUSY and ENVY replace LOVE - and love goes into hiding.

PERSIAN mistress has no time left. The matches are still dry but not for long - BAMUS will steal the matches if he can (assuming his fire still burns). THE CAULDRON boils and deserts are made icy smooth - reflective glass spreads. Beware the cloud that comes -

it brings a hard rain. REALISTS are preparing an attack, before dawn, to wipe out their 'enemy'. Nothing is REAL except for their MIGHT - contrast this with the weakened door-men from WALES!

Naked men run about - scurrying. Naked men plague the OLD CITY and meet with emissaries of ZIPANGU. Islands at odds are islands in question - when questioning leads to crimson nights. The land of darkness will join with HINCUS and they shall launch the last hunt - humans know fear as never before.

Lucky numbers, for now and ever: {87, 11, 12, 9, 2388, 3/4} - if these numbers are carved into a pumpkin, and the pumpkin is placed on the stoop, gentle tricksters will appear and be appeased!

**QUARTRAINIUM 28: NORDIC Waitress is filled with
CONTEMPT!**

*[While having a nice meal with his girlfriend,
Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) stumbled across strange
writings - written on the walls of the bathroom stall.
After much contemplation, he simply accepted this and
was later shocked to realize that this 'message' was
meant to relay tidings of crappitude from 'on high'...
Here is what Clownadamus could remember. He was very
drunk.]*

Gentle captain, forget the MAST and reel in the
fortunate sailor - his mission is lost. Tired waves of
KONTOR are without constraint - gypsies from the EAST
are heading towards MARS.

Nothing is remembered by KELMER. The DUTCH king hides
in the shadows -- knowing all too well the spirit of
his people. Rulers without rules march in from the SEA
- servants cannot keep the well from drying up.

TOMAS is in the mix. KOC sees RED and makes alliance.
Challenges confront THEGNIER and resumes are updated -
the OLD HAG will let anyone back in. The KING and his
COURT revel in nonsense as their VASSALS ravage the
village. "I am one of your subjects!" - screamed the
MINX.. But only dogs listen for the sound of angels -
angels await the finality of MONTUS.

QUARTRAINIUM 29: Turkey is Fowl or Foul? Kelmer awaits more beatings for the Peloponnesian League...

[These quartrainia descended upon Clownadamus, from beyond, on the back of wayward wastrels - vodka lubricated. As if the new snow could erase our sins. Don't be a mother fucker - shit is about to get really messed up.]

PRUSSIAN ministers await a "night of knives" - the goose is cooked, but nothing of value is within. Their bird is fleeting and pumped by wretched parchments - etched with eyes from the EAGLE. Gold and Silver stand to inherit what is left - the joke is on the "money changers".

ZION moves to the 3rd chamber of doom. PERSIAN KING applauds the fiery arrows and sends assistance. JERUSALEM is in FLAMES! Wailing widows and orphans congregate - ships await to sail for the 3rd DIASPORA.

SPANIARDS and ITALIANS have nothing to rebuke, but their own ignorance. Mothers, fathers, uncles, sons, and various family members, prepare themselves for sacrifice and INDIGNATION. SUICIDE is the new HOME EQUITY LOAN. YAGOR continues to sell a tale of indulgence and pain but even HE is no longer in line for resupplacance - "tarry not", he shall say, "and leave your house abandoned". Death surrounds MADRID.

BAMUS, in heat from the hunt, is sparing NO ONE. Young men ready themselves - generals are forming armies in the EAST. Toxic winds blow and the dark lords of horticulture sell poison to the best of us. After the poisoning, all that is left is the skeleton of liberty.

Magic Thought for this moment: "your eyes are no longer
your means of perception - your ears hear EVERYTHING
and NOTHING!"

QUARTRAINIUM 30: NORTHERN QUEEN stands too close to HELL -- burning in the nether regions...

[These QUARTRAINIA were transmitted to Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) via ancient radios implementing the 'Baghdad Battery' and simplified Morse code - which couldn't be that fucking simple if it needs to transmit cuneiform. No matter - we shall translate as best we can these thoughts concerning times not yet and moments not too soon.]

NESTOR, upon learning the holy writ, will send troops to the border of JERSEY. Young flocks, beaten and left half dead, seek a champion - but what they find is paper and excuses. THE DUTCH KING turns eastward and ignores the cry of these children - will Bamus hear?

SENATE is in descent - LEGISLATORS hide. The emperor prepares the ground for pain and nothing stands in the way of Prince COOMBIAS - be careful to step aside when the fanfare is heard. LINTOC is no longer ready to make peace and SICER is without support.

TEUTONIC KNIGHTS stand ready on the borderlands - SPAIN will meet remittance. BILLS are DUE and people must be taught a lesson. ROSON will lead a delegation to MADRID and at that point the sun will reverse direction. Watery filament, stretching along a pilgrims trail, will strangle the will of merchants and gold traders.

FEBANKLOD is near epoch - MINOD is in order. KOC makes preparations for the relief of THEGNIER and none is more ready than he. Cheap goods give way to luxuries - luxuries that were once food. Water and Gruel become paramount in seeking life and those who have the meagre bits rise above all others.

XAM tells the tale - TACSYS is his muse. Be careful the hubris of ex-money-men, they cannot see their wisdom is in fact a disguise for fear.

MAGICAL THOUGHT: "If you could make one wish, who would you make it for?"

QUARTRAINIUM 31: NOR shall the KING take PARIS!

*[These quartrainia were sent, in sealed pouch,
surrounded by fart juice, unto the great seer
Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles).]*

GIMBUS McGHEE, from PLANET 3, is mastering the arts of persuasion. Makers of floor panels cannot stop the grease - Kent is removed from the throng. Coral parks are misguided and dissuaded from entry to the cathedral of RHEIMS. Lobster is prepared, but GIMBUS dines alone.

NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM moves WEST - cancer infects the soul-space of KAHN. Terrible sweats and fevers persist. Golden Eagle becomes dark plug.

Channel is met - runners are lost.

QUARTRAINIUM 32: Nascent flight of GEESE for IGLOOS not yet built!

[These quartrainia were recorded by Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) while monitoring the migration of birds and other such fauna near his home in Seattle. A whistling tempest of noisy of crows pestered him all day, but he got the upper hand and denied them their wistful fame.]

Jaundiced workers continue to trade in paper. Monstrous bargains are met - with no intention of honor on ANY side. Terrible currents move towards xenith with the SUN in the first house of remembrance. Moon and stars mark the coming tumult - three twelves are 3 too many.

GONTOR is without mediation - the chalice of terror is passed to the next weary king. Young JANOS is with child and the pounding heart is golden mead. Chummy with his foe, the tiger and the bear make alliance in order to topple the FAT emperor of risk. Tiger and Bear will begin their journey along a path of flames and a city made for angels will burn.

Cherish your youth, for there is in brown corduroy a careful fashion. Gentle illusion is for poverty what the knife is for meat - a means of removing gristle. Soup for masses is soup for all - plastic rations are available soon enough. Each man and each woman will be asked for direction and will simply receive their allotment of beans.

Magical thought: "if you could change the world how much change could it take before the world became unchangeable?"

QUARTRAINIUM 33: Lori Sotelo, RANCID QUEEN in search of SUGAR-FREE SODA!

[These quartrainia were overheard at Saturday's KCGOP meeting, while Lori Sotelo was bloviating (and clearly bloated) and a strange bearded man lit a doobie at the podium. "Do you smell that smell? - The smell of death surrounds me." Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles), in recognition of GOOGLE'S new role as imperial censor, has decided to let the page rank thing slide. For now.]

White smoke portends dark visage in tight slacks. Black hair, wrapping sweaty skull, angrily stops all discourse. Ears only see. Coins have 3 faces. Liberty sits at the back of the bus while perfidy and abuse take the driver's seat.

Channels are now opening between ROOFUS and GENTOO. Karl "the fetishist" is making his way to the meeting and will preside over commerce in despair. No one is left the wiser while LIHAR is restless and without ally. Allaying fears of turbulent times, the monks stand ready to beat themselves with bull whips and empty gestures.

NOMAD PRINCE in radio silence. The central tenet of KOC is to print and the printing is doubled and then tripled in hopes of instant wealth. Markets are beyond satiated with easy money and BAMUS can only await his time of resupplacance.

"Do not run too fast towards this vantage point!" - screamed the mad woman. The old craggy mistress would too easily throw the young into the pit, to buy herself a few more minutes of worthless life.

Magic Thought: "Only ripened fruit is ready for harvest
- and too soon gone foul."

QUARTRAINIUM 34: A New Sphere Orbiting VENUS ruins our lunch!

[These quartrainia were received via net-neutrality cyber-packets containing 56% more powermanium than competitors. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) was able to figure this shit out and now we have more wisdom peoples...]

GIANT SLOTH is engaged to herring mistress. Wandering cuckold returns home after 45 years with miscreant turtles in tow. NAZI's growing lemons are tart and German sausage spoils during October.

Jenny cannot be made whole by fake dice and money pumps. Tyler and Jenny will commence baby planning - the last prince will soon need diapers. The Indian nurse was found, hanging, and yet it was strangling that occurred.

GAMBOLD merely bides his time until the next generation of foreign priests is killed. Children await the feeding trough in hope of mangled pig and rancid pudding. Careless mothers leave doors open and windows unlocked - a dark force will find its way inside.

QUARTRAINIUM 35: Nigh is year's end - reptile armies forming north and south...

[These quartrainia, containing the meandering thought patterns of insane gods, were channeled to Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) via ancient sounds and smells; none of which were too good. As mystic farts cleared, a yellowy residue revealed whole truths and other such ailments.]

Winter temptress bought two tickets for voyage, nothing is gained by waiting for arrival. NARSIS cannot hold his line much longer. The battle is nearly lost. Whilst fluffy birds of peace fly south, the worn monstrosities of cold pagan days wander north and bring a burden to men and women and children.

Champion the first snow of January and do not begrudge the woodland creatures their peace. Nothing is gained by obedience to the queen. The murder will become well known. Brown haired consort to inbred freaks carries the guilt of this lost Indian woman who sought only to mend her and ensure new life. The two dunces are next on the list and expect agents of Saxon lords to pursue this end without reservation or change in course.

Keep the first wheat and do not sell. Harvest of pain is coming and soul harvest follows this. The smoke will be seen from miles as cities shiver and nations crawl towards SHEOL.

Magical thought for times not yet: "Can a man or woman sing the song without lyrics? Do the lyrics diminish the melody? Are words merely a barrier to thinking? Can there be thought which is both free and understood?"

QUARTRAINIUM 36: Cherish the prison and praise the AXE!

[These quartrainia were found scribbled upon ancient sands in not so clean litter boxes. Once Clownadamus' cat (Phoebus) was done "doing her business", Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) found meanings and emanations and massive electrical wizardry shit sort of irradiating off and stuff... Smelled bad too...]

JONTOSIAN pallbearers carry an empty casket to Thrace. No one awaits this funerary march, there are only drunkards and diseased witches to be found wandering this old country. Grecian urns, once used in ancient ceremonies, are now filled with offal and other crud. Greek dreams awaken to Hellenic nightmares. Too many Greeks have [salts on the brain](#).

Thegnier relents as BILORIAN TRIAL nears and Herxes presents his case. KoC is NOT available for comment, his own battle is real. Wine from grapes, too long on the vine, is not enough for this to stop. Gentle storm from Zipangu becomes deluge and Abraham will assist in burning the temple.

Nordox can not hold the crown without support from Queen Xia. Seven priests will make burnt offerings in the desert of Quran and children will fall victim to flux. More formal wear will be worn by angels and monstrosities will dance in the GREAT HALL of TOOMIS!

Magical Thought: "Make yourself a life by unmaking yourself; through disintegration we build new forms."

**QUARTRAINIUM 37: The Juice is Loose - Make merry before
Gentile Commissioners...**

[As if by magic, Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) was wandering the avenue, talking to "working girls" and catching up on "what's what". And, in a burst of fire, a gang shoot-out began. When the firing of weapons stopped, the bullets had traced strange signs and symbols on the walls of the "Kidd Valley" burger joint - you know, the really disgusting "Kidd Valley" on Aurora. Any who, these strange thoughts are now written down - you must determine their meaning scrow!]

Cornice is cracked and the building is being levelled. No more time for taxes and the Emperor stands guard on the Northern Wall. Generals and other riff-raff are no longer protecting the state. The government is in need of men and those with honour are seeking other ventures. Golden eagles fly high and head EAST!

NORRIS is not our ally. He is moving to the WEST and buying all the crops and the cloth. KoC no longer speaks in words but uses instead the olden ropes and tassels of Inca nobility. Mountain caves are becoming the future residence of the equestrians.

All shall be beaten soon, all shall be willing victims of the lash.

Soon whales and squirrels will make alliance.

Soon the great mountains of Yoougoria will howl and scream. Great winds are blowing and the children of Tunisia are being burned by an unforgiving SUN.

QUARTRAINIUM 38: Temperance forthwith leaves nothing for the undertaker...

[Amongst the ruins of St. Bards, along the narrow path, within sight of the River Toronis, the brave theosopher, Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles), peers deep into the mud. He uncovers a twig, a branch, a nut shell, an old shoe. From these artifacts of decay he reveals deeper truths of future events and bestows this knowledge to you for proper study.]

KELMER is in maximum - German princes cannot compete with the Holy Roman armies. NESTOR and RABUSE are in league with the DUTCH KING to make sure of success. The Saxon lords rumble, but their noise is that of bickering children - nothing of interest for the wise.

BAMUS has his STEW - newly fresh and without the same garnish. Thegnier is in exile. KoC is in ascension, his mind and vision not distorted or defeated. Chances are we will all become rich when the numismatic heresy is complete.

Cherished fellows are fallen and the new year is not yet old. The first harbor is lost to pirates and brigands and other morbid hosts who have no honor - but honor was part of yesterday. Crimson sky turns yellow as gases waft about and the red curse spreads. The monstrosities of KUFISHAM spread about the seas and leave our world a darker place than before.

Your mind is no longer in alignment - shake off the night and engage with barmaids and wenches. Your mind is no longer faithful - break your commitment to ancient gods who do you know favors. Your mind is no

longer free - keep those swords next to your bed, for
want of love and hatred fills the castle.

QUARTRAINIUM 39: Money is falling, Food is rising, the Waters are unclean...

[These quartrainia were transcribed by Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) from voices SEEN and not HEARD, which spoke to Clownadamus while walking in Carkeek Park. The local murder of crows watched over the affair - dark eyes monitoring these unholy doings.]

YORGEN, no longer the unkempt watchman of Duke Allysnwade, will move his home EAST. As the DUTCH KING continues to unravel the land of Clovis, KELMER shall make amends with YORGEN and ENGLISH mutton will be served for the FETE!

BAMUS WELL - money moves backwards. KoC cannot stop talking about the new methods. Songs not unwritten but unsung will be heard as children lie dormant within the earth. Masters of Deception should not be feared as long as there are soldiers standing guard over the Ivory Church of NAUL.

The 7th flight from HORKENS will be CANCELLED! A threat from stars and lightning. Fire bellows from the lonely northern island - cool winter cannot quench the cauldron rising.

Helmets are not worn. VODAS POPULI make their fun on our dime. Stunning silence and broken wisdom leak out. Cracks in the system are revealed - ZIPANGU shall make gold from the dark abyss.

QUARTRAINIUM 40: Distant lands melt beyond the horizon,
carrier of FIGNEY relinquishes the crown!

[The quartrainia herein were patched together from FM radio broadcasts, sent 20 years ago, returning to Earth via some kind of messed up "spacey-timey-bendy" thing or other kind of crap. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) investigates the meaning and provides it, to you, free of charge.]

Hotel MIRADA awaits the 21st guest - the bellboys cannot complete a move.

KELMER no longer perceives a threat from REMBUUS and TRODEENT. Counter-party signatures have been gathered in suit, normal procedure for remittance is not met. A financial boon for "the fools of Chester", without completion this great ship shall sink!

BAMUS and Lord Naal have built a fine castle in Utica. The peasants fill the fields, to gather the oats, to make their daily gruel. Channel monstrosities are proffered as excuse when all force of calm is no more.

QUARTRAINIUM 41: A "Black Pope" arises, a "German
Weiner" falls...

[These quartrainia were inspired from the observation of winter animals, flittering about, while doing stuff that probably matters to nature - but not so much to Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus). Blessings and warbles - the final POPE is NIGH!]

Chestershire is aflame with excitement over the coming monarch. Horseman are preparing for the GREAT RIDE which begins at sunset.

Nations are not KIN - they have each "sides of straw" and built a web of knives surrounding the HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Torments abound as HELL moulds new men and engenders a cross-germination of ANGELS with DEMONS.

IRON dogs capture the HILL - weapons of fire declare the skies at PEACE.

The "Black Pope" has arrived - the world is in the mix.

**QUARTRAINIUM 42: YIKES - "SHARE BUM" APOCALYPSE
AVERTED!**

[These quartrainia fell to earth, sloppy-like, not too far from the METRO BUS stop near 100th Street and 7th Avenue, to be found all wadded up in muddy water by Clownadamus on his way to a really stupid job he could have been doing 10 years ago. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) will now translate, probably inaccurately, because he got quite drunk last night off of the cheapest whiskey he could find at Safeway (glug, glug).]

NORBERT was left by the wayside. Channel docks empty, yet captains continue to sail their ships with "grand expectations" of better animal spirits. WOW is the answer as cash flows horizontally from bonds and cash to "homes and stocks" - but time grows near for reckoning. INFLATION, INTEREST RATES or JUBILEE - pick your poison and live with it!

Ancient EUROPA is "solved" once again (is this the 10th or 11th time in 3 years?). KELMER and the DUTCH KING trade jabs, but the people wonder at their broken models - not expecting anything other than past repeating itself. From the HELLENIC kingdom nothing is heard, not for lack of screaming, wailing, sadness.

The FAT HERMIT KING waves his wand of dark-sunlight and makes his threats in silence from his mountain cave. A nation divided, soon to be joined, will do so with great fear and then great release. THE KING, who is threatened by diabetes, will relent but not so soon to avoid his fate.

Magic Numbers: { 98, 123, 31, 845, 0.0088 }

(all magic numbers should be meditated upon)

QUARTRAINIUM 43: Fair haired boys, in white short-sleeve shirts, wearing name tags, are "ad portas"...

[These quartrainia were siphoned from the deepest well of truth and then coughed up, because, frankly, "truth" tastes like poo. Clownadamus (aka Dr. Freckles) brings these truths, to you, free of charge.]

WODLAW stands with unflinching despotic arrogance. The "King OF CASH" is flinching, or so it seems. Do not be deceived, this is the perfidy that embodies our commerce. GOLD is seen running North - where blue skies open up.

Goran no longer stands as protector, the sea fills with luminescent tripe. AIR, thought to be sanctified by earth-love, carries DEATH. Citizens of the "rainy city" should beware!

KELMER and the "Dutch King" await their fate, much of their expected returns go North and South to fields too dry to bare fruit.

ESSENTIAL NUMBERS: {22,73,91,8007.5}

QUARTRAINIUM 44: What gimbus winds blow towards
BALTAZAR from ZIPANGU?

[These ragged quartrainia came sprite-like from a sky on the verge of "Red Thunder" with miscreant forces of camel towed porcupines covered in razor wire. Yeah, Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) provides this for your observation and denigration because you are a dope.]

GOD is bleeding - his only fiction is now aware of the "LIE" and the prose will oppose. NAKED commerce in "fools gold" will allow the DIAMOND PIMP to continue his onslaught. Check your wrinkles and remember your own time is nigh - check your friends as well!

Chariots for Mars are built and the workers use "straw and mud". ZIPANGU has set itself on course for Islands of Enchantment - the Devil awaits. Mrs. Watanabe cannot countenance any further deception, her savings are empty.

Monstrosity sits upon Mount Goth and the barbarians stand, as they always have, more gentile and less evil than the EMPIRE. GS, SG - all shall fall.

Necessary numerals: {72, 33, 1232, 56/213, 6.7x10^[12], Pi}

**QUARTRAINIUM 45: Silence falls on Castle Moran -
Howling Widows are Heard in the Distance...**

[A slew of QUARTRAINIA were discovered, buried in the Sinai Desert, encased in clay jars. These ancient texts, undecipherable by normal folk, were easily translated by Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) to provide INSIGHTS and UNDERSTANDINGS that no other source could provide - except maybe [Reason Magazine](#).]

Jared, the last resuppliant lord of Northern Re'Nai, is preparing a meeting place for gold merchants - held together by Cyclopean architecture. His first instinct is to share the battle (and the wealth), but the DUTCH KING has another agenda. KELMER watches in silence as the waters rush over the land - and wash away the sins of her father.

A newer version of BAMUS is being proposed. This new visage is intended to fool - please, peoples, don't be fooled. His agenda has not changed - you will end your days in chains.

The white fruit, rectangular and inedible, is made of blood - FOXES tear at humanity so that young flakes and hipsters can "stay connected". Plus, owning AAPL (if you bought this dog above 200 dollars a share) is really fucking stupid.

Heroes exist - but their time is nearing an end. Be courageous and accept this simple truth: "real heroes ARE NOT perfect, they are merely willing to transcend themselves for a greater good".

Exciting Digits of Power: {81, 43, 77, 0.009, 4/5}

**QUARTRAINIUM 46: Watchers watching WHO doing WHAT? -
More cucumber shoveage, for BAMUS, up da corn hole...**

[Yay - we know not if these QUARTRAINIA have been certified 'safe' by the NSA or CIA or any other set of douche or pompous asshole societies. All we do know, for certain, is that Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) found a set of documents, suspiciously marked "SUPER TOP SECRET" and even though he should have returned them to the authorities, he decided to interpret and meditate and provide insight.]

KELMER's band of morbidly obese advisors and other signatories and other such splendids will meet soon, near the PORT of REAL - candid shouting is expected. DUTCH KING is cozy with IVAN and IVAN is ready to shove BAMUS' nose in it (BAMUS is a douche after all).

LEYJAN and other sordid criminals are readying the next stage of resupplicance. Dark suits and cold, dead, eyes shuffle to the floor - they can't see the wave that is coming... Can you?

AAPL (Apple) is overpriced - that is if you bought this piece of shit when Cody Willard was saying it would soon have MARKET CAP of 1 Trillion USD (what a douche). Please, if you bought at any price above 200 USD, it is WELL PAST TIME to SELL BEOTCH!

King Of Cash stands victim of his own hubris - tethered no longer to the infinite acceptance of MONSANTO ridden slaves. His first step will be towards the WALL, but in reality he is heading for the gallows. No sooner than his body lay limp, broken, and lifeless will grand celebrations begin. I cannot stress this with greater emphasis - soon a death will engender hearts rising,

spirits in motion, and joyous transcendence.

Scottish CROW says to NORMAN: "Hence, from this day on, I will not be met by sword or fist - I will choose actions of spirit and courage." NORMAN cannot be sure, but he suspects that several armies align against him. Battle will be met, millions will die, the prize winner (BAMUS) will seem even douchier after this.

MAGIC NUMBERS of MENTAL-POWER: {732, 1044, 33.339, 4/5, NaN}

QUARTRAINIUM 47: Tempers flare, with miracle road now open to wandering mobs...

[These quartrainia, found strewn across my yard after the crows got into the garbage again (crafty motherfuckers), contain deep revelations of douche happenings in the currency markets and other failed investments. Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles), will do his best to uncover the truth about stuff that might be relevant to things... Yeah... I think we are fucked.]

K.O.C. launched his campaign - a feint slightly east of NORMIDIA. The Dutch King and the French Whore know which way the wind blows - do you? AAPL is NOT worth 1 TRILLION or half a trillion - it is worth 200 billion (maybe). Captain Cook has no more sophistication than Captain Crunch - given that he wants to reinvent television and wrist-watches (what a douche).

BAMUS prepares his gift to CHAOS and the dark calamity unfolds. Millions will flee, many will find refuge amongst Englishmen - jagged wariness is not protection. First sons of each family - 8 in total - shall be sent to the Ubian Altar. Kelmer awaits their sacrifice as she prepares the Götterdämmerung. Wagner is still silent - except for the cry of innocence.

Notice that cloud, barely clinging to the blue? It is the marker of August - and August leads to an ugly Autumn.

Magical Numerical Surprises: {991, 31, 51, 0.998, 5/6}

QUARTRAINIUM 48: Amazon yokals using algorithms to prove stuff about shit that doesn't matter...

[These QUARTRAINIA were discarded by AMAZON data mining folks who no longer care about the corn-holing they are giving the world economy, but instead are much more interested in squeezing the last "bits" of cash from the pockets of the world's poor. Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) discovered this material, left crumpled in a trash can, next to where "Old Bob" the homeless guy sleeps - at South Lake Union, Seattle.]

Terrence of GENOA is contemplating his chase, masters curse him and spur him onward towards the gates of ROME. Hannibal ad portas? Nope - Hannibal would not do well in this EUROPA, he has far too much competition for the strip-mining of humanity. The "Dutch King" and his minions continue to PARLE with IVAN and his MOSCOVITE horde.

Ivan and the "Dutch King" will be announcing the "radical approach" soon - FRANKISH lords are prepared to learn the ways of "Brick Laying".

KELMER is establishing the next REICH on the ashes of forgotten promises and oft repeated lies. Rona, who cannot be held accountable for accounts of the "Northern League", will be fired soon - not to worry, Rona's next job is working for the "Vampire Squid" from where he once came.

More desert warriors assemble, HEBRON and PERSIA hold firm with the old men of the crescent forming new alliances. Coordinated effort amongst the savage is being funded by BAMUS for purpose of disintegration - to build, to bring light, to provide a future is NOT

his way. His way is the way of entropy and pain.

Hold close to your heart that which is precious and valuable, ignore the message of "buy, buy, buy" - this grand-global-denial of human dignity is about to come crashing down. CHENDERS knows this, and his own denials offer further proof.

Magic Numbers for the heat: {98, 85, 34.5, 0.0966}

QUARTRAINIUM 49: A child is BORN in the Olde World - a
demi-god of pain arises in the EAST!

[These quartrainia were found strewn about, in Tahrir Square (Cairo, Egypt), following the recent democratic-coup (yeah, I don't know WTF a democratic-coup is either, someone needs to ask John Kerry). Any ways... These crumpled fragments of forgotten lore, scribbled so hastily by someone before they were "disappeared", were recovered by Clownadamus (aka Dr. Freckles) for translation, meditation, cogitation and constipation.]

Rumpled youths scare the mad axe-men of the NEW CITY. Holy messengers from KOC have no time left to be cautious - their methods and recipes are mixing something rotten for FALL. November winds begin blowing in September - captains, and their mates on watch, see the clouds but pretend they are 'good tidings'.

WELL-DONE for BAMUS, he too complains about KELMER and the PRUSSIAN mind. No amount of metal, or sweat, or bullets, shall change the path of these DUTCH LORDS and their DUTCH KING. IVAN is waiting, smartly, as he stokes the fires of CEDAR ISLAND and torments the weakness of QUIET KINGS. Without notice, our ladies form the parade of insolence and insults are heaved upon JORVIS.

Apple (#AAPL) is reporting - and some are swayed. Do not be misled young travelers... This fruit is nicely colored and smooth on the outside; inside are maggots, and fungus, and disease. This fruit is filled with puss and if you bought ABOVE 200 a share you have little time left to cash out.

Mystical numbers: { 99.8, 2.2, 67, 5, 1, 6/7 }

Magic word for the future: eldritch...

QUARTRAINIUM 50: War, Fire, Regret, Error and BAMUS -
Spreading Pain 4-the-Childrens...

[These quartrainia, discovered by accident in a bombed-out house in Damascus (Syria), contain near perfect descriptions of how FUCKED UP and LAME President Obama's "Little Syrian War" is (a.k.a. "Douche War 1") and provides information on how totally screwed we are if this escalates (which it probably will). Clownadamus (a.k.a. Dr. Freckles) is applying his not-so-well understood abilities as a diviner of deep truths and phoney wars to bring this WISDOM, to you, at little or no cost.]

JORVIS readies the Eastern Army and stands prepared for the battle. Bamus positions his navy while Emperor Bruss keeps watch and moves his own dark forces into play. Master of the World spends his days now aligning darkness to quench light - youthful whispers of neglect spread to every part of his kingdom.

KoC has nothing left to spew - so he opens his rancid mouth and spews forth lies. WEASEL replaces THEGNIER as the "Chief Harlequin" to be beaten with rods when Bamus is bored. Gold and Silver stand tall - paper is for the pimp.

ZIPANGU is tossed on an ocean of forgotten promise and mistaken potential. A torch, lit of devil's fire, still burns red hot - soon white as the sun. Clouds bringing pain move westward from origin, poison fills the seas.

If you are reading this, the radiation cloud (that is coming) has not YET begun to cover your home with a nice, warm, pretty, layer of highly radioactive material - which will kill you and give your kids

cancer.

So...

We are fucked.

Syria is bullshit.

QUARTRAINIUM 51: OBAMASEXCHAT.COM - The only place for
live girl-on-girl obama-style sex-chat...

[These dishonorable quartrainia were found strewn about, in the champagne room, of our local Lake City Way / Maple Leaf Strip Club (next to the place I buy guns). Any who, Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) is determined to interpret the fragments of toilet paper, covered in human excrement and blood, and peer into that "other place" where eccentric folks, like myself, charge normal folks too much money for advice that is nonsense.]

Charted waters for rotten fruit. Nestor rides a pony, deriding others along his path "oh sirs, do you not see the coming storm?". Mechanical beasts ravage their orchards and this one last British captain stands solo, in a boat, out at sea.

The loud witch replaces KoC, and this will be harbinger of resupplicance in many papers - while no such concern is shown for those responsible or at the knives edge! A disease, starting in Zipangu, spreads WEST - and the shire for GOTMORT will be besieged by droll minstrels and travelling fools.

A grove, once cherished by the elephants, finds itself at odds with purpose. For this strange master of chaos, the outcome is victory - not success. Values, disintegrated in the light of commerce, are paraded falsely before the throng. BE NOT FOOLED! There are demons at play - in attendance at THE PARTY (no matter how grand or old).

Can the sky part for warriors of MORTLAND?

Magical numbers: { 45, 1232, 45.44, 0.9978 }

QUARTRAINIUM 52: FUSION CENTERS processing POO for Obama...

[A bevy of quatrainia fell to earth, all crazy-like, containing the names of 3 million Americans and several "artifacts of truth". Obama intends to use this info in support of his goal of being a total douche-bag. Allow Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) to interpret this fascist desiderata and potentially heinous bullshit.]

The Federal Government does not manage fusion centers - they are islands of pain in an ocean of despair. Terrence, without commencement of the next armory drill, picks his first generals and prepares the attack. Bars, doors, walls, watchers and many other "black hands" are arrayed against the foundation. Freedom nears its zenith.

The fruit of failed ideas and crammed form-factors continues to spoil. The pilot is lost and no longer at the helm - that ship lists to port-side. Monstrosities and perversions await in those seas and no one has silver for purchase.

ZIPANGU tilts towards FOORSTAL - fiery tempered men plan the next reich.

QUARTRAINIUM 53: Insurance companies used to make money from interest rates... How do they do it now?

[These QUARTRAINIA were observed, like shattered glass, spread about the thoroughfare - not too far from the I-5 exit ONTO I-520. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) will use his keen mind and clever intuitions to interpret the accidental artifacts of the Universe and provide a slightly crappy, but not too lame, version of "things to come". I hate fucking bureaucratic processes that are designed to "shove rebar" up people's corn-holes - sorry, Dr. Freckles got a little angry there.]

BAMUS, after hunting the witch-whales of Montoreal, will change the course of his first and second ARMIES. A siege of Cooperstown comes within 45 suns. Markets for rare pieces and works of art are seen, growing, bloating, with each colony of infection. Chancellors and mendicants contrive spoilt dreams - obamasexchat.com...

The blessed fruit continues to rotten, despite the best efforts of Captain COOK. Mutiny onboard this once proud PIRATE SHIP is certain. Barrels of meat are empty and the proxy of chaos is selling empty boxes and busted fantasies.

Lenny will be worse than the KING of CASH - Lenny plans to print \$1 trillion USD/month by mid 2014 (or late 2014). Buy bitcoin, physical silver/gold, and farmland with clear title. Lenny doesn't care about you - Lenny wants to shove rebar up your butt as well.

Magic number for today: { 87,433 }

QUARTRAINIUM 54: UNEMPLOYMENT DOWN! LABOR FORCE SHRINKING! LET'S ALL HAVE A DRINK! (glug, glug)

[These quartrainia, so misleading, so distorted, cling to varied tendrils of civilized existence. They are woven through the heart and soul of America. We are at that point, predicted by Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles), when "man and woman will reap the cotton-balls of madness". Expect dogs and cats to form committees. Expect strange lights. Expect to be abused by young men, wearing white shirts, with nametags, asking you about God. Please, let Dr. Freckles tell you some truth - the hour is nigh asshole.]

JORVIS was visiting the prince's castle. Mondrian decided to beat down his 7 mendicants, but the 8th was left unmolested. BLONKSTEIN still sees "God" in his cruel knavery. KOC is biding his time until the old witch takes over. BAMUS smiles - he knows what is coming.

ARMIES are silent - and this should not be comforting. Persians and dishonest brokers reconfigure local connections and open up the possibility of SHEOL for ALL! Categorically denied and still Emperor KOONOR cannot stand the hatred or the criticism. Expect crimson waters and black rain, sooner than you think.

The despotic King, convinced of his own genius, is preparing scaffolding for the "hangings". You must find "acceptable villains" - and for this tyrant, who wages war on common law and liberty, the "villains" are defenders of dignity and human freedom.

Conscience is currency - bits of nothing have no value (duh) - #BITCOIN.

Magic numbers: { 88.88, 34/37 }

QUARTRAINIUM 55: Bitcoins, bitcoins, everywhere -- and not a "thought" to think. (#BITCOIN)

[Among the abused bits, being sent all "willy-nilly", across our NSA infested computer networks, Dr. Freckles (a.k.a. Clownadamus) has discovered some interesting facts, attitudes and perspectives. Firstly, bitcoins look like bullshit. Secondly, who the fuck knows what nefarious group is behind this bullshit. Lastly, the set of all possible crypt0-currencies is probably larger than 21 million in cardinality. But Dr. Freckles digresses - enjoy these ramblings, amusements, accidents of thought and other viscera of consciousness.]

BAMUS awaits the grand mother, while the current KoC continues to talk "taper". There will be no taper. There cannot be a taper. "Taper Talk" is the fucking taper - wake the fuck up!

Poison is spreading. Fish are dying. ZIPANGU declares "all rice is safe to eat" - but the redness, discoloration and fever bespeak something else. Children are told "smiling" will protect you, and the elders of the prefecture move back home - to their doom. Dark clouds will form soon, when number 4 goes kablooey.

EMO chicks line up, awaiting their geek kingdoms when the bitcoin cargo prophets finally pull through. Hopeless nerds, huddled in dank rooms, surrounded by empty coke bottles, believe a magical algorithm will make them rich - and they also believe (magically) that these bitcoins cannot be "obstructed, corrupted, attacked or destroyed". My silver is safe in my safe - so I'm OK.

Persian lords are dressed for this occasion. Spinning tops are not dreidels. Yellow powder is pressed, prepared, and then sent to Egypt. While Israel observes Babylon, the dark underworld prepares the funeral pyre. Fires, death, destruction - just don't be living in the Middle East is all Dr. Freckles is saying.

The new land sleeps, old worlds awaken - the "Old Ones" creep closer to the surface. Mire and plague are before us, criminal negligence is behind, and the band plays its tune.

Magic Numbers: { 0.334, 18.99, 1929, 2014 }

QUARTRAINIUM 56: Ne'er-do-well and knavish folks sell us phones with NSA crap inside... Fuckers --> (\$AAPL)

[As Dr. Freckles was taking his morning "constitutional", several crows from around the neighborhood (Maple Leaf, Seattle, WA), began swooping and attacking and herding poor old Freckles (Clownadamus) towards a cliff. At the cliff, Clownadamus turned and looked and the murder of crows had etched out, with their beaks, ancient symbols that required immediate translation from the "crowish tongue". These are what resulted...]

JORVIS, with swift impression and lost chances, begins the next stage of "tear-down" - the great human city is being managed towards extinction. BAMUS and KELMER prepare the next stage of debasement with several wizards standing by to tell lies. The great Troll, "GRUKNAM", sells his constructions and deceptions to any petty soul not tied to grace. A winter descends upon us, it will not end in the Summer.

Tiny followers, miracle of placement, ghostly forms - and no force capable of stopping them. Persian spirits prepare the raft and other sailors linger too long in the realm.

Some break is occurring, and this break, fracture, with pressure building, becomes the fissure and then the separation. Watch your neighbors.

Magic numbers: { 6665.3, 1183382, 45/2, i^2 }

QUARTRAINIUM 57: Tele-prompter speaks, but the silence is deafening

[As he steps outside the door, bracing for torrential rains, his mind does much to explore - before his fellows become insane. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles), notorious for words, phrases, statements, and other issuing memorandum, speaks from TRUTH this morning, after consulting with crows and flowers and the SUN. Heed these broken ideas.]

KELMER is the break-water, for Russian princes, English tea, and cowardly, scuttling, bugs of nothing. THE DARK SEAS, penetrated by earthen ramparts and COSSACK nightmares. CHEMICAL STREAMS are spotted, near Taruska, not far from the ancient altar of GIMBUS.

Southern flight, mourning the bent, broken - sunken and despotic.

Northern route, turbulent, forgetful, with truncheon and bat and whip.

BAMUS sends a resounding MAYBE to the DUTCH KING as parlor maids break down the tents of woe. Cherished riddles and token gestures greet the CLUELESS minstrel of default.

MAGIC NUMBERS: { 4.5, 33, 4414, pi/45 }

MONDIS!

**QUARTRAINIUM 58: WARS-4-VICTORY! (and other sly
contraptions of deceit)**

[These quartrainia, falling as if from the stars, cling to my soul and cannot be dismissed without much whiskey. Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles) has found loose paper and misplaced thoughts strewn about the empty streets of Indianapolis, and with such means he places the thoughts of fortune in your hands, a stark visage. Violence, lies, war, chaos - and all for the price of a cheap home loan. Read, and be wandering/wondering on your own in the wilderness of despair!]

RUSSIAN PRINCES continue the promise of the "golden cowl" - viking lords are drunk on Flemish wine and roman thinkery. Talents, gone un-bought, are awaiting their check and measure in the accounts ledger. The DUTCH KING, KELMER and BAMUS make sport of God's creation.

ZIPANGU struggles under the weight of magic energy - but the magic occurs off the coast, where fish grow legs and birds lose wings.

The plunder of the Ubian Altar leaves GERMANUS with little choice - Romans cannot be trusted! First gold, now gas, next freedom? And who once schooled the barbarians in liberty is now taken to task for ignorance.

Magic numbers: {455.67, 44, 45, 32, 29, 2/3}

QUARTRAINIUM 59: Bile and bubble, toil and trouble,
double-mix burning from the EBOLA crapola.

[This prophecy arrived via an infectious disease. Initially it re-wrote the mind-space of Clownadamus (Dr. Freckles), at some weird RNA-MRNA level, but then continued to ravage the awareness of all people - and even ended up in Ferguson (MO). Madness spreads, and nothing can be done to assuage the lords of chaos. Clownadamus will now divine what ancient truths result from hemorrhagic furies and burning "Quick Trip" gas-malls.]

KELMER awaits 3 dukes from KOSKOV - a fat one, a skinny one, and one carrying an AK-74. The dutch KING is prepared to give Ivan a call, he will end the masquerade - while other Moorish folk burn the village of Tyre.

Nocturnal vandals march, the music strains the band of WOMAX - children harvest rotten apples for really crappy apple pie.

The news is bad, this is good. The world is crumbling, the birds are mumbling - but stocks aren't tumbling. KoC has been supplanted by the "Queen of Pain" and her reign will be 3 CHUGATS and 44 RIMBLIN. When the queen falls, the dollar falls, and the dear lord calls us all home. TUPIT will make his move towards Zipangu, in spite of cancerous tumors and cats with 5 eyes.

Magic numbers: { 8, 3070, 712, 66/34, 19 }

QUARTRAINIUM 60: NORBIS is in the 7th HOUSE, Lords of Folly Pummel the Eastern Wall!

[These quartrainia were discovered, by a concierge, not too far from Chicago. That fine gentleman knew of Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) and proclaimed "MONDIS! A TIME OF RE-THINKING ARRIVES!" After several hours of drinking and fist-fights, Dr. Freckles was able to translate the runic symbols into these prophetic statements and uncaring frivolities. Only the naked jelly-fish knows how very, very, discordant his journey has become.]

Nascent and jaundiced, KELMER presents herself to the committee of TERROR - but nothing more terrible than the unregulated furies and nightly reminders from KING TOMB. GERMANIC FLAGS waft as transcendent and ghastly fortunes are lost AT SEA; boats sailing too fast on winds too changing. TURPINIS moves ROOK to QUEEN-34 and TOUCH-DOWN arrives during the 6th Inning.

A WAR OF 10 YEARS times 50 continues. Houses arrayed, all bound by gold, consider their broken agreements and begin the GREAT TAXATION. Jealous werewolves are not redeemed, but RUSSIAN scholars take heed of magic and wizardry - green electric, but too frightening for BISHOP GANT.

MANKRUG is the "be-otch of history", his continued prognostication concerning ZIPANGU is no more than the wretched echoes of the cold, clammy, stillborn grizzly-bear. Money, moving, stopping - immeasurable speed of nothing and there is no coming DARK-WEEK of SPENDING. Thankful mothers will keep their children at home, making crafts, when "Black Friday" arrives. Rioters, carolers, careening towards oblivion - make merry, do

not tarry, while the music plays!

"I shall stand, with chalice in hand, corpulent and complete - the tenants of this dangerous party could no more break, than bow!", so said MAJOR LUDD. And we still recollect that this eldritch task is for none other than BAAL - don't be late, when that bell rings, for "the counting" in the great HALL.

Magic Numbers: { 45, 432, 22, 72.3345, 1/3, 44, 27, 30, 37 }

**QUARTRAINIUM 61: EBOLA FOR THE HOLE-A! OR HOLA EBOLA!
HABLAS ESPANOLA?**

[These quartrainia were found, washed down the Dallas metropolitan sewer, along with some ebola-vomit and blood stained underwear. Dr. Freckles (Clownadamus) shall use soul-dowsing to determine what kinds of crazy ass shit that ebola-blood-vomit contains and what it might portend.]

BAMUS stands near the fault line of charisma and self-contempt. KOC is dying, the "old hag" boils her frog eyes. KELMER is silent and unwilling to give the Russian PRINCE his due. Morbid fascination with raucous tumbling and careless joviality in the face of the 4th Angel. TEMERIX is aware of our dismissive attitudes and will remove his wand when the wet spot is dry.

ZIPANGU is toast. GURKIN, only listened to by fools, continues to spew forth nonsense and retrograde bullshit. Thyme will tell as the NORTHERN ARMIES prepare the fortress of Koblenz. Canada, Mexico, Hawaii - all in the 55th ranking of GIMBUS. Torrential rains and massive fires. Ghosts of dead cats and dogs with those weird cones around their necks - the ones that keep them from licking open wounds.

CANCER is moving towards ARIES - while PISCES is tired of the crap in the Pacific and the weird glow that abounds.

"Chancellor, we won't stand for this!", screams the tiny folk of Warren Town - no factories, but the flames of ignorant mendacity. Police prepare the whip, church fathers cower in despair, the "Age of Beatings" is upon us.

Magical numbers: { 88, 34, 785, 12, 44.3, 1.2347 }

**QUARTRAINIUM 62: Happy New Year(z=2015), Messed up Shit
nears - (sofa king lame)**

A nicer wave of intemperate beasts march onward towards the ancient BLACK city. Wafting smoke, burning-eyes, blood soaked cloth and clotting sores - KELMER moves the ROOK to Potsdam. Chalice filled with honey-wine is passed from DUKE to PRINCE and Jasper simply plays his harmonica.

Do not continue this obedience to that fruit in your pocket. That fruit is rotten fruit and the seller of that fruit is a totally douche British a-hole.

The show Ascension is too lame for words - (really).

**QUARTRAINIUM 63: KIEVAN GOOSE ON THE LOOSE (RUSE or
RUS?)**

Marbled steak, wearing thin, soulless shoes discarded -
as turnip QUEENS arrive for the great procession.

Manic, panic, quarry filled with glass jewels - ice
storm piercing the 23rd Veil, Corporal arises near
Madrid to lead the merry band to flames.

KELMER is the cook of EUROPE - BAMUS is the louse.
BAMUS, CLUELESS, and DIMBLE-BEAR carouse and dance with
snapdragon BARONS in tow. Clean forest land for the
wood-tender, genuflect before barbarians of GOOMAR.

Gently unmask the lies. Money, in contrast to wealth,
covers the land - making it fallow. A harvest of souls
approaches, a Russian KING is unchained - star-shine at
midnight as the shadows grow long. Ashes, brick, smoke,
death - and the inheritance is passed about as water
disrupts the plans of Generals.

Cherry pick your numbers - but these numbers will hold
sway.

KNOW that the EMPEROR of DISDAIN, GRUKAMN, prepares his
courtly affairs and awaits a general offering to BAAL.

QUARTRAINIUM 64: CANNABIS CUP (TIME TO DISRUPT)

Jan TORVALD carries more than just water, he passes gas and chugs beer and revels in his PIZZA carriage. A TEAR IN THE STEEL WALL BECOMES the embrasure, mortal kin cannot spin and ill before the winds blow north. Kelmer is at the 78th meridian, her first secretary declares a FRANKISH HOLIDAY for Königsberg - PRUSSIANS ready their phalanx for a march EAST, DRANG-NACH-OSTEN!

Cherishing what little heat can be drawn, the jaunty KING is alone in his perfidy. Moving one rook to POTSDAM and one knight to KRANUS and not understanding the fires which build. A rolling black wheel of angles near AZOV, and old TURKISH PRINCES desire nothing but solace behind the wall, inland from the bridge.

Green leaves, brown smoke, white vapour - all is well friend. The DOGG is moving his castle and the willing brides of BACCHUS await his song.

Ne'er-do-well royalty without restriction - and currency flooding ZIPANGU. A glow expands, east-ward, into the great ocean - the dolphin, the whale, the tuna, all SCREAM!

MANGRUK, the troll-economist, continues his call for BOMBERS and BUILDERS! He desires a homoeostasis of infinite de-construction. Children sob as this beast does his job - and fathers sharpen shivs for the day when this troll is on a stroll.

Lucky numbers: { 167, 34.2, 99/453 }

QUARTRAINIUM 65: Gather minstrels near the STEAM!

"Oh, gather minstrels by the STEAM ... prepare the boilers for this thunder-strike!", a herald screams and the vestige of ghostly tyranny relieves MORLON-KANDU of its GOLD. Together ... the masterful reliance on a shifting bridge, pillars of coal dust and rendered fat, Hebrew nobility holds the reign. Cherish those warbles and relent in your attack upon the WEST - but the PRINCE of MOSCOVY cannot be dissuaded and his spear is sharp.

Chemical fusion from the LATIN PROVINCE, but more lies spread by alphabet agencies and drinkers of old mead. The drunks are never more than 20 miles behind, and the first strike occurs at 4 AM - expect the blue light to cross Miriam's Sea by daybreak.

"Oh, forget that first delivery and watch the drone catch fire", but the great retailer will astound with "services" and other kinds of shite.

Temper your stand - keep your gaze upon the monolith.

Recall that the angels first fell for want of power - God sent those demons to spread seed. The seed was strewn. The angel-bastards could not be imprisoned or castaway into the pit.

"Oh, there is nothing left to forget", and the herald dies not far from Trieste.

**QUARTRAINIUM 66: GET YOUR OWN INDY 500 TICKETS YOU
FUCK!**

Willow burns hot and fast.

Markets derail as the heat of early Summer scorches the meeting houses, dispelling any fear of the coming re-opening of the MORDECAI CORRIDOR. Kelmer meets with her advisory committee prior to the Summit of Paris. Gentle harbinger stands in the shadows of Montreal, and his helper holds the shiv. Someone is going to get shiv'd.

BAMUS is in retrograde vis-a-vis his bullshit attitude. Beware colic in the disease ridden emperor.

QUARTRAINIUM 67: Hey ... (yeah) (whatever)

Excise taxes paid are re-paid and re-assigned to NORVIS. Catapult builders tend to their tightly wound hair, stressed, twisted, ready for action. Monstrous contortions of tin-pan kings and HOOSIER WHORES. Kelmer keeps watch on the WESTERN REICH.

Lyricist and drunken poet, BAMUS contends "the assembly cannot meet without my oversight" - but the congress convenes and the bitch is ignored.

DOG MAN JIM is nearing the pinnacle of power and members of the DRESSLER-HORDE attend to their new technologies. Baskets, filled with snakes, are bequeathed to the DUTCH KING and RUSSIAN GENERALS laugh boisterously from beyond the RED-LINE.

Cancer spreads, as the fiery demon bleeds into that great ocean and the whales and dolphins and sea-lions and other creatures scream - their red cries pollute the waters.

**QUARTRAINIUM 68: Half a rotten breakfast sandwich
thrown at a cyclist - cyclist dies next to a possum ...
in a ditch.**

Cherub king, not content with wresting power from the cocaine angels of Trieste - now he stands watch over the lost ocean of Pabula. GENERAL FRUMP, with hot blood coursing through his veins, has 5 choices - 3 of which he will make by sunset, 2 on the day after deliverance. KELMER will pretend the Prince of Moscovy will relent in his demands - but the wise prince makes ready 3 armies, 2 of steel and 1 of fire.

Telemarketers selling some new kind of pill, it will cure you and then leave you with recurrent sores on your anus.

Hellish spawn are rising from the seas ...

ZIPANGU is AFLAME!

Fiery eyes of the dark sun are peering from beyond the veil.

(be wary of the Egyptian Peace)

QUARTRAINIUM 69: Autumn lights, in the distance,
growing dimmer ...

The towers, standing above the northern city ramparts,
tilt and sway - storms moving westward from Gordonis
imply summer is nearing its apex, zenith, crap ...

Gentle whispers from KELMER are keeping the 9 armies
from attack, while the eastern princes count their
silver under a dying moon. KRANUS is wrecked, broken,
bought, sold, cold, weary and waiting for the rule of
KING MORTEM. BAMUS sits alone in his dungeon ...
surrounded by dogs and cats ... ever watchful of the
crying, wailing, in the streets.

The hung men can be seen from miles away, as their
bodies wither under an blazing sun - and the wind and
rabble and vermin gnaw and gnash their teeth and tear
what is left asunder.

Wives, mothers, families begin wandering south - making
their way to the mirage, only to starve, to die of
thirst, along the way.

No more X-BOX.

Vacations are cancelled ...

Markets are closed ...

AAPL is CRAPPLE ...

(take your BITCOIN, shove it up your ass, and suck my
cock)

**QUARTRAINIUM 70: There are parasites crawling around
inside your mind ...**

KELMER deceives the GERMAN PRINCES; she spends her time making strudel, while armies of poor arrive at DELAMPSA. Chagrin, Mortound, Relivec, and the last RUSSIAN TSAR conduct military operations near the port city of GOONIS. BAMUS, filled with fiery burning down below, gets himself checked out ... you know ... for crabs.

ZIPANGU has abandoned the Emperor, the people are abandoning the land; silence roars as mothers watch children refuse their milk. Ancient China falters, broken promises and worthless paper abound - torn treaties and swords covered in blood, the 13th Star is arriving soon and soon it will be sunrise at midnight.

A Chalice was discovered, not far from Moscovy. Inside the chalice was water - but waters neither clear nor clean. The King of Trieste drank from this sacred chalice and his eyes turned red, and then he looked to KING TUPP and made his claim to the thrown. The chalice is gone, washed away by the Danube. Dogs feed on dying men alongside the road to Kiev - villages are burning, widows abound.

Magic numbers for today: { 3.4, 12.99, 4/5, 67, 99, 915
}

[\(beware "915" you fuck\)](#)

QUARTRAINIUM 71: "915" is ONE DAY AWAY! (savings in the wind)

Corporate monkeys crowd the theater, morsels of regret lay strewn upon the ground; tormented jesters strain at song but their tongues have been removed. Caged animals scream into the night - they are wary of Prince JOOBIS from Sumeria. ZIPANGU holds the secret to another rotten morrow, and the sepulchre of POPE CAIN is no longer holy. January arrives at noon on the 25th. "915" rings in the ears of angels.

BAMUS wraps himself in bedazzled garb, silver, gold, diamonds, and wreaths of peace are cast before his march - his march is a blood feast. GENERAL FRANKS abhors his duty and sends the 45th Battalion west towards Hendis Castle. As armies converge, the space between the Red Sea and the ancient citadel of QUROS becomes awash in innocent blood - Moorish faces are seen near Madrid as Greek ministers plot their way to calumny and debase themselves before the gods.

Cats, dogs, planes, hammers, noisy ramble, mystic heralds tout their worthiness before the KING. KELMER welcomes the magic armies of neglect, just as she launches another trebuchet volley at her enemies outposts - more forgotten and ragged lumber onward toward EUROPA. "DRANG NACH OSTEN!" is the cry of the rabble. Chelsye makes port in safe harbor, avoiding her mother's disdainful plight.

STONE MEN rise in the EAST - pushing west towards Muscovy. A great road is built, but the footing is rough, uneven. ASIA-MINOR presents an obstacle to the Mandarins, as metal casings catch fire and burn. Metallic scepters fall to Earth from Heaven as

thunderclaps mistakenly chided.

The sun arrives on the morrow ...

"DREAD SUN! WHY DO YOU MOCK OUR MORTAL RIPOSTE!", the squire shakes his fist at the sky ... but the sky is not to be tempted, nor fate, nor gods ...

Magic numbers: { 9, 1, 5, 519, 159, 591, 951, 195, 915, 1/59, 9/51, 9/15 }

QUARTRAINIUM 72: October Surprise?

"YO! DUDE! UNSHEATHE THY CATAPULT YOU FUCK!"

Warriors of the prophet swarm the ramparts of Tyrol, ministers meet in secret below Castle Turney. Kelmer, wary of recent pacts, blends tactics with dismissive and rancorous dialog - leaving no way out for BAMUS. Lenny convinces the "dull prince" to continue with solemn nonsense, and her means of replenishment turns sour in the autumn sun. "SPACE AVAILABLE" continues to grow and becomes the most successful company in America.

Chancellors meet to review the armies ...

Four kings will converge and when their heralds are within sight, the arrows of disdain are unleashed - "Archers! Ready yourselves for the onslaught of the douche emperor!".

WESTERN PANIC relents when the school teacher is discovered to be mere vapor.

Magic Numbers: { 89, 33, 87, 12, 99, 23, 742, 78/133 }

QUARTRAINIUM 73: The Crawl-Space is a warm, dry, cozy, place ...

"Relent Sir! Relent in your actions near Tunis!"

The Scarlet Herald, the Prince, the Queen, the Sheriff and the Emperor meet - nothing of note is decided. Muscovy is covered in blood, rage, regret. Russian generals are moving on 7 fronts - only 3 of which are known, the other 4 are secret and dangerous. Bamus continues in his time, believing the birds sing for him; he is unwary of the dangers moving closer ... or is he?

The grand plan is engaged, baby-boomer refugees continue to believe in the magical powers of under-prepared community organizers.

Nell is still pumping the dream-hope-machine, careless wanderers near Yonkers mock the falling men - "HEY! LOOK! THEY BOUNCE!". Yes - they do bounce ... a little.

Campus cherubs pray for rain, the great western lands are becoming arid, barren, giving birth to new horrors.

"Nothing happened ... nothing", screams the wench queen of Arkansas.

(nothing happened)

(really)

QUARTRAINIUM 74: SUGAR-DADDY PARADISE! (cum one cum all)

"Necessary actions will be taken if the LORD of NORTRAD does not obey our COMMAND!"

People of the Levant stream north - in search of food, shelter, and enemies to kill. Murder hordes mask their movement by night as German princes wag their fingers and shake their heads and claim some grievous insults - some curse against their house. No time is left to bury the dead ... no one is left that cares. Bodies riddle the peasant trail, secret warriors hustle off into the night.

Young women, devoid of hope but full of debt, throw themselves upon the rich, graying, fat men of nowhere.

9 governors meet in secret, not far from the old city of the Galatians. They meet to discuss the problems and convergent issues of Muscovite and the Fool.

War drums beat louder ...

(3 cities will burn)

Magic Numbers: { 1, 11, 121, 3, 33, 343, 5, 55, 565 }

**QUARTRAINIUM 75: HAND-HELD PISTOL-STYLE CROSSBOWS -- A
NEW HOLIDAY TRADITION!**

Nel moves the dial closer to now, with fomenting energies in the background - all is building towards "Thai massage with full release" ... except for the Thai workers ... they need to finish peeling the shrimp.

"Are slaves peeling your shrimp? - here's what you need to know"

(do you know?)

KELMER is unrelenting in her support of chaos as the ministers of Frankfurt outline a "transition plan" for our dear female-physicist.

Magic numbers: { 88.3, 44.5, 11234.99, 99.89 }

QUARTRAINIUM 76: RAPE IS NOT "HELLO"!

Swarthy, greasy, miserable men roam north ... to take their revenge upon the soft-underbelly of EUROPA. GERMANIA screams, wrenches, moans, groans, under the weight of hyped PC pabulum and large un-circumcised members. KELMER spreads common and trite explanations, but the great heart of ODIN knows not reason or excuse - only that [RAGNAROK](#) nears ... and it's going to be a bitch.

The Fool, the Cheat and the Coward will meet in 4 days to review their plans for "market day" - the operation will be perfect, seamless, and quite dangerous. The Muscovite is moving his rook to VORNIS whereas his opponent is still playing checkers.

Magic Numbers: {423, 892, 00933, 0.11111119}

QUARTRAINIUM 77: BUY THE FUCKING DIP!

"... gun fire can be heard, from nearby villages ... the oil is ours!" - mutters the commander to his lieutenants; all the while there are lights, in the sky, of dazzling colors and regret. KELMER is ignored, and GERMANICUS wakes, slowly, from his 2,000 year sleep. A tiger, a prince, and a cobbler, all on their way to ROME - not for pilgrimage, but for chaos.

BAMUS moves his rook to ALGIERS as the Muscovite king stands patient, with queen, and bishop, to pounce and thrash.

Magic numbers: { 9, 3, 2, 56.3 }

QUARTRAINIUM 78: A CURIOUS ROAR IN THE DISTANCE!

Sentinels in black stand watch on the Western Ramparts of Tyre - no longer can we smash the guileless banshees from the NORTH! Corporals, generals, and other uniformed trash are washing up on the shores of that dread landscape, so battered by alien projectiles and angry incompetence.

KELMER's faction is in danger, and the great German piggy bank is about to EXPLODE! As with AIG in the USA, the EUROS will come up with all kinds of fucked-up excuses ... and as they wag their fingers, the old ship will sink beneath the surface of these dark waters.

BAMUS, filled with a sense of accomplishment, sits on his throne above the smoking cities ... laughing ... drinking ... sipping the blood of the forgotten innocent and lost families, buried so deeply in the sand.

Magic Numbers: { 129, 131, 44.777, 1.11111 }

QUARTRAINIUM 79: THE HILL-ERYS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF MUZAK

"... gentle soul, lay down your burdens before the queen ..."

The dark princess spoke, once renowned for masks and deception, an expert at the legerdemain of human weakness - she knows the pathetic dreams that drive your wild pursuits, she learned from the master, BAMUS. Now she pursues the crown and calls herself queen ... it's "her turn" ... it's "her time" ... she would really be pissed if we didn't make her POTUS (whore).

Town Crier, kettle set, water boils, and the rumbling builds - the man just stands above it all ... near the clouds ... not settled in his ways and unprepared for the wrath before him. The DARK QUEEN, whose armies swarm the streets seeking to punish, pummel, beat, as ding-bats armed with bi-cycle chain and pillow-sacks filled with d-cell batteries ... the dark queen will seek her vengeance.

(the loud mouth might not be long for this world - [CHAMPY](#) is his name)

His weakness is pride ...

Her weakness is victim-hood ...

Magic numbers: { 3.542, 1111124.99, 0.8, 2112 }

QUARTRAINIUM 80: TRUMP vs CLINTON? (huzzah)

Boiling throngs of fickle masses move westward towards the end, camel-toed WALMART cum-queens parade their new hero - as if ordained by some deity, just not the "God" they're thinking of. The "outsider", barely broken or torn by the scrap, makes his way to the thrown - but a witch's curse still bars his passage ...

The witch, the neocon-banshee, the profligate panderer to Goldman-Sachs and other gondo-lord princelets? - this wench knows her way around a potion, and believe you me Macbeth ain't got NOTHING on this bitch when it comes to the arts of intrigue. Her wit is dull and bent, but her gaze is piercing and causes even the most brave to tremble - for looking at Hillary is like looking into the bowels of Hell ... and Hell has bowel-cancer.

Who knows what happens next?

(really ...)

(I'm just a prophet)

Magic numbers for today: { 55, 21, 9, 7, 114.998 }



"... which other truths hide behind that silly facade called history? Shall we perchance, a glance? ... you fuck."

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