

If You Think It's Bad Here

By Anna Von Reitz



The Brits have it even worse.

Take a look at this photo of the "British Armed Forces" participating in a "Pride Parade" in central London. Look at how they have defaced the Union Jack!



Pride Parade in London

So tell us, please, what someone's private sexual preferences have to do with government?

Nothing.

Perhaps the Brits have lost their minds or simply lost control of their government, which is no longer functioning as a Constitutional Monarchy; though most of them know that something is wrong, they haven't quite caught up on what has happened.

The reason that their own "Armed Forces" are skipping around town defacing the Union Jack with rainbows and glitter.

Great Britain, which was always a trading company and National Trust, is no more. That means the Union Jack is no more. So the Armed Forces or what pitiful bit is left of them, can deface the former British flag at will with no consequences.

Nobody in the flipping excuse for a government remembers what the flag of England looks like, but they'd better dig around and find out.

At present, they have no King of England. Charles the Third was crowned as his Imperial Majesty in the air jurisdiction --- a pawn of the Holy Roman Empire, just like Napoleon Bonaparte.

So the Throne of England is vacant as it has been since the early 1700s. Nothing new, just something coming out of the closet like a monster slipping out from under the bed, or 50,000 gay trollops emerging from the shops and pubs on Broad Street.

Judging from this photo England doesn't have to worry about overpopulation. They are all homosexuals. And proud of it.

Let's see how their experiment works and how many babies come out of it.

Those (apparently) few Englishmen who still have their brains attached to the rest of their physiology certainly need to do something brave and desperate.

They don't have a King really. Haven't had a singular one of those since 1087 AD and haven't noticed the loss.

Meantime, Great Britain has been caught red-handed on the receiving end of one of the most audacious fraud schemes in human history, and in the rush to fold the tent and get rid of Great Britain and their culpability for that, we've got them all parading around in tutus and dress blues, waving a new company flag, and hoping the rest of us won't notice what's going on.

Too late.

England stands vacant except for the now-gathering traditional assemblies of the English people and one faithful member of the nobility -- their Hereditary Lord High Steward, Lord Shrewsbury.

Great Britain is gone.

What remains is an "Imperial Majesty" of the thoroughly discredited Holy Roman Empire, functioning as the Overseer of His Holiness and the Roman Catholic Church's Commonwealth land in England--- the exact same position that every "King" since King John has held.

Except for Lord Shrewsbury, who clearly knows his role and remembers who he is, all the other members of the (formerly) British aristocracy appear to be taking a long time in the bathroom. And celebrating Gay Pride as if that had something to do with sane government.

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