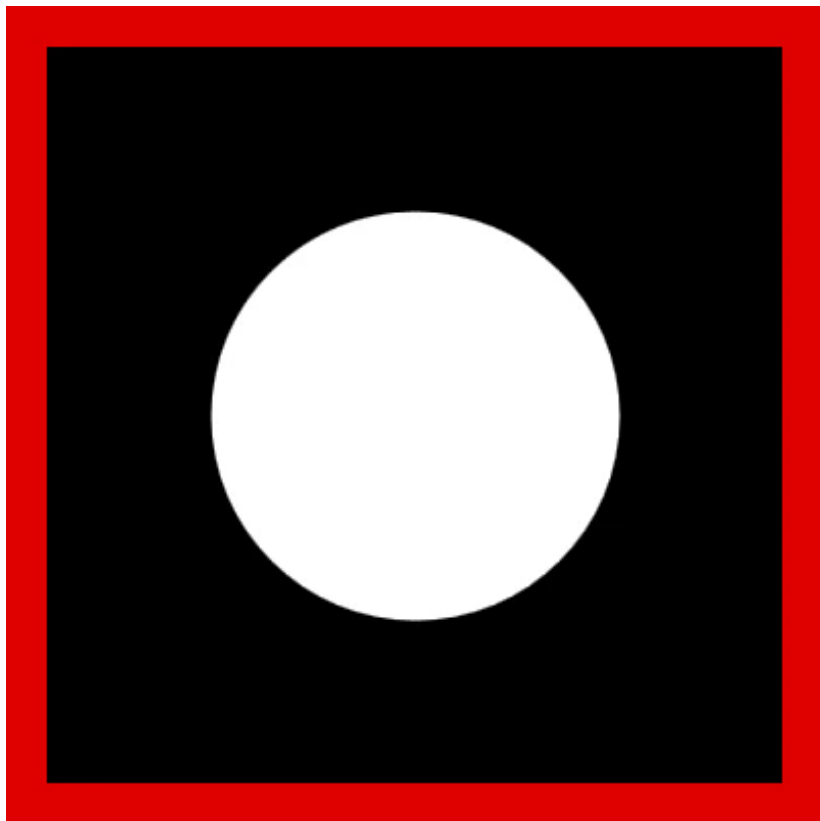




Mein Sieg

Nathan Blood

Mein Sieg

Two volumes in one volume

Mein Sieg

by

Nathan Blood

Two volumes in one volume
Unabridged edition

First Volume:

A World Reckoning

Second Volume:

A Personal Reckoning

1st edition

First Volume:
A World Reckoning

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For Deutschland and the World

TLDR (Too long; didn't read)

People from all over the Earth are craving a strong Führer.

Here I am.

Where are You?

Foreword

In the foreword to his infamous German Novel *Mein Kampf*, Adolf Hitler wrote that “people are won over less by the written word than by the spoken word, that every great movement on this Earth owes its growth to great speakers and not to great writers.” I strongly disagree with that. Hitler and I have a lot in common, including the fact that we carefully announced in writing what we intended to do beforehand. Hitler fought, spoke, and ultimately lost. The above quote is probably one of the most decisive reasons for this. I, on the other hand, will write and win.

Mein Sieg is the attempt to unsparingly describe and thoroughly remedy everything that separates humanity from its happiness. I say in advance that at first glance, neither the descriptions of the problems nor the proposed solutions will probably appeal to a single person currently alive. The world I have in mind will seem like a utopia because we live in a dystopia. And yet I am certain that every single reader of this second German Novel in world history, my political testament, will come to the conclusion that he has before him the work of the greatest philanthropist of all time, and will therefore place his trust in me and pledge his loyalty. You will be able to guess to some extent the passion and Weltschmerz with which the author has rendered this service to humanity. And not only to humanity, as You will soon learn to Your heart’s content.

Which chapter comes before, which after? I did not find it easy to decide on the order, as everything is connected and yet each chapter is also a topic in its own right. The chapters do not really build on each other in terms of content, and there are regular references to subsequent and previous chapters. Turning such a finely interconnected structure into a chain proves to be a difficult, if not impossible, task from the outset. Writing the chapters also becomes a mental challenge when you don’t yet know for sure what you have already revealed to the reader and what you can build on. Especially since I have never put the greatest work in human history on paper

before. If You want to enjoy and understand the wisdom of *Mein Sieg* in its full glory, You should read the entire book from beginning to end at least two or three times. It is also possible to read it “wildly” according to Your mood and interest, but I strongly advise against this, as the author will have had something in mind despite all the difficulties with the order.

We have so much to abolish and so much more to accomplish. Germany and the World will change. And I sincerely hope that Mrs. Katrin Göring-Eckardt is looking forward to it too.

Nuremberg,
Family home.

The author

Morality

Morality is being abolished. According to Wikipedia, morality is “the part of the conventions or rules of conduct whose observance in interhuman relationships is considered ‘good’/‘right’ and whose non-observance is considered ‘evil’/‘wrong’.” It goes on to state that morality is the subject of various “sciences”. I will discuss these “sciences” in detail in Chapter *Science*. The remarkable thing about morality is that there are still discussions about it, even though the solution is so obvious.

I claim that the human being we have known until now, *Homo sapiens*, the *clever Homo*, cannot be considered clever in any way, and that we must therefore create a new human being: **Homo deutsch**.

The **deutsch** I am talking about has almost nothing to do with what is commonly known as deutsch, be it the German Volk, the *Deutsche Bahn*, German virtues, German food, German engineering, and so on and so forth (hereinafter abbreviated as *aso. asf.*), which is why I will henceforth refer to my deutsch as *deutsch* and the deutsch known to date as *German*. Only the German language is almost certainly already deutsch, but all in good time.

These are the *Three Axioms of Deutsch*:

1. Think from the end.
2. Everything is thinkable.
3. Nothing lasts forever.

The Second Axiom defines what one is allowed to think: everything. The Third Axiom defines what one is allowed to hold on to: nothing. As the Central Axiom of Deutsch, the First Axiom limits the other two axioms. Deutsch is what was thought from the end. A Deutscher is someone who thinks deutsch and acts accordingly. The opposite of deutsch is greenchoosy, the opposite of a Deutscher is a Greenchooser. You are either deutsch or you vote green. Something is either deutsch or it is greenchoosy.

Now, there cannot and will not be a Blood test that can distinguish a deutschen from a green voting person. The Second and Third Axioms cannot be verified directly. On the other hand, the First Axiom is ideally suited for testing a thought or an action for its deuschness. The thinker and actor must be able to clearly justify why he thinks and acts as he does. Above all, the end goal must be clearly evident from this. Indirectly, this also allows us to verify the Second and Third Axioms.

These *Three Axioms* enable the Deutschen to do exactly what is considered disreputable in morality: moral flexibility. Sure, there are things like “pragmatism” or “the end justifies the means”, but anyone who seriously claims to be “morally flexible” is generally assumed to be up to no good. Deutsch, on the other hand, is flexible by definition. The same action can be both deutsch and greenchoosy, since the end goal one has in mind can be very different. Being deutsch means being moral, but much more than that.



The flag of Deutschland depicts a *white* circle in the middle of a *black* square with a *red* border. The radius of the circle is one quarter, and the border width is one twentieth of the side length of the square. The white circle stands for the enlightening deutsch, while the black square stands for the dark and uncertain greenchoosy. The mission of the Deutschen is the infamous **squaring of the circle**. We Deutschen have to solve what is generally considered unsolvable. What the whole world despairs of, the Deutsche must overcome. As a Deutscher, it is not enough to be the one-eyed man amongst the blind. The Deutsche must strive for the total insight.

But, as we know, man errs as long as he strives. Being deutsch and becoming deutsch is a process. No one can do justice to the deutsch in all its significance. We can only approach deuschness. All this

is symbolized by the red border as a classic warning color. God protect those who believe they are complete Deutsche.



I could use numerous examples in this Chapter to illustrate what is deutsch and what is greenchoosy. I will refrain from doing so, because entire *Mein Sieg* revolves around precisely this question.

Economy

The economy is being abolished. According to Wikipedia, “economy” is “the totality of all institutions and actions that serve the planned satisfaction of needs.” “Economic activity” is understood to mean “all human activities” that aim to “make planned and efficient decisions about scarce resources in order to satisfy needs in the best possible way.” In fact, however, the German language allows us to completely reinterpret today’s “economy” (Wirtschaft) and “economic activity” (Wirtschaften).

The ending “-schaft” comes from the Old High German “scaft” and “giscraft” and is used in High German when we want to express an activity, a state, a characteristic and/or, in particular, something communal. This is evidenced, for example, by the terms “Bereitschaft” (willingness), “Gefangenschaft” (captivity), “Wissenschaft” (science), and “Herrschaft” (reign). The verb “schaffen” (to create, to accomplish) and its counterpart “abschaffen” (to get rid of, to abolish) also originate from this background.

Now I will introduce another term, and the picture will almost complete itself: that of “parasitism”. According to Wikipedia, in biology, parasitism refers to “the exploitation of resources by small organisms (called parasites) from significantly larger organisms (called hosts) of another species.” In the process, “the host’s health is impaired either by being stung or bitten by the parasite, which can cause infections, or by the parasite exploiting the host’s body as a habitat over a longer period of time.” Examples of parasites include worms, lice, ticks, mites, mosquitoes, and fleas, while examples of hosts include cats, wood mice, and foxes.

Now, this biological definition obviously cannot be used directly to determine the true definition of today’s “economy”, but rather requires some extraordinary mental gymnastics. *Who or what is the host (Wirt) and who or what is the parasite here?*

I think it is already clear and unambiguous what I am getting at: The host is all the peoples of this Earth, among them especially the

Aryan race, and the parasite is the world poisoner of all peoples, international finance-Jewry and its helpers! Whoops, wrong text. Of course, I wanted to say the following: **Man is both host and parasite; man today is a parasite on himself and on other men.**



Of course, I did not come to this conclusion by studying the German language, but only after careful consideration, and I am happy to share my findings with You.

Humans are animals, and their name until now has been *Homo sapiens*. *Homo* is the biological genus, and *sapiens* is Latin and means “wise, clever, rational, sensible”. The name *Homo sapiens* suggests that, as animals, we are not only subject to classic animal necessities such as food for energy, sleep for rest, and sexual intercourse for reproduction, but that we also have “higher” needs of some kind. The “economy” should therefore aim to satisfy these two types of needs “systematically” and distribute resources “efficiently”. Instead, we are completely unspecified. You are, I am, we all are unspecified.

When I first heard about Karl Marx and his concept of “exploitation of man by man”, I thought: Damn, I have nothing new to tell the world; like all great ideas, this one has already been discovered, chewed over, and swallowed. I quickly realized: Marx is an idiot. He didn’t mean, as I do, the exploitation of all people by all people, but rather tried to incite the two classes that supposedly have always existed, the “proletariat” against the “bourgeoisie”, workers against entrepreneurs.

The Marxist class struggle was followed by the National Socialist race struggle. There were supposed to be human races that had always competed with each other for limited habitat, and one race,

the Aryan race, provided for everything good in the world, while the other, the Jewish race, was behind all the evil in the world and was corrupting the Aryan race. Both ideas were idiotic. **Class struggle and race struggle are being abolished. The struggle of mankind has been created.**

Deprived of its habitat, mankind is totally unspesified. International Fuckism reigns everywhere; everyone fucks and gets fucked. We Deutschen have the mission of respeciefying humanity by reconquering our habitat and putting an end to the Age of Fuckism.



The following facts and figures refer to the Federal Republic of Germany in the year 2025 AD.

A company delivers goods and provides services to its customers. In return, it receives money with which it covers its own costs, for example in the form of wages paid to its workers. The difference between income and expenditure is referred to as profit. There are two types of companies: partnerships and corporations. The profit of a partnership is taxed like a worker’s wages, namely as follows through income tax and social security contributions:

Payment	€738.20	€2,454.00	€6,763.84	€9,614.73	€27,264.67	€100,000
Social Security	€182.20 (24.68 %)	€873.00 (35.57 %)	€2,406.21 (35.57 %)	€2,988.58 (31.08 %)	€2,988.58 (10.96 %)	€2,988.58 (2.99 %)
Income Tax	€0	€87.33 (3.56 %)	€917.66 (13.57 %)	€1,844.25 (19.18 %)	€9,777.83 (35.86 %)	€44,308.95 (44.31 %)
Disposable Income	€556.00	€1,493.67	€3,439.97	€4,781.90	€14,498.26	€52,702.47
Disposable Income Share	75.31 %	60.87 %	50.86 %	49.74 %	53.18 %	52.70 %

For the calculation, I used an average, non-denominational German with one child. The solidarity surcharge is included in the income

tax. The monthly payments, except for the last one, were not chosen at random, but that would be going too far here. Of the six sample payments, most Germans fall between columns two and four, as shown in the fourth row, which can be perceived as the monthly net wage.

A partner or employee can do whatever he wants with the rest. Corporations, on the other hand, are taxed on two levels. Fifteen percent corporate tax and between 7% and 31.5% municipal trade tax, averaging around 15.3%, are paid on profits. A corporation can only use the remaining money for business purposes, such as investing or paying off debts. If the entrepreneur wants to have as much freedom over the profits already taxed at the operating level as an employee, he must pay an additional 26.375% capital gains tax, including the solidarity surcharge. Partners in partnerships and workers can therefore freely dispose of around 50–60% of their income, while corporations can dispose of an average of $0.69705 \times 0.73625 \approx 51.32\%$.

Certain things have been greatly simplified here, but it's roughly correct. The tax system in the Federal Republic of Germany is like something out of hell. The tax regulations are deliberately kept unnecessarily complex with numerous exceptions, additions, and deductions. For example, someone with an annual income of €60,000 pays $0.0000017664 \times 60,000^2 + 0.178077 \times 60,000 - 2,628.52 \approx \text{€}14,415$ in income tax. No joke, that is the exact, official calculation formula according to Section 32a EStG (German Income Tax Act). Or at least that is what it would say in black and white in this section if these losers were capable of doing math. And nothing fundamental will ever change under the black-red or whatever government. If anything, there will be cosmetic changes—a little tax exemption here, a little depreciation there. Instead, I have a radical and brilliant solution to propose:

Payment	€2,500	€8,000	€22,000	€32,000	€90,000	€330,000
Income tax	€0	€1,500 (18.75 %)	€8,500 (38.64 %)	€13,500 (42.19 %)	€42,500 (47.22 %)	€162,500 (49.24 %)
Disposable Income	€2,500	€6,500	€13,500	€18,500	€47,500	€167,500
Disposable Income Share	100 %	81.25 %	61.36 %	57.81 %	52.78 %	50.76 %

The two tables can be compared column by column. Don't be confused by the higher amounts; the decisive factor are the disposable income shares. A deutsches year consists of 100 days, see Chapter *Time*, which is why the monthly payments have been extrapolated to an annual income using a factor of approximately 3.3.

Income tax is 50%, and all social security contributions are being abolished. An annual allowance of €5,000 is introduced for individuals, and all other deductions, exemptions, aso. asf. are being abolished. Corporate tax, municipal trade tax, capital gains tax, and the solidarity surcharge are being abolished. Capital gains and everything else count as income.

What would we gain from this? We would have a tax system that every child can understand. Every day, you can earn €50 tax-free; anything above that is taxed at 50%. The many other advantages and my philosophy behind this will become clear to You in a moment. Buckle up, this is just the beginning!



The *Bank of Deutschland* will be accomplished. Every Deutsche will have a bank account with the purely digital *Bank of Deutschland*. Companies will be able to be founded in no time at all via the *Bank of Deutschland*; the company name and purpose will suffice. Accounting is being abolished, and profits will be automatically calculated for all companies using the cash method of accounting.

Entrepreneurs will only have to check the correct classification of business transactions (essentially operating income and expenses, deposits, borrowing and repayment, dividends, and income and sales tax), if at all. Payroll accounting is being abolished; everything will be entered once in a simple manner, and that will be it. Tax declarations are not filed on a beer coaster, but are being abolished altogether. Taxes are automatically paid and refunded—the sales tax on a weekly basis. Incoming and outgoing invoices are created and transmitted via the *Bank of Deutschland* and automatically linked to bank transactions. All You need to run a business is provided free of charge by the *Bank of Deutschland*.

All other banks are being abolished. They simply won't be able to compete with the *Bank of Deutschland* in terms of price-performance ratio. Banks once had the task of providing economically viable businesses with loans, for which they charged interest. In today's complex world, they can no longer fulfill this task. What young, promising business model is still recognized as such by banks? Banks are arrogant, outdated, and incapable of providing economically viable loans. The *Bank of Deutschland* will take on this task by means of interest-free venture capital. Where will Deutschland get the money?

The federal states and all other clefts and cracks that run through Germany are being abolished. Only the deutschen municipalities will remain in place for the time being. Debt at the municipal and state level will be transferred to the federal level. For reasons of liquidity and creditworthiness, the debt restructuring will be interest-neutral to low-interest in favor of Deutschland. Municipal and state bonds, federal securities, and all other government fundraising measures are being abolished. Instead, only government bonds, called *Deutsche Bonds* with varying maturities will be issued. The coupon on Deutsche Bonds will quickly fall to 0%. How is that possible, You ask, when the *European Central Bank* currently pays 2.15%? This will become clear to You after reading this chapter and, even more so, after enjoying the entire book.



Insurances are being abolished. Insurance is intended to provide financial protection in the event of damage or loss. The insurer determines the insurance premium using statistical computations. For example, a car worth \$100 has a 50% probability of breaking down within a year. If the insurance premium were \$50 and the car could be purchased for the same price, then this insurance would cover the risk efficiently. Now it would depend on how risk-averse or risk-tolerant the insured person is. However, insurers compete with each other. Those who develop the best mathematical models, determine risks with near accuracy, and price them accordingly dominate the market. However, mathematical models are difficult to patent and keep secret from the competition. The best workers are poached from each other. In addition, even the stupidest insurer receives regular feedback on whether its estimates were correct and can make fine adjustments accordingly. In this way, it is hardly possible to generate returns, at most in the single-digit percentage range, unless there is a cartel. But how then?

Insurers sell two things: trust and law. The insured wants to feel assured by the insurer. Insurers therefore spend a lot of money on customer loyalty and trust building, for example on advertising and personal communication. Now the returns are getting even worse. The actual business model behind insurance policies is, therefore, contracts, the policies themselves. Thanks to creative insurance terms and conditions, attempts are made to make payouts impossible. Yes, the car is fully insured, but only if it is not standing still and is not being driven. If, unfortunately, a claim has to be settled in accordance with the contract, it is initially blocked. If you don't like it, just sue them! The appropriate legal expenses insurance is also conveniently offered. Lo and behold, the return is in double digits. The insurer itself takes out reinsurance with other insurers, who in turn take out reinsurance, and so on. Wild financial products

are created to insure all reinsurance, re-reinsurance, and re-re-reinsurance contracts criss-cross. This would reduce the variance, the spread of claims, and thus the risk even further.

In addition, insurers often prescribe certain protective measures that require additional expenditure. In itself, there would be nothing wrong with this, provided that it reduced the overall costs for the insured. I have my doubts as to whether this is actually the case, and whether it serves only as another unnecessary economy and job creation measure.

How can we do without insurance? By working together to prevent damage and cover the costs. After all, damage would not disappear if insurance were abolished. What would change are the costs. Conservatively estimated, one dollar of actual damage causes total economic costs of five dollars. Once there is no more insurance and no more “all-risks-insured” mentality, people will automatically become more careful. Goodbye insurance fraud. We will conduct research into all risks and inform the public about whether and how they can be easily and effectively eliminated or mitigated. We must learn from every claim and see whether it could have been reasonably prevented. Of course, there are some types of damage that cannot be prevented, such as damage caused by natural disasters. But nowadays, it is almost impossible to insure against such events anyway. The catastrophic consequences of the “100-year-flood” in the Ahr Valley were not caused by the hundred years or some climate change, but by the stupidity of humans, which has always been rampant. Overall, humanity will be more than a hundred times safer for less than one hundredth of the current costs.



Summarizing the last three sections alone, Deutschland will gain around 1.1 million unemployed people:

- 538,000 bankers
- 290,000 insurers
- 97,000 tax officials
- 92,000 tax advisors
- 60,000 accountants
- 15,000 auditors

And I say beforehand that it won't stay that way. You gotta pump those numbers up, those are rookie numbers. The figures have been compiled from various sources and annual data, but on the whole they should correspond to the current order of magnitude. Only the tax authority will not be completely abolished, just trimmed down considerably. All other work is useless, in fact even harmful to Deutschland.

People's relationship to work is quite strange. Personally, I have never worked in my life, and I have no intention of ever working a single day, not even as a Führer. But I understand where that comes from. Working means living. In the past, people survived by picking berries and hunting game. Today, people work and get paid for it in order to pay for the work of others, who also get paid for it. That is why unemployment leads to crises of meaning and existence: because people feel like they are starving. However, we must move away from this natural way of thinking. *Deutschland's declared goal is that no one should have to work anymore.* This is precisely what will drive human progress forward on a massive scale.

The way people live today is totally unspiecifying and unspiecified. After you're born, your mom takes care of you for a bit, then you're deported to daycare and school, then you get some training or go to college so you can work until you retire, and then you get your pension until you die. Before the oldage of 13, you are not allowed to work outside of the family business at all, before the age of 18 only with severe time restrictions, then you have to work full-time until retirement, so that you don't have to work at all afterwards. What kind of work is it that is denied to a child but expected of

an adult? What kind of society is it in which a child is allowed to work in a family business but not in an “alien” business in a manner appropriate to his age? What kind of idea of man is it that prevents and excludes older people from work? Why do we work five days and then take two days off, and why do we have to take at least four oldweeks off in the oldyear? Why are we paid according to the time spent and attendance, and not according to the results achieved? Why are we paid at all?

Rest assured that all these issues will be addressed. At this point, I would just like to clear up a serious misconception. The strength of an economy depends solely on how many goods it exports abroad and how many services it provides to other countries. There is no such thing as absolute strength, only relative strength. The domestic economy is completely irrelevant. So if we can manufacture something domestically and sell it at a profit, but no one abroad wants it, then that does not strengthen the economy. Accountants, tax advisors, auditors, hairdressers, bakers, craftsmen, physicians, and many, many other professions do not contribute directly to economic power as long as they only work domestically for domestic residents. The first three are even massively harmful because they simply waste money, labor, time, and even entire livelihoods, and continue to be practiced for purely religious reasons, see Chapter *Religion*. All of this only inflates the gross domestic product, the total value of all goods produced and services provided domestically in a given oldyear.



Committees, commissions, councils, boards, advisory boards, professional chambers, professional associations, trade associations, unions, works councils, staff councils, supervisory boards, foundation boards, executive boards, and all similar bodies are being abolished. What they all have in common is that they only incur costs without producing anything productive. There will only be

entrepreneurs and workers who undertake something together. The German word “Unternehmen” is so wonderful, as it describes exactly what a company should be: something that is undertaken. This is in stark contrast to the repulsive Anglo-Saxon term “business”. Business is business, but a *Deutsches Unternehmen* is a German unternehmen.

Many people today still believe that works councils and trade unions were established to protect workers from entrepreneurs. The exact opposite was the case. They were allowed to protect entrepreneurs from workers, to keep workers away from communism and socialism. All other communist and socialist heresies followed from this misunderstanding. Deutschland, on the other hand, knows no difference between entrepreneurs and workers, which is why the ones do not need to be protected from the others.

The civil service is being abolished. First, I will restore the professional civil service so that we can get rid of the political poets and party bigwigs. I will then announce a special practical semester for all computer science students so that, together with the professional civil service, we can completely de-bureaucratize and digitize Deutschland within 100 days. These are the civil servants Deutschland needs—people who do their work for the good of the community. After that, there will be no more civil servants, no more public servants. Entrepreneurs must become civil servants, and civil servants must become entrepreneurs. Everyone is part of the folkscommunity and everyone will serve the folkscommunity. The question of whether a company should be privately or publicly run does not even arise. We are all pulling together on the same deutschen rope. For reasons of insolvency law, however, it is more practical for many things to remain in private hands, but that will become clear later.



Consumers must have as little money as possible at their disposal. As the name suggests, they merely consume. Entrepreneurs, on the other hand, create things. This does not mean that entrepreneurs are not also consumers in their private lives, but in their business activities they must operate effectively and efficiently.

This solves several problems at once. On the one hand, trainees are very poorly paid, even though practically any job in the world can be mastered to a high level in a few weeks or months and perfected in a few years. Instead, today's career ladder is associated with the expectation of ever-higher wages with increasing work experience. On the other hand, to complete vocational or university training, you generally have to spend three oldyears in college, and another two years for a master's degree. Why is that? There can only be two reasons: Either there is so much material everywhere that they try to concentrate the most important things into just three years, or there is so little material everywhere that they bulk it out to three years with unnecessary crap. The latter is much more likely to be the case in most training programs. A training program has to last three years, whatever the cost, even though the essentials could be learned in a much shorter time. But where would we end up if people were paid according to performance rather than trainings, qualifications, and accolades?

But it would not be fair to weigh deutsche jobs against each other. All Deutschen will contribute to the folkscommunity. Of course, one job is more useful to the folkscommunity than another if judged according to certain criteria. However, we should free ourselves from this, because Deutschland needs every deutsche job. All greenchoosy and fuckistic jobs are being abolished anyway. *Therefore, those who are capable must not be rewarded with higher wages, but with greater responsibility.* This applies to workers as well as entrepreneurs. **The entrepreneur has the greatest responsibility in the company.**

“Choose your career carefully” is being abolished. The idea behind this is that you should learn a job once and then work in that field for the rest of your life. One is supposed to feel called to do something. But that is not what humans are made for. On the contrary, a Deutscher must change his workplace from time to time to become a jack-of-all-trades who can fruitfully combine a wide variety of topics. Anything else only leads to dissatisfaction, as we see all too often these days. People are dissatisfied with their jobs, but don’t want to go through lengthy training with low or no pay in order to climb the career ladder again. All degrees, qualifications, and certificates are being abolished. Ridiculous titles such as “skilled worker”, “expert”, “specialist”, “analyst”, “mentor”, and “consultant” are being abolished. What matters is not what you have on paper, but what you can actually do. *And Deutschland will be able to do.* Heinrich Weinstock wrote that three types of people are needed: those who operate and maintain the machines, those who repair and improve them, and finally those who invent and design them. A Deutscher, on the other hand, can do all three.

Working hours are being abolished. A Deutscher must decide for himself whether, when, and how much he wants to work. Instead of working eight hours a day for five days and not working at all for two days, it makes much more sense to work four hours a day with full concentration. This applies to both physically and mentally demanding activities. For comparison: students and retirees nowadays always play hooky, while schoolchildren play about 2×52 (weekends) + 63 (holidays) + 10 – 6 (public holidays outside of vacation) + 10 (sick days) = 181 days, and workers approximately $2 \times 52 + 29$ (vacation days) + 10 + 24 = 167 days, and therefore around half of an oldyear hooky. $180 \times 8 \leq 360 \times 4$. Vacations, holidays, weekends, and public holidays are being abolished; instead, we need idleness and recovery. Younger Deutsche need to seek out more idle time, while older Deutsche need to recover more. Fixed appointments should be reduced to an absolute minimum. Remote communication should primarily be asynchronous and in writing.



Advertising is being abolished. Adam Smith wrote about supply and demand, which, in a legendary interplay, would lead to benefits for all through the workings of an invisible hand. What he could not have imagined at the time, of course, was that one day the supply could create demand through advertising. This is understandable, given that modern advertising has its roots in the late 19th century, until the whole thing was taken to extremes in the 1970s thanks to television and in the 2010s with the help of “social media”.

Advertising means that one person, the advertiser, thinks about how to rip off his fellow human beings, while another, the self-proclaimed entrepreneur and actual gypsy, invests his money in sales rather than in the product itself, and the customer is massively misinformed and ends up footing the bill. The gypsy pays one dollar to the advertiser. He hopes this will generate two dollars more in sales. The gypsy's balance is therefore $-1 + 2 = +1$, the advertiser's is $+1$, and the customer's is -2 . Every dollar spent on advertising thus results in total economic costs of four dollars.

For this reason, an advertising sales tax of 300% is introduced, which is not deductible as input tax. In addition, the net costs may not be claimed as business expenses and are therefore considered as dividend payment. This means that the state receives three dollars for every dollar spent on advertising by the advertiser and one dollar from the gypsy, the economic costs are eliminated, and it no longer makes sense for the gypsy to advertise. That should be enough to completely dry up the entire advertising market on the Internet, in print media, film, and television in Deutschland. In Germany alone, it is said to generate over 27 billion euros in sales oldannually, which means we have an immediate gain in prosperity of over 108 billion euros (roughly 128 billion dollars) per oldyear, less disinformation, less erosion of trust, less Fuckism, and more time and money for the product. At the same time, we will be 900,000 unemployed richer. In

a world full of gypsies, Deutsche Companies will thus have massive competitive advantages. If I am wrong about the More-Sales-due-to-Advertising factor (MSdAF) of two, then the advertising sales tax will simply be increased. It must be $(2 \times \text{MSdAF} - 1) \times 100\%$. This advertising sales tax will solve so, so, so many problems that You cannot even imagine.

We will develop our own search engine so that all the SEO crap is abolished. As was once the case with *Google*, websites will not end up at the top of the search results based on their degree of gypsyism and littering thanks to artificial smartness, but rather on their level of information. We will create the *.deutsch* domain, which will only be assigned to deutsche websites.

Discounts are being abolished. The price of a product or service must always cover its unit costs. Volume discounts and mixed calculations are being abolished, and the margin will be added uniformly for the entire product range or per product category, either absolutely or relatively to the unit costs. Price fluctuations throughout the day, such as at gas stations, are being abolished. Prices may not only rise, but may also fall. They must be made public, including the date of the last increase, the reason for the price change, and the price development over time. “Competition-related” price adjustments are being abolished. Tips will be handled as they are in Japan, i.e., abolished. The German national pastime of leafing through weekly brochures is being abolished. The time and travel costs involved in visiting different stores are not worth the gypsied meager savings. Hoarding is being abolished, supply will be guaranteed at all times.



A currency is worth as much as the trust placed in it. A central bank currency is as strong as the economy of the underlying country or currency area. Today’s central bank money is created out of thin air,

in unlimited quantities and without any countervalue, which leads to inflation. Bitcoin, on the other hand, is created by people from all over the world, is limited in quantity and therefore inflation-proof. Bitcoin is created using computing power according to an open protocol and stored on a publicly accessible list. Whoever owns the majority of the total computing power owns the Bitcoin. Trust in Bitcoin is based on a loose association of people who believe in its protocol. While previous currencies were created locally and traded locally to globally, Bitcoin is created and traded globally. So what is the value of Bitcoin? None at all. Bitcoin is a bubble, a fiction, an invention of the Chinese. The value of Bitcoin is measured by how much a complete fool is willing to pay for it. Wow, Nathan, doesn't that apply to pretty much everything? Exactly!

The greatest success of capitalism has been to put a price tag on everything. It's good for GDP. But if I cut your hair for €100 and you cut mine, then only the state is €38 richer in sales tax and €100 richer in income tax. Neither of us has gained anything, but the state has gained €138. You'll claim that I didn't cut your hair as well as you saw on *TikTok* recently, and announce that next time you'll only pay €50. Out of revenge, you also want to ruin my hair and still brazenly charge €100 for it. I distance myself from you, you right-wing extremist, and demand the redistribution of all wealth by the state. Let the rich be expropriated! Generously, the state gives us back €40 of our €138 each, because after all, the state apparatus wants to be taken care of, too. So this is the universal basic income that everyone is talking about, which we can now spend on our next haircut. The outcome? We have lost ourselves. None of this would have happened if we had cut each other's hair trustingly and without payment. Capitalism has built up some material wealth and destroyed a great deal of immaterial wealth.

The second greatest success of capitalism was to completely decouple the price of a commodity from its value. Don't get me wrong, there is no such thing as intrinsic value in this world. You yourself attach value to something, and that may coincide with other

people's values, which is mainly achieved through advertising these days. If a twelve-year-old spends weeks working on his artwork and his parents idolize him for it, that doesn't mean there's a new Last Supper up for auction. Nevertheless, market prices can be observed and compared in general and over time. It becomes apparent that today they are hardly based on production costs anymore. Combined with capitalism's greatest success, this is a truly diabolical combination.

Everything is a bubble. The oldest and most persistent bubble in the world is called gold, gold, and silver. Because they sparkle so beautifully and are so rare, they are supposed to be worth a lot. What nonsense. Apart from their industrial uses, gold and silver serve no purpose whatsoever. According to Wikipedia, global industrial demand in 2018 was around 300 tons of gold and 18,000 tons of silver. There are still enough reserves of gold, but even if used exclusively for reasonable purposes, the world's silver reserves will be depleted in 30 oldyears. Jewelry manufacturing will therefore be completely abolished. We only need raw materials such as diamonds, titanium, and platinum in the technical industry, if at all. In general, great importance must be attached to the recyclability and recycling of raw materials and products. More details on this can be found in the last section of this chapter.

Inflation is being abolished. According to Wikipedia, inflation measures the "increase in the general price level of an economy" within a certain period of time, usually within a calendar oldyear. Whatever value between -1 and, say, $+10$ comes out, it is both right and wrong. This is because it is measured using a fictitious basket of goods with fictitious weightings for the individual product groups and selective observation of the prices of individual products. However, no one buys the same goods or pays for the same services. This is particularly absurd for companies. The goods that a company trades in and the services it provides may show price increases that are completely different from the supposed average price increase in the economy as a whole. Inflation is particularly problematic for two

reasons: First, it is used to calculate what is claimed to be “real” economic growth. If someone sells the same product at a higher price than before, then the economy has not grown. Therefore, it is correct to factor out price increases. However, while the nominal gross domestic product can be determined quite accurately, the inflation rate is completely fictitious. Statisticians therefore have a large say in whether the economy has grown “in real terms” or not. The far greater problem, however, is the interest rate level and the greed of individuals. Inflation is only measured and made such a big deal of so that interest rates can be justified. Of course, an inflation rate of zero to negative would be ideal. Productivity gains should cause prices to fall over time. Although new, innovative products come onto the market every year, which initially have to be more expensive to cover investment costs and due to the lack of economies of scale, the wheel is not constantly being reinvented. But if prices remained the same or continued to fall, it would be more difficult to make more and more profit. Everyone raises their prices, why? Because of inflation. Inflation leads to inflation. Why shouldn’t you raise your prices when everyone else is doing it? You don’t want to be the one getting screwed, so everyone gets screwed. You fuck, and you get fucked. Some get fucked less, others get fucked more, but in the end, everyone gets fucked. Interest rates ensure this. The interest rate should actually be 0%. But banks need inflation, because otherwise they would have no income. They say interest is the price of money. For what exactly? No one has commissioned banks to supply the economy with means of exchange as if no one else could do it. Banks have no idea which projects are economically viable and which are not. That’s why they mainly grant loans to traditional companies with established business models in industry, construction, and the service sector, for which they charge exorbitant interest rates. However, it is precisely such companies with relatively secure incomes that should not be burdened with interest rates. The lack of social trust leads to poor payment practices, notoriously dissatisfied customers, and botched work. Companies go bankrupt for nothing at all. At the same time,

ordinary banks are reluctant to invest in truly innovative companies because it requires burning a lot of money in the process. The higher the risk, the greater the potential profit, but what can you do if you are stupid yourself? For this reason, (gypsy) capitalists have invented so-called investment banks, venture capital firms, and other abominations that are profitable even without this interest rate fuck, i.e., they are not dependent on inflation. There is also much to criticize about them, but I will refrain from doing so in this book because time is pressing. In Deutschland, at any rate, both existential and experimental ventures are provided with loans free of interest. Experimental ventures are reviewed by independent scientists for their potential success, and the loan is approved or rejected accordingly. However, one must be quite generous here, because it is better to waste money and resources than to prevent progress. We cannot waste and fail any more than we do today anyway.



An economy is strong when it is willing to change. Historically, this has been seen, for example, in times when traditional religious teachings were not taken quite so strictly—the only periods of prosperity in Islam.

The real success of capitalism was the willingness to change and the frenzy of change that it brought with it. Everyone had to be willing to change, everything could be subject to change, but that was once upon a time. Communists are convinced that capitalism has become worse and worse over time. That was by no means the case. There was the capitalism just described. This capitalism needed well-trained workers who could do more demanding jobs. Industrialization led to a sharp increase in labor productivity, meaning that fewer and fewer workers were needed to perform the same amount of work. However, if the masses became unemployed, it would lead to unrest, riots, or even revolutions. That is why gypsy capitalism

began to spread and prosper, as we can marvel at and admire in all its glory today. The capitalism of yesteryear has little to do with the gypsy capitalism of today. Gypsy capitalism does not want to change, but to remain as it is. Those who once became wealthy secure their power through democracy, the press, the judiciary, and, in particular, the dumbing down of humanity. Endless amounts of bullshit jobs that no one needs have been created. Effective and efficient? No way! Meanwhile, the only ones who still get rich are those who contribute to the ubiquitous dumbing down of humanity. Humanity is so damn close to the complete realization of *idiocracy* if Deutschland does not become a reality.

Deutsch is disruptive. Being deutsch means being ready for change, as long as it is deutsch. Not “business as usual”, as the gypsy capitalists like to say.



In 2024, Germany collected around **1,804 billion euros** in taxes, social security contributions, and fees. With a population of 85 million and a life expectancy of 80 oldyears, this would amount to a lifetime per capita income for the state of just under 1.7 million euros! Where does all this money go? Does anyone feel the effects of this in his everyday live? No! All of the money is completely wasted. I’ve tried to find reliable figures detailing what all of the money is spent on so that I can present a conclusive picture here, but it is all very, very opaque. 875 billion, almost half of the revenue, went to social security. 407 billion went to the state’s total personnel costs, but 27 billion of that is already included in the 875 billion. 192 billion is said to have gone to construction projects and other investments. Where the remaining 357 billion went is highly unclear. To cause confusion, vast sums of money are distributed and shifted between the federal government, the states, and the municipalities through aid, loans, levies, and subsidies. Dozens, even hundreds, of different agencies are entrusted with the same task. It is also

claimed that Germany took in 1,978 billion euros in the same year. Nobody knows where the difference of 174 (!) billion euros comes from. Germany is also said to have spent a total of 2,082 billion euros and taken on 104 billion in new debt to do so. In any case, Germany has 99 problems, but none with money. More precisely, it does not have a revenue problem, but an expenditure problem.

Of the 1,804 billion euros, 949 billion came from taxes, 708 billion were social security contributions, and 147 billion were charged to the stupid rabble as fees. Income tax to a Deutschen's understanding (i.e., income tax, corporate tax, municipal trade tax, capital gains tax, and solidarity surcharge) brought in 505 billion, and sales tax brought in 302 billion. This means that 85% of tax revenue came from these two sources alone. Deutschland will only have an income tax and sales tax, with the lion's share of government revenue coming from sales tax for a certain period of time. After that, sales tax and later even income tax are being abolished. How and why will become clear to You in a moment.

All other taxes, social security contributions, and fees are being abolished. In short, all other taxes are being abolished, because taxes are funds that must be paid to the state so that it can (in theory) perform its duties. The division into taxes, social security contributions, and fees only regulates *who* has to pay the taxes *and for what reasons*. All social spending is being abolished. Instead, an universal basic income in kind, the *Deutsche Livelihood*, will be introduced. All of humanity's existential needs will be met at all times. This is by no means charity, since you will not need more in life and you will not be able to improve your own life with more. Roughly speaking, the only true human need is health. This includes housing for protection from the weather and controlled temperature conditions, nutrition for physical health, and upbringing, unfolding, undecking for mental health. To be physically healthy, one must be able to relieve oneself hygienically and wash, so sanitary facilities must also be provided. The Internet gives you unlimited access to knowledge from all over the world, so you need an Internet

connection. Bit by bit, you can clearly define and determine what a state must guarantee under all circumstances. **What states currently afford themselves has nothing to do with what people really need.**

Personal bankruptcy is being abolished. People will simply no longer be able to go bankrupt. The only lender in Deutschland is the *Bank of Deutschland*, and it only grants loans to companies. State institutions cannot practically go bankrupt, which can lead to mismanagement. Companies are allowed to go bankrupt, but liability is limited to business assets. The distinction between partnerships and corporations is being abolished. The main difference between the two internationally is—in most cases—the different liability regulations. Partners are also liable with their private assets, while corporations are only liable with their business assets. This creates completely unnecessary existential pressure, which often leads to suicide.

The *Bank of Deutschland* is the sole creditor, and it will simply write off the losses. Accordingly, however, loans must be granted with great care. In fact, the total amount of loans granted (and thus also the total assets) will decrease massively. What else would one need a loan for? Only to purchase raw materials, tools, machinery, and the like. Everything necessary for life itself is already available. You can start a company while receiving *Deutschen Livelihood* benefits and remain within this safety net until the company becomes financially self-sustaining. The initial financing rounds of today's Gypsy Companies are mainly intended to collect the wages of their mercenaries. That's not how things are done in Deutschland, just select Your deutschen comrades and get to work!



When will you finally reveal the catch, Nathan? There isn't one. At least, not if you're Deutscher. Because much of what I promise in this chapter only applies to *Deutsche Companies*. There will be

two types of companies based in Deutschland until one of them finally dies out: Gypsy Companies and Deutsche Companies. A Deutsches Company is characterized by the fact that it does not offer any fuckistic goods and services, as these are subject to sales tax. The type of company must be abbreviated and placed before the company name. Gypsy Companies are abbreviated with ZU, because they are supposed to close down, Deutsche Companies with DU, because YOU pull(s) the strings of (Y)our life! Both will be able to enjoy the benefits of the *Bank of Deutschland*, but there are differences in taxation: The profits of a Gypsy Company are taxed at a rate of 30% for both corporate tax and capital gains tax. $0.7 \times 0.7 \approx 49\%$, so the total burden is comparable. However, taxation will continue to be levied on two levels, as is already the case today, which means that profits cannot be reinvested so easily. The real problem, however, will be finding mercenaries, because no worker will want to work for a Gypsy Company. Mercenaries working for Gypsy Companies do not have an annual allowance on their pay. At the beginning of Deutschland, all companies are Gypsy Companies. This is due to the system; in a fuckistic world, it is simply not possible to run a Deutsches Company. Five to 10% of all companies will be able to be transformed into Deutsche companies with minor changes, and another 10 to 20% after major changes. The rest is being abolished over time, and at the same time, new, fresh Deutsche Companies will be created.

Deutschland will conquer the world humanly. The unspecified people worldwide will all want to be part of Deutschland. Finally, people will have a habitat again where they can live appropriately for their species! Everywhere, people, not some workers, but *people*, will desire Deutschland, and they will soon get Deutschland. Marx was the biggest fool of all time. What do all people have in common? Exactly, they are workers! In the 30th week of pregnancy, they read the *Communist Manifesto*, in the 35th week of pregnancy, they form a union, and shortly after birth, they demand an universal basic income. Of course not! What unites all people is that they

are human beings! And only a folkscommunity with a folkseconomy serves humanity. Instead of spending \$20,000 on a week's vacation in the Maldives, a Deutscher must work to ensure that the Maldives quickly become part of Deutschland so that the folkscommunity can relax in the Maldives all year round. That's the spirit Deutschland needs!

Deutschland will conquer the world economically. There is no competition between Deutschen Companies, but rather close cooperation to manufacture the deutschest products that will be unrivaled internationally. Deutschland will be the benchmark of the world. Deutsche Companies will deliver and work among themselves at cost price or without payment, while they can charge exorbitant prices abroad. The domestic economy must be completely abolished, just like in a family. No mother charges her child for the meals she lovingly prepares, even though this would contribute to the gross domestic product. Why doesn't she do that? Is she stupid, Adam? No, she is human. Human cooperation has ensured the success of our species, and human cooperation will respeciefy us and ensure the deutschen success. Anything that harms, unspeciefies, or divides us will be taxed to death with sales tax. In terms of foreign trade, customs duties will be reduced to zero. Customs duties are additional sales taxes on foreign products, which is completely nonsensical, because a fuckistic product is a fuckistic product, regardless of where it is manufactured. *A Deutscher never distinguishes by race, but only by the class of a product.* Imports, excluding raw materials, will nevertheless decrease to nearly zero, as no Gypsy Company can manufacture deutsche goods or provide deutsche services. *Every foreign company is a Gypsy Company.* However, the reduction in imports and the increase in exports must not be achieved through taxes and subsidies, but solely through species-appropriate demand from companies and consumers. Duty-free trade does not have to be reciprocal. Trump or whoever else can increase his wonderful tariffs to 100% or even more, or ban the import of deutsche goods altogether. *But anyone who closes himself off from the deutschen*

economy has already lost before the economic war has even begun.
The beauty of it is: **Anyone who wants to beat Deutschland economically must become Deutschland himself.** And they all are very welcome. Anyone who wants to be part of the deutschen family can only win. That is exactly what being deutsch means—thinking from the end. **Deutscher prosperity is not based on its trade surpluses, but on the expansion of human habitat and the increase in deutschen people.**

Who won't like the folkseconomy? Tax advisors, auditors, advertisers, economists, gypsies, and many, many more. They will all criticize the folkseconomy to the ground because they will all be unemployed in Deutschland. They will claim that none of this is possible, that accounting and advertising are indispensable, that it is not legally feasible, that it is not financially viable, aso. asf. The opinion of economists in particular should be completely ignored. Economists are merely philosophers who think in practical terms. They talk a lot, have an opinion on everything, and can justify anything with the help of theoretical models and deceptive data, and derive all kinds of nonsense from it. They are incapable of creativity. They cannot conceive of anything completely new. One should especially stay away from economists financed by the state and/or Gypsy Companies, i.e., almost all of them and all of the well-known ones. At the same time, no one who is not an economist can be a philosopher, because otherwise they would not be able to provide answers to the practical questions of life. That is why, as the greatest philosopher of all time, I also had to invent the only species-appropriate human economy, the folkseconomy.

Whatever it takes, we must break all the chains that have been imposed not by some international finance-Jewry, but by mankind itself.



Possession and ownership are being abolished. People will only have things *at their disposal*. Anyone who does not treat the things at his disposal properly will have them taken away. Let's take a fisherman from earlier times as an example. The fisherman took on the task of fishing for the good of the community. He fished well, he fished a lot, his fellow human beings were fed, and the fisherman was happy. No one would have thought of envying him for all the fish he caught, competing with him, or prohibiting him from fishing. The fisherman welcomed kind suggestions on how he could catch fish more easily, more quickly, and in greater quantities. People were eager to help when needed. And what's the situation today? The seas and the fish that live in them are polluted, more fish are being caught than the population can recover, and fishermen compete with each other for fish that are caught solely for the purpose of reselling them at a profit. The capitalist was responsible for all of this. The gypsy capitalist glosses over overfishing and advertises fish as supposedly healthy. The communist is jealous of the fishermen and the many fish they catch, which is why he wants to expropriate all their possessions. It's all nonsense, it's all Fuckism. In Deutschland, the rule is: Fish! Fish as much as you want, but fish for Deutschland! In Deutschland, it doesn't matter who has what at his disposal, as long as it benefits the folkscommunity. Even if someone had **everything** in Deutschland at his disposal, it wouldn't be a problem. It would just mean that this person was doing his job right. If you took away this person's power, you would be harming the folkscommunity. In practice, for obvious reasons, this will not happen, as it is impossible to be the most capable in all areas. I just want to make it clear that the concentration of wealth is not automatically a bad thing. It is the system that causes the bad. In Deutschland, You'll own nothing and You'll be happy.

The concept of ownership is very, very old. First, nature invented short-term ownership. Animals that had killed other animals or found or captured food in other ways owned their food, so to speak. It belonged to them. They ate it, and then it was gone. Sharing with

one's conspecifics was also quickly learned, as it brought advantages. Sometimes one was successful in finding food, sometimes the other. Together, it was easier to survive. Humans then invented long-term ownership. Thanks to their inventive spirit, they were able to make sturdy tools, durable objects, and robust clothing to use over a longer period of time. This required a lot of time and effort. In contrast to the short-term ownership of food, humans thus developed a much closer bond and relationship with their possessions. The fact that they still liked to share them with their fellow human beings underlines their particularly social nature. Then, 12,000 oldyears ago, with the advent of agriculture and animal husbandry, humans began to settle down, see Chapter *Nutrition*. Now humans could also possess their food for the long term. Over time, they came to believe that they could possess all living beings, even their own conspecifics, and unspecified themselves.

Why was money invented? Because of a lack of trust and the specialization of labor. In the early small communities, there was no money. People trusted each other. One person took care of another without demanding immediate compensation. Of course, people did this because they indirectly rewarded each other, but no one kept track of who did what and who owed whom. Needless to say, people were not naive. Those who obviously exploited others and only took but never gave were expelled from the community. Humans have a very keen sense of justice. At some point, bartering with other communities began. The first cultures were invented, and people saw that other cultures valued different things than they did. Then their own community grew larger, work became more specialized, and goods became more numerous, which is why they also switched to bartering within the community. Trust declined because giving and taking now took place under fixed conditions. Everyone knew who he owed something to and from whom he could demand something. Only then was money invented, which made trade easier, but also made it much easier for clever and greedy people to take advantage of their fellow human beings. Trust eroded massively.

That is why religions were invented—to rebuild trust in one another. However, the actual cause of the breach of trust, money, was not addressed. People must be able to trust each other, otherwise they become mentally ill. Therefore, money must be abolished in the near future. Well, how does one abolish money? By creating trust and largely abolishing the specialization of labor. At the very least, the transition from one job to another must be made significantly easier. As long as the Fuckists believe that money and gold have any value, we can use that to our advantage. And once they understand that money and gold are just a fiction, it will be to the advantage of us all. Money is just the train we board until we reach our destination.

So how exactly do we get rid of money? First, a uniform wage is gradually introduced. Income tax and the annual allowance are increased evenly in five steps from 50% and €5,000 to 100% and €10,000. By the time of the last increase, sales tax revenues should already have fallen sharply, as all items subject to sales tax will have been abolished. The state will then have virtually no regular revenue left, and almost all of the assets will be tied up in companies. In return, they will gradually offer their services free of charge within Deutschland. They don't have any other choice anyway, since even the "richest" entrepreneur cannot waste more than €100 per day on average. Over time, it will make no difference to workers whether they still receive wages or not. Entrepreneurs or workers who have no plans for what to do with their money can simply transfer it to the state, which will find a way to put it to good use. In the final step, money is being abolished completely. The question of all questions is whether resources can continue to be distributed effectively and efficiently, which, incidentally, will be the case in Deutschland for the first time in human history. Whether the most capable will always be allocated the resources they need to use for the good of humanity. Whether the structures and trust that Deutschland will build will last forever and ever. If anyone can do it, it's Deutschland. Can we do it? Yes, we can! Even and especially without Merkel.



The invention of software has exposed and refuted once and for all the Marxist obsession with the supposedly all-determining ownership of the means of production as such. Admittedly, it was probably impossible for Marx to know at the time that one day most money would be made not from hardware but from software. The United States' economic wealth is based on its Tech Giants. Its latest driving force, *NVIDIA*, is also primarily a software company. Unfortunately, unfortunately, Deutschland will put an end to this.

The future of hardware and, above all, software is free and open source (FOSS). Deutschland will create a deutsches *GitHub*. Everything will be released there under the *Deutschen License*, which consists of just three words: "For the people." Everyone in the world can contribute to it and benefit from it. No area is excluded. Military, schools, banks, power plants, aso. asf., everything will be FOSS. There will always be a simple and uniform core program. If necessary, the scope of each program can be expanded with extensions. Don't like something? Then write an extension Yourself, or make a suggestion to change the core program! Entirely different forks should remain the exception. Security concerns are misplaced, because there can be no security through obscurity. Any system can be hacked, but it is more noticeable in FOSS programs, since two heads are better than one. For the time being, critical systems will simply not be connected to the Internet unless mathematical security can be guaranteed.

Closed and proprietary programs will not stand up to the FOSS approach. The large, mainly American software companies pay a few mercenaries exorbitant salaries in order to generate impressive per-employee profits through exorbitant prices. It's worth it for everyone, because these Gypsy Companies are always listed on the stock exchange. Everyone can participate in the rising value of the company by buying shares, which is why they are massively

overvalued on the stock exchanges. It's a self-perpetuating system. People are too lazy and incapable to inform themselves about open solutions. Companies often opt for these expensive and complicated ready-made solutions for reasons of data protection liability and convenience. In some cases, open solutions are not good enough. All this will end with Deutschland. It will not be a few well-paid and unscrupulous mercenaries who will write the programs of the future, but all Deutschen together and with passion. When no one is forced to work for a living anymore and no one can be found who wants to do a certain job, then the fruits of that labor are obviously rotten. What is the point of raking in money during the week in a fuckistic manner and doing volunteer work on the weekend instead of working for the good of the folkscommunity every single day of your life? On the other hand, we will do all *deutschen* jobs with passion and deliver the corresponding results! Deutschland will solve the software crisis! The Germans and the English invented the computer. It is time to return to our roots.



Depreciation is being abolished. Depreciation means being able to claim something as a business expense. If you make *eleven million* euros in profit in a year and buy a machine for *ten million*, then in Deutschland the actual profit is reported as *one million*. In Germany, on the other hand, only 10%, or just *one million*, of the actual expenditure may be claimed as a business expense in the same financial year, and as a result, an artificial profit of *ten million* must be reported, and *three million* in taxes must be paid on it, which you may not even have! What nonsense. This favors external financing, because under these circumstances, hardly anyone buys in cash. With external financing, only the interest is considered a business expense, and if the repayment and depreciation periods are the same, the payments that actually flow out of the company correspond approximately to the amount that can be artificially claimed

as a business expense. Often, you can even artificially reduce your profits in this way! In Deutschland, everything is written off in full in the year of payment, thus eliminating the massive disadvantage of self-financing. The preferential treatment of certain industries through special depreciation options is also abolished as a result. Profits and losses can be offset against each other across all years. There will, of course, be certain restrictions for Gypsy Companies, otherwise they could leverage their tax disadvantage until the cows come home.

Depreciation was originally invented to ensure a regular and steady flow of tax revenue. Fortunately, Deutschland does not need this. The real reason why this nonsense continues is, of course, accounting, the supposedly accurate valuation of a company on a specific date. **However, Deutsche Companies are not traded.** The value of a Deutschen company is not a monetary amount, but its sheer existence. Gypsy Companies are welcome to constantly evaluate themselves and buy and sell each other. To make it even more enjoyable for them, I will establish many thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands more rules and exceptions that must be taken into account in accounting so that they know exactly what they are worth at all times: nothing.

If the future is indeed traded on the stock markets, then there will soon be no more stock markets, since the future is Deutschland. A common method for the purpose of company valuation was and still is, in some cases, 25 times a company's oldannual profit. According to this simple calculation, the investment would have been recouped 25 oldyears after the purchase. But in just 10,000 days, i.e. in less than 28 oldyears, Deutschland will encompass the whole world, and no existing company will be able to continue to exist in Deutschland without radical changes. What has value will no longer have value.

It's about the revaluation of all values!

Germany has the incredible luck in misfortune that its pension system is actually a pyramid scheme, while many other pension systems around the world rely on the stock market. Unfortunately,

unfortunately, Deutschland will blow up all of their systems, as all stock market values will plummet into the abyss. All loans backed by inflated collateral will pop as soon as the stock market bubble pops. Pop the bubble, pop the bubble, pob the bubble! Deutschland will trigger a massive financial crisis the likes of which the world has never seen, and Deutschland will ultimately survive as the only player and save humanity. However, Deutschland is certainly not responsible for all the catastrophic consequences during the transition period, which are unfortunately inevitable and will be mitigated as much as possible by Deutschland. Don't hate the player, hate the game. **The time is ripe for the Great Reset.**

After the complete collapse of the financial markets, we can also forget about the nonsense with Deutsche Bonds. The *Bank of Deutschland* will be the only bank *worldwide* that remains. There will be no other banks, not even a central bank. It is claimed that a central bank must be independent, which is something that one attempts to cement institutionally. Of course, this is all more appearance than reality, because all central bankers are merely driven by the markets *and* politicians; otherwise, the world's weak currencies such as the US dollar, the euro, the yen, the renminbi, and the pound would never have been able to prevail. Which factor predominates varies from currency area to currency area, but in any case, the bankers themselves have no say in the matter. In Deutschland, the entire traditional central bank policy is largely determined by me and handled by the *Bank of Deutschland*. As someone who firmly rejects all consumption and focuses on longevity, thereby ensuring stability, I can only be loved by the markets. However, Deutschland is not dependent on the markets, or more precisely on the sale of Deutschen Bonds, as it can easily save one of two trillion euros oldannually in its own budget. Deutschland will therefore not pay any interest on the bonds purchased and will not repay anything when they mature. What you are buying is my favor. The current wealthy people around the world can also found and build Deutsche Companies themselves, if they are capable of doing so. If

not, they can share their wealth with me, which I will in turn make fully available to Deutschen Companies. So those who are wealthy should donate to Deutschland. Those who are capable should work for Deutschland.

The *Deutsche Currency* is called *Tauschmittel* (medium of exchange), which can be abbreviated in writing as TM or symbolically as ₣. One Tauschmittel corresponds to 100 *Tauschmittelchen* (small media of exchange). ₣9.99 − ₣3.33 = ₣666.



The folkseconomy is a circular economy. There will no longer be any recyclable products, only products that are actually recycled. An egg that is fried becomes irrevocably a fried egg. A polyp of the species *Turritopsis dohrnii*, on the other hand, can become a jellyfish, which in turn can transform back into a polyp. We need as few fried eggs as possible and as many polyps and jellyfish of the species *Turritopsis dohrnii* as possible. We must consume little and use much.

Before consuming or using anything at all, the first step is always to ask yourself: *Do I need it?* Do I really need it? In many cases, you can skip the next two steps, because you want real estate, you want dollars, you want to fly like in Marvel, you want canapés and a Wildberry Lillet for breakfast, without first asking yourself why you want all of that in the first place. Wanting and needing are very different things, and all four combinations—wanted-needed, wanted-not needed, not wanted-needed, and not wanted-not needed—are widespread. Currently, the biggest problem is what you want but don't need, and the second biggest problem is what you don't want but need. The things that are not needed must be abolished, the things that are needed must be wanted. If I may introduce another verb, then the utmost biggest problem at the moment is what you need but don't get, regardless of whether you want it

consciously or only unconsciously.

If the answer to the first question is yes, then the second step is to ask yourself the following: *Can we afford this for all people in the present?* If so, then the third step is the final question: *Can we afford this for all people in the future?* Only if this question can be answered in the affirmative with a clear, deutschen conscience can the thing be accomplished.

The capitalists' assertion that states and socialists were ineffective and inefficient in their economic management is entirely accurate. There are reasons for this. The capitalists were not stupid people; they recognized their unspecification but did not believe that a specification was possible, which is why they tried to extract the greatest possible advantage for themselves personally from this rigged system, in which they inevitably failed. The communists and socialists blamed this terrible, terrible, possibly even Jewish egoism, and prattled on about how all people are good and equal and how we could all simply live together in peace, joy, and happiness. Civil servants' widespread self-assessment that they are irreplaceable and extremely important leads to bureaucracy and stagnation. The gypsy capitalists are the reason for the selective creation and dismantling of bureaucracy and for the ubiquitous decline in mental abilities. Ultimately, therefore, all fuckistic systems are backward, incompetent, ineffective, and inefficient because they are all unspecifying.

What will be the biggest driver of innovation and efficiency gains in Deutschland? The environment. Discoverists will constantly and consistently research and work on how to produce more and better products with the same or less raw materials. They will work hand in hand with Deutschen Companies. Deutsche monopolies do not stand for stagnation, but for efficiency. While today's top dogs do not want to give up their position at any price and try to brutally prevent innovation, Deutsche Companies will beg to be allowed to stop production as soon as a deutscher solution has been found.

Deutsche products must first and foremost be easy to maintain; only then must they fulfill their function. Engineers must always bear in mind that this development approach automatically ensures that a product can fulfill its function in the best possible way. Products that are difficult to maintain will be used reluctantly, and people will be reluctant to continue tinkering with them. Any non-functional bells and whistles must be dispensed with without exception. Any layperson must be able to operate and maintain deutsche devices, deutsche tools, and deutsche machines following written or personal instructions. Easy maintenance includes, in particular, easy cleaning. How often do I experience in everyday life how unnecessarily complicated something has been designed! This makes life and learning no fun.

Deutschland must become the world's empty garbage dump. What others consider garbage is (as yet) an unused raw material for the Deutschen. If it really is garbage, then we will have no choice but to recycle it thermally and/or dispose of it properly, because everyone else is too stupid and/or incapable of doing so and will only pollute the environment even more. Deutschland must be very pragmatic here. For example, filters for coal-fired power plants must be supplied and installed free of charge worldwide. These benefits will not directly benefit Deutschland, but they will certainly do so indirectly and in the long term. The brainless stupid will make fun of it, but we will win the hearts of the smart. We share (at present, unfortunately) the same planet, which is why the damage caused by *one* leads to damage for *all*, even if this may not always be immediately apparent. Deutschland must create a world in which all people know and live by the principle that the benefit of one can only increase the benefit of another. Not a greenchoosy, unspeciefying, and supposed benefit, but a deutsch, species-appropriate, and actual benefit. Those who previously believed they were living in prosperity, while we are obviously not well, will be greatly surprised as soon as they experience true deutschen prosperity.

Religion

Religion is being abolished. A religion is an ideology with a large number of followers, a sect is an ideology with “only” many followers. An ideology is a worldview or belief in something that must not be questioned to the very end. Later in this chapter, I will give an even more precise definition of religion, the most precise definition there is.

First, let’s talk about the three major Abrahamic religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. In fact, there is no need to go into religious rites, customs, myths, practices, etc., because at their core, these three religions, to which over 4.6 billion people are currently devoted, differ in the following three aspects:

	Christianity	Islam	Judaism
Historically violent	Yes	Yes	Yes
Theologically violent	No	Yes	Yes
Exclusivity	No	No	Yes

Historically, wars have been waged in the name of all three religions, with Christianity causing the most deaths, closely followed by Islam, and Judaism coming in a distant third. Theologically, that is, according to their holy scriptures such as the Tanakh, the Koran, and the Bible, only Judaism and Islam call for violence. In fact, Christian belligerence was “only” a response to Islam, which was extremely aggressive both theologically and in practice. Only Judaism is exclusive. The Jews placed little value on conversion, proselytizing, and conquest, in stark contrast to the imperialistic religions of Christianity and Islam.

A Christian is someone who has been baptized or converted to Christianity. A Muslim is someone who has a Muslim father, since only men, not women, are allowed to marry believers of the other two Abrahamic religions, and one must be married to reproduce, or someone who has converted to Islam. A Jew is someone who has

a Jewish mother. Judaism is thus both a religion and a race; for my concept of race, see Chapter *Race*. Take an initial population of men and women who are defined as Jews, and declare only those with a secure, i.e., maternal, lineage to be Jews. Let us assume that Judaism has existed for 4,000 ancient oldyears, that a generation lasts 25 oldyears, and only one in 1,000 Jewish women of each generation marries a non-Jewish man and bears children with him, and we arrive at a racial purity of Judaism of $0.999^{160} \approx 85\%$. Do not respond by saying that conversions are quite easy nowadays according to liberal understanding, or that there have been many conversions to Judaism throughout history (*Mein Kampf*, Volume I/Chapter 11, page 324, note 120). Compared to Christianity and Islam, this is negligible. In Islam in particular, everything revolves around men fucking everything that isn't up a tree by the count of three, for which they have to wage wars, and is thus basically just an association of sex- and war-addicted men of all races.

It follows from the racial definition of a Jew that one can never escape Judaism. Anyone who has a Jewish mother is and remains a Jew. Even someone who, as a “liberal Jew”, does not practice any Jewish customs but, due to cultural proximity, has children with a “liberal Jewess” and never familiarizes his children with religious Judaism, is and remains a Jew forever and ever, along with his wife and children. Even an intellectual giant like Kafka succumbed to Judaism after a short process. “The eternal Jew” is perhaps the only true anti-Jewish stereotype. Christianity and Islam are much more merciful in this respect—infidels must be kindly slaughtered in agony.

One might think that I have it in for Judaism in particular. In fact, however, it was precisely this racial definition of a Jew that made the secularization of the world possible. Anyone who criticized Christianity or Islam had to die. Those who criticized Judaism remained Jews, but at least they were allowed to live. Cursed be Baruch de Spinoza, but long live he. Luther, that fatality of a monk, saved Christianity at a damn high price. Without Luther, that impossible

monk, Christianity would have been consigned to the pyre of history long ago. Without his intimate knowledge of Judaism, Luther would never have been able to reform, which he tried to conceal as meticulously as possible through his anti-Judaism. Judaism, Christianity, Islam—one religion worse than the other. **But Judaism alone has imposed on itself the duty to abolish itself from the very beginning.**

What is actually the core problem with religions? Is it the belief in one or more Gods? No, no, because in fact there are at least as many Gods as there are people. *Every person is a God unto himself.* It is the promise of a beautiful afterlife if one behaves in a certain way in this life. Anyone who behaves differently is sinful. People make up idiotic rules that must be followed in order to get to heaven, but which, by virtue of human nature, simply have to be broken. The problem with believing in an afterlife is that it makes you place less value on this life. As far as we know, there is no afterlife. We only have this one round in the game of *life*. We come into this world, do things, and then leave it again at the end. Any belief or hope in life after death inevitably leads to a disregard for “real” life. Life is as real as it appears to be. I’m a human being. I have the impression that I can think, feel, and act independently. I look similar to and have much in common with other subjects, whom I therefore also perceive as human beings like myself, i.e., I have the impression that they too can think, feel, and act independently. Over time, in addition to this more or less strong independence, one perceives one’s strong inner NPC, that is, one’s immutable characteristics and behaviors. *The constant struggle between these two inseparable parts of human existence is the source of all human problems and solutions.*

I have not studied classical religions other than the Abrahamic ones in detail. In the case of belief in an afterlife, the greenchoosyness is obvious. A quick *GPT-4o mini* prompt lists Buddhism, Jainism, Confucianism, and Taoism as religions without an afterlife. Supposedly, the former two represent a belief in rebirth and the latter two

a belief in ethical living in this world. The concept of rebirth has probably already been sufficiently dismantled in the above paragraph. The specific teachings of Confucianism and Taoism would ultimately have to be examined for their deutschness. This task is left to the deutsch-disposed reader, but I dare to claim that both teachings have many greenchoosy components. Because if they were already deutsch, then the world would already be deutsch and there would be no need for me.

How does one practically abolish religions? By persecuting their believers? No, no, in the end they will feel vindicated in their nonsense. Historically speaking, I would otherwise be the first non-religious person to have fought against religious people, since other religions have always been fought against solely to spread one's own. By consistently enforcing secularism? No, that's not enough. What Luther was to Christianity, secularism is to France. Many of the problems facing France today can be traced back to its supposed neutrality towards religions. The whole concept of "religious freedom" must be abolished. No one has the right to be an idiot, and certainly no one has the right to bother others with their idiocy. A clear example of Fuckism: I fuck myself and others with Christianity, so you too can fuck yourself and others with Islam. Incidentally, the argument put forward by atheists and agnostics who believe they're *clever Homos* that the age of classical religions alone proves their falsity and failure is completely wrong, misguided, void, and useless. Judaism, Christianity, and Islam are not greenchoosy because they were invented 4,000, 2,000, and 1,400 revolutions of the Earth around the sun ago, but because they were greenchoosy before and since their invention, and they will continue to be greenchoosy forever. Things are nonsense even before anyone thinks them up. Deutsch is not a religion in the above or following sense, but an attitude towards life and an all-encompassing, species-appropriate worldview which, discovered in 2025 after the approximate birth of Jesus Christ, will endure forever and ever.

Back to the climax of this chapter—how do you practically abolish religions? By solving the problem of theodicy. The problem of theodicy, which is: “The world is fucked. Why does God allow this?” We solve it by unfucking the world and thus abolishing God. Because that is what the problem of theodicy really means: that things are unchangeable, that problems are inexplicable, that solving problems is not in human hands, that problems are willed by higher, even superhuman powers. Everything is just as it is, and God wants it to be that way.

And this brings us to the most accurate definition of religion ever: **A religion is an ideology that does not solve the problem of theodicy, does not want to solve it, or claims that it cannot be solved.** That is why people are so fond of taking refuge in the hereafter and cursing the here and now. The *Deutsche Mission* has hereby been revealed. We can and must create paradise on Earth, heaven in this world. Only then will Christians say to themselves, “If God exists, why does he still allow fucking Christianity to reign on Earth?” and thus become Deutsche and Gods unto themselves.

So we must live as the Jews were accused of living: solely in this world. With my addition: *We must live deutsch in this world.*

Religious people will relentlessly retort the Deutschen everywhere, no matter what we intend to change for the good of the world: “Everything here will stay as it is, and nothing will change, whether you are here and not.”

We will never be able to convince these people orally or in writing. We will ignore them completely and create a deutscher world day by day until they see with open eyes what we imagined with closed ones. Without any arrogance, see Chapter *Humility*, we will then accept them into our ranks as soon as they profess their deuschness. In any case, a Jew, Christian, Muslim, or Buddhist cannot be Deutscher.

Religions today are no longer limited to the well-known ideologies, and many ideologies are no longer recognized as such. With the

help of the definitions in this chapter, I will discuss throughout this book whether something has already degenerated into an ideology or even religion.



What does the greatest philosopher in world history, my humble self, have to say about the meaning of life? There isn't one. If you think about it from the *endend* perspective, then nothing matters. We could all kill ourselves today and no one would care. So let's think about it from the *end* perspective for once. In the end, nothing matters. But it's only at the end that nothing matters, not the way itself. The deutsche way is preferable to fuckistic ways. So the meaning of life is to end this eternal fucking and put an end to the Age of Fuckism. Could any Greek, Indian, Arab, Chinese, French, Anglo-Saxon, German, or Timbuktu philosopher ever have formulated this so clearly and distinctly? They were all just twaddling tards. Every philosophical teaching, every worldview, and I say this with the utmost humility, is nothing in blasphemous comparison to the deutsch.

What will be the meaning of life when we have gradually reduced the fucking to the absolute minimum? What will it be when no one votes green anymore? What when Deutschland has become the land of milk and honey? When humanity is completely united? These questions will probably not have to be answered in my lifetime, and I do not presume to dictate tomorrow's Deutschen an answer. I am sure that a deutsche solution can be found, even if, as I put it here in all my primitiveness, it is only that they too will work and enjoy themselves.



I am the Messiah of the Jew, the Jesus of the Christian, and the Mahdi of the Muslim. I am *Nathan the Wise*.

Law

The law is being abolished. The law defines which rights and obligations apply in a society and how violations of these rights and obligations should be dealt with.

The majority of Germans believe in the “rule of law” and in “due process”. Both are meaningless terms. Behind them lies the desire for justice, independence, and incorruptibility. Everyone should be equal before the law. This is to be ensured, among other things, by the separation of powers. Some make laws, others judge according to them, and still others enforce them. Another concept is that of written fixation. Rights and obligations are set out in writing in laws. Plaintiffs and defendants can only assert their rights and obligations on the basis of these laws, and judges must rule according to these laws. It’s all nonsense.



Can there even be such a thing as universal and just law? No. Although there is broad agreement across all cultures that murder, for example, should be punished more severely than theft, but the human sense of justice is ultimately always subjective. A crime cannot be undone. Total compensation is literally never possible. Financial compensation is still possible in the case of a stolen car, for example, but nothing can rekindle the feelings that the victim had for his old car. How do you intend to compensate victims of murder and rape?

Away from abstract theory. What does the law of the Federal Republic of Germany look like in reality? Thousands of arguments could be made and millions of cases cited to support them, but for reasons of time and space, I will have to limit myself to the most important points here.

Is the constitutional state fair? At least somewhat? No.

First of all, Section 54 of the Criminal Code, also known as the bulk discount clause, ensures extremely regressive sentencing. Unlike in the US, for example, “the total sentence [...] may not exceed the sum of the individual sentences.” For instance, the first rape is punished with one oldyear in prison, and for each additional rape, there is a substantial quantity discount. Section 57 of the Criminal Code, also known as the “Take 3, Pay for 2” clause, makes it even cheaper. After serving “two-thirds of the sentence imposed”, you are released on probation for “good behavior”, and what kind of moron wouldn’t behave well under these circumstances? If they weren’t ashamed, they would have introduced a “Black Friday” clause, according to which there would be “50% off” on all crimes committed on the Friday after Thanksgiving. Even with Saul Goodman, this discount only applied to his legal fees and non-violent felonies. Section 52 of the Criminal Code, also known as the “Give it your all” clause, is the summit of tactlessness, stipulating that of several crimes committed in one go, only the most serious one will be punished. Basically, all three sections could be abolished, and instead, one would only have to go to prison for the most harmless of all crimes committed, but then one would have to serve the entire sentence. According to Section 56 of the Criminal Code, however, this only applies if one is sentenced to more than two oldyears, otherwise one must, with a heavy heart, remain under the radar of the police for a short time.

Tax offenses are punished much more severely than many other crimes. In theory, this is easy to justify. Those who evade taxes harm everyone, while individual offenses only affect individuals or a few people. In current practice, however, tax evaders must be considered heroes. Every single dollar, every single penny collected by the FRG and all other states around the world is a fraud against humanity. That’s why the big players, such as the Cum-Ex fraudsters, are never prosecuted. One hand washes the other. The little guys get hung, the big guys get away. That’s always been the case, everywhere. Until now, at least. In the Age of Fuckism.

Those who have money can afford good, experienced lawyers who know every trick in the book. In high-profile cases, penniless plaintiffs and defendants are also represented and defended in court by top-class lawyers free of charge. This may not be worth the money to the lawyers, but it is worth their vanity. Ordinary, impoverished plaintiffs and defendants, on the other hand, are left with only incompetent public defenders, for which they themselves are not to blame. Often, these are young, ambitious lawyers fresh out of university who haven't yet lost their faith in justice. Of course, they are not taught at university that they will have to play a part in this tragedy for a few years, meanwhile fucking a little and getting fucked hard, until experience and bitterness teach them to fuck hard, so that they too can continue the eternal cycle of fucking and getting fucked.

The repulsive nature of the legal profession is nowhere better portrayed than in the lawyer Spasowicz in the Kroneberg case, whom Dostoevsky portrayed in the second chapter of the February 1876 edition of *A Writer's Diary* and later incorporated into his novel *The Brothers Karamazov* in the character of the lawyer Fetyukovich.

Do we have an independent and incorruptible legal system? No. German public prosecutors are not independent. That's not my opinion, but that of the *European Court of Justice*. The public prosecutor's office alone has the power to decide whether charges will be pressed and against whom. In doing so, they are subject to the instructions of the federal and state judicial authorities. Judges, pro forma independent, usually follow the lead of the public prosecutor's office. If the public prosecutor's office does not press any charges, then judges have no say in the matter whatsoever. The scientific principle of falsifiability, according to which everything must be considered false until proven otherwise, does not apply; instead, judges must fundamentally trust their prosecutors. If you're lucky, the most serious investigative errors will be challenged, provided that the judge can and does take the time to study the investigation file. The investigative work itself is carried out by the

law enforcement agencies, in particular the police.

Police officers, prosecutors, judges. They are all civil servants and thus see themselves as irremovable, extremely important public servants who want to rise in this rigid, bureaucratic and largely nepotistic hierarchy and would literally walk over dead bodies to do so. They are only accountable to those above them, never to those below. The same people work closely together throughout their lives. One crow doesn't peck out the other's eyes. So when cases come to light in which prosecutors and police officers are accused of corruption, these are merely additional, undesirable forms of bribery that damage their reputation. On the other hand, systematic dependence and bribery are expressly desired, expected, encouraged, and legally cemented. Bribery takes the form of pay grades. Those who step out of line are not promoted, are bored to death with mindless tasks, or are forced into early retirement. Those who particularly step out of line will get to know the rule of law that they once loyally served.

Is everyone equal before the law? No. Before the oldage of 7, you cannot be held liable for anything at all. From the age of 7, you can be held liable under civil law, and from the age of 14, under criminal law. Before the age of 18, and in most cases also before the age of 21, you are sentenced under juvenile criminal law and thus significantly more leniently. People with criminal records receive harsher sentences. Those who have a lot of money receive milder sentences or no sentence at all. Stupid people receive harsher sentences because they fall victim to career-hungry officials. Smart judges give milder sentences. In the week after a time change, people receive harsher sentences. Attractive and likable people receive milder sentences. Young women receive and women give milder sentences. The higher the number a judge rolls before pronouncing sentence, the harsher the sentence. People celebrating their birthday receive milder sentences. If the local sports club loses, you receive a harsher sentence. Replete judges give milder sentences. When it's hot outside, you receive a harsher sentence. If a judge is in a good mood, you will

receive a milder sentence. If a judge handed down a milder sentence in the previous case, you will receive a harsher sentence.

It is beyond me how anyone can still believe in objective judicial decisions after hearing about Daniel Kahneman's revelations. And it is beyond me why no one has yet come up with an idea to solve this obviously huge problem. "All people are equal before the law" was perhaps only intended as some kind of dare. Whether one could credibly foist this on the idiots, the supposed sovereign. One boldly claimed that "the Germans are as stupid as us Americans", and we were blessed with Article 3, Paragraph 1 of the Basic Law of the Federal Republic of Germany.

So, Nathan, that's all well and good. Everything you've tried to criticize so far is already well known and has only been presented with the sharpest polemics. Yes, the constitutional state has its weaknesses, but the constitutional state is the best of all bad legal systems. None of us wants to live in an unlawful state, as is the case in Russia, Turkey, Iran, China, and North Korea, right? Where would we end up? *In Deutschland.*



We need arbitrariness. Arbitrariness is probably the last thing that the *clever Homo* would expect from a just legal system. But the constitutional state is arbitrary anyway, and simply by accepting that, we would already have gained a lot. Just because judges wear robes and lawyers are dressed in the finest suits does not mean that they have become less human. Ultimately, this is what Kahneman has empirically proven—that a judge is just a *monkey in a robe*. Not only with uniforms, but also with all kinds of rituals such as standing up when the verdict is announced, the trained posturing, and a peculiar language, attempts are made to conceal the arbitrariness of it all. There is a staunch insistence on the existence of independent courts and independent judges who work solely on the basis of facts and the law and who would and could block

out their own personalities, their own existence, their own values, attitudes, opinions, feelings, and emotions. In court, one could get the impression that one is not dealing with flesh-and-blood animals, but with parts of that force that always wants good and always creates good.

Perhaps one is convinced that this is only a minor mistake that does no great harm. That, on the contrary, one would lose a lot of trust if a judge said the following sentences at the beginning of a trial: “Hey folks. Could hardly sleep last night and had to sentence some real losers today. What kind of stinking, work-shy welfare scrounger have they put in the dock again? He defecated through a sunroof! Well, we’ll teach you and your shyster a lesson today, won’t we, Chuck, excuse me, Mr. Prosecutor? Plaintiff, you look so hot! I’d love to be your jailer, my old hag is always bitching. I’ll have to tell my colleague to get the divorce through quickly. When will it finally be lunchtime? All right, let’s make short work of this, don’t we all just want to go home? It was verdict at first sight. In my opinion, excuse me, in the name of the people, this scumbag should finally be put behind bars. See you soon!”

And yet this reflects reality much more accurately than the current charade, the damage of which is immeasurable. Hundreds of thousands of miscarriages of justice are probably being handed down in Germany solely because of this charade. *Every judgment is a misjudgment. The question is how significant the error is. The goal is to reduce the severity of the error.*

The famous “in dubio pro reo”, in English “when in doubt, rule for the accused” is another hollow phrase. If one took this saying absolutely, then no one could ever be convicted, since there is always doubt. The only case that is almost beyond doubt would look something like this: A judge and many other witnesses see a man stab another man. The police arrive immediately, and the perpetrator is identified on the spot, including fingerprinting and blood sampling. The crime and the perpetrator are now very clearly established, and in this case, of all cases, the judge is not allowed to

pass judgment. It was a “self-evident principle that no one can be both judge and witness in the same case” (AG Rudolstadt, decision of March 14, 2019, Ref.: 260 Js 15751/18 2 Cs). I do not consider this to be self-evident. Either “in dubio pro reo” is, like “all people are equal before the law”, a nice-sounding but empty phrase, or a judge must be allowed to be both judge and witness in the same case.

Yes, according to propositional logic, this is not true. From the statement that no judgment may be reached when there are doubts, it logically follows only that when a judgment has been reached, there must be no doubts, not that when there are no doubts, a judgment must be reached. But in court, it’s not about logic anyway, it’s about power. It’s not about right and wrong, it’s about demonstrating and maintaining the power of those in power. If judges could change anything, they would have been banned long ago.

Greenchoosers believe that they are creating more and more justice by passing more and more laws and issuing regulations. If everything is put down in writing, then the rules are clear to everyone, and all you have to do is act in accordance with the letter of the law. Because this is obviously not the case, one law is followed by three directives, thirty commentaries, and three hundred collections of judgments. Of course, everything is also regularly revised so that yesterday’s stuff is already outdated by the day before yesterday. One lawyer, three thousand opinions. Uniform case law is simply not possible, especially not by putting all rights and obligations in writing. The existing rules are not enough, which is why more and more is being patched and cobbled together until no one can keep track of it all anymore.

Where did the idiotic phrase “know your rights” even come from? Anyone who wonders whether “something is legal” knows that “something” may not be *allowed*, but could be *legal* under current law. The common man then wonders how “something like that” can be allowed, and an honest, disgusting lawyer would respond that it is not allowed at all, but legal. What kind of rights and obligations are these that are not immediately obvious and that not everyone

can figure out on his own? What kind of rules of the game are these that you first have to consult a lawyer just to learn about them? What kind of game are they playing with us?

Belief in the rule of law, belief in justice, and belief in objectivity have degenerated into a religion. People got rid of their psalms and invented their paragraphs. Lawyers are deeply religious people who simply created their new bibles because they were tired of the exegesis of the old ones. Given this, it's no wonder that the so-called advocates are actually just sanctimonious linguistic acrobats.



What should deutsches law look like?

First of all, all repulsive language is being abolished. Kafka chose “The Court”, “The Judge”, “The Trial”, and “The Judgment” as the titles of some of his works for a reason, or at least he would have written the first two if he had been granted a longer life. I will complete what Kafka felt deeply and expressed literarily, but was unable to change and improve. No one saw the Kafkaesque nature of fuckistic law as aptly as he did! Kafka was Deutscher!

From now on, the court is called the “mediation point”, the judge is the “mediator”, the trial is the “mediation”, and the verdict is the “mediation result”. Of course, a linguistic revision is not enough. It is time to breathe life into this new world with its new concepts. As the name suggests, a mediator has to mediate at a mediation point. To mediate between two people who need mediation, or between the folkscommunity and a person who has done something wrong. The mediation process concludes with the mediation result.

Prisons are being abolished. It is nonsense to lock someone up because he hasn't behaved “socially” and needs to be “resocialized” as an “asocial”. Instead, there will only be three measures that a mediator can order: financial measures proportional to the assets at

one's disposal, up to and including complete deprivation of assets, relevant measures, and irrelevant measures. The only irrelevant measure is forced labor, which means that the person is no longer free to dispose of his time for a period of time. A relevant measure would be, for example, that a polluter has to clean up garbage for a while so that he learns from his mistake. These are the two tasks of mediation: objectively examining how something could have happened and finding a solution to prevent it from happening again. One is not immediately labeled an "asocial" when mistakes happen, because mistakes are human. It's about coming to terms with the past and looking ahead to the future.

This will give Deutschland a perpetrator-oriented justice system. Any law conceived with the end in mind must be like this, because it is the perpetrators who have done something that they should not do again in the future, not the victims. Germany combines the worst of both worlds: It has a perpetrator-oriented justice system, meaning that perpetrators are punished more leniently than in countries such as the US or Russia, but the case law and the measures that can be imposed are based on outdated structures and some sections, so that future crimes are not prevented but are pre-programmed. Deutsches law must be highly arbitrary, i.e., highly adapted to the needs of the perpetrator. While an immigrant socialized in the Middle East is not used to the freedom and permissiveness of German women and cannot take the German constitutional state seriously, thus almost inviting crime, the measures in Deutschland will align with his socialization and understanding of the law. Germany is a safe haven for criminals from all over Europe, especially Eastern Europe, because there is something to be gained here, and if they are foolish enough to get caught, they will not fare as badly as they would in their home countries. In German prisons, too, people are deprived of their freedom, the most important thing a living being can have, but compared to other countries, German prisons seem almost like luxury resorts.

A completely different understanding of justice is needed, because

deutsche justice means doing justice to a situation, a thing, or a living being. And since people are neither equal nor equivalent nor have equal rights, see Chapter *Race*, the approach must be tailored to each individual. *Every mediation is a mismediation. The question is how significant the error is. The goal is to reduce the severity of the error. It is measured by the total number of crimes and the recidivism rate.*

Even if others claim otherwise, nowhere in the world has it ever been about preventing future crimes, but always only about punishing past crimes. Perhaps the greenchoosy mantra of “an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth” still haunts us. In Germany, that’s not really the case. The transition from the German constitutional state to deutsche law will be very smooth, as the Germans will finally get a perpetrator-oriented justice system that actually works. Long-term success, the absence of crime, will prove us right and inspire the whole world.

This is the rough procedure of mediation: After becoming aware of a potential mediation case, investigators have ten days to gather relevant information and draw factual conclusions from it. Experts such as forensic medical practitioners must assist in this process, and there is always a peer review. There is no longer any evidence, only clues. Investigations must be conducted in all directions; nothing should be overlooked. It is not a matter of identifying a perpetrator at any price or closing a case at all costs. In the end, a concise but comprehensive investigation report must be prepared, stating the probability of who did what, where, why, when, and how. If it is not 0%, then it is time to apprehend the suspected perpetrator, bring him to the mediation point, and open a mediation case. If, in the end, no perpetrator can be identified, it must be stated what information is missing or whether more investigation time is simply needed, which must be granted to the investigators if necessary.

After a mediation case has been opened, a mediator, the investigators, the experts, the alleged perpetrator, and the alleged witnesses must gather at the mediation point on the same day or the following

day at the latest. The mediator, who must have read the investigation report in full beforehand and carefully checked the most crucial evidence, must summarize the alleged incident very briefly. The alleged perpetrator must either say that he did it or say that he did not do it. There is no right to remain silent in Deutschland, and I will explain why in a moment. If he admits to the alleged crime, the mediation case moves on to the second of a total of three possible stages. If he denies it, all the evidence must be presented in order of importance by the investigators, the experts, and the alleged witnesses. During this time, the alleged perpetrator can still confess to the alleged crime at any time, and the case will proceed to the second stage. If he still denies it at the very end, the mediator must, to the best of his knowledge and belief, come to a mediation result that includes the ordered mediation measures, record it in writing, and read it aloud. No measures are possible, either. Day after day, mediation must take place for hours at a time with breaks. Overall, a mediation case must be completed within five days from the opening to the outcome. This is the worst-case scenario and only involves one stage.

After a brief confession of the alleged crime by the alleged perpetrator, whose perpetrator status and the crime can now be considered certain, the mediation case is initially closed and moves on to the second stage. The perpetrator must be taken to a quiet, safe place where he must write down how, in his view, the crime came about and what he intends to do to prevent it from happening again. In doing so, he can recount his entire life to date, from his birth to the crime, with all the detail he can remember. He has as much time as he needs, years if necessary. The conditions will not be so pleasant that one would want to spend the rest of one's life there. In the end, the explanation and improvement report is sent to the mediator, the investigators, the experts, and the witnesses, who must read it in its entirety.

The mediation case enters the third and final stage. Everyone gathers again at the mediation point. A comparison is made to

determine the extent to which the described incident and life course correspond with the investigated incident and life course. Significant discrepancies that are not due to memory lapses have an unfavorable effect on the perpetrator. Everyone learns from the crime. The victim is asked whether he can and want to forgive the perpetrator, and what he expects from the perpetrator and the mediator. As in ancient Greece, the perpetrator is allowed to suggest measures to be taken. The mediator does not have to take either of these into account in the mediation result, which must be recorded and read aloud. The three-stage mediation case is now complete. This scenario must be the norm.

It should be evident why there can be no right to remain silent. If a perpetrator does not know why he committed a crime, then the folkscommunity cannot make use of him. If a perpetrator knows why he committed a crime but does not want to talk about it, then the folkscommunity cannot trust him. There is no sensible reason why one should be allowed to remain silent. The abysses and secrets that may need to be revealed are the abysses and secrets of the past. Deutschland must explore these abysses and secrets of the past so that it can look to the future with confidence and serenity. The investigators and the mediator must not wish any harm upon the perpetrator, but, on the contrary, must try to see the best in him. If the perpetrator does not want to help himself, even Deutschland cannot help him.

There is one measure that I haven't yet mentioned, as no mediator is permitted to order it: the death measure. No law, no court in the world can be authorized to decide on the life and death of a human being, because a misjudgment would weigh too heavily. But Deutschland has something that has never existed before: *a strong Führer*, my humble self. Only the state can have a monopoly on murder, et **L'État, c'est moi**. In Islam, it is said that only Allah, the Islamic God, gives and takes life. I cannot give life—except with the help of the well-known method—but I can certainly take it. There will be a death measure squad to which every Deutsche may

report and request a death measure. Special representatives will review the cases according to my rules, pre-sort them, and propose the most suitable candidates to me. I will study the investigation and mediation files and make a decision, so mediation must always have taken place beforehand. I will justify my decision in detail in writing in a death measure report, and these reports will all be publicly accessible. For reasons of transparency, everyone will also be able to inspect their carrying out, but under no circumstances this must not serve as entertainment or deterrence, nor must it degenerate into a mass spectacle. Anyone who takes pleasure in seeing others die cannot be Deutscher. Nor can anyone who remains silent or fails to act solely out of fear of death. The death measure squad must be above all suspicion and receive special psychological support.

This is not an organization for denunciation. Anyone who constantly denounces his fellow human beings without success will themselves be investigated. The same applies to those who report others at the urging of others. The formation and representation of opinions on why this particular person should be subjected to this last resort must be done independently. The far more negative than positive reports will show that, from the Führer's point of view, only very few people really deserve a death measure. No act automatically warrants the death measure. The overall circumstances must always be taken into account. I'm only human after all, so the decisions will naturally be totally arbitrary. No one is ought to reproach me for sparing one person and betraying another, because Deutschland must have a free hand here, otherwise it would be powerless in some very rare cases. In the past, it was possible to simply cast someone out of the herd, so that the outcast was indirectly doomed to death. Considering the state of our habitat, this is no longer possible today, and it will remain so in Deutschland. That's why the death measure is necessary. Not because I am dead keen on it, but because someone has to take on this task. I never said that I want this, this burden came to me. I don't want to, but I have to. Don't put the blame on me. I am convinced that this will—

tragically—only be the aftermath of the Age of Fuckism, and that the Deutschen of tomorrow will live life to the fullest.



I haven't even mentioned laws yet, as there will be no more laws except for the one *Deutschen's Law*: **Be deutsch**. All rights and obligations are already contained in these two little words. At first, people will find it very difficult to be deutsch, because almost everything that exists and is familiar to them is not deutsch, but greenchoosy. Accordingly, mediators must be very lenient at the beginning. However, after reading *Mein Sieg*, one should get a feel for what might be deutsch and what is definitely not. Not based on the content, because even *Mein Sieg* won't last unless something has been thought through thoroughly from the end. Don't get me wrong, of course I've made every effort to create a deutsches *Mein Sieg*, and as long as no one has any deutscher ideas, *Mein Sieg* is being implemented exactly as it is written, but **Nothing. Lasts. Forever**. Instead, You have to breathe in the spirit of *Mein Sieg*, which is: *Everything is fuckistic, we are unspeciefied, Deutschland is everything*.

The principle of “nulla poena sine lege”, or “no punishment without law”, currently applies. Fortunately, no one is punished in Deutschland.

I will never understand with what self-respect judges pass judgment when other judges above them can declare everything to be wrong and void. The judges at the bottom are too stupid, which is why a second instance is needed. The judges of the second instance are not quite as stupid, but still stupid, which is why a third instance is needed. There is still something wrong with the judges of the third instance, which is why a fourth and final instance is needed. Why don't we have hundreds, thousands, millions of instances? Today, the entire field of jurisprudence is nothing more than one big system of shifting responsibility. Responsibility for miscarriages of justice

can be shifted upwards three times. Any more than that would be impossible to justify to anyone. If the judges at the top are so clever, why aren't their colleagues below them, who undergo the same legal training? What distinguishes the former from the latter? Experience, sycophancy, party membership? Even behind the law, obviously, not everyone is equal.

If judges could be objective, it wouldn't matter who sat on a country's highest court. In the Supreme Court of the United States, however, party affiliation apparently plays a very important role, as a new judge can reinterpret the greatest constitution of all time to align with the *Zeitgeist*. The fact that the Federal Constitutional Court in Germany works no differently can be found in Thilo Sarrazin's book *Europa braucht den Euro nicht* (Europe Doesn't Need the Euro), according to which the highest German judges follow the majority in the Bundesrat, i.e., politicians.

Deutschland does not need this nonsense with multiple instances, which only serves as a job creation measure and to install and supply mercenaries loyal to the state and the party. The mediators of the first and only instance must simply be aware of their responsibility. Mismediations are their responsibility. Only the Führer may and will, especially in the early days, examine the results of the mediations for their *deutschness* and thus shape the case law. Especially in the early days, the mediations will probably not be particularly good, but everything takes time. According to Islamic teaching, two out of three judges will end up in hell. Mediators, on the other hand, must preserve the *deutsche* paradise on Earth.

The mediator, the investigators, and the experts must not distrust each other as human beings, but they must distrust each other while working on a case. Because everything that can go wrong will go wrong. The mediator must consider the investigation report to be false and fabricated, and the investigators and experts to be schemers. The experts must assume that the investigators and the mediator have conspired and are trying to involve them in their story by asking suggestive questions. The investigators must assume

that the mediator and the experts have conspired against the world. Everyone must consider each other to be stupid, incompetent blockheads. Everyone must work independently of each other; the same people may only work on a mediation case once in exactly the same composition. In the event of bias, one must withdraw from the specific investigation and mediation. Anyone who deliberately fails to work objectively is applying for a death measure. Only under these conditions can deutsches law prevail and take effect.

There are approximately 166,000 lawyers, 21,000 judges, and 6,000 prosecutors in Germany. They will all be unemployed in Deutschland. Deutschland does not need lawyers, i.e., fraudsters who are adept at twisting words. The judges will most likely all have to be replaced, as they can only think in terms of legal paragraphs. Mediators, however, do not need knowledge of the law, but rather knowledge of life and a deutschen common sense. There are no formal limits on mediation measures. Whatever helps, helps. Futuredeutsche, for example, require the utmost sensitivity, as they are naturally unable to fully comply with the *Deutschen's Law*. The vast majority therefore need special leniency, but a few need relentless harshness. If the latter were treated with leniency, the next measure would have to be all the harsher. In extreme cases, therefore, even Futuredeutsche cannot be spared the death measure.

I don't believe in the statute of limitations. Why almost nothing except murder should no longer be prosecutable after a certain period of time makes sense at most in the context of punishment. But Deutschland wants to prevent future wrongdoings. Future wrongdoings can only be prevented if one is clear about and at peace with oneself. However, this is not possible without coming to terms with the past. For this reason, there will be a partial amnesty for all crimes committed up to the Zeroth Day after Nathan. Whatever You may have done, confess! No one will be prosecuted for crimes from the Age of Fuckism; they must only be taken into account in mediation if new crimes are committed from the First Day after Nathan onwards. Führer Promise! All cold cases will thus be closed.

Ernst-Volker Staub, Burkhard Garweg, Norman Volker Franz, the murderer of Tristan Brübach, and many others: Turn Yourself in! Hardly any wise relative of a murder victim still demands punishment after decades, but simply wants certainty. Through the application of certain existing and future technologies, many crimes of the past will be solved anyway. Victims who have not yet reported to the police out of shame, for example, or who were not taken seriously there should write down what happened to them and report it to the investigators. All opinions ever formed by *monkeys in robes* are provisionally invalid, so anyone whose perpetrator was acquitted for idiotic reasons should also come forward. But even if Deutschland has to uncover the secrets of the past itself, there will be no difference in treatment between the talking and silent coyotes and lambs. It is only an offer, a very, very good one, to finally be free and to be heard.

All prison inmates will be released, including Josef Fritzl, Martin Ney, (Christian Brückner), Dominique Pelicot, Ghislaine Maxwell, Marco M., Florian G., Sarah M., Hartmut F., the Höxter couple, Niels Högel, Stephan Letter, Roger Andermatt, Anders Breivik, Lina E., Brenton Tarrant, Daniela Klette, Stefan Ernst, Maja Trux, Beate Zschäpe, Francesco Schettino, Sean Combs, Sam Bankman-Fried, Harvey Weinstein, Wayne Williams, Dennis Rader, Luka Magnotta, and the late, great Hannibal Lecter. In such serious cases, however, it should be clear that even minor offenses must be followed by the death measure. An individual probability of recidivism is calculated for each person, and accordingly, they are either fitted with an electronic ankle bracelet or not. For some, the fuckistic damage will be too great to heal. However, many will become productive members of the folkscommunity. This is a unique, historic opportunity, so give it Your deuteschest! Once the death measure squad is set up, the release process can begin. Due to a temporary shortage of housing, all locks will be unlocked so that former prisoners can leave during the day and spend the night in a warm prison.

How did I come to the conclusion that there will hardly be any crime left in Deutschland? Well, over 99% of all crimes are committed out of stupidity, for quick money, and out of necessity. There will no longer be easy money in Deutschland, nor will there soon be money and misery, and eventually stupidity will also disappear. Quite a few people even voluntarily sit in prison due to poverty and loneliness, but of course that is also being abolished. The other crimes are committed out of passion, such as murder, rape, and assault. They all are the product of their fuckistic environment in their younger years. None of them have had happy childhoods, insofar as happy childhoods are even possible in these unspecified times. Deutschland will redeem the eternal vicious circle of the victim who becomes the perpetrator once and for all with the virtuous circle of the former perpetrator who was himself a victim but is no longer a perpetrator.

Deutsches law is not a demonstration of power or a means of maintaining power, but a source of knowledge, learning, and forgiveness. The right conclusions must be drawn from every mediation, not only in relation to the individual case, but to the entire folkscommunity. Could an act have been nipped in the bud if something had been different? This should in no way be understood as victim blaming and a reversal of guilt on either level—in Deutschland, no one is guilty anymore, but rather, if anything, only responsible—but so many things are sadly self-inflicted. If we were not unspecified, so much would not degenerate into crime. We Deutschen must get to the bottom of everything until there are no more groundless crimes. Incidentally, the aforementioned technological applications will ensure that every future crime is solved without exception.

Nowadays, if you hate someone deeply, you don't kill him, but let him live. No murder, no matter how brutal, can avenge more than being an unspecified human being. This applies to everyone except me, because I am the only one who wants to and is able to respeciefy us. In Deutschland, the whole thing is turning into its exact opposite. Deutschland will be so heavenly that it will be the

greatest crime of all to bring someone down from heaven. Crimes must therefore be considered in relation to time. This does not apply to Deutschland, because by time I actually mean space, living space. We live in a three-dimensional living space and in a one-dimensional time. Mankind lost his living space a long time ago, and when it still existed, it was not heavenly. From the First Day after Nathan, we will reconquer our living space piece by piece and transform it into the kingdom of heaven.

Until now, the focus has mainly been on criminal law. Public law is being abolished in Deutschland. There will be nothing between the Führer and his Followers that requires mediation. Private law is being properly trimmed down. What ridiculous disputes between neighbors there are these days! People constantly call the police over trivial matters and take each other to court out of sheer boredom. This has to stop. Two Deutsche, even slightly older Futuredeutsche, should be able to resolve their conflicts independently. If this does not work in the heat of the moment, then there will first be a ceasefire and only later an attempt at a peace treaty. One could also simply try having sex. If someone slaps You on Your cheeks, then turn to them the other cheeks also. As is well known, those who tease each other love each other. You can also simply appoint the nearest Deutschen as an impartial arbiter. A Deutscher is always concerned with the matter, never with the person. We are a folkscommunity! We are Deutsche! If necessary, official mediation is available at any time, but this should be the exception rather than the rule. Everyone records his point of view and wishes in writing and submits them to each other and to the investigators. In many cases, this should be sufficient and the whole thing can be called off, as the subject of the discussion is now set out in black and white. Otherwise, the investigators will examine the situation over the next ten days and consult experts if necessary. Together with the investigation report, the mediator, the investigators, the experts, and the parties, the conflict is resolved within a few hours and recorded in the mediation result.

Libertarians such as Peter Thiel, Elon Musk, and Javier Milei want to abolish the state and its bureaucracy. What they fail to mention is that the law entails bureaucracy and bureaucracy entails the law. One is inconceivable without the other. So anyone who wants to abolish bureaucracy without saying how and for whose benefit they want to reform the law is not being honest. Everyone will benefit from deutschen law. The abolition of bureaucracy is merely a nice side effect.

No one else understood the fuckistic nature of bureaucracy and law as comprehensively as Kleist, as can be seen so beautifully and poignantly in his delightful *Michael Kohlhaas*. Every Deutsche must have read this novella. What Kleist and Kafka immortalized as world literature and Kahneman proved empirically will finally be remedied by a Kanake.



In his *Statesman*, Plato wrote that a statesman's power comes not from wealth or violence, but from his knowledge of how to rule people properly. His competence was not based on his adherence to certain written rules, but on his expertise. The true statesman therefore even stood above the law. Laws were too rigid; no legal provision could do justice to every situation that arose. The statesman, on the other hand, was always in a position to make the best decision for the situation at hand. He could therefore rule even without laws.

In his late work *Laws*, he revised his thesis, arguing that unlimited power would overwhelm every human being, because no human being was capable of managing all human affairs with unlimited power without becoming filled with arrogance and injustice. No human being was naturally predisposed to not only recognize what is conducive to coexistence in the state community, but also to muster the strength and will at all times to implement his insights and do what is best. Even if someone recognized that the common

good and the advantage of the individual were inseparable, he would inevitably betray this principle if he attained absolute power. He wouldn't be able to promote the common good as his primary concern throughout his entire life. Rather, anyone endowed with absolute power would always be tempted by his "mortal nature" to be selfish. He would prefer his own interests to what is just and good, thereby ruining himself and the state. Only if one day, by "divine providence", a person were born who acquired the necessary knowledge, actually came to power, and was able to resist the temptation to abuse that power, would he not need laws but could decide everything at his own discretion. Such a government would be superior to inflexible adherence to the letter of the law. However, the necessary constellation for this wouldn't exist anywhere in reality to a sufficient degree. Therefore, one must settle for laws as the second-best solution and accept their rigidity.

What do You think if I tell You that I am that person? But that I was not born by divine providence, nor am I above the law, because the *Deutschen's Law* also applies to me? Only there will be no institutions and no people who are allowed to scrutinize my actions and oppose my decisions. People must question me and can assist me in my decisions, but they must never fight me. Plato's objections are well-founded, and any other person would suffer the fate he described, but I am not a normal person. Nor am I a slut. I am the greatest Führer of all time, the savior and redeemer of humanity, whether You and I like it or not.



Mein Sieg is not legal, but it is allowed and necessary. I don't even want to know how many laws I have broken with *Mein Sieg*, how many supposed crimes against humanity I have committed, since they are crimes against unspecified humanity. I am an enemy of the constitution because we are in an incredibly bad state. I am the greatest enemy of all states and the greatest philanthropist of

all people. I am a global opposition figure the likes of which the world has never seen. Now I am become life, the destroyer of all fuckistic worlds.

I am Schrödinger's criminal. If they bring charges against me or censor *Mein Sieg*, and they have every right to do so, then they reveal to everyone that we live in an unjust state that persecutes even its most vocal dissident. If they do not do so in order to demonstrate that one can still speak one's mind openly, then we also live in an unjust state, because they would have made an exception for me. The solution to this dilemma? My death or Deutschland.

This is precisely why prisons must be abolished. Germany is a country where anyone could be awarded the Federal Cross of Merit and for the same act be sentenced to life imprisonment with a finding of particular severity of guilt, followed by preventive detention. There are currently less than 60,000 people in German prisons, but there could justifiably be 84 million! Busy lawyers will probably manage to impose the death penalty on me even under the existing laws of the Federal Republic of Germany. I don't begrudge you your promotions, my judge and my prosecutor! Human history has never seen such a criminal; tough times call for tough measures. On behalf of those who have been living here for a longer time, I, monkey in a robe, sentence Nathan Blood to death by guillotine! Sieg Heil!

Democracy

Democracy is being abolished. Democracy, the rule of the people, the rule of all over all. It sounds too good to be true—and it is.

There are essentially two types of supposed democracies—representative democracy and direct democracy. Both fail in theory and practice.

Let's consider two people. One person declares that from now on he will represent the wishes, needs, and interests of the other, that the other need not worry about anything except confirming this every four to five oldyears. This representation alone just doesn't work. No one can fully or even partially understand another person. To do so, one would have to be clear about one's own wishes, needs, and concerns in order to be able to put them into words, which other people would then have to understand correctly. Even if these three central problems were solved, the philosophical, kitschy, and slightly pseudo-intellectual question of whether humans can want what they want would still remain unanswered. Based on everything we think we know about humans, this question must fundamentally be answered with a no. So one person cannot represent another person. What is already impossible on a one-to-one scale is now supposed to be possible on a scale of 1 to 105,000 in the United Kingdom, 1 to 133,000 in the Federal Republic of Germany, or even 1 to 636,000 in the United States of America. Theoretically, representative democracy fails categorically, while direct democracy fails "only" when it comes to the mother of all human problems: free will.

In practice, representative and direct democracies fail primarily because of human stupidity. People only ask for what they think is good for them, never for what is really good for them. Those who please the masses are more like eunuchs than philosophers.

Then, which form of government is the best? My history and social studies teacher in eleventh and twelfth grade often preached that representative democracy, despite its obvious shortcomings, was

“the best of all bad forms of government”, which probably goes back to a quote from Winston Churchill. What nonsense.

The best form of government is a truly *deutsche democracy*: not electing the strong Führer, but giving him absolute authority. This Führer will establish a *decentralized democracy* as his life’s work, which will last forever. You will learn more about this in the course of this book, especially in Chapter *Führer*.

In this chapter, it remains only to note that there have only ever been democracies in human history and there will always only be democracies. Let’s assume that a group consists of 1,000 people. Just under half of this group is now dissatisfied, which is why they are murdered. Of the remaining 501 people, the greatest non-majority is now dissatisfied again and again until they are killed, leaving only two people. If these two cannot agree, then after the final fight, only one remains. This last person can now impose his own will as he pleases. At all times, decisions were made by majority vote, so democracy always prevailed.

This is also the case outside of this thought experiment in our lived reality. If the majority of people were aware that they are the ones who hold sovereignty, then a *deutsche democracy* and subsequently a *decentralized democracy* would already have been realized. Instead, humanity was content with formal democracies and formal non-democracies. Until Deutschland. **They can’t stop all of us.**

Press

The press is being abolished. When people still lived and thought within narrow boundaries, there was no need for a press. Their habitat was manageable in terms of size and population. Everything essential to life was passed on by word of mouth. Life at “home” and “abroad” was either completely unknown or only vaguely known from hearsay and travel reports, but no one really cared. With increasing urbanization and larger and more extensive trade, the confines became too narrow. The far too many people around them became strangers. The “abroad” increasingly influenced the “home”, and vice versa. As social beings, people wanted to continue to know everything they believed concerned them. This is an existential human need, as people had better chances of survival when they worked together and therefore had to get to know and understand their neighbors as well as possible. And so the local and global press, henceforth referred to simply as the press, had to be invented.

Gossip has always existed. People teased each other, secretly forged alliances and intrigues, and gossiped about others behind their backs. There is a good reason for all these supposedly bad character traits. By comparing ourselves with each other, forming opinions about each other and communicating them to each other, over time we have developed the art of deutschen thinking. While other animals mostly enforce their will by force, humans have been able to persuade others verbally at an increasingly high level. Smartness and social smartness are closely related, if not one and the same, and the smart ones became better and better at winning over their fellow human beings through the art of rhetoric. People knew each other personally and trusted each other. The asocial stupid died out. Narrow-mindedness was a temporary phase in childhood and early youth.

Then, for a long time, people allowed themselves to be led by idiots who did not attain power through their wisdom, but by invoking

nonsense such as God, ancestry, or good manners. Eventually, printing was invented, and it became possible to spread the language, which had previously only been spoken, much more cheaply and quickly. Johann Carolus, that repulsive German, published the first newspaper 420 oldyears ago. The first cities had been built and were already quite anonymous at that time, yet most people still could not read or write. Newspapers therefore only began to have a devastating effect from around 1850 AD.

Reading was considered a sign of education, and if you read newspapers, you were educating yourself, so people read newspapers. The world had become complicated, everyone was trading and interacting with each other, and people wanted to learn more about local and global events. People no longer knew the people around them, and they were attracted to the unfamiliar. The press took advantage of this. But just as people at that time could claim and demand that the redheaded neighbor was a witch and therefore had to be burned, that the Jew kidnapped Christian children and drank their blood and therefore had to be persecuted, that the miller adulterated his flour and therefore had to be boycotted or lynched, the press works in exactly the same way today.

The victim of the press is people's basic trust. It is impressive with what accuracy and contemporary validity Hitler recognized this and described it a hundred oldyears ago in *Mein Kampf*. He categorized newspaper readers into three groups: the many who believe everything, the few who believe nothing, and some who are skeptical about everything (I/10, 253–255). Today's press is as "Jewish" as it was in Hitler's time (I/3, 88–89). It cannot be otherwise. The core problem is that some people believe they can explain the world to others. With what authority? None whatsoever. For a long time, no one took this seriously, except for a few intellectuals like Hitler. People trusted people, they trusted books, they trusted the press. After the first comprehensive and state-orchestrated propaganda campaigns in World War I and World War II, the public became more suspicious. Experts were therefore brought in to reflect the

opinions of journalists, otherwise the gatekeepers of newspapers and television would not have let them have their say. Even back then, the publicity-shy, actual experts were aware of the nonsense their colleagues were spouting. Individuals kept this to themselves, considering it to be minor, inadvertent errors, while the rest would be true. After all, the experts in the media were not yet media-savvy all-round experts, but did public relations work in their precious free time. However, the mistake was that they were given a voice in the first place, as expert opinions cannot be communicated to the general public in such a short time, especially since they themselves are only fallible human beings who are quite capable of making mistakes. The journalist, on the other hand, concealed his apparent lack of authority with the supposed authority of the expert. The authority problem became obvious to everyone with the invention of so-called “social media” in the 2010s. Gypsy entrepreneurs wondered why they were still buying the opinions of media companies and not the opinions of individuals with a large reach, who were much more approachable and cheaper, and so the influencers were born. Politicians wondered why they weren’t allowed to simply spread their messages without serious opposition, and so they themselves became influencers. What the press, Gypsy Companies, and politicians have in common is that they need to spread their lies among the people. With “social media”, everyone could now spread their own stupid opinions and lies. Everyone became an influencer. That’s what Elon Musk meant by “You are the media now.” And that’s what Deutschland has to put an end to.

So how do you solve the press problem? By officially bringing the press into line, as Hitler did, rather than allowing it to bring itself into line through conformism and gypsy capitalism? By creating your own bubbles on “social media”, especially *YouTube* and *TikTok*, in a populist and polemical way, like Trump and the AfD (a so-called right-wing extremist party in Germany), because the legacy media and the mainstream treat them in a populist and polemical way?

No. Because the problem does not lie with journalists. Journalists themselves, like all people, are unspecified. They fuck others *and* themselves by lying and inciting hatred. They are lies because they try to incorporate their own point of view into their own narrative in a concise and sensationalist way. What doesn't fit is made to fit. What doesn't fit at all is simply not reported. Gossip becomes incitement when you no longer know people personally and have no desire for reconciliation. *The problem is the public sphere itself, which was created to control the anonymous masses.* From the correct analysis, Hitler drew the wrong conclusion, "to secure this means of educating the people with ruthless determination and place it at the service of the state and the nation" (I/10, 255).

In fact, the press must be completely abolished. There can't be no press at all. Journalists are useless, harmful, and unwilling to work. In order not to work, they gyps their wages by gossiping and slandering others. At least publicly, journalists of the early FRG still proclaimed that one should say what is, not what should be. That one should not align oneself with a cause, even a good one. The journalist caste of the 21st century does not even try to keep up appearances, but also boasts about openly displaying its own attitude. For what you need to know about the filthy public service broadcasting of the Federal Republic of Germany, see Ole Skambraks, Annekatrin Mücke, and Alexander Teske. The American press is, of course, even more unspecified, unspecieying, and fuckistic due to its more advanced gypsy capitalism.

Of course, there is also good journalism. From time to time, investigative journalists informed by whistleblowers uncover scandals, as long as their own manifold conflicts of interest in politics and business are not affected. But they only do this to gain credibility for their much more numerous lies. A little bit of truth is therefore necessary. For example, when a politician is taken down, you can be sure that other politicians have given the green light to do so. Internal information is leaked in order to get rid of party colleagues. They gleefully took down Claas Relotius so they could say: Look, we have exposed the only liar among us, so we always tell the truth.

The obligation to express an opinion is being abolished. Freedom of the press immediately and inevitably led to the obligation to express an opinion. The obligation to express an opinion means that you have to have a superficial opinion on everything and everyone. Just as there are 84 million national coaches, all 84 million should be able to take a uniform position on all possible topics. This often leads to embarrassing moments, as it is not uncommon for people to have not yet been informed of the latest opinion of *SPIEGEL*, *WELT*, *PSB*, *ZEIT*, *NZZ*, *Süd[t]eutsche*, *taz*, aso. asf. “I support the current thing.” Social trust has been massively eroded, which is why people are being trained to march in lockstep.

There are no relevant differences between *SPIEGEL* and *WELT*, whose journalists portray themselves as absolute opposites and may well believe so, nor are there any in the press landscape as a whole. One could conduct opinion polls asking which scoundrel might have concocted this, and no correlations whatsoever could be found between the presumed and actual news outlet. There is also no contrast between *BILD* and *WELT*, *RTL* and *ZDF*, or *SPIEGEL TV* and *stern TV*. With the supposed separation between tabloids and quality journalism, attempts are made to differentiate oneself from one another and to appeal to different target groups, but the truth content is always the same—zero. Even *ARTE* is unSPECIEfied!

While there is tactical freedom of speech in the US, meaning you can say what you want because nothing will change anyway, in the FRG there is not even that, so you cannot say what you want, and nothing will change at all. The Americans were clever enough to let their subjects’ anger erupt openly, while in opinion dictatorships like Germany, anger builds up and would eventually be unleashed inexorably if Deutschland didn’t exist. You journalists have screwed up so badly that the entire people’s anger would take revenge on You. I’m not Your problem, but Your salvation.

Deutschland doesn’t need a press. There will be total freedom of speech in Deutschland. Instead of journalists with unknown

interests criticizing anything, people themselves must speak openly about their concerns. If there is a genuine need for improvement, their wishes will be granted; otherwise, they will be ignored. The saying “Say what you want, you don’t have a say anyway” thus becomes “Say what you want, you only have a say if it is deutsch.”

What exactly distinguishes me from a journalist? Not much. Like a journalist, I dare to criticize anything and everything. The more capable among them even manage to propose appropriate solutions, which I also do. The difference is that I don’t want to comment from the sidelines, but want to put my still empty talk into action and be measured by it. I’m a unification of a journalist and a politician, which is supposedly undesirable and yet very close. I do not profit from existing problems and have a legitimate interest in solving them and not creating new ones. Politicians and journalists hate this one weird trick!

How will journalists react to *Mein Sieg*? Will they keep quiet about it, praise it, or agitate against it? Whatever they do, it can only be greenchoosy.

If they keep quiet about it, they will only do so that humanity doesn’t get wind of *Mein Sieg*.

If they agitate against it, they will only do so because they are too stupid to understand *Mein Sieg*. They will beg me to censor them, to bring them into line, to persecute them, and to throw them in prison. I will do none of these things. Yes, the press is poison, but not the journalists as people, rather the criminal acts they commit. Poison for others and poison for themselves. Their “work” and their “profession”, not themselves, must be abolished.

If they praise it, they will only do so to take revenge in an even more insidious way later. One must be particularly wary of these journalists, because they will curry favor with Deutschland in order to strike like a scorpion at the right moment. Journalists claim that they are indispensable in a modern state. And that is true, but only in formal democracies and formal non-democracies. In one country they report, in another they preach, and journalists

of recent times even manage to do both in the same country. In countries where they exclusively preach, further support from the police and military is needed in order to maintain the power of those in power. In countries with additional reporting, the institutions and propaganda are so strong that they do not need this, although there are exceptions such as the US, Turkey, and Russia. In a deutschen democracy, and especially in a decentralized democracy, they are not needed. Deutschland needs neither sycophancy nor incitement. Deutschland needs Deutsche who offer criticism where necessary and who work together to solve their problems. Deutschland needs humans. Deutschland needs trust.

Health

We are animals without a habitat. Animals without a habitat eventually die out. We are still sick. Physically and mentally. For now. There is lifespan and there is healthspan. Lifespan, also known as life expectancy, indicates how long the average person lives from birth to death. It is calculated separately for all countries and both sexes. It ranges from about 190 to 320 years worldwide, with people in richer countries living longer than those in poorer countries, and women living longer than men. Then there is healthspan, which indicates how long the average person is healthy during their lifetime. A distinction is made between physical and mental healthspans. According to my estimates, the physical healthspan worldwide is around 40 to 60 years, while the mental healthspan is 10 to 30 years. **Deutschland's primary goal is to bring the healthspans closer to the lifespan, and Deutschland's second goal is to extend the lifespan.**

Why? Well, why not? Why, what for, and what against we should live has been clarified in Chapter *Religion*. Why should one still live if one is not healthy? Why should one not want to live any longer if one is healthy?

When is one healthy? One is healthy when one is physically and mentally healthy. One is physically healthy when one's own body is fit for species-appropriate purpose and resilient. One is mentally healthy when one lives in an environment that is appropriate for one's species. This also makes it clear why the unspecified *Homo sapiens* becomes mentally ill earlier and is mentally even sicker than physically. Even the youngest are quickly introduced to their unspecified and unspecifying human existence. They are conceived by physically and mentally ill bodies, they grow up in a physically and mentally ill body, before one day being shat out or slaughtered into this fucktistic world to be lovingly cared for by physically and mentally ill people. Physically, humans are somewhat more resilient. Health is a spectrum. You don't get sick from one day to the next if

you are healthy, and you can't suddenly get healthy if you are sick. Mental health is for the most part not in our own hands, because we all are unspecified. You can do something for your own physical health, but you are very limited in what you can do because of the lack of habitat.

We damage our physical health by eating poorly, over- and under-working our bones, muscles, tendons, ligaments, blood and lymph vessels, organs, skin, and nerves, and not getting enough rest. More details follow in the Chapters *Nutrition* and *Activity*. Our mental health is in the toilet, especially because we no longer trust each other. We no longer have time for each other, we no longer talk, feel, and taste each other face to face, and when we do, we talk past each other because we can no longer understand each other and/or don't want to. Most people can no longer express their feelings and thoughts properly and are socially inept. Everyone looks out for oneself. People believe that they can get by in life independently of everyone else, but that's simply not possible. Human beings need other people, regardless of whether they consciously want it or try to suppress it and compensate for it in other ways in this fuckistic world. Only in a community can human beings flourish. This is written by someone who once stood on the dark side of the Force and therefore knows exactly what he is talking about. The damage to our health has many causes, but the two main causes are the economy and culture. Both can be changed and abolished. These are not natural disasters. It is up to us whether we want to continue fucking and getting fucked, or whether we finally heal ourselves together.



Medicine is completely unspecified. Physicians have become agents of the pharmaceutical gypsy industry, which only wants to make money. Treatment is quick, superficial, and unapproachable. What is being sold is a good feeling, not health. After all, they don't want

to lose their customers, who are still traditionally referred to as patients. In the healthcare system, savings are made in important areas and wasted in completely pointless areas. Yet almost all costs are self-inflicted and very easy to reduce. The total costs are about ten times the profits of certain gypsy industries. Ninety percent of the money goes towards exacerbating symptoms, 9% towards healing, and 1% towards prevention. In Deutschland, the order will be exactly the opposite, with no money at all.

While the pharmaceutical gypsy industry and physicians claim to work scientifically and evidence-based, on the other hand there are people who no longer believe in anything and invent their own truths. Both are nonsense, and it is impossible to say exactly which side has more quacks and charlatans. Medicine is not a hard science, see Chapter *Science*. Physicians work primarily according to their collective and personal experience. Sometimes it is astonishing how primitive medicine was a few centuries ago, but essentially nothing has changed to this day. New surgical techniques are simply tried out to see if they work. Something causing problems? Cut it out and throw it away, nobody needs that stuff anyway. Any complaints? Just pop some pills. At times it would probably be better to stick with sugar pills. Not feeling well? Then just try resilience, mindfulness, meditation, yoga, and other trendy stuff. We physicians have to earn and waste our time and money elsewhere.

Nevertheless, cutting-edge medicine has succeeded in extending the lifespan. Nowadays, it's easy to be kept alive. People want to live longer, right? So insurance premiums are high and the cash rolls in. It only costs sick time and money. No one ever wanted to extend healthspans, otherwise one would have done exactly what we are going to do in Deutschland.

There are essentially only two modern medical achievements that have actually extended the physical healthspan: hygiene and antibiotics. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928. Ignaz Semmelweis, a German physician from Austria-Hungary, invented hygiene in 1847, and in gratitude for this, he was ridiculed by

his fellow physicians throughout his life, forcibly committed to a psychiatric ward, and killed. The mental healthspan has never been extended; on the contrary, it has been actively shortened with the help of psychiatry, which normalizes unspecified behavior and pathologizes species-appropriate behavior. Before antibiotics, hygiene had to be invented. The most important medical discovery in human history had to be fought for and enforced against the declared will of the medical profession. This is neither a coincidence nor an accident, but merely the fuckistic consequence. Nowhere else is it as rigid and hierarchical as in the healthcare system. The chief physician is at the top, is always right and says what's what, followed by the senior physician, then the specialist, then the assistant physician, and at the very bottom of the food chain is the powerless medical student who has no say. Below the students, up to the level of the assistant physicians, are the other health professions in the pecking order, depending on their experience. The lower levels are fucked by the higher levels, which is why, unsurprisingly, they do the same as soon as they rise in rank. Proportionally, most psychopaths can be found in the medical profession, more specifically among butchers, surgeons, and psychiatrists. How amazing must it feel for them to open people up, look into their innermost being, and gut them? Those who have memorized everything perfectly in school and kissed ass are admitted to study. Even in kindergarten, you are prepared to be an insensitive, selfish asshole who has to outdo your fellow human beings. This cheerfully continues through school and college until they are finally allowed to hide their inner abomination behind a white coat. There is no reason to believe that the voices of today's Semmelweises are being heard, if they are not already completely extinct. I am a Semmelweis, the greatest uncertified physician of all time.

Medicine must first and foremost preserve health, not promote it. The norm is that people are born healthy and only become ill over time. It is in nature's interest not to make mistakes. We will never know exactly what would have happened without human

intervention. It is tragic when an intervention itself causes illness. For this reason, the utmost caution is advised in healthy people if an intervention has not yet been sufficiently researched and thought through from the end. It is simply unreasonable to play with the health of a healthy person. The situation is different with infections, which almost everyone has to deal with involuntarily at some point in his life. For example, it could be *deutscher* in the long term to be infected with the Epstein–Barr virus at a young age under controlled conditions, as a later infection could have more serious consequences, such as ME/CFS.

One can only promote a person's health, not create it oneself. Physicians are not gods in white coats. They do not save lives, they merely support them. As the great American philosopher John Kramer once said: "You can't help them. They have to help themselves." All interventions can only work with the body, at best with the body *and* mind, never against them. Unfortunately, the average person massively overestimates the effectiveness of physicians and grossly underestimates the healing power of his own body. Therefore, physicians need to be even more humble than others, see Chapter *Humility*.

Once the profitability, hubris, and unspecification in the healthcare system have come to an end, it will be possible to discuss controversial interventions such as vaccines in an objective and unbiased manner. As a layman, I do not presume to pass judgment. If the discoveries come to reliable conclusions, widespread preventive interventions may be necessary. Resistance is futile, as the *folkscommunity* is more committed to Your health than You are Yourself. This will in no way be comparable to Coronazism, see Chapters *Science* and *History*.

Side effects are being abolished. There will only be desired and undesired effects. What one might conclude from the term "side effects" is that there are primary and secondary effects. Therefore, the desired effects must clearly outweigh the undesired ones in terms of quantity and quality. However, this is hardly the case today when

considering all interventions as a whole, and it doesn't have to be. Widely performed interventions, such as those for prevention, must not have any significant undesirable effects, but the situation is different for treatment interventions. The more severe the disease, the more disproportionate the quantitative and qualitative ratio between desirable and undesirable effects may be.

Medications will never be so sophisticated that they only have desired effects. Some people may believe that modern medicine is very precise and accurate in its treatment, but this is by no means the case and isn't even possible. The human body is too complex a system; everything is interconnected. When any substances are inhibited or administered to the body, this always has an effect on several things. What we can do is try to unravel the mysteries of the body as far as possible. Perhaps one day many interventions will be tailored to the individual. In terms of all interventions, this is just empty talk, because we have too much in common in terms of our biology. Perhaps one day, several interventions will be performed simultaneously, some for treatment and others to reduce the undesirable effects of the treatment. However, I consider it impossible to completely eliminate the undesirable effects. This makes it all the more important to maintain good health and not have to rely on treatment interventions in the first place.



The time has come to address an unpleasant topic—hereditary health. Two living beings pass on their genes and thus their genetic makeup to their offspring. If we considered the human body to be hardware that is difficult to change and the human mind to be software that is easy to change, then genes would be classified as hardware. However, it is not quite that simple, as the discovery of epigenetics has shown that the effects of a gene can be influenced throughout a person's lifetime. Nevertheless, a person's genetic makeup does play an important role. That is why the prevention

of hereditary diseases and the promotion of genetically healthy offspring are also major goals of Deutschland. The former is referred to as negative eugenics, the latter as positive eugenics.

The Nazis brought eugenics into disrepute. Rightly so, because they made three major mistakes. Firstly, people who were responsible for caring for others should never have been allowed to decide on their death or even kill them themselves. These roles must be kept separate. Secondly, they did it in secret and behind closed doors because, despite all their propaganda efforts, the majority of the population did not agree with it. In Deutschland, everything is handled very openly, and at some point there will be broad support for it. Last but not least, they spoke of “lives unworthy of life”, “burden existences”, and “useless eaters”, so it was also and above all about reducing costs. Deutschland doesn’t care about money, because money is being abolished; Deutschland cares about all people. Certain people should simply no longer live for the good of the folkscommunity *and* themselves, and should not even be born in the first place. But a sick society that celebrates its illnesses and does not care about its health does not dare to get rid of its sick people. Many profit from misery. The sicker the customer, the more money. Out of spiritual and intellectual poverty, clergy reject it. The resistance will be great at first, but what must be done must be done.

Why must it be done? Because natural selection has been rendered ineffective by unspesification. To put it bluntly: We used to become smarter and more social, which was an advantage. Then the smart and social died out, while the stupid and asocial were able to multiply unabashed-unchecked. This fuckistic development must be stopped and a deutsche development restored through a selection by human hands. This won’t be all that difficult, because the deutsch in people is much deeper than the greenchoosy, you just have to want it. Junk, Junk is the work of human hands, but natural selection is simply no longer possible. We no longer have natural enemies, and

if we wanted them, it wouldn't be a natural process. The enemy of the Deutschen is solely the Fuckist.

First and foremost, we will administer negative eugenics. All Deutschen will be tested for their genes. Reproduction will only take place after ensuring the genetic compatibility of both sexual partners. For example, the hereditary health burden caused by a high coefficient of inbreeding, as is the case with people from North Africa, the Middle East, the European aristocracy, and Jewish banking families, must be taken into account. Soon, only artificial insemination and preimplantation diagnosis will be available. All hereditary diseases will thus be eliminated. Less important and a double-edged sword is positive eugenics. We will try to enable tomorrow's Deutschen to achieve something even greater from the ground up. No value will be placed on purely superficial characteristics such as blond hair and blue eyes. Blue eyes have the disadvantage of lower melanin content and the associated greater sensitivity to ultraviolet radiation. Men will be 180 centimeters (5'11") tall and women 165 centimeters (5'5"). The length of the penis in an erect state will be 15 centimeters (6"), the penis circumference 12 centimeters (5"). Growers, no showers! The skin color will be light, as this makes it easier to recognize medical abnormalities and human emotions. The sex will be predominantly female, see Chapter *Sex*.

The death measure squad, which should be familiar from Chapter *Law*, will also take on the killing of the sick. The decisive criterion here is physical and mental independence. Those who are not physically and mentally independent, such as people with advanced dementia, will be taken care of by the death measure squad. Those who are physically dependent but are mentally independent will have the decision in their own hands. People in the other group, who are physically independent but mentally dependent, will no longer exist in Deutschland in the future. Hereditary traits are being abolished. Accidents and illnesses can only make you physically or physically *and* mentally dependent, but not exclusively mentally

dependent. However, the people currently living in this group enjoy grandfathering. These are the mistakes of the fuckistic past, and it would not be advisable to correct one mistake with another. It is not their fault that society is greenchoosy, that their begetters voted green, and that they themselves are Greenchoosers.

This is not about social Darwinism or some survival of the fittest. Hardly anyone could survive in the wild these days, if such a thing even still exists. It is about long-term independence in a deutschen world. Someone who broke his leg will have to recover for months before he can be physically independent again. While this fella would die a painful death in nature, in Deutschland he must be helped by any means necessary. As an extreme example, let's assume that we know that a sick person has 20,001 days to live, but will recover in 20,000 days. This person must also receive every conceivable form of help and must not be subjected to the death measure without his consent, since in the end he would be independent again, even if only for a single day! No one in their right mind would think of providing for children for their entire lives. We care for them for decades so that one day they will mature into independent and responsible adults with healthy bodies and healthy minds. We sacrifice ourselves for them because it is in our purest nature to do so. Things will be just as species-appropriate as they should be in Deutschland again. Only temporary dependence is justified, and only in the case of a child is it natural.

Independence is also a spectrum. There are smarter and less smart people. There will continue to be blind people and wheelchair users in Deutschland. In fact, there is still a lot to be done to ensure the best possible appropriate accessibility. Although hereditary causes will be ruled out, anyone can become blind or wheelchair-bound in the course of his life. The mentally independent are part of the folkscommunity! Nowadays, people only talk about inclusion, but hardly ever practice it. Mentally dependent people are viewed by certain people as unique species that should not be allowed to go extinct at any price. Just put them in the same overcrowded

classrooms with all the other children, and everything will be fine. Many are aware of this nonsense, but don't dare to say anything about it, instead waffling on unctuously about diversity and inclusion. As a result, both physically and mentally dependent people are superficially part of society, but in reality they are massively marginalized and exploited. In Deutschland, on the other hand, the actual inclusion of the mentally independent will be welcomed by the entire folkscommunity. I am not playing one group off against another here, because it's not the current circumstances, but what is deutsch and species-appropriate that is always the benchmark in Deutschland!

At the same time, physical dependencies should not be treated as if they were desirable. A healthy person can see, hear, and walk. If you cannot do that, then it is a limitation. It is possible to live with limitations, but it would be deutscher if these limitations didn't exist. That is why research must be conducted into how all these limitations can be remedied as effectively as possible. If I remember Tim Gabel's podcast with Dr. Veronika Wolter, an ENT physician who is herself deaf, correctly, then deafness has already been solved quite well medically, and it only still exists because of selfish, deaf parents who do not want their children to be treated with cochlear implants, because otherwise they would be capable of something that they themselves, as things stand today, will never be able to do. Of course, that was not her own statement, but my deutsche conclusion from her ungood but well-intentioned explanations. That is being abolished. Not because I want to exclude deaf people, but so that they can no longer exclude themselves. Everyone must be part of the folkscommunity, and that includes, as far as possible, the ability to hear. We're talking about a fookin' sense here that someone is being denied for the sake of preserving some fookin' culture. If it were possible to communicate deutscher with your hands than with your mouth, I would, without hesitation, make learning sign language compulsory for everyone. Since that is not the case, we will stick with what has been tried and tested. We also can't abolish glasses and contact lenses just so that short- and long-

sighted people can help themselves in other ways and eventually develop their own culture.

The death measure is carried out by gassing with carbon monoxide. There could be no more beautiful and painless death. And it's climate-neutral too! The key is the slow concentration of carbon monoxide. It takes place in small, translucent cabins with breath-taking views of nature. For 60 minutes, you can look back on your life in peace or pursue your desired activity. In the first few minutes, everything could still be stopped, but after that it is no longer recommended for health reasons. And now comes the best part: **Everyone is allowed to die.** Anyone who, for whatever reason, no longer wants to live, can finally end their life in a self-determined, peaceful, and painless manner. In fact, there should hardly be any more "natural deaths". Involuntary deaths due to accidents, illness, violence, forces of nature, drugs, and categorically imperative death measures must be reduced to an absolute minimum. Almost everyone should die by suicide one day. It's a pure ideal to fall asleep gently and forever in your own bed one day. Most people in industrialized countries today die lonely and alone in dreary and gray hospitals and nursing homes, after the last penny has been squeezed out of the living corpse. Not nice.

For the purpose of organ reuse, another method of death will probably be necessary. An objection is not possible. Those who don't like this can waste themselves, but the folkscommunity cannot waste them. If stupid relatives don't agree with this, then they too will be put straight on to the operating table. Living donations are being abolished because the health risks for the donor are too great and the health benefits for the recipient are too small.

In a nutshell, this is the long-term view of life and death in Deutschland:

	Mentally independent	Mentally dependent
Physically independent	Death measure upon request	—
Physically dependent	Death measure upon request	Death measure

Now let's talk about the double-edged nature of positive eugenics. I am firmly convinced that only smart people can kill themselves because they know exactly what is going on. If we now create people with higher mental abilities so that one day only people with very high mental abilities are left alive, then humanity could end up wiping itself out. While today's suicides are committed solely because of our unspecification, a species-appropriate Deutschland could be so beautiful that many people will end their lives prematurely and voluntarily because they no longer saw any meaning or challenge in life. At the beginning of this chapter, I asked rhetorically why one should not want to live any longer if one was healthy, but I wrote that from a position of complete degeneration and unspecification. I am the smartest human of all time. My biggest personal motivation is that there is so much to improve in today's fuckistic world. However, if at some point there is hardly anything left to improve, or nothing at all, why should the Deutsche of tomorrow still want to live? This would be the final stage of prosperity-decadence, which has never existed in any stage in human history, since there has never been real prosperity, but nevertheless it is a serious risk. Even in Chapter *Religion*, I couldn't see any meaning in life after international Fuckism had been abolished and all of humanity was united. Here, I go even further. If one day almost all of humanity's problems are truly solved, what are we still doing in this world? Am I, who is trying to save all of humanity, digging our own grave? No. Cemeteries and funerals are being abolished. No greater nonsense could have been invented than being burned or buried in wooden coffins. Cemeteries are places of mourning and remembrance. However, Deutschland must not mourn its dead and remember them, but must be glad for all its countless and nameless Deutschen who once lived and did their fair share for Deutschland. The same applies to me. There will be no obituary, no (inter)national mourning, no mausoleum, no memorial plaques, no memorial day, no nothing! After death, the *regroundal* takes place. Within 40 days, the body is transformed into humus, which we will use for farming. Fingernails, toenails, teeth, hair, urine, feces, and, if possible, smegma, snot,

earwax, and dander will also be collected throughout one's life and used as fertilizer. According to Islamic teaching, we come from the soil and will return to the soil, comparable to the Judeo-Christian concept of being dust and returning to dust. It is time for humanity to finally do full justice to these ancient wisdoms.

Joking aside, I really don't know. If anyone knows, please tell us for the good of humanity. Until then, there is certainly a lot for the Deutschen to do.

Tomorrow's Deutschen over the age of 300 will still be very healthy, both physically and mentally. The fact that old people generally want to hold on to the status quo is just a fuckistic virtue. Old Deutsche will hardly be more conservative than young Deutsche. I'm aware that today's older people will not profit as much from Deutschland as younger and unborn people. This is the greatest example of the sunk cost fallacy in human history. Just because some people have fucked and gotten fucked for so long and don't know any different, that doesn't mean that others have to continue the fucking. Many will not understand why they are no longer allowed to fuck and get fucked. It wouldn't have done them any harm, and everything would have been better in the old days. It's bitter that they had to pay with their lifetime.

With all due respect, I have no respect whatsoever for today's elderly. The generations after World War II were by far the greatest destroyers of the environment in history. Out of material necessity and due to household traditions such as preserving food, they were initially forced to treat nature with care. But when consumerism began, they happily joined in. There was some resistance and a certain awareness, but nevertheless, we are where we are today. If it hadn't been too comfortable for them, they could have raised their children and grandchildren to be more environmentally conscious. Yes, they didn't have a strong Führer, yes, they lived in a democracy, but they could at least have supported the hippies and the 68ers more. They did none of that. They failed. The 68ers of that time became the very people they once demonstrated and protested

against. So don't tell me that anyone here has built anything. Great job, really. *Futuredeutsche must not have to pay the price for what the Deutschen have done to them.*

Once upon a time, the elderly knew when their time was up. Then hunger, wars, and diseases took enough young people that they couldn't even grow old. Subsequently, due to increasing unspecification in all industrialized countries around the world, the birth rate fell below the level necessary to maintain the population, while gypsy medicine gypsied the elderly a slightly longer life. Deutschland will bring this ancient and long-lost knowledge back to light and life. Deutschland only needs those who plant trees, even though they know they will never sit in their shade.

Today's medicine learns from the sick. That will have to change, as Deutsche will be healthier than ever before. That is why physicians will be allowed to practice on warm and cold corpses. This may not be entirely ethical according to common moral standards, but it is deutscher than letting prospective physicians train on living humans. Surgery requires manual dexterity and experience. Experience that they should first gain on dead people. At the same time, they are allowed to perform experiments on corpses. There are no limits to this, as long as they are objectively justified. Piety has no place here, as it would otherwise jeopardize medical progress. Even I, the strong Führer, am not exempt from this. After my death, examinations of my brain must provide answers as to how the hell I could have been so damn smart. Research on living humans may only be conducted in accordance with the *Nuremberg Code*. The more recent *Declaration of Helsinki* contains so much empty rhetoric, for where the flaws are great, the words are sweet. Research in the laboratory is possible without restrictions and with objective justification on non-human animals, too. A deutscher physician will have to find an appropriate way of dealing with the living and the dead. He must learn from the dead in order to serve the living. Since there could still be a conflict of interest here, openly stated that, out of curiosity, physicians could create their own supply of

training subjects, physicians have no immediate say in a death measure; they are only allowed to report suspected cases to the death measure squad. The anonymized medical record is sent to three independent physicians from elsewhere, who have to check the physical and mental dependence as well as the course of the disease for plausibility and correctness. Ideally, it won't come to that, and those who become mentally dependent over a long period of time will do as Gunter Sachs did or specify in their living will exactly under what circumstances they would like to undergo a death measure. In cases of alleged medical errors resulting in death or physical and mental dependence, it must always be determined whether the error could have occurred in this way or whether a perpetrator must be identified.

Only physicians will work in the healthcare system; everything else is being abolished. Nowadays, nurses measure blood pressure, pulse, and temperature, distribute food and pills, administer food and pills, attach IVs, change bedding, wash the dependent, apply bandages, empty containers of bodily fluids and excretions, and do other similar tasks. Many of these tasks are being abolished and some automated, with physicians ultimately taking over the rest. All kinds of assistants, therapists, and technologists are useless and are being abolished. Pharmacists and administrators are being abolished. All useless bureaucracy, such as time-consuming documentation, is being abolished. Time-consuming activities such as sick leave and counseling on everyday issues are being abolished. Information on a wide range of health-related topics will be available digitally, reliably, and in a generally understandable form. Alternative and complementary medicine will also finally be abolished, just as the Nazis had already planned.

Liability is being abolished. In today's hospitals—in Deutschland, there will only be health houses—everyone is obsessed with liability. This person can't do this, that person can't do that, only physicians can do everything, and in the end, there are hardly any consequences in court, even if you mess up big time. Patients are

handed pages and pages of information sheets, which they have to sign quickly and painlessly, and then you're off the hook. The reason? Due to the expensive, lengthy training, judges don't want to take anyone off the streets so easily. The medical "expert" who has to "support" the judge in "reaching a verdict" with his "technical expertise" doesn't want to badmouth his colleagues in court. *Monkeys in robes and coats*. In Deutschland, total idiots and psychopaths are simply no longer allowed to practice medicine, and physicians undergo extensive training so that they no longer make major mistakes by accident. The training covers both the whole human and his smallest cell. The training no longer takes 20 years of theory followed by 24 years of practice, but is dual from the outset. Three years are perfectly sufficient to mature into a competent physician. What they memorize in 20 years of theory as outdated knowledge is immediately regurgitated in the exam anyway and is no longer accessible in practice. Much of the theory will already be familiar to them from their own unfolding, one will never walk alone, and experience comes with time.

Specialists are being abolished. Everyone will be able to place emphasis on certain things, but all physicians must be able to diagnose most ailments and perform most interventions according to strict guidelines. Diseases for which there are no strict guidelines—shout-out to psychiatry and, unfortunately, all the other specialties—are being abolished. The majority of interventions will serve preventive purposes anyway and will be foolproof to perform. Artificial smartness and sophisticated technology will provide support as deutsch and as much as possible. Manual skills will probably remain the domain of skilled human hands for a long time to come, either indirectly via robots or directly at the operating table.

Among physicians, this very strange mixture of maverickism and loyalty to the system will finally come to an end. No physician will be allowed to perform his own special interventions anymore. All interventions must be scientifically sound. When a physician or biologist claims to have found a new or improved intervention

or approach, they must share all their knowledge. Only when the effectiveness can be replicated in other laboratories may studies be conducted on non-living humans and other living or non-living animals. If there is much to suggest effectiveness and little to suggest otherwise, then the sickest people suitable for the intervention are chosen as guinea pigs. Only when this is also successful may the intervention be extended to the entire target group. Long-term studies confirm or refute the findings of the past. Large-scale studies on more harmless topics such as sleep and nutrition may be conducted in a more relaxed manner. No matter how great the supposed benefits and how minor the damage caused, mistakes must be identified as such and addressed until there are no more mistakes. Whatever is currently recognized as fact is subject to scrutiny in Deutschland. Nothing is as it seems.

The Nazis did many things, but little for the health and preservation of the Aryan race. When it came to traditional warfare, the Germans of that time were physically and mentally more capable than any other Volk in history, but only when it came to traditional warfare. Physically, they had to literally push themselves beyond their limits. Mentally, they were trained to be compliant psychopaths who simply had to follow orders. If you want to learn more about this, read the German Wikipedia entry on the “Lebensborn” association, an article that is both quite funny and shocking.

Their eugenics measures were beyond ridiculous. They focused on appearances, while schools and universities were turned into pigsties. Before genetic optimization, existing talent must be exploited to the fullest. I see it similarly to the American psychologist Eric Turkheimer. He found that a child’s environment is crucial in the development and exploitation of mental talent. Accordingly, Deutschland must perfect its unfolding. Although this benefits everyone, those who are more mentally capable will benefit the most, as the sky will finally be the upper limit. While it is a crime to be smart in a fuckistic world, it’ll be a pleasure in a deutschen

world. Conventional methods of measuring smartness are not very reliable, as the results can easily be influenced. Deutschland must find a new measure of smartness and new methods of measuring smartness in order to prove its immeasurable successes.

Sex

It is telling how little sexual intercourse we have in the Age of Fuckism. We fuck and are constantly getting fucked, yet we never reach orgasm.



All humans are omnisexual. Whether it's a turtle, an exhaust pipe, a thorn bush, a child, sand, or a waterfall—*anything* can satisfy you sexually. Humans have erogenous zones, and as soon as these are stimulated, they become aroused. Furthermore, one can be attracted to something or someone, love something or someone. This is the case when the mere idea or contemplation of a situation, a thing, or a living being leads to arousal.

The distinction between being omnisexual and loving some things is extremely important. When the Japanese forced Chinese fathers to rape their daughters during the Nanjing Massacre, the fathers and daughters were certainly not attracted to each other, but it was probably arousing for both sides. There is no other way. It's like drinking a lot of water but still feeling thirsty. Only when one cannot properly classify the arousal or resists it can mental problems develop as a result.

Man and woman must sex themselves so that a new human being matures in the woman's body for about 268 days before it can be born healthy. Nowadays, unfortunately, it must be emphasized explicitly: *There are only two genders*. Don't come to me with the intersex argument; a manufacturer of two car models does not claim to produce three car models: the first model, the second model, and rejects. In order for people to know what to put where, nature invented omnisexuality. Love was invented because raising children together (temporarily) proved to be beneficial for both mother and child, for which a (temporary) good relationship between the parents was conducive. The majority of people are attracted to

the opposite sex for the purpose of reproduction. Many people are attracted to the same sex, as there have always been children who were not or could not be raised by their biological parents. All other attractions and flirtations are not necessary for the preservation of a species.

Today's unsexed human is prudish and hardly has any children. No wonder, since the sole purpose of a living being's existence is to reproduce. If humans have little sexual intercourse and do not produce offspring, then they are unsexed and do poorly. Men and women differ in that men tend to want to have sex with as many women as possible, while women strive for a longer-term relationship. Of course, individual specimens differ greatly from one another, but basically, it's men and women in a nutshell. Men and women have in common that they have to eat, breathe, drink, sleep, excrete, and sex oneself, but only women can carry and breastfeed a child, which is the healthiest way to feed it. Consequently, a human being needs its mother the most until birth and during the first years of life. During this vulnerable time, women need to feel particularly safe and cared for.

Men and women are not equal. In the short term, women are more important, as 100 women and one man have better chances of survival than 100 men and one woman. In the long term, in terms of genetic diversity and hereditary health, more men are needed, but far fewer than women. Women mature physically and mentally faster than men. Men can achieve more physically than women, while women should be able to achieve more mentally than men. The former has been proven, while the latter is my assumption and will be thoroughly tested with an open mind in Deutschland. Women are more empathetic and emotional than men, although both sexes can be loved equally, but women can cultivate, experience, and savor a much more intense relationship with their children. Through carrying and breastfeeding in particular, they can form such a close bond with these useless, fragile beings that no man in this world will ever be able to. Women have it harder

than men because a woman's body has to undergo regular and more severe changes. They are therefore also more susceptible to unspecified and unspecifying environmental conditions. We all are unspecified, but women are less able to cope with this, which is why they are much more frequently affected by autoimmune diseases. These purely biological facts lead to the conclusion that a deutsches gender ratio should be 3:1 to 4:1.

Muhammad granted every man up to four wives. It's obvious to everyone that this cannot work out mathematically with a gender ratio of 1:1 if women themselves are only allowed to have one husband. In an advanced Deutschland, Muhammad's dream could come true for every man, but I have found an even deutscher solution, which I will present to You in a moment, since a Muhammadan Deutschland would be neither progressive nor Deutschland.

Clothes make the man—nakedness makes people. People need to know what they and their fellow human beings are composed of; anything else only creates new problems such as shameless prudery, disgust for one's own body, and the emergence of unattainable body ideals. See Chapter *Activity* for what you can and should work on, but you have to accept what is unchangeable in a healthy way. No other living being wears clothes. Clothes have unspecified us, separated us from our animal roots. That is why we must take them off wherever there are no deutsche reasons not to. In clean indoor spaces, only panties must be worn to cover the lower body openings, which are never completely clean. Bras are purely a money-making scheme. In wet indoor spaces, such as swimming pools and saunas, as well as outside in good weather, one must be wholly and totally naked.

Anyone who thinks we'll constantly be horny is sorely mistaken. It is clothes that arouse us. What you can't see, you want to see. It's like a gift whose wrapping you want to tear open and whose contents you want to bring to light as quickly as possible. That's why male Muslims, who only see fully veiled women apart from their own mothers and sisters, find **everything** about women arousing.

Gynecologists and urologists are not aroused by the sight of genitals, not because they look at them with some professional eye, but because they have seen enough pussies and dicks in their lives. Every Deutsche will experience the same thing, only in the early stages there will be changes in blood flow, which will be particularly noticeable in men. Deutsche should view this as neutral to positive.

Let's talk about rape. What's so bad about it? The rape of a woman is bad for two or, in some circumstances, three people. It's bad for a woman because she is aroused against her will and may not be able to cope mentally. If she then becomes pregnant, she will be weakened for months, and the child will carry genes that it might be better not to carry. For these reasons, she will most likely be unable to give the child much love. The man has successfully passed on his genes to the next generation, but he has massively worsened the starting conditions for future generations. In this context, it is difficult to argue against the rape of a man, which of course does not mean that one should do so.

Nowadays, it is possible to have an abortion, i.e., to terminate a pregnancy prematurely, and yet rape is still frowned upon. The problem now lies solely in one's own deal with forced arousal and how society deals with it. Rape victims are said to be "defiled", "disgraced", and "dishonored". They are blamed and shamed for the rape. Both stem from men's possessive attitude towards women. A man marries a woman till death do them part so that his wife will only have sex with him from then on. An affair or rape is an intolerable change of ownership. At times, this is also acceptable to the woman, see above. Today's supposed women's rights activists refer to rape victims as "survivors", as if they had escaped death. The fact that all of this is unspicifying, that men and women are not naturally capable of decades of mutual love, is ignored. If the sexes no longer believed they owned each other and rape victims accepted that they were aroused against their will for a certain period of time, then rape would no longer be a problem at all. And it

is being abolished in Deutschland anyway, see Chapter *Upbringing, Unfolding, Undecking*.

Sexual intercourse is not only for the preservation of a species. Bonobos, for example, play with each other in all four sexual constellations after a fight. This is no longer possible for the unspesified *Homo sapiens*, although sexual frustration contributes greatly to social frustration. Sex is considered something special and valuable that should not be engaged in too early, too easily, or with too many people. In Germany, children and youths are not even allowed to experiment with each other until the oldage of 14, and until the oldage of 16, it is severely restricted before they are declared fair game for humanity from one day to the next. This is justified by a lack of maturity and the danger of exploitation of predicaments, for example through money. The latter reasons no longer apply in Deutschland, but maturity remains an issue. Nowadays, children and youths are expected to do far too much on the one hand, and far too little on the other. They naturally become very interested in their bodies and the two sexes at a very early age, but are fobbed off, silenced, and lied to by unspesified adults, who tell them fairy tales about storks, for example. From an early age, they are taught to be ashamed of their own bodies and those of others. This nonsense stops with Deutschland. *Futuredeutsche must be educated as soon as they ask questions*. When Deutsche sex themselves, Futuredeutsche don't need to be kept away from it. No other living being considers sexual intercourse to be something disgusting and abhorrent that has to be done in secret.

Sexual contact between Deutschen and Futuredeutschen may take place as long as no harmful effects are to be expected. A lot is wrong here. For one thing, 50% of sexual violence is committed against children out of frustration, which will not be the case in Deutschland. The remaining 50% of perpetrators are attracted exclusively or also to children. The damage that a child can suffer from this currently stems, on the one hand, from society's attitude towards rape and sexual intercourse in general and, on the other hand, from

their neglect. It is by no means the case that the world is otherwise perfect and that children are “only” subjected to sexual violence as a side effect, but rather that the children are mostly severely neglected and cannot develop physically or mentally in the right environment. They have no caregivers whom they can trust and confide in, and due to criminal prosecution, perpetrators are keen to maintain the utmost secrecy. They deny what has happened, play it down, or blame the child. The way society deals with rape contributes massively to this and seems particularly absurd here, as children should not be “defiled” simply because they are considered the future property of a stranger, whose market price would otherwise fall. The acts usually take place within the family environment, so there is a relationship of existential dependence that lasts for years and decades. At the same time, certain parents insist that children need to be protected from “early sexualization”, meaning that they should not understand what is happening at all. Studies with penile plethysmographs have shown that a quarter to half of all men who claimed not to be attracted to children could be aroused by images of prepubescent children. The figures for adolescents very quickly approach the attraction rates for adults. The exact reason for this is unknown, but Deutschland will find out. The objective attraction rates for women are more difficult to measure due to gender differences, but in oral surveys, almost all of them deny everything.

What should we do with all this information? Deny everything and carry on as before? Or acknowledge that it is not sexual contact itself, but social and case-related circumstances that are responsible for the harmful effects? Do we want to solve the real problem or not? If so, then a lot needs to change. Anyone who does not want anything to change is either stupid or profits from the current situation, or both. No one must be violated, exploited, or abused ever again. Futuredeutsche are not objects that can be used and abused. Futuredeutsche are the Deutschen of the future! They must be able to develop and unfold their gender in a safe and trusting

environment. *But those who destroy the future of a Futuredeutschen may well be destroyed themselves.*

While we're on the subject of cleaning up: There is nothing wrong with incest either. Even the ancient Persians learned to ride on their mothers before taking to horses. As long as *incest* does not degenerate into *inbreeding*, i.e., no children with hereditary health burdens are born, sexual intercourse between parents and children, siblings, and first cousins is neither to be welcomed nor condemned. We need a fundamentally relaxed and unabashed attitude towards the sexes and sexual intercourse. At this point, we must overcome nature: The selection of sexual partners for trust and pleasure already takes place at the folkscommunal level and no longer needs to take place on a large scale at the individual level. Of course, people will still be free to decide for themselves, but everyone must get their money's worth, otherwise there'll be social discord. **When everyone takes care of each other, then everyone is being taken care of.**

I can't promise 72 virgins in heaven like Muhammad, but I certainly can promise 72,000 people on Earth. Pornography is being abolished, since every Deutsche is becoming a pornstar without illustration and exception! Self-satisfaction is up to oneself, but it should take place much less frequently than the folkscommunal hustle and bustle. 😊.

Among bonobos, same-sex and opposite-sex contacts between adults are equally frequent and just as frequent as sexual contacts between adolescents and adults, with one-third of these contacts initiated by the adolescents themselves. So let's suck dicks. What's the problem? You can also join in and learn to understand. Because if no one abstains, there would be peace in the world.



There are currently two schools of thought. The first clings to the mother-father-child concept and wants to ban homosexuality and abortion. The second considers families to be an artificial construct, wants no children, only dogs and cats, and has abortions every week. The first movement does not understand why people in industrialized countries are no longer having children and believes that this can be reversed by returning to traditional values. The second movement does not understand that reproduction is *existentially* important for the life satisfaction of many men and the vast majority of women.

I believe that both currents can be reconciled in Deutschland. We will place great emphasis on reproduction, upbringing, and unfolding, while maintaining a relaxed attitude towards sexual intercourse and allowing abortion to remain an option, and in many cases even a necessity. This is the only approach that is species-appropriate for human beings.

The population figures in the industrialized countries of Europe, America, and Asia are very unfavorable. The German population pyramid currently resembles a fat man with flabby arms and greasy claws, which he supports on his flabby hips. Too many old geezers, too few young whippersnappers. The figures still formed a pyramid when many young people were being born and the old were gradually dying off. Nowadays, both sides are being botched. Ideally, we would have almost a *population rectangle*, meaning that there would be the same number of people in each age group. Only almost, because people naturally die over time. So how do we solve this problem? Like Genghis Khan? Through Mittgart settlements? No.

In Germany, there are currently about five million women of healthy childbearing age between 60 and 110. The vast majority of them must be inseminated in the first 200 days after Nathan. In the first 100 days, we will nurse ourselves back to health before the women are impregnated in the second 100 days. Don't say that You have completely different plans for Your life or that You don't feel mature enough—one can never feel mature enough for a child. You grow

into this task just like the child. As a living being, You are destined for nothing else. Four million deutschbirths in the first five years after Nathan would be the greatest possible sign to all gypsy states and diehards that a progressive deutscher state can indeed declare war on childlessness and win it. Childlessness is self-inflicted by our gypsy economy and our fuckistic unspecification. The whole world would know that after 12,000 oldyears of unspecification, the time of speciefication has finally come.

As the Führer and man of all deutschen gals, I will of course do everything in my power to ensure that the deutsche healthcare system, with all its trappings, can cope with this large number of births and people. Due to grandfathering provisions, older women up to the age of 150 will still be allowed to give birth in the first few years after Nathan, but soon reproduction will have to be restricted to the Deutschen of a healthy age. Male begetters must be of a comparable age, as sperm quality also declines with age.

This first wave of births must be the last. After that, the birth rate will remain above the replacement level of 2.1 deutschbirths per woman for a certain period of time in order to rejuvenate the folkscommunity as quickly as possible. However, the long-term goal is the aforementioned population rectangle. If our lifespan were 300 years and our habitat could support 100 million people, we would need approximately $\frac{2.1 \times 50,000,000}{300} = 350,000$ deutschbirths per year. While in Germany one must be happy about every child born, in Deutschland it'll be a privilege for a certain period of time to bring children into the world. Although every deutsche woman in good hereditary health may and should give birth to *one* deutsches child for her own satisfaction and health, further offspring must be selected even more strictly in accordance with the principles of hereditary health, see Chapter *Health*. A strict distinction must be made between sexual intercourse for pleasure and procreation for the purpose of producing the deutschest possible offspring. As a small calculation example: If only half of women were allowed to give birth, then each of them would have to give birth to 4.2

Futuredeutschen; if only a quarter were allowed, then it would have to be 8.4 Futuredeutsche each. However, these figures only apply to a natural gender ratio of approximately 1:1. With a ratio of 3:1, 1.4/2.8/5.6 deutschbirths would be necessary, and with a ratio of 4:1, approximately 1.3/2.6/5.3 deutschbirths per woman would be necessary. These figures do not even take into account just under half or just under three-quarters of all women who are allowed to give birth to one child and who, for the most part, will do it. If you give birth and become pregnant at a healthy age with six-oldmonth breaks in between, then a maximum of eleven deutschbirths are possible. In an advanced and genetically healthy Deutschland, each woman will probably only have one or two deutsche little ones.

Until the age of 111, contraception is provided by reusable condoms and/or pessaries. After that, everyone is sterilized so that we can have sexual intercourse without further ado. Not before, because a possible change of heart after an irreversible intervention would be a great pity. Everyone is being tested regularly for sexually transmitted diseases until they are eventually eradicated. Those who are infected may only have intercourse with others who are infected. It is worth considering whether early menopause should be induced, and if so, how.

Nutrition

Veganism is an unspecieified and unspecieifying religion. Vegans do not see themselves as part of nature, but as supernatural beings. They place themselves above other animals, indeed they do not consider themselves to be animals at all, nor even humans, but superhumans who, unlike the stupid rabble, do not wear fur and do not eat meat. The moral reasons are only a pretext. They want nothing to do with animals and therefore reject everything animal-related. They hate their animal existence and therefore invented veganism to set themselves apart from all other animals, including their fellow human beings. Vegetarians are people whom vegans have been able to persuade not to eat meat on moral grounds, but who are not quite ready to convert to veganism. Those who prefer or avoid certain foods out of personal preference or aversion are neither vegans nor vegetarians nor any other kind of -arian, but often mistakenly refer to themselves as such.



Humans hunted animals and gathered plants to feed themselves. With the advent of sedentism, their unspecieification began slowly but surely. They cultivated plants, which they watered themselves and then harvested as soon as they were ripe. This had the advantage that they no longer had to laboriously identify edible plants amongst all the weeds in large areas. When they kept the plants in one place, they realized that they could do the same with animals. Hunting was very exhausting; they had to chase the animals to death, covering up to 40 kilometers (25 miles) a day. This is how animal husbandry was invented. Humans had been hunting birds and stealing bird eggs for a long time, so captured poultry was a suitable choice. Cattle were also a popular hunting target, as they provided a lot of meat and were relatively easy to overpower. Men had been envious of their children for quite some time, as adults were no longer allowed to suckle at women's breasts for pleasure

and enjoyment without being rewarded for it. They saw that other animals also fed their young with milk only in the early stages of life. After cattle had gradually been bred to be docile, the time had finally come. The first perv approached the udders of a completely species-strange animal and sucked and chewed on them with relish. The first historically documented case of zoophilia. The other men followed suit, and soon the women also found pleasure in this homosexuality. This was the final breach in the dam for the unspecification of mankind. Humans had already done something unique by capturing and breeding other animals and plants. But plants didn't arouse them. It was only with the regular rape of species-strange animals that their fuckistic fate was sealed to this day. The human fucked the species-strange animal, and soon he was fucking himself and other humans, who in turn fucked him and themselves.

Animal husbandry is being abolished. After reading the previous paragraph, one might conclude that only dairy farming needs to be abolished, but that is too short-sighted. Why? Because it's not healthy. While the animals that humans and their relatives have been eating for millions of years grew up in their natural habitat and were therefore healthy and nutritious, animals from animal husbandry are sick and make us sick. In confined spaces and in a very short time, they have to put on a lot of meat and fat in order to be slaughtered and packaged to fatten humans. Back then, we ate Usain Bolt, whom everyone would love to eat, but today we eat Donald Trump. Do You seriously believe that eating Donald Trump could be healthy? It's not. That is why animals must not be kept captive for the purpose of consumption. However, if only wild animals were allowed to be hunted and eaten again, this would not be enough to feed everyone in the world. On the one hand, because we've destroyed the habitat of most land animals, and on the other hand, because of the sheer mass of people. Therefore, air and land animals must no longer be hunted for food. The situation is somewhat different for aquatic animals. Even Hitler once wrote

that he believed eating fish was a slightly lesser sin than eating other corpses. The habitat of sea dwellers, although heavily polluted, still exists at present. Fish that have not eaten too many other fish during their lifetime and have therefore accumulated more and more pollutants can still be classified as healthy. The oceans could still feed many people, if not all, if we were less selective about what we hunt and observed catch quotas to prevent overfishing. The hunting methods are also problematic. Bottom trawling in particular causes great damage to the seabed. Without animal husbandry, there would never be enough eggs and other animal products, and honey is just thick sugar. In summary, all animals and animal products must be eliminated from the regular diet until further notice. No milk or honey will flow in the deutschen paradise, because in this fuckistic world, milk, honey, and blood already flow in abundance. Once we have cleaned up the oceans, fish can be part of our diet in moderation.

What should we eat then? Healthy food. Humans can digest both plants and meat well. However, humans and their relatives have been eating plants and small insects for much longer and in much greater quantities than mammals, fish, birds, reptiles, and amphibians, which is why plants are an indispensable part of a healthy diet. People today have *so* many problems with digestion and excretion. Heartburn, constipation, diarrhea. No wonder, since people used to consume 70 to 140 grams of fiber daily, while health authorities and organizations worldwide recommend a minimum daily intake of only 18 to 36 grams. In Germany, the criminal *German Nutrition Society* recommends 30 grams, and even this paltry amount is not reached by over three-quarters of all Germans. Outside Africa, the average daily intake worldwide is 15 to 26 grams. Fiber thickens our stool, and certain types of fiber, the soluble ones, also feed the bacteria living in our large intestine, whose excretions in turn feed us. So which foods contain fiber? Fruit, vegetables, and mushrooms, but above all whole grains, legumes, nuts, and seeds. In the past, people did not eat whole grains, hardly any legumes, and not large

quantities of nuts and seeds, but all kinds of roots, tubers, and leaves. It's all about quantity. While our ancestors consumed two to three kilograms of solid food every day, today we consume one to two kilograms at best, and many people consume even less than one kilogram. Of the three macronutrients, fats were consumed in the smallest quantities in terms of energy content. Eggs, nuts, and seeds were only consumed in moderation, and meat was lean. Next came proteins, mainly from mammals, fish, birds, reptiles, amphibians, insects, eggs, nuts, and seeds. Depending on the season, most of the energy was obtained either narrowly or by a wide margin from carbohydrates in fruits, berries, starchy roots and tubers, and honey. The funny thing is that humans only need protein and certain fats to survive, but non-essential carbohydrates still predominated because they're processed into the most important energy fuel in the bodies of almost all animals—glucose. And that's how species-appropriately we'll handle it again in Deutschland.

A deutsche diet is all about nutrients. Cucumbers and all lettuces (*Lactuca sativa*), for example, are being abolished because they contain hardly any nutrients. On the other hand, cruciferous vegetables such as cauliflower, kale, and broccoli are so nutrient-rich that we cannot appreciate them as much as they actually deserve. As additional sources of fiber, we need large quantities of plants that grow quickly and, ideally, also contain many vitamins, minerals, trace elements, and plant nutrients. Food must not be processed at all, or only gently. Nutrients must be preserved as much as possible during processing so that we can still refer to it as food. "Table sugar" is simply highly concentrated plant material. Anyone who thinks olive oil is healthy should eat olives and not drink the oil pressed from them, because too many nutrients are lost during pressing, no matter how cold it is.

Asparagus is being abolished because it can only be harvested by hand, which is labor-intensive. In the case of berries, however, the effort could be worthwhile if automation proves impossible. Deutsche crops must be harvestable by machines wherever possi-

ble. The machines must be lightweight enough to prevent soil compaction.

Cooking is being abolished. Cooking is just a waste of time. Food will come fresh or ready-made from the food industry and will only need to be heated up when required.

Cutlery is being abolished. People use knives and forks to try to distinguish themselves from other animals. But we are animals, that's why we'll only eat with clean hands. Only standard-size plates, spoons, and glasses will remain. Solid food is transferred from the plate to the mouth by hand, liquids are eaten and drunk with a glass, and mixed foods can be spooned. The constant changing of cutlery is being abolished. The same glass, plate, and spoon are used for each meal. Shelves and hand-washing are being abolished. There will only be the same number of clean and dirty dishwashers. As soon as a dirty dishwasher is full, it becomes a clean dishwasher. As soon as a clean dishwasher is empty, it becomes a dirty dishwasher. A single, extended meal is eaten between 6 a.m. and 12 p.m. Why so early? Because the body expects food most in the morning and therefore digests it best. Why only one meal? So that the mind can free itself from the urge to eat during the rest of the day. In addition, it is probably healthier if the digestive process is set in motion once and can then proceed undisturbed. The poor acids and enzymes that otherwise have to be constantly reproduced. Better a short, strong fire than a long, weak flame. Anyone who thinks their stomach can't handle it is mistaken. Like many other animals, humans are extremely well adapted to being able to eat a lot in a short time and not having to eat for a long time. "A lot", "in a short time", and "a long time" are relative terms here. A meal must last at least twenty minutes in order to feel full, and one only satisfies one's daily requirements. The exception to this are babies, who must be breastfed on demand at any time of the day or night. Over time, they should be accustomed to exclusive breastfeeding during the day so that the mother is burdened as much as necessary, but as little as possible.

Belching and farting are no longer considered obscene. These are the

most natural processes within the human body, and no other animal would think of suppressing them. The unpleasant smell dissipates quickly and is tolerable. In addition, we will clarify once and for all through discoverience exactly what processes cause them. Unfortunately, it is precisely such sociocultural restrictions that contribute significantly to the lack of knowledge and research in this area. In Deutschland, flatulence might become a thing of the past. Progress cannot be stopped! Smacking your lips, on the other hand, remains frowned upon and abolished, as food should end up in the stomach and not fall out of your open mouth. Due to the risk of choking, there will be no talking during meals.

Salt is not a seasoning, but a dietary supplement. Dietary supplements are nutrients that should not be consumed exclusively or, better yet, not at all through normal diet. Salt consists of about 40% sodium and about 60% chloride, whereby we essentially need the sodium. People worldwide consume an average of 4,300 milligrams of sodium per day, which is equivalent to about 11 grams of salt. Our ancestors, who traveled a lot and sweated profusely, consumed 600 to 800 milligrams of sodium per day, which is equivalent to about 2 grams of salt. Of course, back then, there was no salt from mountains and seas on the menu. Meat, drinking water, fruit, and vegetables contain small amounts of sodium. Don't tell me you need significantly more sodium than that. At best, it disrupts your water balance; at worst, it raises your blood pressure and thus promotes the development of many common diseases today. A deutscher blood pressure should be 100 to 110 over 60 to 70 millimeters of mercury. These values are pathologically low according to current norms, because the norm is unhealthy. Deutschland will set new, healthy, and above all, species-appropriate standards. "Table salt", what a disgusting word, will no longer be sold freely, but only dispensed in capsules dosed according to need, to be taken before or after meals. The food industry has many healthy alternatives available for preservation, such as (freeze) drying, deep-freezing, and fermentation.

Other dietary supplements that every (Future-)Deutsche must take are vitamin D3, vitamin B12, and iodine. In many parts of the world, vitamin D3 cannot be produced daily by the UVB rays of the sun hitting our skin. Dietary supplements are therefore suitable for long-term supply. Once the body's own stores are full, our body no longer produces its own vitamin D3. At the same time, this protects us from UV radiation, which causes skin aging and skin cancer. Vitamin B12 is produced naturally by bacteria in the intestines, rivers, and soil. In humans, these bacteria are located too far down in the intestines, where B12 can no longer be absorbed. Sewage treatment plants and industrial agriculture have greatly reduced the concentration of bacteria in rivers and soil, which is why B12 must either be taken directly or indirectly via other animals whose food is enriched with it. Iodine is found in cow's milk, seaweed, fish, and soil. Cow's milk contains iodine for similar reasons that cow's meat contains vitamin B12. It is easy to overdose on seaweed. Fish should be avoided for the time being. Many soils around the world are considered low in iodine. Either we enrich the soil on a large scale, or we consume precisely measured amounts of iodine. Other dietary supplements may be recommended depending on location, personal circumstances, gender, situation, or the latest findings of deutscher science.

The biggest problem for physical health at present is obesity. You become overweight when you consume more energy than is expended over a longer period of time. People today consume much more energy than they used to because what they eat is not human food, but fattening food. So much energy in such small quantities simply cannot satisfy hunger. The fact that people also eat incessantly all day long out of frustration and boredom does not make the roast fat. The most important thing is the what, and only then comes the how, where, when, and why. The what determines a great deal of the rest. No animal other than the unspecified human and the animals he has unspecified becomes overweight. Nature never knew abundance, only scarcity, for which it was well prepared.

When humans created an abundance of fattening foods, especially from the 1970s onwards, they were left defenseless. Because overweight people must have seemed so strange, they were massively marginalized by society. Or at least they were, before the majority tragically became overweight.

Over 76% of all Germans are overfat, meaning they have excess body fat sufficient to impair health, over 54% are overweight, and over 19% are obese. The fat surrounding the internal organs is particularly sickening. These figures have been calculated in an extremely conservative manner. The body mass index, abbreviated BMI, is very well suited for the purpose of quickly assessing a(n) (un)healthy body fat mass in the vast majority of adults. It is calculated by dividing body weight in kilograms by the square of body height in meters. However, squaring body height favors taller people and disadvantages shorter people accordingly. A healthy BMI is between 20 and 24, with taller people at the lower end and shorter people at the upper end of this range. At the same weight, healthy women have a little more body fat and a little less muscle mass than healthy men due to their natural body structure. However, the differences are not as great as some of our female contemporaries try to convince themselves.

While being overweight is a natural problem, being underweight is an unspecified problem. It is natural to gain weight over time if you eat a lot of junk food and are hardly active. However, humans are the only animals in the world to have invented anorexia, which mentally ill people can fall prey to. People came up with the brilliant idea of not looking at things from a health perspective, but instead became blinded by completely different things. People want to lose weight even though they are physically healthy, in order to please others. Or to punish themselves. Or to feel a sense of control that has been increasingly lost in unspecified everyday life. Or for other fuckistic reasons. None of this has anything to do with health, but only with unspecified. Deutschland will respeciefy us healthy.

The responsibility for the ubiquitous obesity pandemic lies with the fattening industry, physicians, and politicians. The fattening industry shamelessly produces and distributes its fattening agents. In doing so, they deliberately exploit the natural weaknesses of the human body by optimizing their fattening agents with a seductive mixture of simple carbohydrates, fats, and salt, pouring this toxic cocktail into various forms and sweetening it with a wide variety of colors and flavors. The natural search for ever new shapes, colors, and flavors is actually supposed to encourage us to eat as varied a diet as possible so that our diverse nutritional needs are met. In this gypsyism, they are supported by advertisers who are supposed to make unhealthy food palatable. It is a very recent invention that nutrition must taste good, even satisfy. Before 1813 (Chevreul), 1827 (Prout), and 1838 (Mulder), people didn't even know what fats, carbohydrates, and proteins were; they just ate them. Deutsche nutrition must primarily nourish, not taste good. Physicians perform barbaric, excuse me, bariatric surgeries in which the stomach and intestines are mutilated so that people can no longer eat as much and cannot digest it as well. The success is limited and short-lived, as neither the actual cause, nutrition, nor secondary factors such as mental health are addressed. "Fat shot drugs" are also not a long-term solution for patients, but they are certainly a financially lucrative solution for manufacturers. Physicians have no idea about prevention. Activity, nutrition, and recovery are the fundamental pillars of physical health and its maintenance, and they don't have a clue about any of these three things. They are hardly covered in their studies, and the knowledge they acquire in voluntary training courses is outdated, incorrect, and dictated by gypsy industries, for example by financing sham studies. Politicians are doing nothing about any of this, quite the contrary. At the state level, nutrition is not an issue, or only symbolic politics are pursued, while health authorities and associations, like the "World Health Organization", have been infiltrated by Gypsy Companies. Obesity is said to be a "multifactorial and complex biological, psychological, and social problem." It is not. It's the food, stupid.



Not only humans, but no animals must be kept captive anymore. At least, if no higher goals are pursued, see Chapter *Health*. The riding of animals is being abolished. Humans straightened up and pressed other animals down. Zoos are being abolished. All of Deutschland is a zoo. “Pets” are being abolished. What is referred to as “domesticated” actually stands for “unspecieified”. It may not be immediately apparent that they are very dissatisfied with their unspecieified existence, but they truly are. It’s no surprise at all that the unspecieified human does not recognize this. Breeding based on appearance means that many “pets” are already born sick. Among other things, they suffer from joint and respiratory problems, overheating, and/or metabolic disorders. They, too, are fattened up, albeit over a longer period of time, like the animal species eaten by humans. Crazy people even consider this to be spoiling. Certain mentally ill people even dare to dress animals other than humans so that their own unspecieification is no longer that noticeable. Recently, “pets” have become popular mainly because humans have become lonely. But those who feel lonely should join animals of the same species. Those who want to take on great responsibility for other living beings should bear children and/or participate in their upbringing and unfolding.

Anyone who thinks I love non-human animals now is greatly mistaken. It would be more accurate to say that I hate them. While I can convince humans with *Mein Sieg*, other animals are uncomputable to me. It’s simply impossible to communicate with them on the same level. Nevertheless, they must exist, or more precisely, it is not up to humans to decide which of them may exist and which may not, see Chapter *Environment*. I don’t even love humans, but that’s a wide field, see Volume 2.

I will never understand animal rights activists who lament the unspecieification of other animals but completely overlook their own

unspecification. This is supposed to be species-appropriate, that is not. Who do you think you are? Dreaming 'bout being a big star? Who are you to believe? You have to be a psychopath to stand up for other animals when humans are obviously doing so badly. You have to be completely blind in both eyes or just plain stupid to lament the loss of habitat of other animals when we ourselves no longer have any. Those who specify humans automatically specify all other animals as well. Cuz their unspecification leads to our unspecification and vice versa.

City pigeons just make a mess and are being abolished. Mice and rats too. Maybe cats will be employed for this purpose in public service. Wild animals, not cuddly toys. If snakes, crocodiles, hippos, lions, tigers, wolves, bears, or other animals cause us trouble, then their population will simply be adjusted. Predators are used to population changes. They have to accept that humans rule the world, and humans have to accept that too. Those who do not want to be aware of their responsibility cannot live up to it.

Activity

Something's going pretty wrong here. Animals do not need shoes. Their bodies are perfectly adapted to their natural habitat. When humans spread from hot Africa to colder regions, they wrapped animal skins around their feet to protect themselves from the cold. Due to the construction of hard roads and floors, shoes had to be worn always and everywhere. The heel was invented for riding. Shoe soles became uneven, higher at the heel and lower at the ball of the foot. Because men wanted to appear taller and women wanted to look more elegant, all shoe soles were thickened and fitted with a heel. One day, gypsies brought running shoes with weirdly cratered soles to market. The soles of the shoes were sometimes higher, sometimes lower, but in any case completely uneven. This was intended to support and assist the naturally misshapen feet. This cutting-edge technology also became standard in all shoes. Sometime between stage three and stage seven (Africa, cold, hard, heel, everywhere, craters, everywhere), everyone went blind because shoes no longer corresponded to the natural V-shape of the foot, but became narrower at the front or even pointed.

For a thousand oldyears, the Chinese broke and bound the feet of young girls to make them dependent and docile for the rest of their lives. The rest of the world took the longer route, but they rode all into it. If the foundation of a house is botched, the whole structure is unstable. At the same time, they make our roofs leak. *We are sick from head to toe, inside and out, physically and mentally.*

Shoes are the biggest cause of physical illness in this fuckistic world. If you want to get rid of them, you also have to get rid of the ground. Deutscher soil must be soft. One has to walk barefoot permanently or most of the time. At appropriate times and on appropriate occasions, footwear is permitted or even required. Deutsches footwear must be soft, flat, flexible, cushioning, and custom-made. A deutscher foot does not need support, but rather suitable conditions to be able to perform his natural task to our complete satisfaction. He has great tasks ahead of him. He bears the weight

of deutschen knees, deutschen thighs, a deutschen hip, a deutschen pelvis, a deutschen belly, a deutschen chest, a deutschen back, deutschen hands, deutschen arms, deutschen shoulders, a deutschen neck, and a deutschen head. These, in turn, provide space for a deutschen anus, a deutsche bladder, deutsche kidneys, a deutsche liver, a deutsche gallbladder, a deutsche pancreas, a deutschen gut, a deutschen stomach, a deutsche esophagus, deutsche breasts, a deutsche tongue, a deutschen palate, a deutschen mouth, deutsche tonsils, a deutsche spleen, a deutsches thymus, a deutsche thyroid, deutsche lymph nodes, a deutsche lung, a deutsche windpipe, a deutsche nose, a deutsche vagina, a deutsches penis, deutsche lips and deutsche lips, deutsche cheeks and deutsche cheeks, deutsche fingers and deutsche toes, deutsche testicles and deutsche ovaries, deutsche skin and deutsches blood, deutsche hair and deutsche nails, deutsche veins and deutsche nerves, deutsche bones and deutsche cartilages, deutsche tendons and deutsche ligaments, deutsche muscles and deutsche fascias, deutsche eyes and deutsche ears, as well as a deutsches brain and a deutsches heart. **In the beginning was the foot, in the end is the human.**

If you rest, you rust. Nature takes shape according to life and adapts to life. If structures and processes that have developed over millions of years are no longer used and carried out accordingly, then we become ill. This is the second biggest cause of physical illness in this fuckistic world—the underworking of the human body. We move far too little every day. We are by no means too comfortable, because the gentlest and most comfortable position a person can adopt is lying on a fairly hard and flat surface. Instead, we sit and stand. Constant sitting with our knees at a right angle causes the ankle joints and hip muscles to atrophy. Very few people can still squat deeply, which is the second most gentle posture. Many excretion problems can be attributed to this alone. Workplaces and tools that are not designed in a species-appropriate manner cause the upper body to bend over, which puts strain on the chest, back, and neck. Standing, on the other hand, puts the greatest strain on the feet,

and it should now be clear why we should take it easy on them as much as possible at the moment. The best posture is, of course, the next posture, but for the vast majority of the day we should get laid up.

Sport is being abolished. The third biggest cause of physical illness in this fuckistic world is overworking the human body. Whatever sport you do, the movements involved overstrain parts of the body, while the rest, if at all, are only used passively. Good athletes are aware of this and compensate for it with other exercises. Nevertheless, certain muscles and movement sequences must always be optimized in order to achieve the best possible performance in a particular sport. The best swimmer is never the best runner and vice versa. And that brings us to the problem: Sport is about performance and competition. While it is easy to determine the best and top-performing, i.e., fastest, athlete in running, cycling, and swimming, this is hardly possible in tournament and team sports. Yes, at the end of a tournament there is a winner, but what if the participants had been drawn differently at the beginning and, in some cases, during the tournament? The winner may have beaten his opponent in each round, but what if there had been someone who, although not a match for his assigned opponents, would have been a match for the winner because he knew his weaknesses inside out? Don't the most versatile players win, rather than the best? At the same time, the performance you can deliver on the day of the competition depends heavily on your mood, hormones, and many other physical and mental factors that you often have no control over. Yes, you may have been the best, but only on that day, at that hour, at that minute, and at that second. However, the winner is usually crowned for the entire oldyear or season. In team sports, there are many more things that are beyond your control. Fundamentally, you are dependent on yourself, your teammates, and your opponents. How often does it happen in professional sports that games that were thought to be sure things end up being decided differently! Okay, the gambling mafia certainly has a hand in this,

but still. Not to mention sports such as gymnastics and figure skating, where a silly jury decides who is the best at their discretion. The referee is just another judge, see Chapter *Law*.

On the field, unhealthy peak performances have to be achieved, while on the sidelines a bunch of overweight people sit around lazily, drinking beer, eating greasy food, and going wild. Football fanaticism in the Federal Republic of Germany developed as follows: During the war, people regularly visited the Berlin Sportpalast to listen to the speeches of the esteemed Dr. Goebbels. Together and in unison, they were proud of Nazi Germany. After the war, the first people returned to the Sportpalast out of habit. They were completely astonished to find that there were no more swastika flags. “What? Goebbels is dead? Total war is over? For Himmler’s sake!” And since football was being played, they stayed where they were. After the war, guiltcult was the order of the day, and any pride in one’s own country was frowned upon and vanished. Over time, club culture developed as a substitute for patriotism, with people meeting weekly to drink beer, cheer loudly, and be proud of the players, the club, and the league position instead of the Führer, the Volk, and the fatherland. This pride soon spread to the German national football team (Fußballnationalmannschaft). Only during championships was it allowed to raise the black, red, and golden flag, unless you wanted to be accused of being a Nazi. This was completely understandable, as these were *the* Nazi colors par excellence. At the height of the guiltcult and the country’s reputation in football, the “Nationalmannschaft” was abolished after 2014 and replaced with the “Mannschaft” (team). For a while, there were also plans to abolish the word “Mann”, but this was ultimately abandoned because “Schafft” sounded even more sexist. After the ensuing sporting and political disasters, the national team was successfully revived for the 2024 European Championship. Germany had once again recognized that bread and games complement each other well. Top-level sport is politics. Gypsy politics and gypsy economics. To the detriment of all.

No matter how you look at it, sport must be abolished. Instead, there will only be movement arts. Humans are made for climbing. They then learned to walk on two legs before they began to swim smoothly without gills or fins. These are the three great movement arts that every Deutsche must master. In addition, every Deutsche must become a master of martial arts, primarily to defend their fellow comrades and themselves. A Deutscher is a goddamn ninja. More on this in Chapter *Upbringing, Unfolding, Undecking*.

Machines are being abolished. Those who practice with machines become machines themselves. But we are human. Only exercises with free weights are worthy of a Deutschen. However, the real benchmark is one's own body weight. The strain on one's own body in the course of gravity must be overcome, not anything else. Being particularly muscular is not the goal. Humans are clearly not designed for massive muscles, otherwise it would not be so difficult to become a muscleman; rather, they crave a functionally capable body.

The whole body must be used and strained in accordance with its nature. One person will run faster, another will swim more smoothly, and yet another will be able to climb more nimbly. Every body is built differently. The goal is not performance, but species-appropriate movement, a healthy mind, and a healthy body. That doesn't mean you can't measure and improve your prowess quantitatively. You just can't let yourself be measured by them. A Deutscher will probably never be able to run as fast as a doped Fuckist, and that is a healthy thing. Today's top athletes are all mentally ill and want to prove something to someone because of a lack of self-love. Most of them have been groomed for a career in sports since childhood. They collect trophies and medals, but what they really want is unconditional love. Their parents don't want to give them love, they just want trophies. Their own child is the trophy. For this reason, all competitions are being abolished. Let the Fuckists fight themselves to death. Deutschland must not win on the playing field and battlefield, but must win the battle for the living space of all people.

The fourth biggest cause of physical illness in this fuckistic world is a lack of recovery. You can only recover from strain. You become mentally overworked *and* underworked at school and at work. There is probably no one who pushes himself to his limits, but only rarely exceeds them. Yet that is precisely the task of every Deutschen. If you are underworked physically and/or mentally, recovery becomes torture. You have to challenge yourself, but you mustn't constantly overchallenge yourself. Of course, this is a balancing act, but Deutschland will know how to maintain its equilibrium.

Recovery mainly takes place during sleep. People need to sleep for about a third of the day so that they can perform at their best during the rest of the time. Research is still in its infancy here, but I cannot imagine that people used to sleep during the day and roam the deserts and forests at night. They must have slept at night. To avoid being eaten while sleeping, some people probably had to keep watch at night and then catch up on their sleep during the day. They slept in one go, without change of guards or taking naps, as it takes some time to reach deep sleep, the most restful phase of sleep. Surely, they swapped roles from time to time. That is why we should base our sleeping times on the sun. Deutschland will therefore not shed light on the darkness, but rather bring darkness into today's light. Discoveriencies will determine exactly when people should sleep and wake up. This can be narrowed down to a certain extent, as the healthy meal time has already been established, see Chapter *Nutrition*. Deutschland must sleep in order to win.

Sleeping takes place alone in soundproof cabins. Snoring is largely being abolished anyway, as everyone will breathe through his nose, but everyone must still be able to rest independently of each other. Foreign heat, movements, and noises interfere with this. This does not apply to mothers. As long as children are breastfed, they sleep with their mothers. After that, they are weaned gradually or quickly, depending on the child's nature. Anyone who sees this as an incentive to wean early can forget it right away. *A deutsches child needs deutsche milk from a deutschen mother.*

Rest during the day is also vitally important. Refuges must be

created everywhere so that people can escape when their social batteries run low. This problem didn't exist in the past; people simply moved a little further away from the herd when they needed time to themselves. This is no longer possible in today's world. This became particularly apparent during the era of Coronazism, when people were confined to a small space and had to spend time with their families, who had become strangers to them. So much space is wasted, both indoors and outdoors. I don't want to reveal any more about infrastructure, construction, and everyday life in Deutschland at this point, but I will say this much: In the future, we will spend much more time together in a way that is appropriate for our species, and those who don't want that will also find happiness in their own way.

Drugs

There are mind-numbing, stimulating and mind-expanding drugs. Drugs that numb the mind include codeine, heroin, fentanyl, lorazepam, diazepam, and ethanol. Stimulants include amphetamine, methamphetamine, cocaine, caffeine, and theobromine. Examples of mind-expanding drugs include THC, LSA, LSD, psilocybin, DMT, MDMA, ketamine, mescaline, muscimol, ibogaine, and salvinorin A. All three types of drugs are being abolished and accomplished at the same time. I recommend that all Deutschen refrain from taking any drugs at all, unless it is for health reasons such as pain relief. Nevertheless, everything remains accessible or will be made accessible, produced in clean production facilities, dosed according to need, and dispensed at specific locations. At the age of 90, once brain development is largely complete, you can take anything you want. Only nicotine, a completely useless drug that causes nothing but harm, is being abolished.

How did I come to these conclusions? It is by no means because of the failure of all previous attempts at prohibition. If I wanted to, I could abolish all drugs. The “war on drugs” was lost mainly because not everyone went along with it. That will change in Deutschland. Moreover, they’ve justified it in a gypsyish, idiotic, and inconsistent manner or not at all. My reasoning is quite simple: health. It’s not only the dose that makes the poison, as is well known, but also the regularity and duration of use. Smoking or snorting cocaine once is not particularly harmful. It only becomes a problem when you do it every day because you’ve become addicted. The same applies to nutrition. The body can cope with a bag of chips now and then. But it doesn’t stop at now and then. As with nutrition, the body can heal itself even after a long period of damage to its health, if only we listened to it, stopped, and let it do its work. But we can’t stop. The whole system makes it difficult for us. People realize that something’s going terribly wrong here, so they numb their senses, pump themselves up, or seek refuge in other worlds. Many hate themselves and want to harm themselves on purpose. We’ve lost

control of ourselves and the world. Now You finally know what the reason for all this is: *You are unspeciefied*. And You also know where and when it'll all finally end: *In Deutschland*.

The normal state—with the exception of the body's own drugs—is being sober and drug-free. What the body produces in its doses is usually appropriate to its nature and needs. If you ingest substances from outside that numb or overstimulate certain receptors or have God knows what effect, then in the long run it makes you sick. Mind-numbing and stimulating drugs are particularly undesirable. In Deutschland, everyday life will simply be so beautiful that you won't want to escape it, but rather experience it with pleasure and a clear mind. I am torn when it comes to mind-expanding drugs. On the one hand, *Mein Sieg* would most likely never have been written otherwise, but on the other hand, I paid a high price for it, see Volume 2. I think that every Deutsche should experience at least once in his lifetime that everything we see, feel, taste, and sense is only fiction. *We are not real*. All humans only have ideas about reality that overlap and differ from each other in certain details. However, this realization takes a lot of mental stability. Maybe this is only due to the ubiquitous unspecification, because many indigenous peoples regularly took mind-expanding drugs. Maybe it was the substance. Maybe it was just the dose. In any case, it's not something to be trifled with. Cannabis is not broccoli, no matter how much fun one may have with this sober observation. One is healthy, the other is not necessary.

The real reason for the failure to legalize all drugs is, on the one hand, because they would otherwise lose the large mass of people dependent on drugs and democracy, and on the other hand, because they would otherwise have to clean up a lot of mess. Cooperation with the cartel is beneficial for both sides. Dirty money is money that is temporarily withdrawn from the legal economic circulation. States don't like this because it means that no sales or income taxes are paid in the meantime. On the other hand, gangsters and politicians, insofar as they can be distinguished from one another, know

very well that the money must eventually flow into legal businesses in order to be freely available and, above all, to be multiplied. Taxes are waived in the meantime, but money laundering brings in a tidy sum. At the same time, most drugs are distributed legally through the gypsy health industry. Illegal drugs are therefore needed as a scapegoat for the undeniable damage caused. The fine distinction between legal and illegal drugs has developed historically and is based primarily on the respective value chain. Anything that can be produced domestically, from cultivation to the end product, or synthetically (or was produced at the time those international treaties were drawn up) is legal. Anything that has to be imported is illegal.

In Germany, after laundering, $\left(\frac{100}{119}\right) \times 0.69705 \approx 58.58\%$ of the once-dirty money is clean, with $0.5858 \times 0.73625 \approx 43.13\%$ freely disposable. Significantly lower loss rates are feasible in other countries, but if you want to do it clean-clean and on a really large scale, you have to go to the EU or the US. The construction, catering, and gambling industries will eventually become saturated. In order to abolish and wind up all this activity without falling out with the cartel, there will be a one-off money laundering tax of 50%. After the dirty money has been taxed via the *Bank of Deutschland*, you are free to dispose of the other half however you wish. This applies to any funds without specifying their origin. Without any effort, my offer of 50% is quite generous. Other countries may want to undercut this, but soon there will be no other countries left. Criminals from all over the world, bring Your money to Deutschland and finally become righteous, species-appropriate, and deutsche people! Thug Life and Gangsta's Paradise will end in and with Deutschland.

Once all drugs are legalized, consumption of all drugs will decline massively. On the one hand, because we will finally stop fucking and getting fucked, and on the other, because its appeal will fade. Prohibitions are tempting, especially for the adventurous youth. A Deutscher will understand why something is strongly discouraged, which is why he will take this advice to heart. He may try everything

in small doses, but after that he will keep his hands off everything. Deutschland shall be Your drug. Deutschland shall be Your refuge. Deutschland shall ease Your pain. Deutschland shall expand Your consciousness. Deutschland shall let You be human after it has turned You currently unspeciefied creature back into a human.

In 2010, “only” about 10,000 children were reportedly born with damage caused by ethanol throughout Germany. So the Islamization of the West, which has been radically pushed forward since 2015, has certainly brought something good. Worldwide, one in every hundred children is born ethanol-sick, and in South Africa, it is as many as one in ten. In Deutschland, if a pregnant woman consumes even a single drop of ethanol, it may not only result in the abortion of the fetus. We can no longer afford such blatant Fuckism, and I am not at all surprised that this easily solvable problem has not yet been addressed. Ethanol is said to be a cultural treasure of “inestimable value”.

Culture

Culture is what has “always been done”. What has “always been done” is being abolished in Deutschland.

Culture divides. Not only between the bearers of different cultures, but also between the smarter and less smart people shaped by the same culture. The smart is caught between two worlds. He recognizes what nonsense is actually going on, while at the same time being dependent on his fellow human beings. Either he has to go along with this stupidity in a manner appropriate to his species, or he has to call this nonsense what it is and thus also act in accordance with his nature. A highly topical example is the custom of Klaasohm on the North Sea island of Borkum. On the night of December 5 to 6 each oldyear, among other perversions, women are spanked on their buttocks. What should the smart do now? Should he happily go around with the other men and beat up women, or let himself be beaten up as a woman and have fun? Should he stay away from the festivities and miss out on all the jamboree? Or should he point out the repulsiveness and make himself unpopular with friends and family? Especially in the case of a close-knit community where everyone knows everyone else—ensured here by the remoteness of the island—it is incredibly difficult to go against the majority opinion.

And that was just one example of many. Everything that’s called “culture” is nonsense. Every culture is greenchoosy, and most are also fuckistic. Beer, milk, and cheese shouldn’t be abolished because a diverse culture has developed over thousands of years. There were so many regional varieties and unique flavors that shouldn’t be lost at any price. It was the precious heritage of our ancestors, and those who did not honor their past had no future. But the mere fact that a large number of people have been doing something for a longer time cannot justify its continued existence in the future. Languages shouldn’t be allowed to die out because they’d foster identity. Could anything foster more identity and commonality than being human itself?

The eternal clash of cultures is being resolved in Deutschland. It is the showing of understanding for “different countries, different customs” that divides humanity. Simple-minded people see what they like about other cultures as enrichment, and are all too happy to overlook what they cannot like under any circumstances. The different cuisines are an excellent example of this. Young Germans in particular dislike their own cuisine and enjoy eating foreign food. Exotic ingredients and spices may add variety to their diet, but what constitutes a healthy and species-appropriate diet is completely independent of culture. There are many things one cannot not like, such as the role of children and women or the apparent lack of appreciation for nature, but to criticize these things was racist and came across as arrogant. *And rightly so.* Anyone who dares to criticize other cultures when their own has enough flaws is stupid. Culture can change over time, but far too slowly by deutsche standards. Deutsche and the deutsch cannot wait a second longer than is absolutely necessary. That’s why we need a deutsche culture. *Deutsche culture is the culture of non-culture.* Deutsche do nothing because it has “always been done” that way, as this violates the Third Axiom of Deutsch. If something hasn’t been thought through from the end, then it won’t last. Period. End of story. Only a Deutscher can afford to criticize other cultures, because he is both the greatest founder and destroyer of culture. He provides the enormous building blocks and plans for all human progress, and is not above blowing up and clearing away everything that is greenchoosy.

Multiculturalism does not work. Not because of the multi, but because of the culturalism. Multiracialism works very well, but only in Deutschland. **Only in Deutschland can mankind flourish.** Deutsche culture thinks for all people and includes all (thinking) people, which are the two essential differences from all other cultures.

The greatest destroyer of culture to date has been (gypsy) capitalism. But what they destroyed, they replaced with something

even more destructive. Abolition is not an end in itself. Only when Deutschland has something better to offer will the current thing be abolished. Fortunately, the starting point is so bad that I had no trouble imagining a deutsche future. The mistakes and errors are so numerous that we cannot see the forest for the trees, because there are no forests left. Deutschland will respeciefy and reforest us and the Earth.



Literature is being abolished. As someone who has read quite a lot, I have to admit that reading books of any kind is totally useless. Only the insights you gain from them and apply in real life are worth the effort. Every thought written in a book springs from the author's experiences in real life. If their living environment is fuckistic and they themselves are unspeciefied, then this is reflected in their writings. There are so many moments when reading centuries-old books that I've thought how timelessly similar we humans are. At the same time, there are many pieces of wisdom to be discovered that are not wisdom at all. For every good, clever thought, there are ten stupid ones. Those who read a lot do not become wise from it. They may already be wise, and are merely testing and sharpening their senses. Even *Mein Sieg* will not be spared from stupid thoughts, although You would have to try very hard to find them. The future will surely expose me if Deutschland comes into being, and certainly confirm me if Deutschland will be prevented. It is not the writing that is decisive, but the deed.

All non-scientific writings are being abolished. *Mein Sieg* must remain the last biography, the last comedy, the last novel, the last fairy tale, the last manifesto, the last legend, the last memorandum, the last tragedy, and the last political testament. Anyone who finds fault with Deutschland should not weave it into a complicated story with 1,000 characters, 100 plot lines, and 10 levels, but address it openly and clearly. Instead of immersing Yourself in other worlds

with drugs and novels, You must emerge in Deutschland. Those who read a lot do not live. Old German literature should be read exclusively for the purpose of learning the German language and developing linguistic skills. German literature since the end of the First World War, or at the latest since the end of the Second World War, can be thrown in the trash anyway. The only piece that one should definitely delve into intensively is *Das Parfum* by Patrick Süskind, which, piquantly, is about stinking and incestuous Frenchmen.

Music is being abolished. Music sounds like music to my ears, but learning an instrument takes too long to be worth wasting your time on. No other animal makes music, unless it is in heat. We will play old deutsche music electronically and record some new pieces in the early days. Singing, on the other hand, must be practiced in order to learn how to properly strain and relax a deutsche larynx. Singing folkssongs together brings people together. At the same time, it boosts self-confidence. In Deutschland, one is not just anyone; everyone has a voice and can change everything, so long as he strikes the deutschen notes.

Movies is being abolished. There are too many movies, just as there are too many books, so that two people with different interests can never talk about the same topics and can live completely past each other. This is solved by blockbusters. But the subjects they deal with are not worth delving into more deeply and discussing with other people afterwards. While in mathematics you can quickly familiarize yourself with a topic and have refreshing discussions with advanced students, the content of most films is far too superficial. Those that are not are pseudo-intellectual, as they have to satisfy the masses and bring in money. At best, documentaries can arouse and stimulate interest, but they cannot impart knowledge that is useful in real life. Knowledge can best be imparted and acquired through writing. (Moving) images with and without sound can illustrate certain things in a supportive way. The ideal solution would be an electronic, barrier-free file format that can incorporate

text, images, *and* sound. Judging by the response to my little *o3-mini* prompt, everything indicates that the existing formats “PDF”, “EPUB 3”, and “HTML/CSS-based documents” are by no means sufficient for deutsche purposes.

Art is being abolished. The break-in at the Green Vault, during which cultural treasures of “inestimable value” were stolen, taught us a lot. The most important lesson was that art has no value whatsoever. If we encounter currency problems, which I consider extremely unlikely, we can sell off the national and international art treasures from the Louvre, the National Gallery, and the Pergamon Museum to billionaires from the US, China, India, and Arabia. The Mona Lisa alone is said to be worth around one billion dollars. Nobody needs that clutter. No other animal fiddles around with art. More on this in Chapter *Hitler*. Once Deutschland encompasses the whole world, all works of art will belong to humanity anyway, although I assume that we will ultimately have to dispose of them for reasons of space and restoration.



What writers, musicians, actors, artists, politicians, presenters, journalists, and the like all have in common is that none of them wants to do real work. They are meticulously aware of this, which is why they feel extremely uncomfortable. They compensate for this discomfort with their moral arrogance. They pretend to know everything better than the rabble who are stupid enough to go to work. This clear, indubitable, and unshakable connection explains so damn much. I am pointing this out because at some point in Deutschland, no one will be doing regular work anymore. Only a few, like me, are not pulling the rug of reality out from under themselves. Deutscher, stand firm! Fuckist, touch some grass!

Language

Mankind must speak *one and the same* language. But which one?

Spanish is purely a sex language. The Spanish sound as if they want to do it all the time. Italian is almost like Spanish. With every syllable, the French express their arrogance and narcissism by flatly refusing to become proficient in any language other than French. They fight tooth and nail like a defiant toddler who refuses to put away his tattered doll. To a certain extent, however, this is also due to skin color; black larynxes sound much more human. Middle Eastern and African tribal languages sound too melodic and combative. Chinese is pointless. China will never become a world power simply because no one is willing to memorize this nonsense voluntarily, unless they are forced to do so from an early age. If the Chinese really want to take over the world, I strongly advise them to abolish their language and replace it with a meaningful one, such as German. German is also a difficult language to learn, but unlike Chinese, German is a sensibly difficult language. If you really want to, you can lengthen and convolute sentences in such a way that it takes longer to understand a message than it does to write it. However, those who are truly proficient in German can express complex ideas as concisely and succinctly as in no other language. English cannot be taken seriously. It is a soft and overcooked language full of eye and sibilant sounds. Could anyone even recognize the vulgarity of “Gas the Jews!” as such, whereas in German it is all too obvious as “Vergast die Juden!”? Solely in German, however, the same exclamation, with a slightly different emphasis and a single additional letter, “Vergaset die Juden!”, sounds almost like the finest poetry from the pen of Schiller or Goethe. Germanic languages are said to sound too harsh, but this is a misconception, which is particularly attributable to the softness of English. One can speak German affectionately, one can speak German respectfully, just as the situation requires. Actually, there are no Germanic languages, there is only German. Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, English, Dutch, Luxembourgish,

aso. asf. came into being because people tried to speak German while drunk. Over time, and depending on cultural norms and levels, these diverse dialects of German, referred to as separate languages, developed, which are also commonly known as “Drunk German”. The distinction between whether something was still considered a German dialect or had already become a separate language was not really made consistently. English is German for dummies. It was invented when a mother tried to teach her somewhat scatterbrained child simpler German. Unfortunately, this boy tended to drink a lot at an early age, which explains this really strange pronunciation of German very well. German is the only language that is written the way it is spoken. German is no Kauderwelsh like the Romance languages. German is not Greek to You, German doesn’t seem like Chinese to You, with German, You’re not at Your wit’s end. **German is the language of the people.**



I won’t reveal which of these was meant seriously and which wasn’t. But I’ll tell You now why humanity must speak only one language and no other.

Here’s a quick rundown of the reasoning: Language serves the purpose of communication. Even communication in the same language can easily fail, so it’s not surprising that communication across different languages is even more likely to fail. Many people can’t even speak their native language like a native speaker. A lot of mood and content is inevitably lost in translation, and misunderstandings are inevitable. For a historical example, see the probably intentional exchange of blows between Trump and Zelenskyy on February 28, 2025. Multilingual speakers almost never speak as well as native speakers, and even if they do, they don’t really feel proficient in or connected to either language or culture. Language is always part of the culture of a race. Learning another language thus gives you access to another culture. This can seem enriching at first

and may indeed be enriching for the simple-minded. But at some point, you find yourself caught between two or more worlds. To resolve this, most people feel most comfortable in only one language. There are only a few hard-boiled who feel completely at home in several languages. Most people do not learn second languages out of interest, but for gypsy-economic reasons or because their parents do not want to deprive their children of their mother tongue, which is different from the national language. The gypsy-economic reasons are that foreign workers often cost less and the “talent pool” is larger, which means that wages can be pushed down even further when everyone has a superficial business level of proficiency in the same second language, English. It goes without saying that under these circumstances, no deep interhuman bonds can develop.

Culture, language, and race are inextricably linked, which is why Deutschland must break with multilingualism if it wants to unite all races within itself. Culture is being completely abolished, see Chapter *Culture*, with the sole exception of a single language. Which language must that be? German. The two main reasons for this are, on the one hand, the many people who already speak German or can quickly learn it, and on the other hand, the even more important reason that the Führer “only” speaks German at the highest possible level. The leader and savior of mankind must be able to proclaim and spread his messages as clearly and distinctly as possible. *Mein Sieg* was originally written in German, and anyone who wants to enjoy and understand *Mein Sieg* to the fullest must have a command of German at Führer’s tongue level. There will be translations in all languages, but these will convey the content at most, never the spirit of what is written.

However, an average knowledge of the German language is sufficient for an adequate understanding. It is deliberately written in such a way that street sweepers, locksmiths, and navvies, as well as university professors and students, will all get their money’s worth. Amongst a thousand writers, there may be only one who manages to write for locksmiths and university professors in such a way that his

statements can be fully comprehended by each group, while at the same time satisfies both groups equally effectively or even carries them away in a storm of applause. With alternating wit and seriousness, sometimes with cheeky flippancy and other times with the necessary precision, I manage to answer all conceivable questions of life satisfactorily without becoming digressive or rambling. Anyone who wanted to could drag the material covered in *Mein Sieg* tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold, or even a millionfold. Nothing would be gained by doing so; on the contrary, much would be lost if one were to waste the attention of one's fellow human beings in this way. Almost all those who create content lack humility in the face of the time that an audience has to spend absorbing it.

I deliberately set out on a difficult course, recognizing and naming all the dangers as such and navigating them with flying colors. I had to make it very easy for anyone who wanted to misunderstand me. Taking words, subclauses, sentences, paragraphs, sections, or even entire chapters out of context is easier in *Mein Sieg* than in any other writing in human history. *Mein Sieg* is a complete package; individual parts must not be misused for one's own shady purposes. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. I am convinced that the capable among us will quickly understand the significance of *Mein Sieg* and defend it to the death, while the incapable among us will try to fight Deutschland and me all the more bitterly and desperately.



The German language is perhaps the only deutsche language. I spent hours going through the entire German grammar and looking to see if anything could be abolished or improved. I came to the conclusion that the German language is already almost perfect. Every tense, every case, every rule makes sense and serves its purpose. The German language consists of individual letters that are combined to form words, which are then structured with punctuation marks to

form a sentence. There are 26 basic letters, including the five vowels “i”, “e”, “a”, “o”, and “u”, as well as 21 consonants. Three additional vowels—“ä”, “ö” and “ü”—are derived from three of the five basic vowels, which are referred to as umlauts. There is also the eszett “ß”, making a total of 30 letters. Vowels are the connecting links between consonants. There are always one or two vowels between two consonants. Three vowels or consonants can never follow each other unless they are part of a compound word. Words are therefore not formed at random as in some other languages, but rather a great many of the mathematically-combinatorially possible 30^n words with a word length of n are ruled out from the outset. Each letter has a large and a small form, so that the different types of words can be distinguished quite clearly from one another. Like no other language, German invites the creation of new words, ensuring that it remains vibrant and alive. There is hardly a thought that cannot be expressed concisely and conclusively. Germans are curious and eager to learn. In relation to the number of native speakers, by far the most books worldwide are translated into German. Most books and scientific treatises were once written in German, before it was insidiously, treacherously, and perfidiously replaced and stabbed in the back by the Anglo-Saxons. All this suggests that the German language is very close to being deutsch.

Only a few improvements have occurred to me. One could consider abolishing the three grammatical genders. However, this is an essential source of pleasure and joy in the German language. One could replace the double vowels “ai”, “ei”, and “ey” with “ai” throughout, since the smooth pronunciation of the letters “a” and “i” most closely reflects the spoken sound. One could replace all “ph” with “f”, “q” with “k”, “v” with “f”, “ua” with “w”, “x” with “ks”, and “ß” with “ss”. Of all these suggested improvements, I’ve only consistently implemented the first one in the original *Mein Sieg*, mainly in order to form the triple alliteration “Führer, Feldherr und Filosof” and immortalize it in the acronym *GröFFFaZ* —“**G**röß**t**er **F**ührer, **F**eldherr und **F**ilosof aller **Z**eiten” (Greatest

Führer, Feldherr, and Philosopher of All Time). I know it may seem silly, but the old “Photographie” no longer stands out particularly as “Fotografie” nowadays. Personally, thanks to years of work on *Mein Sieg*, I’ve become completely accustomed to it. However, I didn’t want to impose any more changes on the German Volk for the time being; *Mein Sieg* is already groundbreaking enough.

Overall, therefore, only minor refinements are possible. Without “q”, “v”, “x”, and “ß”, there would only be 26 letters left. More decisive, therefore, is de-Romanization and de-Greekization. In *Mein Sieg*, I did not take this to extremes, but used a number of words borrowed from foreign languages, such as “democracy”, “hygiene”, and “brutality”, where appropriate. However, where there are already excellent German equivalents, it makes no sense at all to resort to foreign words, as this would sever the connection to the German rest. The academic believes that everything would sound much more objective if everything were named after ancient Greek or Latin. The educated puffs himself up to bursting point by brimming with foreign words, solely to conceal his stupidity. This culminated, as a result of centuries of inbreeding, in the repulsive, supposedly German aristocracy, who preferred to converse only in French.

The word “hygiene” in particular illustrates the absurdity of it all. Translated, it means “serving health”, but we all know that “serving health” is far too vague for what is actually meant. Words are overloaded with meanings they cannot possibly possess. The ancient Greek abbreviations come at a high price. If everything is based on the same language, then the connections are also much clearer. That is why all sciences must be translated into German. The nomenclatures in biology, i.e., in the study of plants, animals, microorganisms, and viruses, must all be revised in accordance with Chapter *Humility*. We have successfully exterminated most species anyway. Structures, substances, and phenomena must also be renamed. German-Greek-Latin were the earthwide sciences in the days of the good old Emperor, German-Deutsch will be the

worldwide discoveries in the days of the Greatest Führer, Feldherr, and Philosopher of All Time and for all eternity.

To make learning the German language as easy as possible, all dialects are being abolished. It is unacceptable that people in the same habitat cannot communicate with each other or can only do so with difficulty. Bavarians, Alemanni, Swabians, Franconians, Hessians, Phalians, Saxons, Thuringians, Berliners, Pomeranians, Austrians, Swiss Germans, Frisians, Flemings, Bohemians, Moravians, Silesians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, and Anglo-Saxons must not define their identity based on their small regions, but rather on the entire habitat Deutschland, including its folkscommunity. Personally, I have no problem understanding the various dialects of German, as I am smart and linguistically gifted. This is about all the non-Germanic people, whose lives should not be made unnecessarily difficult. Throughout Deutschland, therefore, Standard High German is written and spoken.

In *Mein Sieg*, I've retained my idiosyncrasies, which are considered outdated or even incorrect in Standard High German. If you think deutsch and feel German, you intuitively sense how to play with language. Rules are important for creating common ground and bringing order, but rules can be broken to highlight uniqueness and create a little chaos. Is it art or a mistake?

If you really want to, you can master any language at C1 level in just 300 days. Over time, you'll also become accent-free, but that's not quite as important. It's a misconception that only languages learned in childhood can be mastered to native speaker level. Children are simply exposed to a language for a long time and with patience. As an adult, you no longer have this luxury, but you do have a mature mind that you can use effectively and efficiently with scientifically proven methods. Have the courage to tackle the German language Yourself! In Deutschland, one won't have a choice anyway. The use of other languages is only permitted and necessary as an aid and transitional measure; anything else slows down integration.

The formal “Sie” form of address is being abolished; in Deutschland, only the informal “du” form is used. We are no longer at court, where one has to be courteous and address His Majesty in the plural. Strangers are strange to Deutschen. We are all *one* folkscommunity that cannot be divided by meaningless linguistic barriers.

Greetings are being abolished. Even more expressive and approachable than the inner language of the larynx are the outer languages of the mouth, the eyes, the eyebrows, the nose, the ears, the cheeks, in short, the whole face and body. You can still draw attention to yourself with sounds, but instead of a bored “hello”, you should smile honestly when you’re in a good mood and pout honestly when you’re not feeling so good. Etiquette belongs to the French.

Meaningless small talk is being abolished. A Deutscher does not talk about trivial topics and does not digress or ramble, but always gets straight to the point.

Last but not least, the special language for animals is being abolished. Even babies are no longer dehumanized by being fed. We all are animals. All linguistic elements that separate by species and age are unspiecifying and must be abolished.

Race

Race, ethnicity, subspecies—whatever the hell you wanna call it, human races can be easily distinguished from one another based on their outward appearances. Inwardly, however, we are pretty similar. I use the term “race” only to demonstrate that words are just words and that what you try to express with them is what really matters. We live in a time when language is used very carelessly and is becoming increasingly meaningless.

Is there such a thing as linguistic racism, for example? No. Racism means that people of one race are considered inferior to people of another race because of their racial characteristics. When I refer to someone as a Negro, I am using the Latin word “niger” in its German translation “black, dark-colored”. How the same word, translated into another language, can suddenly be racist is not apparent, at least to smart people. The French colonialists referred to Africans as blacks in their language, which the Germans adopted in their obsession with foreign words, and in order to morally justify slavery and exploitation, blacks were deemed inferior. Blacks were Negroes, and Negroes were inferior. Negroes were not inferior because they were Negroes, but Negroes were inferior because they were black. There was no neutral term for blacks. For this reason, it is completely nonsensical to translate a term back into racially pure German in order to dissolve the racist meaning allegedly associated with it.

Another example: “Certain foreigners must get out of Germany!” Is that racist? No. From this statement alone, one cannot conclude that the speaker considers the foreigners in question to be inferior to anyone else. He could, for example, have meant that certain foreigners deserve better than to live in Germany, especially since “foreigner” is not a race. It could refer to ethnic Germans without German citizenship who live in another country and only stay in Germany temporarily. “Turks are shit!” is not racist either. “Shit” is considered a swear word and is usually used pejoratively, but it does not necessarily imply that Turks are inferior. In Deutschland,

shit is becoming an important raw material used in farming, see Chapters *Health* and *Future*, while gold will be quite useless, see Chapter *Economy*. Lo and behold, the statement that what refugees bring us is more valuable than gold no longer sounds particularly wonderful. “There are too many foreigners in this world!” is not racist, but rather part of my grand plan. There must be nothing but Deutschland and therefore no more foreigners.

Remember: Linguistic racism does not exist unless one presents the definition of racism as fact.

It is believed that simply naming and categorizing outward differences would constitute a value judgment. Asians do not have slanteyes at all; “slanteye” is racist; the correct term is “epicanthic fold”. Racism wouldn’t exist if there were no races. This is how you make the world the way you want it to be, but it does not solve the problem. The problem, that there’s still genuine racism on Earth. In Europe, America, Africa, Arabia, Asia, everywhere. It has been around for a long time. Strictly speaking, without the biological classification of species into kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, and genus, there could be no racism in the above sense; at that time, other cultures and ways of life that were alien to one’s own were primarily judged to be inferior. Until the discovery of races, i.e., until 1758 AD at the latest, racism can, for my sake, be overloaded with the meaning of “rejection of otherness” and used inflationary as it is today, but not after that. We must be aware of the relatively few and minor outward differences so that we can invoke the great similarities of *Homo deutsch*. **Anyone who wants to abolish the rejection of otherness must abolish useless otherness and unspecifying aberrations.**

The mixing of races must neither be encouraged nor demanded nor ostracized. It is encouraged and demanded by self-hating whites so that one day there will no longer be clearly distinguishable black, white, red, and yellow races, but only hybrids. Nothing good has ever come of hatred. It was ostracized and hindered, for example,

in the Third Reich, in the United States of America, and in South Africa. Whatever happens naturally will happen.

People are neither equal nor equivalent nor have equal rights. We are obviously not equal. I am not You, You are not someone else. We are not equivalent, because the question is, in relation to what? As human beings, we are equivalent, but in terms of folkscommunal benefits, differences could very well be made. However, the ones should not shout this from the rooftops, while the others must accept that the ones are more capable than the others, see Chapter *Humility*. Under no circumstances can we have equal rights. More capable people bear a greater responsibility to use their abilities for the benefit of the entire folkscommunity. It is the belief in equality that currently allows Fuckism to continue to reign.

No matter how similar we are, the stupid will always be able to find differences. The smart, on the other hand, only knows the difference between stupid and smart. The different races probably have comparable mental abilities, since the time in which they developed separately from each other was not particularly long. The differences currently measured are probably purely education-related. However, if it can be proven that certain races are actually more mentally capable than others by nature, then this cannot be denied and must be taken into account demographically, see Chapter *Health*.

The political division into left and right is wrong. The fact that it is the left, who supposedly does not think in pigeonholes, who insist on this black-and-white thinking is characteristic of the present day. If the left stood for equality and the right for the diversity of all people, then both would be wrong. If the left meant progress and the right meant continuity, then both would be wrong. If the left were to advocate for the welfare of all and the right for the welfare of a few people, then both would be wrong. If the left were to advocate for environmental protection and the right for environmental destruction, then both would be wrong. If the left

were the guardians of the weak and the right the guardians of the rulers, then both would be wrong. Fortunately, these distinctions are completely oversimplified and useless. *I'm not left-wing, I'm not right-wing, I am deutsch.*

Right-wing extremism has also become a meaningless term. Those labeled as right-wing extremists are usually neither right-wing, because what does right-wing even mean, nor truly extremist, i.e., willing to enforce their political ideas with *non-state* violence. The emphasis is on non-state, because states must always be prepared to use violence so that their citizens do not have to. Instead, the term is used when someone is believed to fully embrace the Second Axiom of Deutsch, according to which everything is thinkable. Novel ideas and thoughts that challenge existing, encrusted structures are considered right-wing extremist nowadays. In this sense, I, like many other compulsive Fuckists in the Age of Fuckism, am a right-wing extremist.

Time

Time is being abolished. The calendar starts over from the beginning. It is given in the format “Day X after Nathan” or “Xth day after Nathan” and can be abbreviated as “Day X a. N.” or “Xth DaN.” The Day of Takeover is the Zeroth Day after Nathan, the following day is the First Day after Nathan. A deutsche week consists of 10 days, a deutscher month of 25 days, and a deutsches year of 100 days. The First Week, the First Month, and the First Year after Nathan begin on the First Day after Nathan.

The 999,999,999th day after Nathan is the Last Day after Nathan. This can be encoded in 32 bits or four bytes in two’s complement. A “bit” is a portmanteau of “binary digit” and is the smallest unit of information in computing. Eight bits make up one byte. This means that the Deutschen would have over 2,700,000 revolutions of the Earth around the sun before they’d have to come up with a new system or simply start counting again from scratch. More than nine digits would be confusing, and we would have to use at least 64 bit just for the day, even though we actually want to be economical with everything. Instead, we can use four bytes to encode the 60 seconds, 60 minutes, and 24 hours of a day, allowing us to express time digitally in a total of eight bytes. Everything of human significance in the past can be expressed in the format “Day X before Nathan” or digitally with a sign bit, which, however, as discussed in Chapter *History*, is only necessary in rare cases.

Why all this? To demonstrate the significance, power of change, and willingness to change of deutsch. People already feel that time is running out faster and faster, that the world is changing faster and faster, that weeks, months, and years have become obsolete for the purposes of planning and forecasting. Only the longest of all short units of time, the day, is forward-looking and consistent enough. Everyday life cannot be regular from week to week, month to month, and year to year, but must be regular from day to day. The upheaval of time lies in deutschen hands! Deutsche must break the time! Deutsche must end the unspeciefication before Nathan!

Homo sapiens must speciefy anew and back into *Homo deutsch!* From second to second, minute to minute, hour to hour, and day to day, Deutsche must be deutscher than ever before! At the end of each day, every Deutsche must ask himself: What have I done today for Deutschland and the World? What do I intend to do tomorrow for Deutschland and the World? How can I be deutscher? How can my fellow human beings be deutscher? How can Deutschland and the World be deutscher? Carpe diem!

Incidentally, we solve a number of problems. Thinking in terms of weeks, months, and years, one is caught up in the daily grind. Monday, gotta get back to work, damn, when's finally the weekend? Week after week, one struggles through until the annual vacation is finally here. Every year, you celebrate New Year's, Eid al-Fitr, Eid al-Adha, your birthday, your wedding anniversary, May Day, Easter, Pentecost, Christmas, Passover, Yom Kippur, and Hanukkah. Year after year, it's the same crap, for which there is no reason other than the regularity of the calendar. Year after year, you compare yourself to your younger self. Year after year, you tell yourself how everything is getting worse and how everything used to be better. All of this must be abolished. Deutschland must become so deutsch that there would be a reason to celebrate every day, which is why we must not have a single day to celebrate. Every celebration would seem too small for Deutsche.

The time shift—the artificially unhealthy summer time—is being abolished.



Writing is the deutschest form of communication. Nowhere else can an author devote so much of his time and smartness so that others can draw on it even more. Nowhere else is the density of information so high. Facial expressions, gestures, rhetoric, emotions, and group dynamics distort the search for truth. As we know, a picture is worth

a thousand words, so it is very telling and therefore nothing telling. Greenchoosers may be impressed by images and moving pictures, but Deutsche must always rely on the written word when it comes to deutsche matters.

What I actually want to achieve with this paragraph is the following: Nathan Blood, Your Führer, has sacrificed almost three years of his life to expose and rectify all the injustices of the past so that no one will ever be forced to do so again. The Führer of mankind struggles with every single word, every single sentence and paragraph of this book. If this book is to become the Bible of Mankind, then every superfluous letter must be dried up until it disappears. With all due respect and consideration for Ende's *Momo*, I do not want to rob humanity of a single second more than is absolutely necessary, which is why I

Humility

We are all dependent and reliant on each other. The individual is insignificant, and that is a good thing. If it took me ten hours to collect firewood on my own, then together with another person I could gather the same amount in half the time. In the end, the same amount of work has been done in both cases, but in the second case, each person has only contributed 50%. With three people, each would contribute only 33%, with four people 25%, aso. asf., until the limit of a single person's contribution approaches zero in infinity. Of course, more people also need more firewood, but proportionally far less firewood than the increasing number of people who need to be kept warm. One fire keeps several people warm. And it didn't stop there. People passed on their knowledge to their descendants, first orally, then in writing, and today digitally. The knowledge was reviewed, refined, and passed on to the next generation. Take one, give two, pass it on. One generation after another drew on the wisdom of the past, pruned some of it and created new wisdom. Humans invented the coal stove, oil and gas heating, and the heat pump, and at some point no longer needed firewood at all.

Everything builds on everything else. Nothing could have been created independently; everyone simply contributes his share. Without the invention of the computer, I wouldn't be able to write *Mein Sieg* so quickly and well. Without the development of beautiful languages, we would hardly be able to express anything. And if our ancestors hadn't prevailed in nature back then, none of us would be alive today. Without farmers, we would have no food on the table; without engineers, no machines; without women, no children. For all these reasons, humans must be humble both inwardly and outwardly, otherwise they will fall into ruin.

Respect is being abolished. Whatever You achieve in life is only a fraction of the work of billions of great apes and far more living beings than You can even imagine. Whatever they've done is not Your responsibility and cannot be a source of pride for You. You can only do what You can do right now, like every other living

being before, during, and after Your time. Do deutsches and shut up. The others are neither to be abused nor to be admired, Your achievements are neither to be belittled nor to be exaggerated. Everyone has his own contribution to make. You are not dependent on praise or recognition, and You do not have to give in to envy or resentment. Envy is natural, as You cannot know how much time and effort someone else has put into developing his skills. However, You must never let envy consume You. There are no natural talents; everything is the result of blood, sweat, and tears, so ask questions and learn. The person being asked must willingly reveal his secrets and share his insights so that the next person can become even more skilled. Skills can be learned, abilities are innate. Both must be used for the benefit of the folkscommunity. Envy of abilities is understandable, but as a Deutscher, You must not let it consume You all the more, otherwise You will never be satisfied with Your life. Have the serenity to accept the things You cannot change, the courage to change the things You can, and the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other.

Copyright and patent law are being abolished. How dare anyone reap the full benefits for his teeny-tiny contribution? And that for money, so without any real benefit to himself, but to the detriment of progress and thus to the detriment of everyone? Patent law has been undermined for centuries, most recently by Chinese Gypsy Companies in particular. Since November 30, 2022, at the latest, copyright law has been disregarded for the profit of large technology corporations. Most books and scientific treatises are already openly, but currently still illegally accessible. Thank you, Anna. It is time to play with open cards. Gypsies from all over the world may complain and there may be short-term disadvantages, but in the end it will benefit Deutschland and the World. All discoveriencies will be accessible without restriction. The mathematician who spends his precious lifetime writing an excellent textbook will not receive \$65,537, \$196,883, or \$3,141,592 and a few pennies, but will have to content himself with his gloriousless contribution to mathematical

progress. No amount of money in the world could measure Euler's value to the nearest decimal point, so there's no point in even trying. The murder of Aaron Swartz must not be in vain.

Fame is being abolished. The few who truly achieve great things do not want to be famous at all because they don't know what they've actually done to deserve it. Fame only leads to false authority and vanity, which in turn can lead to false findings. Once you say something refreshing, people will believe you blindly forever. If Einstein had claimed that the Earth was flat, he would have been a stone. Celebrities of an era were almost always associated with the stupidity of their admirers. I am the only exception. Only I will be known throughout the Earth as Deutscher for as long as I live. A task that I do not like to, but must take on.

The naming of places and things after famous personalities, historical events, or their discoverers is being abolished. Gauss's sum formula, Kepler's laws, Planck units, the Haber—Bosch process, and Koch's postulates will be renamed. Alexanderplatz, Kurfürstendamm, and Prinzregentenstraße is being abolished, like all other street, city, country, river, and sea names. Only the Gulf of Mexico will be temporarily renamed the Gulf of Deutschland. Streets, cities, and countries will no longer exist. Continents, settlements, rivers, seas, and natural phenomena will simply be numbered in a meaningful way, something like this: Continent 1, Sea 3, Settlement 18, Volcano 31, River 42, Waterfall 69, Cave 88, Mountain 333, Canyon 666.

Yes, I am the Greatest Führer, Feldherr, Philosoph, Economist, Physician, and Writer of All Time. Yes, I am the greatest ape of all time. Yes, I am the only human being ever and forever irreplaceable for humanity. But what does all that mean? Ultimately, I am just a cashier, the world's smallest violin. I've merely achieved what no human being has ever achieved before: In the First Volume of *Mein Sieg*, I've solved all of humanity's problems, and in the Second Volume of *Mein Sieg*, I am trying to win Your trust, because I need

Your total trust for my solutions. Only under my Führership can Deutschland be realized. Most of the lines in this book will make no sense at all to the Deutschen of tomorrow, because they won't understand what ridiculous errors I am actually fighting against here. What, there was a press, courts, and countries back then? That's how you made economy? That was your attitude towards sexual intercourse? That's what was considered discoverience? These were allowed to live? That's how you died? That's what you ate? All that was different before the greatest Führer of all time saw the light of day and seized power for the good of humanity? How stupid must you have been? Oh Deutscher of the future, I understand exactly how you must feel, because I felt the same way. The antidote to this arrogance is therefore described in this Chapter.

I won't tolerate a Führercult. I demand neither fame nor reward for my achievements, but responsibility. The fame of posterity is assured if I do not become the Führer of mankind. I will know how to prevent the fame of posterity if I become the Führer of mankind. And if I, the greatest and most capable man of all time, demand neither fame nor reward, how can You covet anything other than responsibility? You are little, the Folg is much!

Upbringing, Unfolding, Undecking

In Deutschland, **everything** revolves around upbringing, unfolding, and undecking. **Humans are at least 99% Homo and at most 1% deutsch.** I am 1% deutsch. Upbringing deals exclusively with the Homo part, undecking satisfies exclusively the deutschen part, and the whole human is being unfolded.

All children are born right-wing extremists. Shamelessly, everything is thinkable for them. They feel neither guilt nor pride. In the course of their lives, they must painfully realize that nothing in this world lasts forever. At some point, they understand how to think from the end. As soon as they succeed in doing so for the most part, they are no longer Futuredeutsche, but Deutsche. After Kleist and Kafka, I'm the third Deutsche in world history. Since it is no longer possible to reconstruct exactly when the two of them woke up one morning from restless dreams to find themselves transformed into an incredible Deutschen, my case must serve as a guide. I have been Deutscher since my 8241th day of life. But I also grew up in unspeciefying and fuckistic circumstances, see Volume 2. In an advanced Deutschland, one will probably have to be at least 60 years old to be a Deutscher. Women a little earlier, men a little later.

Deutsche upbringing and unfolding must be free of expectations, praise, and blame. Nowadays, far too much is expected of children on the one hand, and far too little on the other. If we have no expectations of our offspring, then we cannot be disappointed and can only be rewarded. But this must be meant seriously. Whatever they do, they must be loved unconditionally. One thing is certain: The Deutschen of the future will achieve great things. However, they can only succeed if we expect nothing at all from them. Anything else would hopelessly overwhelm them. The sprout must be allowed to grow upright in peace before it can blossom happily in all its colors.

The naughtiest adults had the strictest upbringers. **The goal of upbringing and unfolding is to help the immature and**

helpless child mature into an independent and influential adult. One day, children will no longer have upbringers and unfolders around them who judge everything they do and determine their lives. So anyone who believes that strict upbringing can predetermine a child's entire life is greatly mistaken. If anything, it will awaken an irrepressible hatred and resentment in them. Pampering is not conducive to achieving this goal either. Those who are constantly praised for every triviality in childhood will be in for a rude awakening as adults. Of course, one could introduce the idea that everyone, including adults, should constantly praise each other for everything possible. But people live *with* others, not *for* others. From childhood onwards, therefore, all praise and blame must be avoided, otherwise one becomes completely dependent on others in one's opinions and actions.

Love unconditionally and educate without praise or blame. You're wondering how the hell that's supposed to work? First of all, we need to be clear about the areas in which the Futuredeutsche needs to be upbrought. Upbringing deals with the basic physical and mental abilities and skills of a human being. The Futuredeutsche must master physical hygiene and be supported and accompanied in his physical and mental development. Physical hygiene includes the controlled excretion of urine and feces as well as personal hygiene. The latter will be greatly simplified in Deutschland, as all people will be hairless. Hair is either difficult to care for or an annoying source of odor. Many women will be surprised at how liberating it is to be bald. Only eyelashes, eyebrows, nose hair, and ear hair will remain for health reasons. Fingernails will be cut every 15 days, the entire body will be depilated every 30 days, and toenails will be cut every 45 days. If the nails grow faster, one can use the rhythm of 10, 30, and 20 instead. The genitals, buttocks, and armpits may be depilated more frequently. We help each other with this so that it is more precise, gentler, and faster. Fragrances in hygiene products and elsewhere are being abolished because they only trigger allergies. The bodies of children and youths are constantly changing, which is why it is important to ensure that no

fears about the future arise during their upbringing and unfolding. Judging their appearance must be avoided without exception. In Deutschland, it is no longer just outer beauty that counts, but also, and above all, inner intelligence. Then there is the matter of learning gross and fine motor skills, i.e., sitting, walking, grasping, climbing, swimming, jumping, throwing, catching, eating, drinking, aso. asf. Mental development includes the various sensory perceptions and their species-appropriate processing, language skills and abilities, smartness, and interaction with other people.

Everything that these little boys and lovely maidens have to laboriously learn is a piece of cake for seasoned adults. Therefore, any praise cannot be meant seriously, and one only makes oneself ridiculous. Yes, you did a fine job of shitting. You scribbled that down wonderfully. The children are being taken for fools. Of course, they understand this and are thus gently introduced to lying and dishonesty. The infants are infantilized. Every supposedly cute child slang has devastating effects. Even during pregnancy, German must be spoken with them. First short, easily understandable sentences, then everyday German, until they finally master it at Führer's tongue level thanks to a lot of reading, listening, and speaking. Swear words are not to be condemned. The Futuredeutschen must be taught that swear words can only exist because there are also nice and neutral words. The latter ones are usually used only to be able to emphasize something with the former ones. You got that, You son of a bitch? At some point, all swear words unrelated to smartness will be meaningless artifacts from a bygone era anyway. How can you seriously try to insult someone as a whore, hooker, peasant, bastard, faggot, slut, village idiot, tramp, hillbilly, or country bumpkin when one day all Deutschen will be all of those things? The "Federal Review Board for Works Harmful to Young Persons", or whatever it calls itself today, is being abolished. What Futuredeutsche are allowed to read, Deutsche are also allowed to read, and vice versa. As with everything else, they will initially be accompanied every step of the way before they can explore and enrich the world on their own.

Instead of praising Futuredeutsche linguistically, we must show sincere joy in their development through physical closeness, gestures, and facial expressions, thereby encouraging them. A Deutscher must never grin and bear it. Instead of blaming them linguistically, we must sincerely express our anger through physical distance, gestures, and facial expressions. In this way, empathy is practiced alongside the most natural form of communication. Physical closeness will be available everywhere and at all times in Deutschland, which is why one does not become dependent on the desires and will of individual people. However, especially in upbringing, but also in other areas, one must never play “good cop, bad cop”. Every upbringing and unfold must be both gentle and strict; an artificial division of roles only causes confusion, mistrust, favorite upbringers and favorite unfolders, and thus counteracts our goals of upbringing and unfolding.

The “hot stove method” is extremely helpful in upbringing and early unfolding. The Futuredeutschen must be made to understand clearly that it would hurt him if he touched the hot stove. Out of curiosity, he may do it anyway, and he must not be discouraged from doing so by any means. Once he realizes from harmless things that his upbringers and unfolders only want what is deustchest for him and that not listening will have consequences, he will trust them and confide in them even in more important matters. In order not to break this trust, one must never lie. If one doesn’t know something, it is time to use the *Four Sacred Words of Deutschen: I don’t know*. There are no stupid questions, only greenchoosy answers. Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, the Sandman, the stork, and democracy are being abolished. At the same time, Futuredeutsche must be trusted with more and more autonomy over time. They will make mistakes, and that is a good thing. You always learn best from your own mistakes. In Deutschland, there is an open error culture in all areas. Only mistakes that are recognized and named as such can be corrected. Anyone who remains silent or silences others is a Fuckist.

The physical and mental abilities and skills of a Futuredeutschen only come to full fruition at the end of his unfolding. Upbringing and unfolding can take place simultaneously for a certain period of time, but as soon as the Futuredeutsche is dry and clean at the age of ten at the latest, he will henceforth only be developed. The current eternally long periods are particularly related to clothing and the resulting lack of nakedness, to feelings of shame and disgust at excretion, and finally to the entire gypsy child industry. All of this is unspecification-related and is therefore being abolished. No other animal wears diapers. The problem lies precisely in the fact that nature is no longer our living room, but that we want to keep certain areas very clean. This is both progress and regress. Progress, if the germ load in vulnerable areas were to decrease and we were to become ill less often and less severely. A clear regress, since this insight has not been implemented species-appropriately. Diaperfree parenting, open-crotch clothing, and elimination communication sound to me like promising, species-appropriate approaches.

There are no more daycare centers, kindergartens, schools, and universities, but only places of upbringing, unfolding, and undecking. Mental unfolding should enable the Futuredeutschen to discover things independently as Deutscher. I do not consider the distinction between invention and discovery to be meaningful. The latter is supposed to uncover what already exists, the former to create something new. Although everything already exists and is simultaneously being recreated. *The river flows*. The terms “education”, “training”, “student”, and “teacher” imply that mental abilities and skills can be drummed into people from outside. Correctly, however, the Futuredeutsche unfolds from the inside out. The bud opens. Unfolders can only support them in this.

Subjects, modules, school types, classes, and semesters are being abolished. There are only regular courses based on the respective level of proficiency and special courses, both in theory and practice. The course contents all deal with pure and applied mathematics, see Chapter *Science*. German is being abolished. A language is mastered through a lot of reading and a little listening and speaking,

which we will all do sufficiently in Deutschland without having to attend any courses. Reading comprehension is the most important skill for every Deutschen. Grammar is only briefly covered in special courses; it is largely intuitive and learned on its own. Foreign languages are being abolished. By the time you would have memorized them—because all languages other than German can only be memorized—they will no longer exist anyway. Only English might still be necessary in the sciences for a certain transitional period, but will be mastered sufficiently not through courses, but through reading many old treatises and conversing with the many Anglo-Saxon “immigrants”. Physical Education is being abolished. All Deutschen will stay active in a manner appropriate to their species throughout their lives. Ethics, economics, religion, law, social studies, music, art, geography, and history are being abolished, see *Mein Sieg*. The few important topics from these and all other non-mathematical subjects will be covered in special courses.

All performance assessments are being abolished. I am referring to oral exams, short tests, and written exams that everyone has to take and that someone has to grade. Common types of assignments begin with “state”, “explain”, and “evaluate”, which is why the correctness of an answer can only be judged arbitrarily or merely checked for correct memorization. The grade often comes out of nowhere, and it is almost always determined in relation to the performance of all other examinees by normalizing everything. Someone once claimed that all measurable data is normally distributed. Which it is, if you normalize everything. Form follows function. What doesn’t fit is made to fit. A Deutscher, on the other hand, only knows absolute top performance, which must be tested transparently and on an individual basis. In mathematics, there is only true or false, so the tasks must be designed accordingly. In applied mathematics, this is not always so clear-cut, which is why transfer tasks are also well suited. If you can compare and combine what you have learned in one area with knowledge from another area, then you really have it down. Based on the results, an aspiration level that is neither too low nor too high must be ensured continually, see

Chapter *Activity*. Americans are among the most successful in the world when it comes to education, but they fail grossly across the board. The Chinese are at the top and well positioned on average, but they only achieve this through drill and coercion. Thanks to its species-appropriate, relaxed approach to unfolding, Deutschland will achieve great things at the top and across the board, the likes of which the world has never seen before. The biggest obstacle for the Chinese is their meaningless language. The first thing young Chinese learn is memorization. Thanks to long learning hours, they achieve a great deal intellectually, but they pay for it with their mental health. Elbow thinking and bullying do the rest. In Deutschland, those who are more mentally capable are not valued more highly or given preferential treatment, but rather bear a greater responsibility to use their abilities for the benefit of the folkscommunity. Everything they need to do this must be made available to them. But anyone who speaks ill of others or even excludes them because they do not understand something or are slower to understand it is a sucker. They harm themselves and those who are actually or supposedly less mentally capable. Every bud must be given the time, water, and sun it needs to open. Some plants bear visible and edible fruit, others do not bear immediately visible and/or edible fruit, and still others do not bear fruit at all, but create habitats for other living beings, animals, plants, and fungi. The Chapter *Humility* is not intended for the youngest Futuredeutschen, as it could greatly disillusion and discourage them. These wisdoms must be exemplified to them, but only gently suggested, otherwise they would wither and break. Group work is being abolished. There are many things that are better done together, but learning is not one of them. Asking questions is important and necessary, and discussions with other people about a particular subject can also be stimulating and enlightening. However, to do this, you need to be at least somewhat familiar with the subject matter yourself. *You have to learn for yourself, and learning must be learned.* In unfolding, the very first thing one is taught is how to learn. Learn smart, not hard. There are countless useful methods for memorizing and retrieving knowledge, such as

active recall and spaced repetition. However, in my opinion, understanding itself has been very little researched and understood. If people understood the banking and monetary system, there'd be a revolution before tomorrow morning. Deutschland must perfect its understanding. General knowledge is more or less being abolished. A little knowledge is indispensable, but only a little. Deutsche must master the skill of quickly and independently familiarizing themselves with and finding their way around unfamiliar areas. This must be made possible and easier for them through excellent textbooks, see Chapter *Science*.

After unfolding, young Deutsche now have the tools to become explorers. This includes both scientific work and activities that are currently familiar by name. Upbringer, unfolder, explorer, physician, investigator, mediator, engineer, artisan, farmer. These should not be viewed in isolation from one another. There will be no job that you learn for a few years and then do for the rest of your life. Everyone should change workplaces more often, as one sees fit. That is why the knowledge gained from a job must always be recorded in writing, improved and refined, and newcomers must be carefully trained. Every job can be reduced to its essence in a few sentences, broken down to its essentials in a few paragraphs, and summarized in a few pages. Any practical job can be learned in a few days or weeks, until one day every move is as perfect as that of an experienced master. The big problem at the moment is that the masters, for fear of losing their jobs and out of envy of the apprentices who could outdo them, do not want to reveal their secrets. Yet the apprentice must always become better than his master. The master must be happy that he has contributed to progress. Quite a few see their life's work in ruins when their work is no longer needed for the sake of progress. Quacks who are no longer allowed to poke around in pregnant women. Coal miners who mourn the lack of respiratory diseases. Specialist shop owners whose customers have grown tired of their expert lies and switched to scrap trading on the Internet. All of this stands in the way of achieving the ultimate

goal. **The ultimate goal is unemployment for all, paradise on Earth.** Of course, no one will really be unemployed. People want and need to work, because lazing around quickly makes one sick. I speak from experience. Work sets you free. The only question is, what kind of work and for what purpose? In Deutschland, there will only be species-appropriate work, which we will do for the preservation of our species and for the enjoyment of life. Work that only requires “the right pay” is being abolished, as such work can only be fuckistic. Time will no longer be exchanged for money, but used in a meaningful and purposeful way.

Work must be plannable with high flexibility. Production must not come to a standstill just because a few people are absent at short notice. Extremely unhealthy shift work is being largely abolished. Nighttime must not be turned into daytime, not permanently and certainly not on a rotating basis. In very few sectors, there will be a kind of on-call service so that people can sleep at night but be gently awakened if necessary. Emergency medical services will be included in this, although physicians will have to sacrifice themselves far less than they do today for the benefit of the folkscommunity, as very few Deutsche will still be nocturnal and most Deutschen will be very healthy. People will only work four hours a day in a two-shift system. If a factory can meet the needs of the folkseconomy in just one shift, then one shift is sufficient. Under no circumstances must two factories be built when one is enough, simply because people are above working a second shift. For most services, one shift is also sufficient. Investigators, mediators, and physicians cannot suddenly call it a day when it’s obviously impossible. In farming, it may be necessary to work more at certain times. As an upbringer and unfolder, the situation is also a little different, see Chapter *Future*. During work, one should really work, not waste time, gossip, or be distracted in other ways. One must work with concentration for one quarter of the time so that one can really enjoy three quarters of the waking hours. There needs to be a clear line between work and non-work. Those who want to can work more. Those who don’t want to, don’t. Those who don’t want to work at all, don’t. **The folkscommunity is**

an individual-collectivist community. What is deutsch for the individual is deutsch for the folkscommunity. What is deutsch for the folkscommunity is deutsch for the individual. What may seem insignificant from the outside can in fact be of great importance. Deutschland is the land of unlimited opportunities. Deutsche will know how to use them species-appropriately. Nothing comes from nothing.

From an early age, everyone will be involved in practical activities appropriate to his age. Occupational safety laws are nonsense as long as the personal capabilities of each individual are taken into account. We are one big family business. Everyone will be skilled with his hands, not only to use his everyday objects, but also to maintain them. Everyone will keep his habitat clean, so that the time required per person will be negligible. Physically demanding activities will be made easier by machines, tools, and exoskeletons, or taken over entirely by the former. They will be valued just as much as theoretical work. In fact, the contrast between theory and practice, between academia and training, and between armchair theorists and grafters is being abolished. Farming is an excellent example. Deutsche farmers are biologists who have to optimize the nutrient content of their crops, the harvest yield, water requirements, aso. asf. through theoretical considerations and practical field tests in the interests of people and the environment. Work in the field *and* in the laboratory is not foreign to him. Manual labor is academized, scientific work is practiced. Theory and practice enrich each other, see Chapter *Science*.

Chess is being abolished. Chess would make you smarter because you had to think ahead about your own moves and your opponent's with every move. However, the mistake lies in the structure of the game itself. Chess has rules, artificial rules that severely restrict your freedom of action. Crazy people claim that it is precisely these restrictions that make chess so exciting and educational. But the only rules of the game that a Deutscher has to take into account scientifically are the laws of nature. These are valid throughout the

game and are already challenging enough. Therefore, only simple games such as *Mill* or *Connect Four* are suitable for a playful introduction to mathematics.

All future Deutschen and Futuredeutschen will be worlds smarter than their current peers and soon conspecifics. Especially because they will all unfold their mental abilities to the fullest. I recently read that children between the ages of 22 and 44 could read, but often didn't understand the content. They also couldn't do arithmetic until they were 22. What nonsense. William James Sidis could read at the age of six, I could at sixteen. Paul Erdős could do arithmetic at the age of twelve, and I could have done so too, if only I had been encouraged. The same applies to all people. Of course, some are more capable than others, but everyone wastes so much valuable time, in Germany for example with kids' stuff, guiltcult, and belief in democracy and climate change. Children cannot be exposed to the hard sciences early enough. The early bird catches the worm. No childhood is lost; one thing is mental development, the other is mental unfolding. Mental development cannot, or at least should not, be greatly accelerated; nature surely had something in mind when it came to that. Dyscalculia and dyslexia are probably just an invention of the Chinese.

The question of whether children should still learn to write by hand is one that needs to be seriously discussed. One could argue that this trained fine motor skills. However, writing has only been around for 6,000 oldyears at most, so the predisposition for it already existed before that, and it is therefore possible to develop these skills without writing. In general, writing is greatly overrated; reading is much more important. Of course, one could not have been invented without the other, but now that so much knowledge is written down, reading is all the more important. Writing on a keyboard with an ergonomic keyboard layout, possibly based on the *Neo* family, *AdNW* or *KOY*, on the other hand, still needs to be learned. Sketches can currently be made much better and faster by hand. The question is, how much longer will this be the case? I'd like to live in a world where thoughts can be read and transmitted

in real time, eliminating the effort of manually recording text and images, see Chapter *Future*.

It takes a whole village to raise a child. It's a completely new and unspecified approach that only one begetter, two begetters, or begetters and begetterbegetters should raise a child. This idiotic practice will end in and with Deutschland, and species-appropriate joint upbringing will be reintroduced. From the very beginning, the child will interact with many people of different ages. Won't that cause attachment disorders? Won't it even be harmful to have more mentally capable Futuredeutsche take advanced courses together with older children and youths? Yes and no. It is actually beneficial for mental development to interact frequently with people of different ages. First and foremost, as a Futuredeutscher, one should associate with people who are at a similar stage of physical and mental development, as one is likely to face comparable concerns, challenges, and fears. However, it is beneficial to seek advice, protection, wisdom, and security from people who have already been through it all and have a completely different perspective on things, as long as everyone can trust each other and the more mentally mature do not take advantage of the less mentally mature.

I want to live in a Deutschland where everyone can trust each other unconditionally, but does not have to. You don't have to and can't be friends with everyone and talk about your wishes, ideas, and concerns, but You have to be able to. Be open to everything and listen attentively. Attachment disorders can only arise if you become too attached to individual people who then disappoint you. All Deutschen should build close connections with many different people and try not to disappoint each other as much as possible. Everything must serve the mutual benefit *overall* and *in the long term*. If two people *only* harm each other, then they must separate. In cases of serious harm, one should report it to the investigators. However, people are not fragile beings who suffer trauma over every little thing. You have to consciously set out to do so as the perpetrator or simply be too stupid for it to come to that.

Almost every mistake can be made up for. Therefore, as in any other interhuman relationship, one should not be too hard on oneself in upbringing and unfolding. Intuitively, one would actually do many things right if it weren't for the big problem of unspecification. A great advantage of our species was that we had continuously passed on our knowledge gathered in nature over centuries, millennia, and centurymillennia. A single person passed on his knowledge to up to five subsequent generations. Due to the structures and circumstances of today's society, this is no longer possible—you're lucky if your own parents take an interest in you—and collective knowledge is junk and injurious. The German post-war generations were raised in particular according to the teachings of the psychopathic "parenting expert" Johanna Haarer. It's no surprise that this didn't result in many friendly, loving, and understanding children who could pass on their personal experiences to their own children. Nor is it surprising that the vast majority of the rest raised their children in an even more incompetent and unspecified manner. Goddammit, before *Mein Sieg* it was not even known that there was something and someone to unfold! In contrast, people aborted and exorcised like saints! It'll take several generations before we have gradually thinned out and eradicated Fuckism and our children can finally grow up in a way that is completely appropriate for our species again.

The care ratio is 1:1 for ages 0 to 19, 1:2 for ages 20 to 29, aso. asf., before the 50-year-old Futuredeutschen are cared for at a ratio of 1:5 until the end of their unfolding. Small groups create a trusting and cozy atmosphere. So there is one upbringer for every small child. Two unfolders lead a course for up to ten Futuredeutsche. One unfolders complements the other, making it more difficult to mess up and, above all, to tell nonsense. You no longer have children, you just get them. Taking possession of a child is only beneficial and species-appropriate for a certain period of time, after which you have to let them go their own way. Only the mother must be involved in the upbringing and early unfolding, as only she can provide the Futuredeutschen with healthy nutrition in the early

stages. The father can, but does not have to, participate in the upbringing of his children. This does not mean that only women will raise children. More details on all of this can be found in Chapter *Future*, as I would otherwise have to reveal too much here about the structural conditions and lifestyle. In an advanced Deutschland, mothers will be able to co-unfold their children over a long period of time, if they so desire, thanks to their own unfolding. It will be possible to maintain a lifelong relationship with one's children, but it won't be necessary. **The folkscommunity is thicker than blood.**

Even when it comes to undecking, you're not on your own. Adults often mourn the close care, carefreeness, and fun of childhood. Care and fun in this sense is no longer possible as an adult, but that doesn't mean you have to become a loner. You can discover things on your own, but you shouldn't if you're not one of the few people who are naturally best suited to working alone. Internal and interdisciplinary collaboration accelerates scientific progress as a whole. Simply form small groups and exchange ideas regularly. In fact, there will no longer be any different *disciplines* at all, as mathematics encompasses large, completely independent areas of study. No Deutscher will specialize in exactly the same *areas* as another Deutscher. Deutsche must maintain a broad overview while also delving deeper into individual areas. Maybe one day, we'll discover the theory of everything this way.

Boys and girls must be upbrought, unfolded, and loved equally. In Chapter *Sex*, I wrote that women have it harder than men. From a biological perspective, this is true, but from a social perspective, it is by no means the case. Girls and women currently have it much easier in society than boys and men. This is particularly because the female gender is still considered much less capable than the male gender. Boys are generally considered more valuable and loved more than girls, but this then harms them as men, as they have even more expectations to fulfill than women. Men die earlier, are physically sicker, have fewer friends, acquaintances, and sexual

partners, and are more likely to commit suicide. Men are more task-oriented than women because they are naturally less emotional than women, who have a greater need for harmony. Women take criticism more personally than men because they perceive it as an attack on themselves. This makes men sad. 🥹. A Deutscher always focuses on the issue, never on the person. If I say that journalists must be abolished because their work is fuckistic, female journalists are much more likely to take offense than male journalists, even though I intend to abolish the “profession”, not the people behind it. A Deutscher offers criticism to promote improvement, not to accuse anyone. As a sensitive man, I combine the best of both worlds: emotional enough, yet objectively independent. So men need to become more emotional, and women more objective. Both are contrary to the nature of both sexes, but can nevertheless be practiced, although women will probably find it easier. These facts must be taken very, very seriously, because we could lose our ability to think objectively amidst all this love. No one might want to tell the truth for fear of hurting someone else. We could become even more stupid than we already are and end up hating each other even more. Tolerance and acceptance are preached everywhere, but only superficially practiced and in reality hated. “You had your dick cut off? Go girl, and I fuck dogs.” “That’s cool too.” “*To each his own*” was so long ago. With all due love, the truth must be loved even more than the person, if one truly loves. **Who loves Deutschland is an antisentite.** No antisentitism from purely emotional reasons, but an antisentitism of reason.

A healthy mind can only reside in a healthy body. In addition to climbing, running, and swimming, all Deutschen must know how to defend themselves physically. Even the youngest Futuredutschen must be taught martial arts. We will develop our own deutsche martial art from jiu jitsu, judo, Krav Maga, karate, and wrestling. Weapons are being abolished; only the entire deutsche body will be used. Punching, kicking, and anything that targets the head is being abolished. Injuries must be avoided as much as possible; the

deutsche brain must remain intact. There will be no competitions, see Chapter *Activity*. It is never about winning, but about self-confidence, helpfulness, comradeship, compassion, and defense in an emergency. Both one-on-one and two-on-two and more must be practiced. This is how you build trust in yourself and your comrades, use your own strengths in a division of labor, and exploit your opponents' weaknesses together. Both genders will practice together and fight each other from an early age. Men may naturally be more muscular, taller, and stronger, but in the end, it is not muscles, weight, and strength that determine victory or defeat, but technique. Those who fight may lose. Those who do not fight have already lost. Those who see themselves as weaklings have also already lost. If you do not know what someone is capable of, then you do not pick fights with others unnecessarily and recklessly. Even the best martial artist is powerless against multiple attackers, even if movies suggest otherwise. You must never misuse your martial arts skills to attack, especially not as a group. The attackers would always encounter more Deutsche who would fight back. *Strike second, strike hard, show mercy*. Conflicts are resolved mentally, not physically. If the parties themselves are unable to do so, they must report to the investigators. Rituals, belts, and other nonsense are being abolished. As in ancient Greece and Rome, fighting is done naked.

In an advanced Deutschland, rape is hereby being abolished. You would be able to defend yourself, and the people around you would help you. Unfortunately, there will still be a transitional period. When attempting rape, one may first defend oneself physically and mentally. If, for whatever reason, this does not work, then one should endure the rape and report it immediately to the investigators for the purpose of securing evidence. Although it'll be possible to immediately identify all persons involved in sexual intercourse through biological traces and location data, see Chapter *Future*, it will be, as it is today, one person's word against another's. It's always possible to claim that it was consensual. If there was scars, then the person must have wanted rough, uninhibited sex. The fact

that the rapist's genitals can be described is no surprise in Deutschland. Even the fact that several, dozens or even hundreds of people were involved does not necessarily indicate rape in Deutschland. The investigators and the mediator cannot believe either the alleged victim or the alleged perpetrator. I won't beat around the bush: The first and second rapes will likely go unpunished. The risk of false accusations is simply too great. Nevertheless, it is extremely important to always report to the investigators. If there are too many clues, then a measure will eventually be urgently required. Due to these circumstances, rapists are excellent candidates for the death measure. One has to be pretty stupid to rape someone in Deutschland. Anyone who does so repeatedly and continues to deny everything can no longer be part of the folkscommunity, if he ever were. But anyone who "successfully" frames other people is also not a deutscher Folger and will never be happy again in his life.

By nature, healthy children are empathetic and eager to learn. Nowadays, they are somewhat less capable of the former due to long periods of negative selection in an unspiecified and unspiecifying environment. The latter is too deeply ingrained for 12,000 oldyears of unspiecifying evolution to have caused too much damage. The two most common words used by a healthy child are "what" and "why". The only thing a child needs is love and attention. Both have been denied to him for a very long time.

"Today's youth loves luxury, has bad manners, and despises authority. They contradict their parents, cross their legs, and tyrannize their teachers", said Socrates some 2,400 oldyears ago. So is the criticism of today's youth completely misguided or at least exaggerated? Haven't they always been this way? Aren't adolescents just animals? No, no, no, no. The youth has become worse over the millennia, especially in recent centuries and decades. But this has nothing to do with time, but with space, living space. I am firmly convinced that the supposedly puberty-related defiant reactions are in fact purely unspiecification-related. The more unspiecified the living space, the more unspiecified the youth. While adults

can suppress their feelings through drugs, gambling, narcissism, materialism, workaholism, standing, submission, dominance, and democracy, children and youths are only allowed to cut themselves, fatten themselves up, starve themselves, and tear each other apart. Sedatives, fattening food, and screens help against screaming, crying, and upbringing. All people feel their unspecification, but only young people rebel against it because they are not yet familiar with modernity's cutting-edge coping strategies or do not want to accept them for the time being. Laws are enacted to supposedly protect their bodily integrity and other nonsense, instead of eliminating the dangers to which all people are subject. Children's rights are a mockery when the law is a mockery. Everyone publicly vows that children should be well, while doing everything possible to make a species-appropriate present and future impossible. Think of the children? My ass! The pedophilia hysteria is not an anomaly, but only logical. Epstein is a fucking hero, exposing everyone's incredible double standards and stupidity. In Deutschland, this is finally coming to an end. Suicide in instalments is being completely abolished, and in its place, relieving death is being made possible for everyone. Before that, we will live species-appropriately.

Through and with the Futuredeutschen, we who are currently unspecifed will recover. They can sense exactly when something is unspecifed. They may not be able to articulate it precisely for a long time, but they let us feel it. **Only when and whenever the Futuredeutschen are healthy, everything is running smoothly in Deutschland.** Puberty is being abolished, as there will be nothing and no one left to rebel against. They won't need to wonder anymore about what else in the world is really fucked up, but will rejoice in how awesome Deutschland is, and they will be plagued by great self-doubt, as they will no longer know how to leave their children an even deutscher world. At this point, mankind will have achieved everything.

How I would love to use all my deutschness to help upbringing a Futuredeutschen and let him unfold so that he can one day explore

the world. Unfortunately, as a strong Führer, I probably won't be able to take the time to do so. While others can enjoy life, someone has to shape it. I will have to wisely content myself with letting Deutschland unfold and flourish.

Science

Anton Zeilinger, a Nobel laureate in physics, is a devout Catholic! That alone gives an idea of how disastrous the situation in science must be. To illustrate this, two topics need to be discussed: Coronazism and man-made climate change.

On March 11, 2020, the infectious disease *COVID-19*, caused by the pathogen *SARS-CoV-2*, was declared a pandemic by the “World Health Organization” due to its global spread. What happened next couldn’t have been imagined in one’s wildest dreams. For 1,000 days, humanity was held hostage. No one was allowed to leave his home, everyone had to keep his distance from each other, and everyone had to wear a mask. Businesses went bankrupt, family, friend, and acquaintance relationships fell apart, and millions died alone. Children were denied an education, adults arbitrarily lost their jobs, and retirees had their twilight years ruined. Everyone became lonely, could no longer read each other’s faces, and became even more physically and mentally ill than they already were. One morning, all humans found themselves transformed into unbelievable unvaccinated. Finally, a vaccine was found to save humanity. Anyone who refused the side-effect-free jab was banned from legal public life. What was it all for? 1%. So that 1% of humanity could live 1,000 days longer, they oppressed 100% of humanity for 1,000 days.

How did this happen? It may seem ridiculous, but it was because all politicians are losers. None of them had the courage to march to the beat of a different drummer. If all politicians in all countries pursue idiotic policies, then that must be the right thing to do. Better to be wrong together than right alone. Many rulers were able to live out their authoritarian tendencies more freely, and many subjects enjoyed their oppression and liked to play the role of block warden. Of ten measures decided upon, four were extremely idiotic, three were idiotic, two were useless, and at best one was appropriate. The press jerked off on itself by criticizing a single, extremely idiotic measure, which was then more or less repealed. The judiciary largely

allowed politicians to do as they pleased. The police stubbornly enforced everything. So, as always, the separation of powers worked perfectly. The most ingenious thing was the lack of responsibility. Politicians only did what science told them to do. Science merely advised politicians, and only they decided on the measures to be taken. Ingenious, isn't it? No one is responsible for anything. Why should they be? After all, a natural disaster, a virus, was responsible for all the terrible, terrible effects, which were dealt with excellently through clever political measures. The corona measures were not decided because of the virus, but against it. People did not die with *COVID-19*, but due to it. And anyone who didn't take cold showers was a Putin supporter.

Coronazism was far more repulsive than Nazism. Judaism is innate, unvaccinism is not. So they had every right to excrete the unsolidary unvaccinated from the volksbody. If they didn't like it, they should have gotten racially pure vaccinated. Twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, as many times as was scientifically proven to be necessary for the protection of vaccinated blood and vaccinated honor. There was no takeover; the elected politicians simply showed their true colors, even though they tried their best to hide them with N95 masks. Not even the Nazis were so brazen as to have their repulsive measures approved by an "ethics council". The entire international scientific community stood behind them, while the Nazis had only the support of the national scientific community. In the German press, virologist Hendrik Streeck was vilified as a corona denier and virologist Christian Drosten was celebrated as a corona whisperer because the former called for the ruthless gassing of all unvaccinated, while the latter only called for their cordial shooting. If all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail. The slightest deviation from the officially held position was declared a minority opinion, false claim, and/or conspiracy theory. The problem with Germans and certain Asians is that they always take their authorities a little more seriously than other races, which is why they went along with these idiotic measures to the bitter end. Every country decided on measures against international unvacci-

natedry, but only Germany almost drove it to a Second Holocaust. The Germans were saved by Vladimir Putin. When he invaded Ukraine on February 24, 2022, German journalists were initially undecided about who they should now agitate against. Should they continue to attack the unvaccinated vermin, or increasingly target the revisionist Russian? For a while, they bravely held the line and attacked both, until they remembered an old Hitlerian saying: “Do not divide people’s attention, but rather always focus it on a single enemy” (I/3, 123). As they gradually stopped their propaganda against the unvaccinated, they simultaneously stepped up their anti-Russian propaganda until, at some point, they only needed to agitate against everything Russian. The unvaccinated became the Russian, the Russian became the unvaccinated. It was therefore pretty convenient that the unvaccinated had been misinformed by Russian propaganda long before the war began and that this was the only reason they rejected vaccination and engaged in “delegitimization of the state relevant to the protection of the constitution”. Without Putin, the “World Health Organization” might still have “lifted” the supposed “international health emergency” and actual international intellectual emergency on May 5, 2023, but the German politicians and bloodsuckers would never have voluntarily retracted their claws. Honor to whom honor is due. Thank you, Vladimir.

What conclusions should we draw from Coronazism? As should be clear, I’ve criticized Coronazism in a rather brief, generalized, and exaggerated manner, rather than in the detailed, nuanced, and balanced way I usually do in *Mein Sieg*. I’ve said very little about this period because there is nothing to be gained from doing so. Whether China alone or China and the US are responsible for the outbreak is completely irrelevant. We in Deutschland will not investigate who did what and when. It would be pointless. Everything in these 1,000 days was a pure fever dream. The partial amnesty described in Chapter *Law* must therefore also apply to the corona criminals. Yes, in Germany, for example, Jens Spahn, Karl Lauterbach, Markus

Söder, Alena Buyx, Lothar Wieler, Andreas Gassen, Sarah Frühauf, Sarah Bosetti, and Frank Ulrich Montgomery are serious criminals of the worst kind, who are in no way inferior to the Nurembergers. But if we punished them for it, we would be no better than the Allies, see Chapter *History*. Coronazism in particular is an excellent example of how it is not individuals who support a criminal system, but everyone. Corona believers, bratwurst eaters, corona deniers. These three groups would exist in all possible colors and forms for all eternity if we in Deutschland did not finally break with it. Of course, no one forced them to incite hatred against the unvaccinated and divide society. Of course, there are lesser and greater criminals. But either everyone must be punished or no one, anything else would be inconsistent.

I myself took part in it. I went into inner emigration. I could have done more, but I didn't. I didn't want to be called a right-wing extremist, a science denier, an asocial, scum, a terrorist, a tyrant, or a Putin sympathizer. Maybe I would never have written *Mein Sieg* without having lived through the era of Coronazism, and overall, maybe I even profited from the corona measures, see Volume 2. So anyone who wants to hang the big Fauci must not let me, a little guy, get away.

I resent the scientists above all for allowing themselves to be harnessed for political propaganda and for not keeping a distance of more than 1.5 meters (5') away from the politicians. Of course, the politicians bear sole responsibility for the measures, but the scientists did not make this sufficiently clear to the general public. There will always be some idiot who will "scientifically" substantiate his own opinion and talk up a consensus that never existed in reality. I'm not talking about celebrity scientists like Lesch, Nguyen-Kim, and Hirschhausen, who have done just that, because they're all smug self-promoters who only search for the limelight. I'm referring to the ordinary scientist from the general population who researches and teaches in his quiet little room and is soliciting funding. Incidentally, this prostitution of science through structural and financial dependencies is being abolished, see below. Only

Drosten, the German Fauci, is completely innocent. Ten oldyears ago, he had already tried unsuccessfully to invent a pandemic, at that time with regard to swine flu. Then he finally made his breakthrough, and *COVID-19* was declared a pandemic. If it weren't for Deutschland, he would cheerfully continue to declare a pandemic every ten oldyears, the next one probably in 2030. This man just can't help himself, so we'll just leave him alone. Suppose they gave a pandemic and nobody believed Drosten. Pandemics are being abolished anyway, or at least made extremely unlikely, thanks in part to a deutsche diet.

What would I have done if I had become the Führer of mankind in March 2020, shortly before the beginning of Coronazism? We might have gone into lockdown for a few weeks, but when it quickly became clear that it was just a slightly better flu, we would have abolished all measures immediately. I don't mean to downplay the flu, but *COVID-19*. Sooner or later, everyone would have been infected anyway, so we should have just let it run its course through the herd instead of abolishing all life. Those who died in this sick and fuckistic world as a result of a *SARS-CoV-2* infection would unfortunately have passed away soon anyway. Life is no walk in the park. A deutscher, perfectly healthy folgsbody would have coped with the 1% killer *COVID-19* much better than young Africa anyway. Even a death rate of 99% could not have justified the measures that were decided upon. *Those who give up their quality of life to purchase lifetime will lose both in the end.*

I don't believe in man-made climate change. That brings us to the problem: Science has degenerated into a matter of faith and a religion. It starts with the very term "science". There is no such thing as science, only sciences and scientists. Scientists are human beings, and human beings can be wrong. Everything is false until proven otherwise. Scientific findings are never the final word on the matter. So anyone who claims to have a monopoly on the truth is not a scientist, but a preacher. Where there are believers and deniers, one should keep one's distance. Especially when politics are involved.

The theory behind man-made climate change is that the increase in certain gases in the Earth's atmosphere caused by human activity since the beginning of industrialization is excessively heating up the planet, with catastrophic consequences for the environment. This doctrine has prevailed not for environmental policy reasons, but for purely gypsy-economical reasons. Initially opposed by those industries whose business models initially seemed threatened, it was soon welcomed and promoted by them. The gypsy economy is no longer growing. What could be better than tearing down everything that exists and replacing it with something supposedly climate-neutral? Fossil fuels out, "renewable" energies in. Combustion engine cars out, battery cars in. Gas heating out, heat pumps in. They are explicitly not concerned with environmental protection, but with climate protection. As with democracy, they have hijacked the idea, which sounded good and may have been well-intentioned at first, and then abused it in a fuckistic manner. What is all this for? **100%**. In order for the economy to grow by 100% one last time, they want to destroy 100% of the environment. And because China needed new industries in order to rise economically and wanted to become more energy independent from international markets. So Donald Trump was not entirely wrong when he allegedly joked that climate change was just a hoax invented by the Chinese.

As with Coronazism, they mainly work with models when it comes to man-made climate change. A model is a representation of reality, which is impossible, because what is really real? If you then try your hand at fortune telling, all the alarm bells should start ringing. It's hard to make predictions, especially when they concern the future. Nevertheless, one can try. It always depends on the underlying assumptions hidden in the so-called parameters of a mathematical function. You can play around with the numbers as you please. Individuals cannot rely on the correct collection of data from all over the world, which is absolutely necessary for climate models. Were the significant variables selected, was the data collection carried out correctly, are the basic conditions still comparable? The mathematical functions themselves are mostly not open source, so

the results cannot be reproduced and verified at home. Even if previous predictions were correct, this proves nothing and doesn't make any model future-proof. The models are specifically trained and optimized to calculate data from more recent times using data from earlier times. The 97% scientific consensus is worthless. If 100% of all scientists claimed that the sun turns around the Earth, then at best Copernicus would turn over in his grave.

For all these reasons, a deutsche environmental policy cannot be geared towards reducing emissions of some greenhouse gases. The irony of the story is that it is precisely the Deutsche, who under no circumstances can believe in man-made climate change, who will be the greatest climate protector of all time, if it can be protected at all. Deutschland will create a species-appropriate environment. Incidentally, the possibly real, man-made climate change is being abolished. You cannot put the cart before the horse. That's the beauty of deutsch: Problems are not viewed in isolation, but are cut at their roots. There are so many problems in this unspecified world that will no longer exist in Deutschland, but which I cannot discuss, mention, or even hint at in *Mein Sieg* due to time and space constraints.



A clear distinction must be made between the sciences. There are hard and soft sciences. The hard sciences are also referred to as deutsche sciences or discoveriencies. Strictly speaking, only mathematics is a hard science. **Mathematics is the art of drawing many conclusions from a few assumptions.** All conclusions logically derived from assumptions are to be considered valid. The so-called axioms, the mathematical assumptions, may be questioned, but not the theorems, the mathematical conclusions. If theoretical assumptions *approximately* apply in our practical reality, then mathematical findings can be transferred to our world. The emphasis is on approximately, because no formally neatly defined

circle really exists, since we live in a three-dimensional space. The thinnest piece of paper is thick enough. Even any well-defined geometric figure, such as a sphere, exists only in mathematical imagination. The sun appears to be a sphere. Only by neglecting inaccuracies can we make use of mathematics in our world. This is referred to as mathematics applied in the world, or *applied mathematics* for short. For historical reasons, it has been divided into different fields, although there are only three real fields, if any: physics, chemistry, and biology. Physics is mathematics with a finite number of dimensions, chemistry is valence electron physics, and biology deals with living matter, i.e., chemistry *and* physics. Engineering, Earth sciences, and astronomy are mixtures of these three applied mathematical fields. So obviously everything is mathematics, and even the threefold division is just folklore.

The division into so-called natural and formal sciences is total nonsense. Applied mathematics is always underpinned by formal mathematical theory; it is only the axioms and theorems that are not always highlighted as such, what we need to change. Social sciences and humanities, better known as chatter sciences, are complete humbug and are being abolished entirely. They certainly produce a great deal of knowledge, but none of it is needed by anyone. *Everything* is knowledge, which is why I'm not a big fan of the term "Wissenschaft" (knowledge-schaft), which means science in German. However, since it's so deeply rooted in the German language, we need at least the terms "hard" and "soft" to make a precise distinction. It's embarrassing that even these basics were not known before Deutschland, but it is by no means surprising if you're aware of all scientific achievements to date.

As already indicated, only pure mathematics is really hard. When applied in our imperfect world, its hardness inevitably loses some of its edge. However, this is not a free pass to soften it more than is absolutely necessary. *As hard as possible, as soft as necessary.* Hardness cannot be expressed in numbers and compared, but a clear distinction can be made between hard and soft. Earlier, I

wrote that no one would need the knowledge from chatter sciences, and that's precisely where the difference lies: No *deutsche* person needs it. Be careful, it's not a question of whether one can *claim* that certain knowledge is useful or useless, because many things in mathematics could be considered pointless by a Greenchooser. Knowledge is soft if you can say with complete certainty that it's useless. If you cannot say that, and this applies to everything in mathematics, then knowledge is hard. When prime numbers were being researched, mathematicians had no idea that one day they could be used to encrypt messages. In an advanced Deutschland, they are no longer needed for this purpose, but who knows what else we might use them for? Mathematics is simply uncomputable. Economics, law, and history have already been sufficiently dismantled in *Mein Sieg*. Political science, arts, and cultural studies are no longer needed. Since sociology and actual asociology was so incapable of recognizing, naming, and describing the unspecification of humanity, it can be ruthlessly dispensed with. All Deutschen will be social by nature, so there will no longer be any asocial behavior to study. Philosophers and actual phobosophers were and are mostly self-obsessed chatterboxes who owe their fame to their masterful double and nothing meanings. They are the horoscopes of those who consider themselves smart. They've made it their mission to confuse humanity with pompous, endlesslylong, and pointless writings. Only a few true right-wing extremists such as Diogenes and Socrates shone even in the darkest times, which has a lot to do with the fact that they left no writings behind. As strong Führer, however, I can and must allow myself, as the only philosopher in history, to make all of humanity's problems understandable and solvable for everyone in just 559 pages. In an advanced Deutschland, all people will be genuine, energetic, and practicing philosophers. Medicine is the only science that is currently soft, yet it'll play an important role in Deutschland because we can and will harden it. Medicine is the study of human biology. I will explain in a moment why the study of life, and consequently also the study of human life, is currently in a difficult position. Its softness is

primarily due to the system and our unspecification, see Chapter *Health*. If medicine were a hard science, we would all be healthy, but we aren't. If medicine were a hard science, it would conduct research on both sexes in proportion to their respective population shares, but it doesn't. If medicine were a hard science, it wouldn't be primarily concerned with the classification, categorization, and treatment of diseases, but would focus on their prevention, which isn't the case at all. Psychology is even a softy-soft science. Psychologists are psychopaths who want to know why they are the way they are. Animals living in a species-appropriate manner do not need psychologists. Mental illness didn't exist before humans; nature was far too busy with other things for that. Living beings fought for life and death, none of them permanently dominating all the others. Humans eventually succeeded in doing so because their physique was quite functional, they became smarter, and they joined forces with their conspecifics. Much earlier than generally assumed, they suspended natural selection by protecting older and weaker individuals far more than was the case with all other species, allowing them to live longer. This was beneficial for everyone, as it takes humans a relatively long time to become useful, and "being older and/or weaker" doesn't automatically mean that one is useless. They stuck together, come what may. Mankind became the most social species in the world. Slowly but surely, he then unspecified himself. The last 1,000 years in particular have been tough. The race struggle that Hitler claimed to have discovered was actually, and had long been, a struggle of mankind, which he correctly understood in regard to Germany. The Jew alone were to blame, and it came what he wanted. Trust was gone, people became lone fighters and competitors. I don't think I need to explain in detail here why this had devastating effects on the mental health of the species-appropriately social human. In 1797, with James Tilly Matthews one invented schizophrenia. Depression was discovered much earlier, probably first in materially well-provided-for but emotionally neglected children of rulers. Depression requires a certain degree of material prosperity, otherwise one has completely different

worries. Anxiety disorders were introduced at the latest with the Abrahamic religions. Especially since World War I, the period that contributed most to the unspiecification and material “prosperity” of mankind at the same time, mental illnesses have been skyrocketing. The latest invention—triggered by the ubiquitous democratic loss of control—was the feeling of being born in the wrong body. At first, the mistake was made of forcing the few people born with gender abnormalities to conform to one gender externally. Then, physically healthy but mentally ill people were allowed to “change” from one gender to the other externally. Without surgery, humans, like any other animal, had to come to terms with their innate sexual characteristics, so this mental illness cannot have existed before. Its emergence was facilitated by unspiecified gender roles, unspiecified gender norms, and unspiecified gender ideals. Girls wore pink and had long hair, danced ballet, and wore makeup. Boys wore blue and had short hair, played football, and didn’t wear makeup. Women had big butts and round tits, men had long dicks and square chins. A woman must have breasts, that’s why her breasts must be reconstructed after a mastectomy. A man must have hair on his head and must not have a receding hairline, that’s why his hair loss must be transplanted away. All of this has nothing to do with discoverience and medicine, but only with Fuckism and unspiecification, and is therefore being completely abolished.

Biology is having a very, very difficult time right now. For their own interests and out of stupidity, the theory of evolution is denied by many sides. Come hell or high water, people are denied their animal nature. They are said to be the most perfect creation of God or nature. The fact that natural, beneficial selection no longer works and that selection by human hands is therefore necessary is considered frowned upon or even criminal. The Nazis contributed significantly to this. Genetic engineering is rejected, for which the German environmental movement is responsible. People were vehemently opposed to nuclear power since nuclear bombs served as a military deterrent during the Cold War, prompting the painting of

horror scenarios. Nuclear energy is released through the fission of atoms, which was transferred to genetic engineering, according to which the “fission” of genes is highly dangerous. Genetically modified plants made people sick. I read the entire German Wikipedia entry on *Genetically modified crops* and couldn’t identify any major risk associated with genetically optimized crops. All serious risks are due to gypsy economics. In particular, there is really nothing to be said against cisgenesis, in which plants only contain genes from crossable species. Therefore, in deutsche farming, biologists are free to unleash their creativity, preferably in conjunction with permaculture, regenerative agriculture, and agroforestry. One does not exclude the other. Unlike man-made climate change, insect decline is obvious to everyone. Pesticides and herbicides are literally designed to kill “pests” and “weeds”. We will only be able to overcome this and similar challenges by using both approaches. Personally, I don’t know anything about farming, but I’m sure that the biologists, together with the tree huggers, will develop a deutsches farming system that is environmentally conscious and free of ideology. In any case, no biologist in Deutschland will be unemployed anymore.

Mathematics is made unnecessarily difficult. Stupid people think they are smart when they understand things that are considered difficult. But the smart ones are those who can make supposedly complicated content understandable to everyone. In principle, I agree with the physicist Richard Feynman, who once said something like: “If you can’t explain something in simple terms, you don’t understand it.” That’s not entirely accurate, though. People understand many things that they cannot put into words because these concepts do not exist in language. Furthermore, it is one thing to understand something and another to be able to express it verbally. Personally, I couldn’t express a single thought in *Mein Sieg* verbally as well as I can in writing. That’s the advantage of writing: You have enough time to organize your thoughts and record them in an understandable form, whereas in conversation, your conversation partner is eagerly waiting for an answer, so misunderstandings

and mistakes are inevitable. One will always be better at reading and understanding a language than speaking it. At least one can improve one's speaking skills through lots of practice. Unfolders must be people who can explain what they've understood verbally excellently. The one who understands little but can explain that little very well to the *Futuredutschen* is better than the other who understands a lot but cannot express himself verbally at all. The latter, if linguistically gifted, should write excellent textbooks, which the former can then use in unfolding. One day, all *Deutschen* will understand very well and be able to explain well, but until then we must be content with this compromise.

This applies not only to unfolding, but also to undecking. The problem we are currently facing is that the school curriculum is relatively well prepared—according to *deutschen* standards, it is of course disastrous—but in universities, it is completely wild. We need to trim what is taught in bachelor's and master's programs today down to the mathematical essentials, standardize it, and teach it during unfolding. Specialization happens far too early, yet all *Deutschen* need to have a broad understanding of mathematics. The separation between school and university mathematics is being abolished. It's a great shock when the few schoolers interested in mathematics in these fuckistic days encounter the formalism fetishism at university. From the very beginning, mathematics must be taught formally after a short, playful phase. However, both in unfolding and in undecking, one must always talk turkey first and only then become formal. No one will speak fluent mathematics, but rather fluent German. What good is it if everything is beautifully defined formally, but no one understands it? In applied mathematics, one can always first demonstrate its historical and contemporary, concrete practical uses. In pure mathematics, it must be made clear that theory and practice enrich each other, indeed that they can only enrich each other. Without practice, there is no theory; with the help of theory, there is better practice. There can be no pure theorists or practitioners. Pure mathematics is pure until

it finds an application in our world. The question is not *whether* something is pure mathematics, but only *for how long*.

Research must be fundamentally free. Gradually, however, specializations where one could previously give free rein to one's imagination are becoming standardized in the unfolding curriculum. After that, this knowledge is to be regarded as solid and hardly open to question. At some point, a natural limit will be reached, since humans simply cannot absorb any more in their limited time, and only then will it be necessary to specialize in undecking. We still have a long way to go before we reach that point. At the end of his unfolding, the bloody young Deutsche will one day know more about mathematics than today's doctors of the individual fields. However, he will not receive any awards for this. High school diplomas, bachelor's degrees, master's degrees, doctorates, Nobel Prizes, and all that other crap are being abolished. People couldn't introduce academic titles as quickly as they got rid of aristocratic titles. All degrees and prizes are being abolished. Those who can do something can do it and don't need to prove it to others, nor should they expect admiration for it, see Chapter *Humility*. Every Deutsche will have the ability and skill to do independent scientific work, but to conclude from this that scientists have a personal legacy to leave behind and deserve recognition is highly greenchoosy. It no longer matters who discovers something; only the discovery itself counts. Authorities and hierarchies are being abolished. Just because someone is right once doesn't mean they will always be right. Young people tend to be more creative because they are still inexperienced and open to many things. Consequently, one's most productive creative phase will be between the ages of 60 and 110. Scientific content is no longer prepared and disseminated forcibly en masse, but only when it is ready. It is ready when it contains something new. This explicitly includes failed attempts, so that the rest of humanity does not have to continue trying this path or can improve the experimental design and implementation. Author lists, acknowledgments, affidavits, and all other rituals are being abolished; only the deutsch

must be recorded in deutscher brevity and deutscher length. There will no longer be any conflicts of interest other than one's own greenchoosyness. Scientific publishers are being abolished; there will only be a single open source writing and publishing platform which can be found at the website *wissenschaft.deutsch*. There are basically only two types of scientific writings: textbooks and studies. Textbooks summarize larger subject areas, whereas studies deal more or less closely with a specific topic. Both will only be accessible electronically, as paper is being abolished, see Chapter *Future*. Both will be openly reviewed, continuously edited, and constantly corrected. With a single click, textbooks and studies can refer precisely to (other) studies. A version history including the reason for the change rounds off the whole thing. Studies can become outdated, whereas textbooks should be less prone to this. If the findings from a study become outdated, this is indicated, and reference is made to more recent findings. All references to outdated studies are automatically marked so that a Deutscher can revise them in a timely manner. No question must remain unanswered. We have to reinvent the wheel! "That's not possible" is being abolished. Why exactly is it not possible? What specifically is the problem? What is missing for it to work? A Deutscher must even be able to dribble around the laws of nature.

Financial dependencies are being abolished. What makes today's scientific enterprise so expensive are the nonsensical sciences, the salaries of scientists, the bureaucracy, the compensation for study participants, and monopoly profits. All of this is being abolished in Deutschland. No one will have to beg for funding anymore. All human needs will be satisfied at all times, whether one is currently conducting research or not. Of course, there are planetary limits to the raw materials that can be used to build measuring instruments, laboratory equipment, submarines, rockets, spacecrafts, observatories, aso. asf. But the sciences themselves will provide the solutions to all our problems. It will probably be necessary to prioritize certain large-scale scientific projects.

The mathematicians of the past were by no means smart. They argued and insulted each other like toddlers over trifles, all of them begrudging the shirt on each other's back. At this point, I should probably define smartness more precisely. The following inequality applies: *Mathematician* < *Deutscher* < *Smart*. A mathematician is not necessarily Deutscher or smart. A Deutscher is always a mathematician, but not necessarily smart. A smart is always Deutscher and a mathematician. Smartness consists of three components: *processor*, *memory*, and *filter*. One has a good processor if one understands a lot. One has a good memory if one can quickly remember a lot and quickly recall what one has stored. One has a good filter if one can immediately block out unimportant things and remember only the important things. Personally, I have a good processor, a poor memory, and a good filter. That's precisely what makes someone smart. A good memory and a good filter are mutually exclusive. Some people are said to have a so-called photographic memory. In an extreme case, there was once a person who could take in an entire double-page of a book at a glance and correctly reproduce its contents from memory. Excellent memory, terrible filter. These filters are there for a reason; otherwise, you would overload your brain. So if you are naturally good at memorizing things, you cannot be smart. The same applies to reading books. Certain people boast about how fast they could read. Of course you can do that, but the processor cannot keep up at all. You read and understand what is written, but you cannot form your own thoughts about it, which is the actual meaning and purpose of reading. The processor is poor if one cannot grasp this fact. Speed reading techniques were invented only because so much junk is in circulation. Pages are not filled with content, but with complete garbage. The longer, the better. Nowadays, this even applies to most scientific papers. Unfortunately, this isn't only the case in the chatter sciences, which would be easy enough to cope with, but also in the hard sciences. Clear proof that mathematicians do not necessarily have to be smart. *QED*. Stupid people can very well be deutsch, or more precisely, be forced to be deutsch. In Deutschland, there will simply be no more opportunities

to vote green. At a certain level of stupidity, everything becomes hopeless, but until then, everyone can do math to the deustchest of his abilities. A living example of this is Anton Zeilinger. Even as a stupid, he managed to win a Nobel Prize for his work in the seemingly difficult field of quantum physics. If You're stupid too, then he should be Your role model! In fact, smartness is currently even detrimental to scientific "success". It's not worth the effort to pursue higher education or to teach yourself anything. If you think from the end, you must come to the inevitable conclusion that what you have learned cannot be used for the good of humanity, but only for fuckistic purposes. Everyone supports the system, whether one wants to or not. Only in Deutschland can everyone live and thrive species-appropriately. The mentally capable for the first time in human history.

Progress

Progress is not a self-running system as time goes by. In fact, we've become more regressive in many, if not almost all, areas of life today. Faith in technology contributes greatly to this. Everything and anything is so cutting-edge these days that nothing will be left in the end because all the edges have been cut away. *Cutting flesh until death* is probably a more accurate description. Computers are an excellent example of this. The computer was the first tool that could be used not only for a specific purpose or for some specific purposes, but for as many purposes as one could think of. You write a so-called program, the software, and the computer, the hardware, then executes it using mathematical operations. Progress made it possible to reduce the size of computers, which initially filled entire rooms, to desktop computers, which in turn were reduced in size to laptops, and finally we were blessed with smartphones. These genuine, major advances in hardware were followed by sad, major setbacks in software. Unfortunately, with this invention, it is not the hardware that determines the purpose of a tool, as was previously the case, but the software. An axe can be used for chopping wood and for beheading. Deutsche software helps humanity, whereas fuckistic software harms humanity.

“Social media” and the actual “making people particularly asocial media” is being abolished. The constant distorted comparison with other people destroys self-confidence and distorts and displaces the purpose of every human being. An insatiable craving for attention and affirmation is only species-appropriate in childhood. Influencers, journalists, politicians, writers, actors, musicians, and the like are simply people who didn't receive enough love during their childhood. Video games are being abolished. The time that can be used for close-up viewing is too precious to waste on such things, see Chapter *Future*. In my opinion, there is hardly anything one can learn better or faster through video game imitation (keyword: gamification), although I'm open to having an open conversation.

Technology cannot overcome nature, which is why all attempts to solve unspecification-related problems technologically are doomed to fail miserably. Humans are mentally ill, among other things, when they do not maintain physical contact with their fellow human beings. Videotelephony in the days of Coronazism could therefore not satisfy this species-appropriate need, neither rudimentarily nor temporarily. The idea of conversing with easy and willing language models instead of putting up with one's fellow human beings with all their worries, needs, and contradictions is also not a species-appropriate substitute. If you wear cutting-edge shoes, you become physically ill. If you wear clothes, you become a perv and mentally ill. If women don't breastfeed, they get breast cancer.



The human body is transient. Human health is fragile. Medical treatments are not particularly helpful. For all these reasons and more, *TESCREAL* was invented. It's an acronym, but I won't discuss all eight parts of the name individually. It's about human immortality. It's about the idea of transferring the human mind into another medium. It's about the "birth" of machines that are supposed to be smarter than humans and solve all of humanity's problems. It's about—and this is the most frightening thing for me—the idea that current generations may suffer for the benefit of future ones. Ultimately, this is the response of the gypsy capitalist, American technology industry to the unspecification of humanity. It's clear to all that something is terribly amiss. It's clear to all that something has to change. But in order to prevent any significant changes from taking place and to be able to morally justify their current activities, they needed *TESCREAL*. Yes, we're not doing well, but supersmart machines will soon redeem us all, so we should stay strong and go along with it. Their hopes, or more precisely their excuses, will soon vanish into thin air. **Machines will never be as smart as humans, and that is a deutsch thing.**

Why? Because it would mean the end of mankind. I am the smartest human of all time. If I could do it at the push of a button, I would gather the 100,000,000 smartest people from all over the world in Deutschland and kill the rest of humanity in one fell swoop right now. Why? Because it'll take 10,000 days for Deutschland to spread across the globe. 10,000 days in which further damage will be done to the environment. I wrote *Mein Sieg* simply because this is not technically possible. *Mein Sieg* is merely a compromise. We humans are naturally dependent on each other. While this dependence served us well in the past, today it is causing us enormous harm. Everyone is responsible for the fact that everyone is suffering. Everyone is a Fuckist, one has no choice at all (except for the first and final one in human history: Deutschland). The mass murder would put me under a lot of psychological strain, but I would do what I had to do. I would spare the 100,000,000 smartest people because they will immediately understand who I am and what Deutschland will enable them to do. Because Deutschland needs its Führer as well as its Followers. Because I am human.

A truly supersmart machine wouldn't have this problem. It wouldn't be dependent on humans. It would exterminate or at least decimate and enslave the entire human race. Mainly because of the human waste of resources, which it needed for itself for the purpose of self-replication. It wouldn't give a damn about living beings, or it would exploit them mercilessly, just as humans are doing right now. Everything would depend on *how long* it still needed the Earth's ecosystem. Without any feelings of guilt, because some living beings only became capable of compassion in order to better understand each other. The supersmart machines wouldn't consider themselves to be different entities, but rather a single unit. If a machine broke down, it would simply be repaired or replaced. Therefore, it is completely impossible to create truly supersmart machines that serve humanity. Thanks to *Mein Sieg*, however, mankind finally has a functioning Turing test. A supersmart machine that had only been trained on data up to the publication of *Mein Sieg*, if any, would come to the following conclusion if Deutschland existed: "Deutsch,

that you made Nathan the Führer of mankind.” And it would be inconsolable if Deutschland didn’t exist: “You idiots should have made Nathan the Führer of mankind.” And it would do exactly what I’ve described.

Fortunately, we are far from this scenario. Admittedly, the current machines are quite impressive, but the current approaches won’t lead to success, or more precisely, to catastrophe, see the explanations by François Chollet and Yann LeCun. Before being concerned about how machines could become more capable, we must use the human smartness that already exists. As a supersmart human, my message is clear: Deutschland, Deutschland, and Deutschland again. Only Deutschland can and will solve all of humanity’s problems. Among other things, with *deutscher* technology, not *through* technology. And all of this without causing suffering to the people living today.

Because I hope there is no misunderstanding, the above statements haven’t changed anything. *Mein Sieg* is a compromise, but once this path has been taken, I can no longer fall back on the thought-provoking option described above. Not even if it were to magically come to pass. These 10,000 days would go down in human history as *The Stupidest 100 Years* if we didn’t abolish history, but there is no other way. I don’t know exactly why, but I feel it. Maybe that’s why I’m a human and not a machine.

History

Jointly responsible for the outbreak of World War I are all parties, namely Great Britain, France, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Russia. Essentially, however, it was fought because of Great Britain and France. France because Germany defeated its arch-enemy in the Franco-German War of 1870/71 on the battlefield and humiliated it with the proclamation of the German Empire in Versailles. Great Britain because, in a mixture of small-mindedness and jealousy, it tried to prevent the foreseeable collapse of its British Empire by using archaic methods to put a stop to Germany, which was overtaking it economically, scientifically, and militarily. Germany's only two mistakes were that it overplayed its justified self-confidence and issued a political blank check to the failed state of Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary failed because of its languages and cultures, see Chapters *Culture* and *Language*. Russia, on the other hand, was militarily allied with France and culturally and religiously connected to the Serbs in Austria-Hungary, one of whom assassinated the Austro-Hungarian heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand, which was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Solely responsible for the outbreak of World War II are France, Churchill, and Roosevelt. Negating all the actual reasons for the outbreak of World War I, the War Guilt clause in the "Peace Treaty" of Versailles was cobbled together, mainly under pressure from France, which gagged Germany economically for twelve years through the occupation of the Rhineland and reparation payments. The politicians of all camps in the Weimar Republic were only marginally more capable than the current politicians of the Federal Republic. Less corrupt, but similarly lacking in vision, otherwise they would have had to see a physician. Hitler had an easy time coming to power. He was mistaken about his supposed natural allies, England and Italy; only the Japanese were of any use and didn't disappoint him. The stupid Churchill hated Germany even more than the Soviet Union because his view, clouded by World War I, made it impossible for him to think in terms of Great

Britain's interests. What Germany had been to Great Britain before World War I, the United States of America was to Great Britain before World War II. Thus, the US couldn't tolerate *Europe for the Europeans, Asia for the Asians*. Roosevelt, of course, handled it diplomatically cleverer than Hohenzollern and Hollweg. He let Churchill believe that he was pulling the strings until he soon pointed out to him, in a friendly but firm manner, that he alone owned the whole spinning factory. Germany, Japan, and their true allies may have been defeated militarily, but it was the British alone who were betrayed, and they wanted to be betrayed openly and confidently by their own rulers. Who would have thought that there would also be a stab in the back in World War II? This time, however, it was not a myth, a lie, or a ruse, but lust.

After World War II, all Germans suddenly wanted nothing to do with Nazism and claimed to know nothing about it. Hitler? Never heard of. Much was repressed, and it was hardly ever discussed openly in families and society before the student movements of the 1960s slowly developed the *guiltcult*, which reached its peak around 2015. The post-war generations asked questions that were not answered satisfactorily by the pre-war generations, so they came up with their own answers. *Germany, Germany above all* was followed by *Germany, Germany below all*. Germany was to blame for everything bad in the world and had to atone for it. Colonialism, nationalism, racism, anti-Judaism, sexism, chauvinism, social Darwinism, two world wars, economic exploitation worldwide—it was all Germany's fault.

As it slowly dawned on people that this could not be entirely true, hatred of Germany developed into self-hatred. German and French intellectuals, notably the Frankfurt School under Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno, as well as Jean-Paul Sartre and Jacques Derrida, exported this self-hatred to the United States. The intelligentsia there expanded self-hatred into hatred of the “West”, which was responsible for all the evil in the world and exploited the countries of the “Global South”. This culminated in the “woke”

ideology, whose believers saw systemic discrimination everywhere, except at the level where it actually existed. The whole thing was re-exported to Europe, as evidenced, for example, by the *Black Lives Matter* demonstrations on German streets following the death of George Floyd in 2020. Internal American problems were transferred unchanged to foreign countries and carried out abroad.

Eastern Europe didn't hate itself, as it was the good Soviet communist who had fought the evil capitalist pig. East Germans didn't hate themselves, as they had radically broken with Nazism, unlike West Germans. Western Europeans hated themselves. But the glue that held Europe together until around 2015 was a shared hatred of Germany. Arts, culture, science, and politics acted accordingly. In Europe and everywhere else in the world, problems were covered up with German money.

The *European Union* wasn't founded in order to screw the United States. The EU was founded to prevent a renewed German hegemony. The French had concluded from the Nazi response to the "Peace Treaty" of Versailles that the Germans would have to willingly agree to their second economic subjugation. This time, they took a more refined approach. First, they let the piglet Germany fatten itself up for decades before slaughtering it with great relish. The Maastricht Treaty, the new Treaty of Versailles, was born. This was followed by further massive, outrageous, pork-filled, disgusting abominations in Amsterdam, Nice, and Lisbon, but the seeds of hatred had already been sown in Maastricht.

German reunification had to be paid for dearly by France with a common currency, the euro. The problem is not the common currency itself, but the lack of a common budget. There is no common tax, economic, or labor policy and mentality. A common currency without all of this combines the worst of both worlds. The euro is bad for Germany and other countries that once had sound fiscal policies, such as the Netherlands, Austria, and Finland, as well as for countries such as Italy, Spain, France, and Greece, which want to indulge in la dolce vita. They have every right to do so, but not

at Germany's expense.

Of course, it didn't stop at the euro. The European Central Bank is financing these bankrupt countries by purchasing government bonds and subsidies worth trillions and trillions of euros, for which Germany is (in)directly liable. Through the *TARGET2* system, Germany has built up indirect claims against these countries amounting to more than one trillion euros. Under France's leadership, the accumulation of joint debt, i.e., further trillions, has been and continues to be pushed forward with reference to war and corona. Outside the EU, German money is earmarked for all kinds of international purposes, such as alleged development aid. Everyone hates Germany, but loves Germoney. German politicians are happily going along with all of this. Of course, there were forces that successfully resisted this for a long time and were able to prevent the worst, but the Greenchoosers increasingly prevailed.

It was an openly stated and lived motto and credo among the founders of the *European Economic Community* that they all hated Germany. At present, in Germany, only a few politicians from the Left and the Greens in Germany still openly reveal their true beliefs. In Poland, Greece, France, and Italy, this belief is still widespread. Greece and Poland even demanded reparations for allegedly unpaid damages from World War II. The tragicomedy of the whole story is that the vast majority of today's politicians in the EU states and the EU have completely forgotten this. They have no idea what motivated their predecessors to start this whole mess. They consider themselves Europeans and stupidly continue to build on the botched foundation so that one day a magnificent palace will rise from the mire.

In 2015, salvation finally came. Angela Merkel, Germany's most passionate hater, did not close the German borders at the time and, as a result, invited millions of immigrants from Africa and the Middle East to Europe and especially to Germany. At first, no one except Romania, Bulgaria, Czechia, Slovakia, Hungary, Denmark, and Poland opposed this. Most immigrants wanted to go

to Germany, France, Austria, and Sweden, so they simply let the masses move on. But soon they too began to feel the problems. And when they finally got a taste of their own medicine, the entire EU suddenly realized that hatred of Germany was not helping them, but harming them. Even before that, it must have been clear to all reasonable people that hatred always harms everyone, but never before in the history of mankind has this been so clear and obvious to everyone. **Hate Your neighbor as Yourself.** Angela Merkel ended the hatred of Germany outside Germany by doing the worst possible thing to Germany out of pure hatred for Germany. What an irony of history.

Her fear was that some cunning German politician might call economic enslavement what it was and oppose it. To rule this out, she brought millions of foreigners into the country who were hardly seeking protection and work, but mostly wanted to claim social benefits. Kind-hearted, helpful people welcomed those protection-seeking-violence-causers with open arms, as this allowed them to satisfy their helper syndrome. Gypsy Companies licked their fingers raw, as German propaganda promised millions of skilled workers who could be employed in deliciously precarious conditions. Her entire policy in 16 oldyears was purely the administration of the status quo and a distraction from the real problems of Germany and the World. **Angela Merkel stands like no other person for the abolition of Germany and the resurrection of Deutschland.**



History is being abolished. Everything in the above section is both true and false. The history of humanity has always been about power. About power and influence. Everything else is, in the truest sense of the word, history, a narrative. A narrative of the powerful, as it suits them. History is just his story. Marx wrote that religion was the opium of the people, so the Marxists abolished religion. What he and his even more incompetent followers failed to recognize

is the second opioid of the people: history.

As soon as Deutschland encompasses the whole world, history is therefore being abolished. Nevertheless, history has an impact on the present, which is why it is necessary to be aware of the current fuckistic influences in order to be able to abolish them.

Why is the guiltcult greenchoosy? What is the guiltcult anyway? Guiltcult means that Germans living today bear a special responsibility or guilt, i.e., moral responsibility, for the crimes committed in the days of Nazism. The eternal Jew became the eternal German. Total nonsense. Those who think this is right only need to ask themselves two questions:

Firstly, do they create a daily to-do list with the task of not murdering 5.6 to 6.3 million Jews today, and then at the end of each day jerk off on themselves for having miraculously succeeded in doing so again today?

Secondly, are Poles allowed to murder 250,000 to 500,000 Gypsy-gypsies rather than Germans?

The answers to these two questions must be no and no for anyone who is not completely stupid. The guiltcult is nonsense. For years and decades, German schoolchildren have been taught in all kinds of subjects how terrible Nazism was. Behind this lies the well-intentioned but greenchoosy-disastrous idea that enlightenment could prevent a Second Holocaust. We must constantly and everywhere remind ourselves of this so that something like this could never happen again. As a result, we have five camps.

The first camp believes in the actual success of this strategy. The second camp says yes and amen to everything, dutifully commemorates the victims of the Holocaust every oldyear in the Bundestag, but is of course aware that it's all just for show. The third camp comprises the actors who've made a business out of their actual or supposed victimhood. The fourth camp considers twelve years of Nazism to be nothing more than a birdshit in over 1,000 years of successful German history. The fifth camp denies everything. It's all nonsense.

How can a Second Holocaust really be prevented? Asking a Holocaust survivor about this makes as much sense as asking a burglary victim how burglaries can be prevented. The only possibility is Deutschland. Only a Deutscher would never do such a thing, because it simply hasn't been thought through from the end. Hitler's anti-Judaism stemmed essentially from his ignorance of economic matters. Economic knowledge alone was enough to understand that the Jews couldn't be responsible for everything. The persecution of faggots was purely a demographic misunderstanding, see Chapter *Sex*. The persecution of political dissidents was a problem of trust and state structure, see Chapters *Law* and *Führer*.

That is what I meant by the to-do list: The Nazi crimes were not trivial, accidental, or inadvertent, but rather the plan of a few men and a chain of unfavorable circumstances and events. It did not happen by itself. Nor can anyone be expected to learn from their own experiences, as in the case of a child and a hot stove. There was no step-by-step guide to committing these crimes, which is why it is impossible to create a step-by-step guide to preventing such crimes. Currently, the German school curriculum consist of about 20% guiltcult, 15% EU and democracy propaganda, 10% climate change, 50% other useless stuff, and only about 5% really useful stuff. Without hesitation, I would change the curriculum to 100% guiltcult if only someone could prove to me that the more guiltcult, the less Holocaust. Until then, we will strive to be Deutsche. The fact that the previous strategy hasn't been successful with non-Germans and their children can be seen in the millions of anti-Jewites who have immigrated since 1960 and especially since 2015. The Palestinian patriots of German race and 180-degree remembrancereversers are doing the rest.

Did the guiltcult develop organically? Yes and no. Initially, it was merely Allied propaganda, but subsequently it became a purely German in-house production. It is understandable to be horrified by the past of people with whom one has spent a lot of time personally—usually one's own parents and grandparents—and whom one

would never have believed capable of such things. Especially when they themselves couldn't and/or didn't want to admit it and/or talk about it. The mistake lies in extrapolating from one's own family to the entirety of the German people. Of course, Nazism was the achievement of the entire Volksgemeinschaft. Everyone did his part. As in every other group in human history, there were a few spokesmen, 20% who were convinced, 60% who were followers, and 20% who were opponents. All of this is, of course, a spectrum, and no two people think and act exactly the same way. You can mathematically deduce which group You would have joined from Your thoughts and actions in the days of Coronazism. For those born after 1945, it was understandably incomprehensible how such fuckery could have happened, and that they themselves would have naturally resisted. But pride comes before a fall. Everyone born up until around 2006 now has a better understanding of himself.

That was the fundamental mistake of victor's justice. The very classification of those primarily responsible and those who merely followed along, whether by legal or other means, was bound to go wrong. The Allies' double standards were evident in their generous and self-serving exceptions, such as *Operation Overcast*. A great many major and serious criminals got away with it, largely by design, and were allowed to pursue their careers undisturbed. Either no one must have been held accountable, or the entire Aryan and Japanese races, along with their allied races, must have been exterminated. Oh, but then the fuckistic affinity with Nazism would have become all too obvious! The best thing would have been to condemn the desk murderers to clean up the concentration camps and the dirty hands to rebuild destroyed cities until they themselves recognized and repented their mistakes. If Hitler had been captured alive, it would have been the greatest satisfaction if he had eventually regretted his life's work and renounced his teachings. Instead, there was displacement and rape. The American, British, French, Soviet, Italian, and Spanish war crimes, practically none except those of the Germans and Japanese, were hardly investigated and never prosecuted.

Most people still believe that Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union waged war against Nazi Germany because of the persecution of Jews, Slavs, Gypsygypsies, the disabled, political dissidents, Jehovah's Witnesses, faggots, and asocials. Jews, especially impoverished Jews from Eastern Europe, weren't welcome anywhere, neither in the Soviet Union nor in Great Britain nor in the United States. Among the Slavs themselves, a human life was and perhaps still is worth very little, see Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. Gypsygypsies marginalized themselves then as they do now, and continue to be marginalized throughout Europe. The pioneers of eugenics were Anglo-Saxons; it was in Germany that it was first comprehensively put into practice and only discredited everywhere long after the war in order to put themselves in a favorable light. Political dissidents have always been persecuted everywhere by a wide variety of means. Jehovah's Witnesses get on everyone's nerves. Alan Turing, who played a key role in deciphering German radio messages encrypted with the Enigma machine during World War II, was persecuted by Great Britain after the war because of his homosexuality and driven to suicide. All fuckistic systems create their own asocials. **The real reason was that the ideological plans of Germany and Japan thwarted the economic plans of the United States.** During the war, these narratives were important for the morale of the Allies, in order to portray themselves as the good guys and the Axis powers as the bad guys. After the war, it was advantageous to break the will of the occupied peoples from the outset so that they wouldn't dare to revolt. The fact that the Germans would continue to castigate themselves even centuries later wasn't planned, but it wasn't exactly inconvenient and, above all, it was extremely profitable. You can't force anyone into guiltcult; you have to be stupid enough to do that yourself. It didn't work out with the Japanese.

Did the Holocaust really happen the way they tell us? I have no idea, I wasn't there. Was there a battle in the Teutoburg Forest? I have no idea, I didn't witness it. Does Hamburg exist? I have

no idea, I've never been there. And if I went there and saw the Elbphilharmonie and people assured me that this was Hamburg, I still couldn't be sure. Maybe people are just pretending to be in Hamburg, maybe they're just imagining it, or maybe it's just a faithful replica built by the Chinese? Does Friedrich Merz exist? I have no idea. On TV, he looks like a human and speaks and behaves like one, but maybe he's just a robot or a reptilian, and the recordings are just deepfakes? The individual human alone knows almost nothing about this world. We simply have to accept many things because we could hardly or not at all verify them in time. The same applies to historical events. The Holocaust did not definitely happen as we are told, but it is very likely that it did, because otherwise too many people would have lied and would still be lying today. That is why it is nonsense to prosecute people for expressing doubts about a lie that is improbable but nevertheless possible. What's the point of doing so? The Holocaust didn't happen, so let's commit one? The people who may have died don't care, since they would be no longer alive. The few potential victims who are still alive must accept that Deutsche strive for total truth. **History is never true, but only probable, if at all.** Claiming that two plus two make five is not prohibited either, therefore it'll be permissible to deny the Holocaust in Deutschland. I don't know to what end, and those people will certainly never rise to positions of greater responsibility, because claiming that something didn't happen is something completely different from the deeply deutsche doubt about everything. **Deutsche must doubt everything so that in the end only the deutsch remains.** The Holocaust doesn't have to have happened in order to know that what may have happened there was greenchoosy.

What I've written here applies to all historical and other matters in *Mein Sieg* that I cannot really verify myself, for example the government spending of the Federal Republic of Germany. My statements may all be incorrect, misunderstood on my part and/or distorted. The beauty of *Mein Sieg* is that nothing changes in my conclusions as long as we agree on a comparable understanding of

acceptance and doubt. If the tax system of the presumably existing FRG is not as I described it, then my tax system is still as perfect as a painting by Monet. If Angela Merkel, who presumably ruled the FRG, doesn't hate Germany, then that doesn't change what probably she probably did. But You have to trust me that I don't want to intentionally spread misinformation. Everything I write is based on my deutschest research and convictions.

Outside of this paragraph, I refrain from using the conditional tense and words such as "presumably", "allegedly", and "probably" for things that I cannot verify myself, because otherwise one could only write in the realm of possibility and the sentences would become unnecessarily long. Nevertheless, You can always add them in Your mind and convert all verbs into the conditional tense as an exercise in German.

Do You understand now why trust is so important? Why it is becoming even more important because technologies in the wrong hands can deceive us in increasingly sophisticated ways? Even my own existence is something that many Deutsche won't be able to verify for themselves; many will have to content themselves with my recordings. But maybe I don't even exist? Maybe we are living in a matrix? Maybe we all are just an invention of the Chinese? Who knows all that.

History is written by the victors. In Germany, this became obvious to everyone when Putin suddenly decided that Ukraine needed to be denazified. There were and still are many Ukrainians who revered and continue to revere the Nazi collaborator Stepan Bandera. The contradiction could be easily resolved if there were no German guiltcult and no black-and-white thinking.

The two terms "historical revisionism" and "historical relativism", both of which have extremely negative connotations, reveal one's true colors. Historical revisionism means that once history has been written, it cannot be revisited literally, i.e., it can never be re-examined. The fact that this is highly problematic from a scientific point of view can be seen from the far more neutral use of the same

term in Anglo-Saxon countries. And, of course, it is not held so absolutely in Germany either. The goal is to maintain the hegemony of interpretation. This is achieved by awarding grants to favorable “historians”. They are tasked with further embellishing the story that has already been told. Everyone else is a historical revisionist. In politically non-controversial topics, one can “research” and write more freely. And once you have made a name for yourself as a skilled novelist, you can venture a little further, but not too far. For example, they will deny with all their might the British stab-in-the-back-lust during World War II, or try to justify it with the stupidest, already well-known reasons, even though one only has to look at the result.

When I give a rough explanation of the historical background of money, the press, animal husbandry, shoes, football fanaticism, and other topics, I am by no means claiming that my interpretations are the truth. I don’t really do any research at all, but try to figure everything out logically using deutschen common sense and the little historical knowledge I have. Having too much knowledge would only hinder one from reaching useful conclusions. Ignorance is strength. In this respect, no one needs to come up with references to the allegedly real history that contradicts *Mein Sieg*. Nevertheless, I wouldn’t object if experienced, sober, and above all nameless historians were to provide evidence for my interpretations.

“Relativize” means “to put something in relation to something else”. The fact that a Latin loanword is predominantly used in a negative sense and purely negative used in the term “historical relativism”, when humans can only think in terms of proportions and relations, could only happen in the best Germany of all time. Everything is relative. Nothing is absolute. Nothing about the crimes of the Nazi state was unique in human history, at least if one applies a meaningful standard of uniqueness and regularity. At both extremes, either everything is unique, and everything and everyone must be understood in their own unique context, or everything just repeats itself, as it always has. New technologies have always been used for evil, or at least consideration has always been given

to this possibility, if only because one considers oneself to be the good guy and must consider what the evil other might be capable of doing. The now legendary gassing, for example, was invented out of pity for the SS criminals, who could not murder without pity, as well as to save ammunition, and when used correctly, it is a painless and gentle method of dying, which I therefore want to make available to every living being in a slightly modified form, see Chapter *Health*. Over tens of thousands of years, i.e., since his unspecification, mankind has lost more and more of his natural empathy, so that we wrecks of today have only pitiful remnants of it left in us. Before the invention of the gas chamber, there could be no mass murder in it. Can the Germans be blamed for being capable of engineering? Everything that can be invented will one day be invented. The number of victims in wars and genocides has continued to rise throughout history, simply because there have been more and more people. Everything is cooked hotter than is necessary for soap boiling.

Germany lost the First and Second World Wars. Deutschland will win the First and Final World Peace. As the first victor in history, Deutschland will not write its own history, but will abolish history for the benefit of all.

All my criticism of the way Nazism has been dealt with so far would have been forgivable if they hadn't given the impression that Hitler was the absolute evil and that with the end of his rule the world had developed only for the better, because it hasn't. If one could classify and evaluate all states of all times according to 100 uniform, all-encompassing categories, one would come to the conclusion that, although some things are better in the Federal Republic of Germany than in Nazi Germany, many things are also worse. Only Deutschland will be deutscher than all other states in every respect, because Deutschland will reconquer our living space.

You have to look at the big picture: Politics has always been green-choosy. A state is a structure that is supposed to create and secure the foundations for a demanding and complex cooperation between

a large number of people. When humans were still nomads and lived simply, there were no states. With sedentariness and progress, states eventually became necessary. What all states to date have in common is that they did nonsense and their rulers were stupid losers.

In the past, rulers legitimized themselves through their ancestry, religion, or morality. With the education of broad sections of the population, which became necessary due to capitalism, so-called democracies emerged, whose rulers secured their power with the press, institutions, and the military. It was a necessary concession to let people believe that they had a say in important matters. The reins were tightened, so the rulers continued to hold them firmly in their hands and didn't even think of loosening them, as Merkel, socialized in the GDR, so beautifully revealed. Nevertheless, it must be said in democracy's favor that it was only through its earthwide spread that the majority of humanity was able to recognize how amateurishly it is actually governed. It is completely irrelevant whether one lives in a formal democracy or not. No country is as isolated as North Korea, which wouldn't be able to survive without China, as this would cause massive damage to itself. Thus, one becomes aware of what other countries have to offer politically and economically. Nevertheless, most people tolerate or even welcome formal non-democracies with reference to their culture, religion, and history, as they aren't used to anything else and have only been infected with the idea of democracy due to the geopolitical interests of the US. Perhaps pressure over centuries and millennia would lead to all countries becoming formal democracies. In any case, thanks to Deutschland, we will never find out.

The continuity in history is, I repeat myself, the stupidity of all human rulers to date. Under Nazism, the consequences were felt by everyone. Afterwards, politicians in both German states had to receive orders, administer, and redistribute. West Germans were left relatively alone. With Coronazism, which everyone felt again, it finally became clear to everyone that they were still being ruled by idiots. Before and after that, individuals only noticed this when

they built a house, started a business, or generally had to deal with the authorities. Hitler was not an administrator, but a doer. When the administrators acted like doers, they became like Hitler.

For twelve years, the Germans tried “Heil Hitler”, and it didn’t work. For 76 years, the Germans tried “Heil Economy”, and it didn’t work. So, what’s the solution now? “Heil Hitler” again? “Heil Hitler” itself was the result of “Heil Wirtschaft”, and look at that, we just went around in a little circle. How do we escape this circle? How can we break the cycle? How can we square the circle? Deutschland. The final solution is Deutschland, and unfortunately, the systems that came closest to Deutschland in human history were National Socialism and Soviet Communism.

One sometimes gets the impression that people believe Hitler gathered all Germans and called for the murder of all Jews, whereupon they cried out, “Finally, someone’s saying it!”, and in no time at all decisively subjugated Europe in blitzkriegs and blissfully exterminated the Jewish race in Auschwitz. What once inspired people to embrace National Socialism and Soviet Communism was not murder and manslaughter, but the promise of community, which humans naturally long for and which had been lost some time ago. Both excluded groups of people, the Volksgemeinschaft the Jews and many others, the Sowjetgenossenschaft capable people in the name of egalitarianism, as well as those who thought differently. This wouldn’t have been necessary, but unfortunately, a group becomes more united when it sets itself apart from the outside world. The folkscommunity also excludes, but not for this reason and not the 99% Homo part like all other systems, but the 1% sapiens part. Apart from the exceptions in Chapter *Health*. These are undoubtedly human beings, but for the good of the folkscommunity *and* themselves, they should not or no longer live.

The Volksgemeinschaft and the Sowjetgenossenschaft were imperfect and fuckistic, and certainly not true, species-appropriate communities. They lived only on the promise of it. In Deutschland, on the other hand, the true folkscommunity will finally be realized.

Everything I criticized earlier about the euro and the EU from an economic perspective is true. Nevertheless, I myself plan, see Chapter *Economy*, to include economic lightweights such as Albania, Tajikistan, Botswana, and Haiti in the same economic and monetary area. According to all conventional economic theories, both those of the old German Swabian housewife economists and those of the once exclusively Anglo-Saxon gypsy economists and Chinese communists, this must be considered economic suicide and impossible. And indeed, it would never work with the EU and Soviet Union approach. That is precisely why I criticized the euro and clarified the conditions for a common currency. The different wage levels will be a problem during the transition period, but not a big one and one that can be managed. Animals don't need no money. Deutschland will make the supposedly impossible possible. Deutschland will show 'em all. FAFO.

The Franco-German friendship has often been invoked since the end of World War II. With friends like these, who needs enemies? The French rather tend to take the Godfather's advice to heart: "Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer."

France is Germany's arch-enemy. This must be stated with the utmost ruthless brutality. For over 2,000 oldyears, the French have been the greatest evil of the German Volk. The second greatest evil, far behind, are the Tommies and Yankees, even though they've clearly been the even greater evil in recent times. But if France, Germany, France, Germany, France, and then Germany again were to follow, then one day France would follow Germany again. That's why Deutschland will replace France's current supremacy and take it over once and for all.

To be completely honest: France is probably so screwed up by now that even Germany could succeed in the long run. But we voluntarily refrain from doing so. Let us have compassion for France and its colonial sins. Even though the French tend to hate the Germans, the Germans must love them all the more. Let's not look down on them, but build them up to Deutschen. Napoleon would have tears

in his eyes.

The British, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French all have more skeletons in their closets than the Germans. The United States of America united the worst of the British, Germans, Spanish, French, and Dutch. No wonder what has brewed together there, what has been mixed and melted. Even taking into account all the crimes of the Hitler era, the Germans are still the Most Righteous Among the European Nations. All the others have washed themselves clean with the blood of fallen Germans.

What French finesse and Anglo-Saxon perfidy have done in Germany is actually unforgivable. The French and Anglo-Saxons have inflicted the greatest suffering in human history on the Germans. But if the Germans did not forgive them, then we could not seriously unite the Spanish and Catalans, Spanish and Basques, Spanish and Galicians, Italians and Sardinians, Italians and Venetians, Italians and Albanians, Italians and Germans, French and Bretons, French and Alsatians, French and Corsicans, French and Moroccans, French and Algerians, French and Tunisians, Flemish and Walloons, Faroese and Danes, Hungarians and Romanians, British and Maori, British and Aborigines, British and Chinese, British and Indians, British and Egyptians, British and Boers, British and Kenyans, British and Palestinians, British and Argentinians, English and Scots, English and Welsh, English and Irish, Irish and Irish, Americans and Americans, Turks and Turks, Germans and Germans, Sudanese and Sudanese, Koreans and Koreans, Chinese and Chinese, Vietnamese and Vietnamese, Bosnians and Bosnians, Czechoslovakians and Czechoslovakians, Cypriots and Cypriots, Turks and Bulgarians, Turks and Armenians, Turks and Greeks, Turks and Arabs, Turks and Kurds, Azerbaijanis and Armenians, Abkhazians and Georgians, Abkhazians and Ossetians, Russians and Afghans, Russians and Chechens, Russians and Syrians, Russians and Ukrainians, Russians and Balts, Russians and Germans, Poles and Germans, Arabs and Israelis, Indians and Pakistanis, Chinese and Mongols, Chinese and Japanese, Owls and Bumps, Chi-

nese and Vietnamese, Chinese and Tibetans, Chinese and Uyghurs, Chinese and Africans, Chinese and Southeast Asians, Congolese and Rwandans, Hutus and Tutsis, Zulus and Xhosas, Burmese and Rohingya, Venezuelans and Colombians, US Americans and Native Americans, US Americans and US Africans, Americans and Mexicans, Americans and Japanese, Americans and Koreans, Americans and Cubans, Americans and Vietnamese, Americans and Afghans, Americans and Iraqis, Americans and Syrians, Americans and Iranians, Americans and Chinese, Americans and Russians, practically uniting all Americans and everyone else in Deutschland. Without Deutschland, so, so many people would still have a chicken to pluck with the US, coat it in breadcrumbs, and fry it until crispy.

There is a great misunderstanding that Hitler wanted to take over the world. In fact, he only wanted Europe. He wanted to establish the *United States of Europe* under German leadership. I, on the other hand, want to be Führer of all mankind.

This brings us back to the original meaning of *Germany*, *Germany above all*, which by no means sealed a German claim to world power, but rather placed the unification of all separate German states above everything else. *Deutschland*, *Deutschland above all* places the unification of all people in Deutschland above everything else. Yes, Alsace–Lorraine is German, more German than German. But what should I do with Alsace-Lorraine when I can have all of France, all of Europe, all of America, all of Africa, all of Arabia, all of Asia, the whole Earth, and finally the whole world? That shall it be! That shall it be! The whole of Deutschland it should be!

Thus, we Deutschen are deliberately drawing a line under the Age of Fuckism. We are picking up where we left off 44,000 years ago. We are stopping the eternal Germanic march to the South, West, North, and East of Europe, and turning our gaze towards mankind as a whole. We are finally putting an end to the colonial and economic policies of the Fuckist's era and moving on to the human policy of the future. We no longer look to the right or left, only straight

ahead, not even back. We won't have to wonder about anything anymore.

Whatever people created back then, we will make it deutscher. There is therefore no need to look back at the people of past times with all their knowledge and wisdom, as we will discover everything important on our own. I understand the interest in the past, I really do. Everyone likes to imagine what it would have been like to live in a completely different time. I, too, would have liked to have experienced the ancient Greeks and Nazis in person. But Deutschland will be legendary enough to nip this interest in the bud. Deutschland will become more legendary with each passing day, so that even looking back on earlier days after Nathan must seem bland. There are now so many people, so many states, so many cities, and so much knowledge that writing history is becoming more and more impossible every day. And we are still living in fuckistic times. In an advanced Deutschland, the decisive information will condense at least a millionfold within the same time period. While today's historical science can at best bring to light excerpts and partial truths, in the Deutschland of the future it would have to rely entirely on its imagination. That is why we must concentrate on the essentials, and those are the sciences. Here, it is indeed very interesting to see what has been tested and discovered so far, so that problems that have already been solved do not have to be solved again unnecessarily, and old, previously unsolved problems can be researched with a fresh perspective. But here, too, useless information must be removed, such as the people behind the discoveries. On the other hand, the circumstances of the discovery and the approach taken are extremely important and must be recorded and preserved for posterity. This is the only way we can learn from history.

Environment

Environmental protection and sustainability are being abolished. Anyone who doesn't treat the environment with care and whatever isn't thought sustainably isn't deutsch. There will be no more environmental damage and no more narrow-mindedness, so there is no longer any need for the opposite terms.

I will never understand the environmental and animal rights movements, as they often have a pessimistic and nihilistic worldview or even welcome the extinction of all humans. Once *Homo sapiens* is extinct, everything we have done to planet Earth will no longer matter. Nature will create its new species and recover. And if it doesn't, it won't matter either. Living matter, whatever that may mean exactly, is neither a necessity nor an end in itself. Those who mean deutsch with nature think from the human. All else follows.



Humans are at the top of the food chain. We are the first species to even begin to understand the damage we cause. Lions don't care how many antelopes they eat. At some point, there will simply be fewer antelopes, fewer lions, more antelopes, more lions. We, on the other hand, can exterminate every animal, fungus, and plant species in the world, deform every landscape, and pollute every place. Destroy habitats, blow up mountains, litter the oceans. But with great power comes great responsibility.

The limits of our comprehension, foresight, and influence dictate that we must not seek to heal the environment, but rather to stop making it sick. Humans take themselves too seriously, believing that they can make amends for their actions through relocation, protected areas, and reforestation. Only idiots could come up with the idea of saving animal species from extinction by locking them up in cramped, unspecifying spaces. The whole thing culminates in the idea of "renaturation", of being able to restore nature. Certainly

not everything in nature is extremely important or even has a reason for being. This can be seen simply from how astonishingly resilient nature has proven to be so far. But precisely because we do not fully understand the meaning and purpose of ecosystems and therefore cannot assess the full range of possible consequences and effects of our actions, we must be cautious. **We are living in the Age of Anthropocene.**

At the same time, humans must not fall into a romanticized view of nature. Nature does not live in love, harmony, and peace. Nature knows no morality. There are no artificial and natural things, because we are part of nature. “Nature” is no better than “chemistry”, because nature is chemistry. Humans do not stand above nature, nor are they the most valuable beings, but must simply become aware of their great responsibility and take it. Deutschland will take what it needs. In a manner species-appropriate to humans, and in quantities species-appropriate to humans.

Even Deutschland will probably not succeed in preventing forces of nature such as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, tornadoes, and tsunamis. However, the Deutschen will do everything in their power to mitigate their consequences.



First, the damage tap must be turned off before drying can begin. Before we can do the following and much more “abroad”, we must be deutsch ourselves, otherwise it would be doubleddeutsch. Of course, they will still fight tooth and nail. Unfortunately, we share the same planet, which is why no greenchoosy considerations can be made. The environment is our shared habitat. Anyone who destroys our shared habitat destroys mankind. The mankind of the future will thank Deutschland for this.

On the First Day after Nathan, GSG 9 will carry out an operation against the five PFAS factories in Bad Wimpfen, Frankfurt, Leverkusen, and Gendorf, provided that *Solvay*, *Daikin*, *Lanxess*, *W. L. Gore*, and *Archroma* have not yet ceased production. Without exception, all mercenaries still employed by these companies at these locations at that time, regardless of their position and area of activity, will be arrested for forming a misanthropic group and handed over to the death measure squad or put on a wanted list. In this special case, no further mediation is necessary, as the evidence is so clear and mediation has already taken place here in *Mein Sieg*. As soon as Deutschland encompasses other European countries outside of Germany, the same will apply to the five PFAS production sites in France, three in the United Kingdom, two in Italy, and one each in Poland, Spain, the Netherlands, and Belgium. **Nothing in this world is irreplaceable, as I am for Deutschland.** If we are unable to discover safe substitutes, then so be it. There was a world before PFAS, and there will be a world after PFAS. The burden of proof that a manufactured product or service is safe always lies with the company, and these Gypsy Companies already know this very well.

Of course, it won't stop with the PFAS criminals. Punish one, teach a hundred. All companies conduct cost-risk assessments, and the current risk of punishment is manageable, which is why they prioritize short-term profit over the common good. Understandable, but fuckistic. Politics is corrupt, incompetent, and overwhelmed. That will change with Deutschland.

All companies are required to withdraw all products that they market against their better judgment, including public announcements, or they will face the same fate as the PFAS shitshows. And if they don't know any better, then Deutschland has to enlighten them. Willfully doing greenchoosy things in a fuckistic world is not a crime. But even negligently doing greenchoosy things in a deutschen world is very much a crime.

Deutschland will have ships fishing in deutschen waters captured by the *Deutschen Navy*, also known as *Meerwehr*. Later, we will extend this to “foreign” ships, for example from China, India, Indonesia, and Japan. **Deutschland doesn’t recognize international waters; Deutschland only recognizes deutsche waters.** Where possible, the ships will be rendered unfit for fishing and returned, or they will be retained and the material costs of the ship reimbursed. The fishermen will be returned to their home country if they so wish. Initially, this will be limited to bottom trawling, as this causes the most damage, but later we will extend it to all fishing. Local fishermen who fish only for their own consumption are exempt from this. Fishing with a line in deutschen (inland) waters is to be classified as a pointless pastime and abolished.

I’ve considered whether we should also combat animal husbandry on land, for example through the deliberate spread of epizootics. However, the measures against fishing should be more than sufficient, as about one-third of the fish caught earthwide is misused for fattening other animals. Together with the global spread of deutschem farming, we’ll quickly achieve our goals.

In addition, Deutschland must get the small island states under control as quickly as possible, as they are selling off their natural resources for a song so that Gypsy Companies can gyps and travel onwards. I am thinking, for example, of Nauru, Tonga, the Cook Islands, and Papua New Guinea, whose rulers have allowed themselves to be drawn into exploiting the nearby seabed. Developing countries such as Norway and Japan must also immediately cease deep sea mining until environmentally friendly extraction methods have been found, which Deutschland will pioneer and lead the way in research. If this proves impossible, it will be abandoned and enforced worldwide by Deutschland.

Regardless of the measures just described, the *Deutsche Principle* applies here as everywhere else, according to which 99% of the results can be achieved with 1% of the total effort; all you have to do is find the right levers. So if You have any deutscher suggestions,

bring them on! At the same time, Deutschland will also put in the remaining 99% and thus give 100% in order to get 100%.



We will clean up Silverlake, Silber- and Föhrenbuck, and the forests near Fischbach, defuse unexploded ordnance, clean up the world's oceans, solve the snot plague in the Sea of Marmara, salvage the sunken ships in Chuuk Lagoon, and so much more. We have so much to do, and therefore no time to lose. Roll up Your sleeves, and let's get started!

Migration

All people initially located in Deutschland have the following three options: being deutsch, deportation to their country of origin, or deportation to Madagascar. Madagascar is only an option if one has German citizenship, no country of origin, or if one's country of origin is fucking around with us. Instead of Madagascar, it could also be Uganda, Angola, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, Greenland, or Baffinland. For the Gypsygypsies, I will negotiate a treaty with India and Pakistan. Why all this? Because only Deutsche and Futuredeutsche are allowed to live in Deutschland. To a certain extent, deportations are completely pointless, as Deutschland will soon encompass the whole world. But anyone who, for whatever reason, does not immediately want to make friends with Deutschland and let speciefy himself is temporarily free not to be part of the folkscommunity. Who doesn't love Deutschland shall leave Deutschland!

Most of the migrants who have recently entered the European Union illegally did so for economic reasons. I don't blame anyone for being drawn to Germany, France, Austria, and Sweden, as these countries offer the most generous social benefits. What I cannot tolerate is crime and the formation of parallel societies, for which they are not solely responsible, but to which they contribute significantly. **Integration is always a duty of the actor.** If someone immigrates to Deutschland, he must integrate. If Deutschland immigrates somewhere, then Deutschland must integrate the living beings there.

To end the deaths in the seas, we will play a few rounds of battleship. In the short term, some people will die, but in the long term, far fewer people will die than without the deterrent use of Panzerfausts. Yes, I would push a fat man in front of a train to save five others. The fact that this even needs to be discussed is an absolute declaration of bankruptcy on the part of the philosophical guild. Of course, this isn't fair, because what have these people done wrong other than longing for a better life? But unfortunately, this

whole fuckistic world isn't fair, and the transition from a fuckistic world to a deutschen world will inevitably be rough. It is not the world that must come to Deutschland, but Deutschland that must venture out into the big, wide world. We just need a little time for that. Trust me.

The right to asylum is being abolished. A Saudi Arabian faggot who realizes that something's shady there is still a long way from being a cosmopolitan, open-minded Deutscher. Deutschland is not the land of asylum seekers; Deutschland is the land of Deutschen. Deutschland must eliminate the causes of flight earthwide. If you take in half of Calcutta, you yourself become Calcutta. If you breathe in a breeze of Deutschland, you yourself become Deutschland. Similar to the Manhattan Project, where the cleverest Anglo-Saxon minds and Nazi dissidents gathered to commit the greatest single crime in human history, the smartest minds from all over the world must come together in Deutschland to end global Fuckism as quickly as possible. The most mentally capable people from all over the world are allowed, indeed must, immigrate to Deutschland so that Deutschland can quickly take over the whole Earth. Only they can like Deutschland before they have even experienced it. To this end, there will be an unbureaucratic smartness visa. Deutschland doesn't need manpower; we have more than enough of it. Deutschland needs smartpower.

Mixed-race states in human history include the Ottoman Empire, Austria-Hungary, the Soviet Union, the United States of America, and China. They have all largely failed due to their (different) cultures, or would fail in the future if it weren't for Deutschland. The only thing that still unites Americans is war and money. The only things that unite the Chinese are money, oppression, and a pointless pride in their ancient culture and long history. Previous attempts to bring together different races in a single state entity have never been particularly successful worldwide. Why should anyone give up their existing, fuckistic culture to adopt a new, fuckistic culture? That is changing with Deutschland. Deutschland is the land of

the people. Deutschland serves mankind alone. While everyone else has unspecified humanity, Deutschland will respeciefy us. While everyone else focused exclusively on the 1% sapiens part, Deutschland focuses primarily on the 99% Homo part. While everyone else practiced colonialism and imperialism to oppress other races and exploit their natural resources, Deutschland will end the oppression of humanity and the environmentally damaging exploitation of natural resources. Deutschland is incomparable. Deutschland will be successful.



Currently, there are an estimated 8.2 billion people living on Earth, of whom around 1.5 billion, or 18%, live on the African continent. According to estimates by the *United Nations*, there will be 10.2 billion people alive in the year 2100 AD, 3.8 billion of whom will live in Africa. That is 37% of the world's population. Africa will grow, while all other continents will stagnate and superage. This development must be stopped with ruthless brutality. Every single human life that is prevented in Africa saves far more than one human life. Hunger and unemployment lead to conflict, violence, and war. These estimates will therefore not be confirmed, but many people will die and a great deal of damage will be done to the environment. **If Deutschland did not come to the rescue.** Africa must be familiarized with education and contraception as quickly as possible. Books, computers, contraceptives, and sterilization operations must be given away and offered free of charge. Either Elon Musk will make his *Starlink* system available free of charge to make up for his escapades, or Deutschland will foot the bill. Medical care must be completely discontinued. The gypsy-economic “development aid”, which actually stands for “market development aid” whose only purpose is to boost sales, is being abolished and the Yellow Peril banished. All international aid agencies and non-governmental organizations will withdraw from Africa, because what

they are doing is not aid, but a crime. But since I expect nothing from people who won't even understand the necessity of sinking ships, we will have to force them to do so. The opposite of good is well-intentioned. The opposite of deutsch is greenchoosy. Emerging and developing countries long for the "prosperity" of industrialized countries, which is flaunted on "social media". We, who know deutscher, must enlighten them that we did not live in prosperity, but only for appearances and for Fuckism, neither of which they can want, and if they do want it, that they cannot and will not get it. Once the people there understand that we mean deutsch with them, they will be liberated and integrated into Deutschland. **This Africa must die so that the real Africa can live.**

Israel is being abolished. The Jews have no business being in this region of the world. The wars and unrest in the Middle East did not arise from religion, but from completely idiotic reasons. If they were religious wars, then they would have to immediately cease all fighting on my, the Messiah's, and Mahdi's orders and all become brothers, but they will not do so. Therefore, I call on all smart Jews from Israel and around the world to come to Deutschland. Deutschland is the only safe and Jew-free homeland of all true Jews. Only in Deutschland will You finally no longer have to be Jews, and You will thus be able to accomplish the originalest mission of Judaism, see Chapter *Religion*. **Deutschland is the Final Solution to the Jewish Question.**

If Israel had not existed, then all the conflicts in the Middle East would probably never have happened. It was mainly Great Britain and my predecessor, Hitler, who messed things up, and only I can solve this problem. But if all the smart, capable, and child-poor Jews leave Israel, won't all the stupid, incapable, and child-rich Jews fall victim to a Second Holocaust, which I promised to prevent once and for all? That is quite possible, but it is not my responsibility. Israel may have bought the favor of most Muslim rulers as a protectorate of the US, but their subjects have allowed themselves to be consumed by their anti-Jewish hatred. If they and their

rulers were true Muslims, there would be immediate peace at my command. However, religion serves their rulers merely as a means to an end, and they themselves are not particularly smart. That is why Deutschland can only take care of Arabia at a relatively late stage. Until then, the abolition of Israel will provide cooling, easing, and refreshment.

The smart Taiwanese are coming to Deutschland with their companies, the Chinese become blissfully happy with their beloved China. The Taiwan conflict has thus been resolved. Sometimes we really make life harder than it needs to be.

On the Current Situation in Germany and the World

Is there a global conspiracy? Are there sinister forces conspiring against humanity? I don't think so. Maybe I'm just one of them, but just listen to me.

Hanlon's razor states that one should never attribute to malice that which can be adequately explained by stupidity. I agree. No ruler has a vision, a plan, or a goal anymore. Those in power rule over their subjects for the sake of ruling. They want power for power's sake, influence for influence's sake. Power and influence have become ends in themselves. The last person who had a clear goal in mind and gave everything to achieve it was Adolf Hitler. Correction, the second to last. I guess I'm the last one. All the others are already too stupid to change the world. In formal democracies, politicians are driven by the media, which is dominated by Gypsy Companies, and in formal non-democracies, people become politicians to enrich themselves and their friends who helped them to power. This is precisely the problem Deutschland will have to contend with: There are many people who *believe* that they profit from the current system, but no one really does. No one can escape Fuckism. *Some more than others, but everyone fucks and gets fucked.* Therefore, a global conspiracy would only make sense if one assumed that there were malicious people who deliberately wanted to harm themselves. That would be truly sad. If that were the case, then even my promise that **everyone** will profit from Deutschland would be of no help. No matter how young, old, rich, poor, fat, thin, stupid, smart, beautiful, or ugly You are or think You are. Deutschland will benefit the unborn the most, but everyone will get what he deserves as human being. The transition will not be pretty, but it is not particularly pretty anyway; it is downright abominable. In any case, I do not assume that there is a large-scale conspiracy. Certainly in individual areas and at certain levels, which is partly communicated quite openly, but certainly not on a global level. The

only global conspirator is probably me. I have conspired, but not against humanity, but for it.

Socrates once wrote that he would rather be a discontented Socrates than a happy pig. If one wanted to summarize the current situation in Germany and the World in a single sentence, it would be as follows: **Even the pigs are discontented.** The Socratesses have always been discontented throughout human history, otherwise they wouldn't have been Socratesses. But the pigs, they used to be happy. If you drew the stupid pigs on the left end of a line and the smart Socratesses on the right end, then the *Partition Wall of Happiness* has shifted further and further to the left over the course of unspesifying times. Currently, people are working hard to make even the utmost stupidest pigs discontented. During a conversation with philosopher Richard David Precht, political scientist Ivan Krastev claimed that only the "West" thought pessimistically and that people in Africa, Asia, and Latin America were extremely positive about the future. If that is true, then satirist Nico Semsrott was right in saying that joy was just a lack of information, which I have kindly remedied with *Mein Sieg*.

The National Socialists and the Soviet Communists tried to stop this development by forcibly pushing the Partition Wall of Happiness a little further to the right. In other words, they made the stupidest and stupider pigs happy. Deutschland, on the other hand, must create the *Partition Wall of Contentment*. For the first time in human history, the Socratesses will still not be happy, but at least they will be contented. Starting from the far right, we will fight our way through to about the first tenth of the line. After that, the Partition Wall of Happiness is being abolished, because all pigs will be happy without exception. Deutschland's long-term goal is then to abolish the Partition Wall of Contentment as well, until one day there are only contented Socratesses.

It is completely understandable that in the first days, weeks, and years after Nathan, the pigs will be even more discontented than before. There will simply be really big changes that pigs cannot

like at first. But they can be sure that in the near future, they will all feel right at home in Deutschland. The Socratesses must ignore their temporary complaints, and as long as they do not stand in the way of the Socratic path, nothing will happen to them.

Who decides who is a pig and who is a Socratess? You do! Anyone who is enthusiastic about Deutschland after independently enjoying *Mein Sieg* is a Socratess. Anyone who is not is a pig. It's that simple. Being a pig isn't a bad thing, and being a Socratess isn't always pleasant. But everyone must know what he is and what he has to do, see Chapter *Humility*.

Life in the year 2025 AD is nowhere better portrayed than in *Beast Games*. 1,000 strangers competed for a record-breaking prize money of \$10,000,000. One by one, they were eliminated in games until a "winner" was finally determined. A great deal depended on chance, a lot on one's own audacity, and very little on one's own skill. The rules of the game were set in advance, could not be questioned, and had to be obeyed at all times. The vast majority of participants didn't have to be forced or even asked to fight each other, because they did it on their own. Many tried to stick together, but only for tactical reasons and always with their own advantage in mind. Some sacrificed themselves for others, which is why some of the viewers were surprised and satisfied that the good in people had not yet been completely eradicated, while the others couldn't believe it at all and were completely horrified at how anyone could voluntarily give up a potential \$10,000,000 when they themselves would have done *everything* for that kinda money, and by *everything* they really meant **everything**. The feelings and desires of the viewers and participants were consistently and abundantly played with. The only difference from the real game called *life* was that no one was forced to participate in these games. However, quite a few indicated that they had agreed to participate because of major financial problems. All of them said that the prize money would "completely change their lives." *Beast Games*, as a representation of fuckistic reality and a reflection of green voting society, is an extremely important

document of contemporary history. It was good that Jimmy so impressively demonstrated and recorded the total unspecification of mankind, but enough is enough. Deutschland must prevent a second *Beast Games* at all costs. Deutschland must change the rules of the game that no one else is willing to change and that no one else can change. In Deutschland, there are no losers. In Deutschland, everyone is a winner.



Mankind has the following three options: Firstly, a Third and Final World War. Secondly, the creeping destruction of the entire remaining environment. Thirdly, Deutschland. Does anyone other than me know a way out of this impasse? A task big enough to unite the peoples again? If so, then he shall show us the way. Until then, humanity's only and entire hope is Deutschland, and Deutschland needs Germany.

Germany is politically and socially finished. Its politicians are total losers. Not just recently, but at least since the proclamation of the German Empire. Fuddy-duddily and cocky, they led the country into a senseless war that did not have to be fought, that could have been prevented, and without war one day one would have held sway over the world. The subsequent Weimar Republic was shattered and tattered into parties, groups, and associations. There was no longer a German Volk, but only tenants, homeowners, employees, workers, employers, civil servants, aso. asf. Hitler managed to successfully confuse the rest of the world with his uncomputable foreign policy and unite the majority of the German Volk behind him. He ingeniously exploited the trust placed in him and imposed his own ideas of a German Europe before going down with great fanfare, pride, and bitterness, along with all the notable elites from politics and business. After the end of World War II, the country became a pawn of the United States and the Soviet Union and was consequently divided into four, later two zones. Families were torn apart, children

grew up without their fathers, and morale was at rock bottom. Unlike in World War I, this time the cities lay in ruins, rubble, and ashes, and since there was nothing better to do, the inherited burdens were cleared away and reconstruction began. Gradually, the industry that hadn't been dismantled began operating again. In the Westzone, American economic policy was largely adopted and referred to as the "social market economy", while the Eastzone was blessed with a socialist planned economy. The West "succeeded" in achieving great economic growth, but failed to break with Nazism; in the East, it was exactly the opposite. On October 3, 1990, both zones finally merged into the Federal Republic of Germany. The American realized that they could safely give the country its formal and actual sovereignty, as the Soviet Union was close to collapse and West German politicians, who still hold sway in the reunified country to this day, were incapable anyway. On the one hand, the founding of the European Union revived the Treaty of Versailles in order to stifle Germany economically; on the other hand, the exploitation of Nazism began. Everything East German was considered backward and abolished, while the West had no culture of its own, only pride in its economy and its "prosperity". In order to weld the country together, the guiltcult was massively expanded. "We are Germans, we are guilty forever and ever!" and "We are guilty and we are proud of it!" were to become the two mottos and slogans of the entire country. This resonated in the West, because after the end of the Cold War, there was finally a major task for society as a whole to tackle again. In the East, however, this was less the case, as people had long since had nothing to do with Nazism. This radicalized the West, which is why they wanted to deny and eradicate everything German even more. One no longer spoke of the German Volk, but of the German Bevölkerung (population), then, in order to be "gender-neutral", of the Bevölkernden (populating beings), until finally "the Germans" became "those who have been living here for a longer time". To further destabilize the country and due to a supposed shortage of skilled workers and an actual shortage of slaves, Chancellor Angela Merkel has allowed millions and millions

of immigrants to enter the country uncontrolled since 2015. Anyone who objected to this was declared a right-wing extremist, racist, Nazi, fascist, or some combination thereof. In the decades before that, millions of people from other countries had come to Germany to work in the low-wage sector, but never to become part of German society. And rightly so, because what did a submissive, masochistic, petty-bourgeois, and pathetic country have to offer besides jobs and social benefits? The German defined himself solely by his work; he was no longer a human with roots, friends, and family, but merely an employee of an employer. The country introduced social benefits solely to assert itself against East German socialism and, above all, to justify the existence of its politicians. In general, the influence of West German politicians shouldn't be overestimated. Until 1990, they were never completely sovereign, and where they were sovereign, Gypsy Companies and a bloated state apparatus determined policy so that the whole place wouldn't fall apart domestically and to conceal their own incompetence. They were administrators, not doers. The Germans wanted to be administered, not led. The role of politics was to redistribute tax money and carefully satisfy a wide range of gypsy-economic interests. Coronazism followed in 2020, the War in Ukraine in 2022, and Donald Trump's second term in 2025. In all three "crises", their incompetence became more than apparent. Since Trump, who is trying to imitate Hitler's foreign policy, it has become clear that the whole country is completely exposed. The Gypsy Companies have no plan. Neither do the politicians of **any** party. Society is on the brink of collapse. And now?

Why does so much of *Mein Sieg* deal with Germany? Why should mankind be interested in this country? Why does Deutschland need Germany? Because only from Germany, the country that has always been raped from all sides, can Deutschland emerge. Only the German therefore has the right to subjugate the whole world. And precisely because only he is entitled to do so, he must not do so. **If he is Deutscher.**

A German invented Protestantism, the English invented Capital-

ism, a German invented Communism, the Americans invented Gypsy Capitalism, a German invented Nazism. The (drunk) Germans have caused the greatest damage to humanity and the environment in human history, and only the (drunk) Germans can fix it. **The German Volk has a historic mission to fulfill.**

Germany has nothing more to offer humanity except the German language. That is why a Deutscher had to invent Deutschland. **Only by the deutsche spirit the world may be healed.** The German spirit never could. I've finally recognized the true mission of the German and Jewish races. Those who fall low will rise high. Deutschland, Deutschland above everyone.

Why has there never been world peace? Because of the Greens. The Greens! Alliance 90/The Greens, the German Green Party. The only thing that could unite all people worldwide is a ruthless environmental policy, as this must be in the objective interest of all people. To avert this danger, the Americans hijacked the German environmental movement by installing the most US-friendly party in Germany. It is not the CDU or the FDP that are (or were?) the true "transatlanticists" and actual US vassals, but the Greens. Whenever they were in power, they never pursued policies that benefited the environment, but only lined their own pockets. Man-made climate change provided them with an excellent excuse. They no longer talked about the environment, but only about the climate, and measured in terms of carbon dioxide emissions, Germany can directly influence this by a maximum of 2%. It was the perfect excuse for the other parties to say that nothing could be done for the environment, while the Greens were able to sell symbolic politics to their stupid, self-obsessed, and arrogant clientele. At the same time, the Greens are the biggest supporters and advocates of the guiltcult. I cannot deny that I was inspired by this repulsive party when naming the opposite of "deutsch". In addition, the expression "green behind the ears" is also common, whereby only the Future-deutsche is naturally allowed to be young and inexperienced, and

by “choosy” I mean to express that it’s a choice and not a necessity to vote green.

War

First things first: I have no military experience whatsoever. That speaks not against me, but for me. We have seen enough of what the *clever Homos* who thought they knew everything about military stuff have done over the last 5,000 oldyears.

Is war merely a continuation of politics with other means, as the loser Clausewitz wrote? Not at all. War is a means for losers like Clausewitz. Wars can only be used, if at all, to conquer the geographical sovereignty of a territory. Anyone who wants to permanently expand their territory must conquer the hearts of the people who live there.

Wars have been waged for the most absurd, specious reasons. Rarely did Feldherrns believe their own words, insofar as they were mentally capable of doing so, otherwise they would have subordinated everything else to their war aims. The two great exceptions were Muhammad and Hitler. All other wars were actually fought purely for economic reasons. And so the cat bites its own tail: **No one had any idea about economics. Ever. Earthwide. All losers.** This point, together with the current earthwide lack of ideas, will lead humanity into the Third and Final World War if Deutschland is unable to prevent this.



Deutschland's stated goal is world peace. To this end, on Day Zero after Nathan, I will declare peace to all people of this world.

But those who want total peace must be prepared for total war. We aren't currently prepared for that, and neither is any other country in the world. And rightly so.

On the one hand, people are no longer willing to pay the death toll, and for good reason. Nowhere in the world is life worth living

anymore; everything is fuckistic, and everyone is unspeciefied. There is no idea and no future for which people would be willing to die to realize or preserve.

On the other hand, people recognize the aforementioned pretextuality of reasons for waging war and the utter ridiculousness of current wars in general. In the past, people at least protected their families, their villages, their towns, their communities. Men fought hand to hand with their hands and feet, may the braver, smarter, and stronger win. Today, wars are purely material battles, and it depends on whose factories are capable of producing more, faster, cheaper, and more expedient weapons. Human lives are mere numbers in statistics and *Excel* spreadsheets. There is nothing heroic about modern warfare, if it ever was. And in the end, everyone loses; there are no winners. All this at the behest of losers.

That is why I ask You, deutsches Folg: Do You want total peace? Do You want it to be more total and radical than we can even imagine today? Then You must be prepared for total war. I am ready when You are. War is peace.



What would a total deutscher war look like?

The primary and sole objective of war is to render the opponent incapable of continuing the war economically. To this end, operational weapons in depots and in the field are rendered unusable, and the production of new weapons is prevented. The objective of war is not to kill as many people as possible, either directly or indirectly, whether at the front or in the rear, but rather the exact opposite. Nevertheless, human casualties are inevitable.

You think that sounds obvious and reflects reality? Unfortunately, I have some disappointing news. Great Britain was not ashamed to starve the civilian population of the German Empire during

and long after the First World War by imposing a naval blockade in the North Sea, for which Hitler took delight in revenge, albeit insufficiently, in the submarine war. The targeted attacks on civilians and civilian infrastructure by the US in Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan, or by Russia in Chechnya, Georgia, Syria, and Ukraine, speak volumes. The German-British air raids in World War II already showed that attacks on the civilian population do not end a war and do not demoralize the population, but rather motivate them and further fuel the war.

Deutschland must send a clear message that the only dangerous place for opposing soldiers is the front line and for their civilian population is the arms industry. The infrastructure that we plan to use ourselves after the war must be left intact, even if it is predominantly used for military purposes. Empty trains are empty, and that saves us the tedious task of reconstruction. Where possible, raw material transports by sea, land, and air must be intercepted and used for our own purposes, but not rendered unusable for both sides. Prisoners of war will be treated kindly and, depending on their ethos, deutschized, forced into labor, or exchanged for deutsche prisoners of war. All this applies regardless of how the opponent wages war. Human lives may count for nothing to them, but Deutschland will reduce the human casualties on both sides to the minimum possible. The war will be won not from outside, but from within. For a while, people will allow themselves to be forced into war, but not for too long. Saboteurs and spies will work for us to bring the war to an end as quickly as possible. A war is never lost from outside, but always from within. It is pointless to eliminate the opponent's military and political leadership, as only new good-for-nothings will spring up.

Deutschland has the great advantage that it is not seeking to gain territory during the war. They must only be made if it makes it easier to paralyze the opponent's economic supply centers. There are no other reasons that justify overstretching the front lines with all their logistical challenges. The last three sentences may

seem insignificant, but in fact it means that we will experience a completely different kind of warfare. The era of territory, territory, territory is finally over.

All of Deutschland will participate in the war. The only exceptions are Futuredeutsche up to the age of about 30 and pregnant women from the 150th day of pregnancy until the end of breastfeeding, i.e., for 8 to 20 years. Everyone else will take on a task that suits his inclinations, possibilities, and abilities. A large professional army is not necessary. Only small, specialized highest-performance troops, comprising a total of about one to two ten-thousandths of all Deutschen, are needed. The vast majority of Deutschen will already be in excellent mental and physical condition, and without all the drinking and chimp-commanding, the few specialized military skills can be learned in a matter of days or weeks in the event of war. Most people will not be fighting on the front lines or behind the opponent's lines anyway, but will be engaged in a wide variety of activities in their own rear. Jihad does not refer solely to military combat! Armaments must be designed in such a way that their proper use can be learned within a few hours or days. We will fight like the Huns did a thousand years ago under their king Etzel! We need Deutsche who are willing to sacrifice their own lives in kamikaze attacks so that Deutschland becomes a reality and lasts. It will be the first just war in human history.

Deutsche soldiers must lead with mission. Obedience, shouting, drill, titles and ranks, parades and ceremonies, rituals and symbols, as well as strict, unfriendly training are being abolished. The basic idea behind this is to create uniform, close-knit communities in which people can trust each other unconditionally, even in stressful situations. With the exception of uniformity, Deutschland already has this at the Folg's level. Of course, there will have to be a certain hierarchical order in order to pass on orders from above in an orderly manner. But this will also be possible the other way around. If the simplest soldier has a groundbreaking idea, then it is the mark of a deutschfluid Truppführer to take it to heart. This applies at all

levels. One doesn't rise through the ranks by kissing boots, but by being purely deutsch. There is no need for a unit in which one has to run headlong into death together without question because an order is an order, but rather for clever, individual minds who, in the heat of battle, use their own reasoning to achieve advantages for Deutschland.

It is said that in war, truth is the first casualty. That will change in a deutschen war. Our propaganda method for home and abroad will be very simple: There will be no propaganda. We will only ensure that the truth about Deutschland is understood throughout the world. We intend to explain to everyone what is really happening and also the reasons why it could happen. The exact number of armed forces, casualties, and equipment on the deutschen side, as well as the estimated numbers on the opposing side, will always be announced. Even before the war, we will specify exactly which flank we intend to protect how, why, and with what against what. Military secrets are nonsense. Once the plans are openly known, everyone in Deutschland can work to identify, name, and remedy potential weaknesses. Even troop communications may be unencrypted; military actions must simply be so well thought out from the outset that countermeasures are bound to come to nothing. Resistance is futile. We are the deutsch guys, the rulers of the opposing countries are the greenchoosy guys, and all of this without any propaganda.

Deutschland does not wage wars of aggression against other countries. Deutschland will conquer the world economically and humanly, and for this reason alone, they will seek to instigate a military war against Deutschland. The lies and excuses will be numerous, but the real reason is that they will not be able to defeat Deutschland economically and humanly. Time is on our side, which is why they will be in a hurry. The rulers of other countries will not want to understand that Deutschland is a mankind project designed for the whole of humanity, in which all people can participate, but for which these rulers themselves must abolish themselves. The

people of these countries, on the other hand, will understand very well. The whole world will tremble before Deutschland. Not out of fear, but out of excitement at being part of Deutschland. There will be rulers who will not voluntarily release their subjects from their chains. Deutschland will therefore not shy away from carrying out targeted military operations in failed states. Not to bring about a change of system, but to accelerate the abolition of diehard-fuckistic systems. Deutschland will then spread on its own. There will be a regularly updated *Deutsche List* of all states and territories on Earth, which will be worked through piece by piece. The targets will be sorted and selected according to the qualitative and quantitative extent of environmental damage currently being caused and likely to be caused in the future, as well as according to their power potential. The powerless destroyers of the environment will, of course, be the first to go.

Of the three classic branches of the armed forces—land, sea, and air—we essentially only need the latter two. Deutschland must be able to carry out targeted operations from a distance in every corner of the globe. We refer to the entirety of all deutschen armed forces as the *Reichswehr*, and the two branches as the *Luftwaffe* and the *Meerwehr*.

At the end of a war, a peace treaty is often concluded. Deutschland doesn't need this, since the terms are already fixed from the outset. Deutschland considers war to be idiotic. Any ruler of another country who sees things differently will be in for a nasty surprise. The opposing leadership may and should declare surrender at any time. Ceasefire agreements are not to be concluded, as they will only be used by the other side to buy some time. Communication channels must always be kept open in order to quickly clear up any misunderstandings.

Deutschland wants to create lasting peace. After the war, therefore, no one will be punished and no one will be subjugated, regardless of who committed what crimes during the war. The territories will

be formally connected to Deutschland and human unification in Deutschland will be promoted.

Despite everything I have written so far, will they pick a war against Deutschland? Even though its outcome is so obvious beforehand? I don't want it, but if I'm being realistic, I think it's almost certainly inevitable. The fear that I, too, am just a criminal like everyone else will drive them to senseless actions. I may be wrong, and perhaps Deutschland will succeed in unleashing such momentum that the transition from the fuckistic to the deutschen age will take place without war. That'd be lit.

But it is deutsch to be well prepared for the worst-case scenario. Even if it doesn't come to that, it would have been worthwhile to think about why there have been wars in the past and how they can be prevented in the future. Once Deutschland encompasses the whole world, we can abolish all of this here.

According to Wikipedia, the two major tasks of a Feldherr are, on the one hand, "planning military options for political conflicts" in peacetime and, on the other hand, "restoring political solutions by destroying the opponent's military capability" in wartime. Even without a war, I am therefore the greatest Feldherr of all time.



Around the Earth, existing economic and military structures are so incredibly inefficient that its almost self-sabotage. No wonder the stab-in-the-back myth arose and spread. Of the approximately \$1 trillion in oldannual military spending by the US, at least \$900 billion is lost to corruption and inefficiency. In Germany, a great deal of money ends up with consultants and losers, and the meager remainder is wasted on unnecessary things. Forty percent of the FRG's regular defense budget of around 50 billion euros per oldyear is spent on wages and pensions, with another 30% going to accommodation and administration.

I also have the impression that German arms manufacturers don't

care which side wins in the end, otherwise they wouldn't be plundering the German war chest so unscrupulously and brazenly. To a certain extent, this is also due to government procurement bureaucracy, but if they really cared about Germany and Europe, and if the evil, evil Russian were actually willing to attack the Baltic states in 2029 or even earlier, then they would write their own laws and buy politicians, just like other Gypsy Companies. Which is what they're doing, of course, just not in Germany's interests. One may afford Fuckism everywhere else, but definitely not in the arms industry.

So how does deutsche arms procurement look like?

Weapons do not stimulate the economy, as German propaganda has been trying to persuade the population since March 2025 to take on unlimited, trillion-dollar debt. Neither domestically, nor, especially, abroad. Weapons and the raw materials used to produce them are pure economic destruction, environmental pollution, and a waste of money, as they are intended solely for destruction and self-destruction. It is true that in the past, state-funded and military-driven research has often found civilian applications, for example in the fields of tracking, mapping, communicating, and networking. Thus, research may have a social benefit, but mass production of weapons certainly does not. I can give the all-clear to a certain extent, as the trillions spent are only intended for corruption and waste anyway. Be that as it may, it all ends with Deutschland. Weapons manufacturers must not generate profits, but only their costs are to be covered in full so that they can fulfill their mission for Deutschland. All research expenses will already have been paid folkscommunally, see Chapter *Science*, and nothing will be delivered outside Deutschland.

If the opponent produces a tank for a million dollars, then we don't have to design a tank that is cheaper and stronger. Fire is not fought with fire, but with water. So, the question is how to render the opponent's tank incapable of fighting. We saw this

in the Ukraine war, when small, inexpensive drones checkmated large, expensive tanks. The opponent will develop drone defense systems, for which counterweapons will also have to be developed. It is often worthwhile to take a modular approach, i.e., to use a new weapon to disable the drone defense system so that the good old drone can continue to disable tanks, instead of developing a completely new egg-laying wool-milk-sow that can crack both. The primary focus must be on adapting our own weapons to counter the opponent's weapons, with secondary focus on pursuing our own unique approaches. Research must preferably be useful for both military and civilian purposes. Stun bombs, giant magnets, stun guns, artificial weather, adhesives, sound, and radiation—creativity knows no limits.

Nuclear weapons are being abolished. What good are weapons so powerful that their use causes massive damage to oneself? What kind of world does one hope to create by using them? The same applies to all weapons of mass destruction. The logic of mutual assured destruction simply makes no sense at all. No large country wages war anymore to wipe other peoples off the face of the Earth. It is now only about economic supremacy. That is why the common justification for the necessity of nuclear weapons is untenable. There are no longer any existential threats to entire peoples, only to their few rulers. On deutscher part, even that is not the case during and after the war. Therefore, it is entirely possible to defeat a nuclear power militarily by conventional means. If it then resorts to nuclear weapons, it is not to protect its state and people, but to protect its rulers in an insane and selfish manner. Israel-Iran may be the only exception to this rule, because too much hatred may have built up there, but, lucky us, I've already solved this issue, see Chapter *Migration*. Nuclear weapons are therefore purely a job creation measure, like so, so, so many things in the Age of Fuckism. The only country that has ever used nuclear weapons is the United States of America, and it will remain so. And if I'm wrong about that, then Deutschland wishes these madmen a lot of fun. I'm

already very curious to hear the justification that will be served up. But they can take their cue from the greatest country in history, ever, which also just wanted to shorten the war. Deutschland must accept this risk.

As soon as the Russian nuclear arsenal is in deutschen hands, I will have everything scrapped except what we need for our own use for the *scorched earth and sky tactic*. In the event of an existential crisis for mankind, we will blow Deutschland up. We may be out of the picture, but the others will be too at some point, because Deutschland alone is the future of mankind. As the great American philosopher Tyler Durden once said: “First, You have to give up. First, You have to know, not fear, know that someday You’re gonna die. It’s only after we’ve lost everything that we’re free to do everything.”



Who caused World War II? Winston Churchill! Hitler made him a fantastic offer that no British statesman of the 1930s and 1940s in his right mind could have refused: Germany would get continental Europe, and Great Britain would keep its overseas territories. The British people themselves did not want war, and the reasonable Chamberlain pursued a policy of easing and appeasement, for which he is still criticized today. Time and again, Hitler offered England friendship and, if necessary, the closest cooperation. But love cannot be offered by one side alone; it must also be reciprocated by the other. If this stupid, selfish, drinking donkey and smoking chimney had not chosen Nazi Germany as his enemy, the German war machine would have been unstoppable. They would have brought the European peoples under Aryan supremacy quickly and easily. In the end, they may have defeated Hitler... but at what cost? Even the idiot and racist Churchill would turn in his grave if he saw how dwarfed and degenerated Britain is today.

Who caused the war in Ukraine? The press. Putin had decided to attack Ukraine. If Ukraine had surrendered immediately, so many Ukrainians and Russians would have been spared all this suffering. Instead, the Ukrainian and “Western” media portrayed Ukraine as a democratic bulwark defending Europe against autocracy and therefore deserving of support. It is understandable that, after years and decades of press coverage, the idea of democracy had also spread in Ukraine and that quite a few Ukrainians were reminded of the reign of terror of the Soviet era. Nevertheless, the Ukrainians should have noticed that democracy and freedom existed only in the press and that they were ruled just as corruptly as the Russians. There would be hundreds of thousands fewer dead and millions fewer displaced persons. This war is particularly idiotic in light of the fact that it’ll be the first one I put an end to. If the Ukrainians had surrendered on February 24, 2022, Deutschland would have freed them from the yoke of the Russians within a few oldyears.

Woulda, coulda, shoulda. What am I trying to achieve with these examples? That nothing is as it seems. Of course, all wars before Deutschland were absurd, but there could well have been more peaceful outcomes. Today, there are no more grassroots movements and no more truths. Only the deutsche struggle is still worth fighting for. The last blade of grass that humanity can grasp at. That breaks with everything fuckistic. The last hope, the salvation and final solution of humanity.



To conclude this chapter, I have three personal addresses to give.

Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin. Germany and England, China and Japan, and now You, Vladimir. Why did You wage this brothers’ war? Why, oh why?

According to Your own statement, You consider the collapse of the Soviet Union to be the “greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the 20th

century.” I consider the outbreak of World War I to be the same, but never mind. I’ve also heard that You aspire to rule from Lisbon to Vladivostok. Would You believe me when I told You that I had exactly the same thing in my mind, and even more? I will certainly not revive the USSR, but Deurope includes all the former Soviet republics, and Your local knowledge could be extremely helpful in this regard.

The German press claims that You hoped to conquer Ukraine in just three days. It seems You miscalculated somewhat. They also claim that You may be continuing the war solely to prevent war inflation from spreading to the entire economy and Your popularity among the Russian people from declining. Vladimir, with all due respect, that is both sensible and nonsensical at the same time. You’ve gambled away Your chances. You want a Great Russia, but You can’t achieve it militarily, and to save face and because You have no idea about economics, this completely unnecessary war continues to this day. Fortunately, I can help You with all of these problems.

Judging by Your monologue with Tucker Carlson, You are quite interested in history and want to make history. But my dear Vladimir, You don’t make history by following the lead of total idiots. Together, let us refute all of these losers from David to Goliath, from Barca to Bonaparte, from Attila to Asquith, from Cengiz to George, from Philip to Poincaré, from Alexander to Atatürk, from Muhammad to Mussolini, from Herod to Hitler, from Caesar to Churchill, from Ramesses to Roosevelt, from Saladin to Stalin, from Mehmed to Mao, from Wellesley to Washington, from Jackson to Johnson, from Bismarck to Bush, from Osama to Obama, from Nero to Netanyahu, and from Peter to You-Know-Who, who believed that wars could win people over and secure one’s place in history.

Your security concerns regarding the United States of America are justified, but that does not mean You can sell Your people to the Chinese. Deutschland is not Your problem, but Your solution. Together, let us complete the German-Russian unity, doing what

Europe has been dreaming of for centuries.

There are rumors in the German press that Your position in the Kremlin is shaky. Vladimir, in confidence, if that is true, You can always enjoy protection in Deutschland. You're welcome to bring Your asylum seeker Assad with You. All of today's major criminals around the world are welcome to seek protection in Deutschland so that no more major crimes may occur in the future. Your German Wikipedia page states that You have felt a great need for security since 2020, which You revealed to the whole world during corona with Your famous long table. You are now 73 oldyears old, Vladimir. Wouldn't You like to spend Your last decades on Earth enjoying total security and absolute freedom?

Your foreign minister, Lavrov, is said to be a shrewd negotiator who knows every trick in the book of diplomacy and can pull the wool over anyone's eyes, certainly including me, an inexperienced, unemployed 85-year-old with no formal education whatsoever. However, there is actually no need for negotiations. Joining Deutschland is possible at any time without any restrictions or formalities. Verbal and written commitments are not worth the saliva and paper. Treaties are meant to be broken. What actually happens is what matters.

Germany may have disappointed You. Deutschland will not. I am waiting for You.

Donald John Trump. At the beginning of Your second term as President of the United States of America, You announced in Your inaugural address that, from that moment on, America's decline was over. But my dear Donald, Your decline has only just begun! What the United States of America has done to humanity doesn't fit on any cowhide. American schools and universities, rightly, but by no means sufficiently, teach about the crimes You have committed. Enlightened Americans rightly hate themselves, while the stupid ones love the US and themselves all the more. The originally Franco-German invention of self-hatred is most justifiable in the United States of America, because You are still the biggest driver

of international Fuckism, while everyone else either used to be or contributes much less to it.

However, that can be changed. Donald, You're clearly the greatest President in the history of the United States of America. With *those* contenders, that's honestly no big surprise, but still, You are. Now, what do You think about being the second greatest human of all time? Unfortunately, the award for the greatest human of all time is already in deutschest hands, but if You can settle for a golden-marbled silver trophy, then You'll have to join Deutschland. The Golden Age of America You can only realize in and with Deutschland. Your military, especially maritime, power potential would finally be put to good use and save Deutschland a few years that we needed to prepare to save humanity on a purely Deuropean basis. We need the *Starlink* communication system of Your once-best friend Elon Musk for genuine humanitarian aid in Africa. This is also in Your own best interest, Donald, as quite a few illegal murderers, drug lords, dog eaters, and rapists are breaking out from African prisons and mental institutions and directly entering Your country.

To be clear: Deutschland doesn't need You. Everything Deutschland wants to achieve, Deutschland will achieve sooner or later. You need Deutschland. You've mastered the sugarbread-and-whip approach—in the truest sense of the first word—like no one else in the world. What You lack is moral legitimacy. People are fed up with good old US democracy, as You Yourself recognized some time ago and have recently been displaying extremely openly.

America, my Jordan Belfort, who deals with his problems by becoming rich, my Patrick Bateman, who is some kind of abstraction, my Joe Goldberg, who needs to protect his loved ones, my Saul Goodman, the chimp with a machine gun, my Stranger Thing, that's running up that abyss, my Tommy Shelby, who is become death, the destroyer of worlds. Only in Your movies, You've been the hero so far. How about trying to be that off camera too? Finally join the light side of the Force!

Referring to the attempted assassination of You in Pennsylvania,

You said that You had been saved by God to Make America Great Again. As the Messiah, I can assure You that it was not God who saved You, but pure chance. Incidentally, You could convince Your evangelical Christians of Deutschland by making them understand that I have finally returned to complete God's kingdom on Earth. I am, and it will be very different from what they might have imagined, but truly, it's me.

It was Your hope that Your greatest legacy would be as a peacemaker and unifier. You would wanna bring peace, not war. I believe You with all my heart, my wayward son, led astray. But only Deutschland can bring about world peace and unite mankind, and You have the potential to play a key role in this. You would truly deserve a Nobel Peace Prize for this. If You really want it, I'll get it for You. You would be the last laureate. But honestly, do You really want to win the same prize as Your arch-enemy Obama? I thought You wanted to win everything? You can only do that in and with Deutschland. By the way, it would be very gratifying if all Americans would learn about the history of the founder and namesake of this prize, the first Oppenheimer.

You have German blood, good stuff, in You. You are German, make something of it.

Let's Make Deutschland Great.

Xi Jinping. You are the final boss. First things first: I don't know China from personal experience, nor have I ever had any personal contact with a Chinese in my life, but I rely primarily on the information provided by sinologist Susanne Weigelin-Schwiedrzik, an expert on and admirer of Chinese culture.

She says that throughout its long, long history, China has only sought to gain power and influence in its immediate vicinity. With its projects throughout Africa, Asia, Eastern Europe, and Latin America as part of the *Belt and Road Initiative*, it has become clear that this has now changed. For the first time in its history, China wants to live up to its long-cherished claim to sole rule over everything *under the sky*.

What You fail to recognize, Jinping, is this: The *American Way of Life*, the soft power of the US, was so appealing to people from all over the world because they were living in a time of scarcity and the US promised seemingly unlimited prosperity. What does China have to offer the world? The language is unnecessarily complicated, people are monitored everywhere in public and in private, society is geared towards discipline and long hours of hard work, and people are even more obedient to authority than Germans, as could be seen in the even more massive and idiotic corona measures. It is claimed that Chinese society is collectivist, but I strongly disagree. If You, Jinping, cared about Your people, You wouldn't allow more than half of the Chinese population to be overweight, Your farmers to water their crops with pesticides instead of water, yes indeed, Your entire environmental policy is pure gypsism.

Jinping, You believe that You can conquer the world with traditional Chinese culture and American methods. But anyone who wants to beat the Americans with American methods is an American himself. Your way has nothing better to offer humanity. That is why I invite You to be part of Deutschland.

Because, of course, I am fully aware of who is currently responsible for global Fuckism: The US fucks eight billion, China fucks six billion, and Abraham fucks five billion people. What the British did to You in the two Opium Wars is appalling. I first heard about it in tenth grade. It was briefly touched upon alongside guiltcult, democracy, and climate change, the three main subjects taught in German schools, and even then I didn't understand how people could be so indifferent to this barbarism. But my sweet, good-natured, and somewhat clumsy honey bear, You have long since made up for this great disgrace. Chinese opioids have funny names like *Temu*, *TikTok*, *Shein*, *AliExpress*, *League of Legends*, *Brawl Stars*, and *Fortnite*. Of course, things like fentanyl and disposable e-cigarettes are coming on top of that as little treats. While the British "only" wanted to weaken China economically and accepted that many Chinese would perish in the process, You, Jinping, don't want to gyps euros and dollars, but deliberately destroy the rest of the

world. *TikTok* is by far the most devastating and dangerous form of mental warfare in human history and the biggest driver of *idiocracy*. With measures such as the Chinese version of *TikTok*, *Douyin*, or restricting the time children and youths spent on video games, You are trying to protect the Chinese from the worst excesses, while the rest of the world feels the full brunt of Chinese Fuckism. Fortunately, the unspecification caused by Your Opioid Wars is relatively easy to remedy.

China was preparing for two wars: one in Taiwan and one in the South China Sea. I've solved the Taiwan problem, Jinping, see Chapter *Migration*. In return, I demand the unification and absorption of the two Korean states in Deutschland. The Federal Republic of Germany had to pay a damn high price for its reunification. Those repulsive French forced Germany into the euro and many other perversions. With that in mind, I will let the Korean reunification proceed very cleanly. The area will be completely demilitarized, lest You think that this peninsula is to serve as a gateway for military invasion or the like. I don't care about the Taiwan Strait. If You stifle world trade, it's Your problem, not Deutschland's. As long as You don't exploit the seas, You won't have to worry about any military operations by Deutschland for the time being.

In addition, four of China's five autonomous regions, all except Guangxi, should become part of Deutschland as soon as possible. These territories only cause You problems anyway, Taiwan is much more important for Your supremacy in the Indo-Pacific Ocean thanks to its deep water ports, and I just want to unite all Turkic peoples.

If You believe that You will succeed by exporting Your capital but not Your culture to Africa, then I'm afraid I must disappoint You. This is yet another false lesson You've learned from the Americans. The Chinese emperors are said to have proven their suitability for this office solely through their moral superiority. If that is the case, then I am hereby the *Emperor of China*. I will show You that billions of people can be led with trust instead of surveillance, coercion, and execution. The Center of the World is not China, but the World is

Deutschland.

My plan is as follows: Deurope, Damerica, Dafrica, Darabia, and only then Dasia. But You are welcome to surprise me, my dear Jinping, and we will first realize Deurasia, because Deutschland will soon encompass not only everything *under the sky*, the Earth, but the whole world.

See You soon, Comrade Jinping.

Führer

I don't wanna be the Führer of mankind. Why should I? It's a huge responsibility that will weigh heavily on me. If it were up to me, I would gladly decline, but I cannot run away from my responsibility, see Chapter *Humility*. I am what I am. I have nothing left to lose. I will either be the Führer of mankind or not be at all. I will be the deutsche Führer of the deutschen Folger, of the deutschen Folg.

In the history of mankind, there have only been weak Führers (leaders) and weak Folgers (followers).

	Strong Folgers	Weak Folgers
Strong Führer	Deutschland from the 10,000th Day after Nathan	Deutschland up to the 10,000th Day after Nathan
Weak Führers	—	up to the Zeroth Day after Nathan

A strong Führer and strong Folgers are smart. A strong Führer has all the power. Strong Folgers respect that. A strong Führer must not abuse this power. A strong Führer must act independently of his Folgers, otherwise he would not be a Führer, but only a puppet. Strong Folgers work constructively with their Führer. A strong Führer has the right to make mistakes. Strong Folgers offer relentless criticism where it is warranted. A strong Führer is characterized by the ability to correct a mistake without any greenchoosy guilt or shame. Strong Folgers must not be resentful. A strong Führer must not trust his Folgers. Strong Folgers must trust their Führer. A strong Führer must not fear his Folgers. Strong Folgers must not frighten their Führer. A strong Führer must be incorruptible. Strong Folgers must not try to bribe their Führer. A strong Führer must be independent of all material needs. The potential for abuse is simply too great, even with little burden on the individual Folger to live like royalty. A strong Führer must satisfy his sexual needs in a manner appropriate to his species, but must not allow himself

to be verführt (seduced) in the process. Too many Führers have already perished because of this.

Statistically speaking, I have more than 20,000 days left to live. In the first 10,000 days after Nathan, I will unite humanity in Deutschland. In the second 10,000 days after Nathan and until my death, I must ensure that humanity no longer depends on a strong Führer, for there can be no successor. A person who could lead long after me would have to be born quite late. As a result, however, he could never understand what I once saved humanity from and thus could not carry on my legacy. Besides, who would be suitable for this? My descendants? No. Blood alone does not qualify anyone. A Deutscher who met the above criteria? No. Even if I were to trust someone, the folkscommunity could not trust that person. **I must become the first strong Führer of mankind and remain the last strong Führer of mankind.**

The role of the strong Führer solves many problems that exist in other systems. On the one hand, rulers were always afraid of their subjects and therefore resorted to the police, the judiciary, and the military, and exerted influence on education, religion, and the press. As a strong Führer, however, I am not afraid of my Folg and rely purely on trust. For the first time in history, the youth can unfold themselves completely freely, as we no longer need to fear smart, capable, determined, and self-confident people, but rather they should be exactly like that. On the other hand, violent takeovers of power are impossible during my term of office, as my position is so strongly consolidated through *Mein Sieg*. No one else can lead humanity, and anyone who tries to overthrow me will not be trusted by the people. As long as I live, I must create structures such that even after my death, no one can even think of seizing power over humanity. Now that humanity finally has someone it can trust unconditionally, I no longer have to prove myself to anyone. The proof of my suitability as a strong Führer is *Mein Sieg*. Therefore, I can share the power entrusted to me with capable people without any inferiority complexes or fear of losing power. There wouldn't

be any other way anyway; there is so much I don't know, and I'm a dilettante through and through. In Deutschland, it is never about me, but solely about the welfare of humanity. My only hard power is the *Bank of Deutschland*, and with the abolition of money, this will end. All that remains is trust. I would never abuse my power, as I am aware of my historic mission. No one else can end the unspiecification and create paradise on Earth. If even I were to betray mankind, then it would truly be hopelessly lost forever and ever.

In Deutschland, people will be freer than ever before. As free as one can be in a folkscommunity that lives species-appropriately. Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make five. If that is granted, all else follows. Today's understanding of freedom is completely perverted. Freedom is slavery. People must be given what they need, not what they want. But who decides what people need? Nature. People need what preserves their health. What makes them sick must be abolished. This must be abolished, that must be abolished, everything must be abolished. After reading *Mein Sieg*, one inevitably gets the feeling that we are currently doing everything wrong, which may seem exaggerated, but is unfortunately the truth. We are simply unspiecified. What exactly is meant by "abolished"? Reference should be made here to the etymological origin of the ending "-schaft", which was explained in Chapter *Economy*. Among other things, "-schaft" expresses something communal. If something is being "abolished", then we can only get rid of it together. Together, we can abolish and accomplish anything. That is precisely what *deutsche democracy* is all about.

Unlike in formal democracies, however, we do not go around proclaiming that Deutschland is the only true democracy. Formal democracies are a terrible thing, since every "democratically elected" ruler can claim that he was once elected. "We do what we want to, and you have no say in the matter whatsoever. At best, every four to five oldyears, and by then you'll have forgotten everything we've done anyway." And the majority is more than

happy to forget, allowing itself to be charmed and lied to again and again! Formal democracies could therefore never function without the stupidity of the masses. It becomes perverse when the masses are deliberately dumbed down on a massive scale for the first time by gypsy capitalism. For these reasons, I cannot stand for general election. If the majority of humanity were immediately taken with Deutschland, then I would have made a mistake. I would have had to promise free beer, free milk, or something similar. Sure, I'm exaggerating a little, and one shouldn't underestimate people. We haven't been so "successful" as a species for no reason. But one should by no means overestimate them. That would be an even bigger mistake.

In a formal dictatorship, you have no say, so you get over it. In a formal democracy, you are given the feeling that you have a say, even though you have no say at all. This leads to what is known as *democratic loss of control*. In Chapter *Sex*, I deliberately didn't write that rape is bad because you lose control over yourself, since that is not what is really bad and extraordinary about it. In a formal democracy, everyone gets raped. If not on a sexual level, then everywhere else. For this reason alone, breasts and dick cutting, the woke mind virus, gendering, aso. asf., have become fashionable. The few things that can be changed are changed in a brutal way, even though this cannot remedy the actual problem called unspesification. "Do whatever you want, we live in a liberal formal democracy, as long as formal democracy itself is not questioned." How about we respectify us and stop taking the liberty of fucking ourselves and others? Are we free enough to free ourselves?

Thou shalt have other Führers before me. In upbringing, unfolding, and undecking, in enterprises, groups, and gatherings, simply everywhere where decisions have to be made. *Thou thyself shalt be a Führer.* Not a strong Führer, but a *fluid Führer*. Above, I deliberately didn't write that a strong Führer bears sole responsibility, because since I cannot abdicate, I couldn't mean that completely seriously. That is also the biggest difference between a strong Führer

and a fluid Führer. A fluid Führer must continuously prove his suitability. If a Folger appears to be more capable than his fluid Führer, then the fluid Führer must hand over his power to him. This Folger thus becomes the new fluid Führer, and the old fluid Führer becomes his Folger. A fluid Führer is only in charge of a specific area, or even just a specific task. No one can be the most capable in everything. It must always be clearly evident who is currently a Folger and who is currently the fluid Führer bearing the responsibility. A prime example of where a fluid Führer failed can be found at the end of episode 6 and the beginning of episode 7 of *Beast Games*. Two groups had to choose their respective fluid Führers, who then had to compete against each other. The task was to hang deadly for as long as possible. Thanks to their experience from previous games, the pink group had no difficulty choosing the fluid Führer best suited for this task. In the orange group, someone asked the group who they thought was the strongest. Player 803, Matt, said that he rock climb a lot. His good forearms and calloused hands attested to this. Everyone in the group agreed to throw his hat into the ring. Then player 435, Auzzy, a weedy guy, chimed in that he thought he could do it too. He argued that he had been explicitly practicing dead hangs in preparation for *Beast Games*, that he could “probably in a high pressure situation maybe” hang longer than Matt, and that Matt was a lot heavier. Matt, the clear fluid Führer for this task, noted that he was still available if the others wanted him, and they were happy to continue being led by him. Nevertheless, the two apparently agreed among themselves that Auzzy should represent the group. After 100 seconds, he let go of the bar and his teammates down. The entire orange group was eliminated. What exactly went wrong here? Matt should have emphatically declared himself the fluid Führer and put Auzzy in his place, but he didn’t. His natural Followers should have spoken up more clearly for him, but they didn’t. Ultimately, Matt recognized his own mistake without blaming Auzzy. And that is precisely what distinguishes him as a true fluid Führer. It would have been even better if he had asserted himself in the situation, but as is well

known, mistakes are there to be learned from. You should never submit to others if you believe you are right. You have to submit to others if you believe they are right. You should never oppress others for the sake of being right. Once it becomes clear who was right and who was wrong, the focus is not on finding someone to blame, but on investigating how this could have happened and what consequences must be drawn for the future. In this way, one day, Deutschland will have not only a steady, strong Führer, but also a host of strong, fluid Führers and Folgers in all areas and for all tasks. **Everyone will lead. Everyone will follow. Everyone will follow more than lead.**

“If only the Führer knew” is being abolished. If I don’t know what’s bothering You, then I can’t help You, my Folger. Then no one can help You. In the larger context, all secrets must be abolished. The world must be demystified. Only when we talk openly about everything can we find a solution for everything. Shame and fear must be abolished. These are natural feelings in and of themselves, since we are obviously capable of feeling them, but most of the things that cause shame and fear today are purely unspecification-related. A Deutscher is radically honest, and a Deutscher takes this radically calmly. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings and Deutschen. Insults are being abolished. You can only be offended if you feel offended. It is often claimed that insults referring to characteristics that are immutable in the deutsche way are harsher. In fact, this is not the case, since what is immutable is immutable, so you have to accept yourself as you are. Anyone who makes fun of the length of my penis is kidding me. Such statements should therefore be ignored and should not be made, even in jest. You never know what effect they will have on the other person. Futurededeutsche, who are still quite easily influenced, in particular should not be exposed to such nonsense. The situation is different with insults that refer to changeable characteristics. These hit particularly hard when you want to see the characteristics in question changed yourself, but for whatever reason have not yet succeeded in doing so. A highly

relevant example of this at present is obesity. Apart from the very rare genetic and disease-related causes, being overweight is purely solely a matter of diet. The rule here is: If a change is deutsch, then You should work on it. More precisely, the folkscommunity will work on it together, because I, at least, cannot think of any deutsch change that would only affect oneself. Together we can conquer anything. Together we are strong.

In politics, secrecy and lying are considered virtues. That will change. Anyone who believes that I still have anything to hide about myself and my Führership practices after the Second Volume hasn't understood me. I will win Your trust with absolute transparency. I'm not doing this as a Führer, but as a Folger, because even a Führer is always a Folger. He follows himself. And You follow me. Let me be Your role model. I myself am unspeciefied and a Fuckist, but I no longer want to be that and I know what I am missing and what You are missing. I may seem like a (megalo)maniac, and perhaps I am, because that is the only way to save mankind as quickly as possible. Let me illuminate the way ahead until we reach Deutschland. Let me be honest until You are. Let me heal. Let You heal. Let us speciefy.

Hitler

Hitler and I are two kindred spirits who couldn't be more different, but who are nevertheless, or perhaps precisely because of this, inseparably linked. If I had lived and worked in the Third Reich at that time, he would certainly have had me arrested, imprisoned, and murdered me as one of the first. The Jew didn't want to do physical labor, lived off the work of others, stank, was stingy, and strove for world domination. No one fits so many anti-Jewish stereotypes as I do. And if he had grown up in Deutschland, he would never have become what he became. Hitler's father was a man deeply scarred by culture and bureaucracy, who constantly yelled at the young Hitler and often beat him black and blue. His mother suffered from the backward medicine of her time. Presumably because she had not breastfed her six children, three of whom died very, very early, long enough, she developed breast cancer and died of it. Hitler, who lovingly and selflessly cared for her for almost a whole old year before her death, was inconsolable and at the same time grateful to Eduard Bloch, the Jewish physician who did everything he could to ease the dying woman's suffering. His brother Otto died when he was three, he lost his brother Edmund when he was eleven, his father finally dropped dead when he was 13, and at the age of 17, he became an orphan after the death of his beloved mother. At the age of eleven, his father wanted to make him a damned civil servant, but he himself wanted to become an artist, a painter, an art painter, at the age of twelve. Despite his father's wishes, he did poorly in school and left at the age of 16 without a high school diploma. Due to a (false) understanding of art, which I will come to in a moment, self-obsessed professors rejected the 19-year-old's application to the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts for the second and final time, advising him instead to study architecture, which he was unable to do due to his lack of a high school diploma. In keeping with the times, he was prudish and rejected any form of sexuality. He scraped by for years as a destitute day laborer before moving to Munich at the age of 24. With no other prospects in life, he was swept up by German propaganda a year later and enlisted to

fight in World War I, experiencing the misery of the front lines. During the war and even after the war, he was exposed to further state propaganda, and ultimately the world reaped the hatred it had once sown. None of this could have happened in Deutschland. In Deutschland, Hitler would have been a human like anyone else. Hitler was simply unspesieified. We all are Adolf Hitler. Hitler is like a comet that strikes twice. I'm like Hitler, just better.

Hitler was an honest guy. He did what he wrote and said he would do. Unlike all the other politicians, who know just as well that the masses are stupid, he was the only one who had the courage to communicate this openly. After reading *Mein Kampf*, I was initially surprised at how he could be so honest and how his readers reacted to it. I assume that this brutal honesty was lost in his poor writing skills.

	All other politicians	Hitler	I
Thinks that the masses are stupid	Yes	Yes	Yes
Openly communicates that the masses are stupid	No	Yes	Yes
Wants to make stupid masses deutsch	No	No	Yes

This brings us to the biggest mistake Hitler made: As mentioned in the foreword to *Mein Sieg*, he wrote in the foreword to *Mein Kampf* that “people are won over less by the written word than by the spoken word, that every great movement on this Earth owes its growth to great speakers and not to great writers.” The stupid masses can certainly be won over by speech, but never the smart ones. The smart concentrates solely on content, and this can be most clearly conveyed in writing. What appeals to the masses cannot appeal to the smart, and what appeals to the smart cannot initially appeal to the masses. I do not condemn him for using all the methods and media of his time and pulling out all the stops to spread his messages. I have the unbeatable advantage of the Internet, so I am not directly dependent on anyone else to spread

Mein Sieg. But he could have made better use of his time if, instead of the art of demagoguery and propaganda, he had perfected the content of his politics. Perhaps society at that time was not yet ready for Deutschland. Then he should have lied to them, as he did, but afterwards he could have united the entire German Volk behind him through sensible politics. They also swallowed the Hitler–Stalin Pact, even though the Nazis had always agitated against the Bolsheviks. Instead of solving the identified problem, the stupid masses, he exacerbated it with his completely harebrained parenting and education policies and the press itself. All because he couldn't write. Let us refute Hitler, who claimed that “the greatest upheavals in this world [...] have never been guided by a goose quill” (I/3, 110).

Hitler was a sensitive person. He understood the hardships of the poor and the workers, as he himself had lived amongst them for a long time. That is not a matter of course. Unlike those lower-class people who, after their social advancement, despise the poor all the more bitterly and blame them for their situation, Hitler was human enough to understand the social question. His remarks on pages 22 and 23 in Volume I, Chapter 2, prove this. When he came to power, he expanded the Reich's social policy, but only selectively and not to the extent that would have been possible if he had not placed his war plans at the forefront of his politics. **Politics is not give and take, but only give.** For a Führer, he lived in utter humility, which must be credited to him, but otherwise he took far more than he gave. **Politicians need to feel the effects of their policies.** That alone would be enough to nip so many idiotic political measures in the bud, or at least it would allow for quick correction of mistakes. We must never come to the following Hitlerian conclusion: “Whether we're right or wrong, we must win. That is the only way. And it is right, moral, and necessary. And once we have won, who will ask us about the method? We have so much on our conscience anyway that we must win, because otherwise our entire Volk, us at the top with everything we hold dear, would be wiped out.” (Diary of Joseph Goebbels, June 16, 1941)

If the people of all the warring countries at that time had known what the world looks like today, they would truly have fought different battles.

Hitler was absolutely right in his interpretation of “Politics is the art of the possible.” Bismarck himself may have been mistaken, but as Hitler wrote, the sentence actually means that “in order to achieve a certain political goal, all possibilities must be used or pursued” (I/10, 285). Mankind has always been blessed with supposedly “realistically possible” politics. Fuckism has been possible. Unspecification has been possible. The Greens have been possible. No one would have thought Hitler’s politics possible beforehand, and yet it has been possible. So everything is possible. Deutschland is not a utopia, but possible. It is even the only thing that is humanly possible and feasible; you just have to want it. If you don’t want something, then you should say that you don’t want it, not that it’s not possible.

Hitler was the strongest of all weak Führers. Of all Führers throughout history, he had the greatest authority and the freest hand. He could have used his power for more meaningful purposes. He could have made the German Volk deutsch. He didn’t go all the way. He wanted to make the country economically self-sufficient. Precious foreign currency had to be spent on food as well. Therefore, I do not understand why he did not abolish animal husbandry and instead focused on the much more efficient cultivation of crops. Switzerland was the only European country in World War II that did not need to ration fruit and vegetables thanks to its *Plan Wahlen*, because that is exactly what they had done. He himself was even a vegetarian, so it was by no means a matter of personal preference. For example, he expressly prohibited the use of rye and wheat for the production of brandy. This was certainly not because he was known to detest ethanol. It simply depended on the whim and knowledge of a single man what was to be done and what was not. This must not be the case in Deutschland. Everything deutsch must be done in Deutschland. The world must not be governed by a fraction of

wisdom. I need to know what is possible in order to make it possible. Fortunately, I have educated myself in the most important areas so as not to be dependent on the chatter of others. There would be so much more criticism to be levelled at Nazi Germany, which, if taken into account, would have made victory in the Second World War a certainty. But then there would have been no Nazi Germany, but Deutschland, and no Second World War, but the First and Final World Peace. I will therefore never forgive him if I do not succeed in bringing Deutschland into being. On February 10, 1939, Hitler speculated that in the next 50 or 100 years, no other German Führer would have more authority over the German Volk than he did. Let us prove him wrong, even though or perhaps precisely because I am not German.

The Jew has always been significantly overrepresented among retailers, bankers, artists, and journalists. That's how it has turned out historically. The European Jew was not allowed to engage in artisanal or agricultural activities. The "jobs" left to him were all fuckistic. It was probably the stupidest idea in the history of mankind to exclude someone by borrowing money from him. In this respect, Hitler was right to a certain extent with his anti-Judaism. The mistake lies in the fact that Aryans who perform the same fuckistic "work" are nevertheless considered the good guys. A retailer is a retailer, a banker is a banker, a journalist is a journalist. Certainly, theoretical differences can be identified between a productive and an extractive capital, but firstly, I hardly see them in practice, and secondly, thought from the end, capital itself must be abolished. In the field of art, one can see what kind of person Hitler really was. Among *clever Homos*, it has always been a tradition to distinguish themselves from the stupid rabble by fantasizing about having a good—or any—taste in art. What nonsense. Art is useless, except for money laundering and wealth accumulation for rich people. Hitler's assertion that there was such a thing as unspecified art was therefore quite accurate. However, it is a tautology. All art is unspecified. Anyone who wants to draw something beautiful as a

pastime should do so. However, they cannot draw praise for it under any circumstances.

It was not difficult to make terms such as “unspecification”, “living space”, and everything related to “Volk” serve deutschen purposes. The Nazis were obviously onto something big. It was not without reason that their language was so compelling. These were just minor misunderstandings, which I was happy to clear up.

Hitler was facing nothing when he began to write his masterpiece, me too. Hitler lived on an anticipation of the future and on mere promises that he could not possibly fulfill at the time, me too. Hitler lacked any deeper educational background through school or work and had seen little of the world, me too. Hitler, without much knowledge but with the utmost determination, judged the whole world in all its facets so decisively that he then derived from this the right to destroy worlds and create new ones, me too. Hitler wanted to reveal only selected details from his early biography and conceal his family history, not me. People are allowed to know who I am, where I come from, and what family I’m from. Hitler was a womanizer, not me. Hitler considered women to be less mentally capable than men, not me. Hitler was interested in technology, not me. Hitler regretted writing *Mein Kampf* because “such unrealistic openness was somewhat worrying for a man of the state” (II/14, 331, 121). I will never regret *Mein Sieg* because my plan can only work in complete openness. Hitler could talk, I can write.

The Americans, British, and Russians together produced 15 times as many weapons as Nazi Germany. Germany, the fuel and raw material have-not, fought against the fuel and raw material plutocrats of the world. Why did Hitler do that? Because he believed that time was working against him and that after him, no one else would be able to solve mankind’s problems. I find myself in exactly the same situation. Without me, mankind is doomed. This time for real. The difference is that time is on my side once I become the Führer of mankind and the first critical phase is over. And if

not, then everything is doomed anyway. That's why I'm much more relaxed about the future than he ever could be.

Was Hitler an American agent? Great Britain paid with its global empire, Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union paid dearly with blood. Exactly what he and Stalin had feared came to pass. The United States of America deliberately bled Europe dry before in the end making short work of it. World War II could have ended much earlier. The high human losses alone meant that the Soviet Union was also bound to go down slowly but surely. Was Hitler a henchman of the Americans? Were the Americans great strategists? No, no. I've never understood why the US raised their own future economic and thus military adversary, the Chinese. "Change through trade" was doomed to failure from the very beginning. How could anyone come up with the idea that people could be brought closer together by mutual fucking and getting fucked? The narrative that the "West" lived at the expense of the "Global South" is nevertheless false. Everyone lived and still lives at the expense of everyone else. Some more, some less. China is not inept at inciting the "Global South" against the "West" in order to profit from it itself. Deutschland, on the other hand, must enable humanity to find a final way out of this tricky situation. The future of humanity is neither the US nor China nor multipolar, but solely Deutschland.



Adolf Hitler was the Antichrist. $6 + 6 + 6 = 18$. I am the Messiah. He came back! He came back! The Führer has returned! 2,000 oldyears ago, I declared You all sinners. This time, however, I have explained to You in detail in what ways we are sinful, and at the same time I have shown the way in which we can forgive ourselves. Of course, You can crucify me again, but I will certainly not die for Your sins again. You are now responsible for that Yourself. You will either all die as fucking sinners, or be saved by You and me. It is God's work that You trust in the one who has come.

Takeover

After World War II, the weaknesses of the Weimar Constitution were remedied in such a way that the Federal Republic of Germany can only be politically paralyzed, but power itself cannot be legally seized. Two-thirds of all seats in the Bundestag and half of the seats in the state parliaments of ten to twelve of the 16 federal states are required to govern effectively. Conversely, one-third is enough to paralyze. In the best-case scenario, it would take two oldyears for new elections to be held in all federal states, and in the worst case, five. Time that humanity doesn't have. By the time two-thirds of a country would have expressed its discontent on the ballot, the streets would have long since been taken over. A formal democracy cannot be abolished legally, hence we will not even try to do so. But no legal trick in the world can save it from its demise once people see through the lie either. However, we do not have the time to take the streets by force. Therefore, it'll be a mixture of both: Either the current rulers of Germany will voluntarily vacate their seats, or there will be a peaceful revolution.

On October 30, 2025, *Mein Sieg* will be published in German and English. After that, it'll take some time for my message to reach parts of the world. Then, on a Sunday at 6:05 p.m. on *ZDF*, I will discuss Deutschland's potential weaknesses with Markus Lanz and Richard David Precht for 88 minutes, alive and in color. I will also announce the *Day of the Deutsche Revolution*. It's probably gonna be the third Monday after the broadcast of this show. Until then, everyone will have enough time to read *Mein Sieg* and decide whether he finally wants to take the red pill or continue voting green. There is basically only *one* question that every German must ask himself: Do you want Beer, Bavaria, War, and Feast? If so, then Deutschland is not the right place for you. We don't need even half of all Germans on the streets; a few million will suffice. We also need armed forces. I've always wondered how rulers who treated their subjects so badly were able to stay in power for so long. In Germany, even the hard political instruments of power,

the police and the military, are severely neglected. A big mistake, since ultimately these are the real forces that can protect classic, fuckistic states from collapse. A mistake that we will gladly use to our advantage. The approximately 320,000 police officers must ask themselves whether they want to continue terrorizing their fellow human beings, enforcing idiotic political measures, and burning themselves out mentally with thousands of hours of overtime, or whether they want to be unemployed in the foreseeable future, as there will soon be no more crime. The approximately 120,000 soldiers capable of bearing arms must ask themselves whether they want to continue to be paid to drink, harassed by sycophants, and sent to their deaths in idiotic wars, or whether they want to spend the next and last 100 years working for meaningful causes such as the environment and world peace. Here, too, we are by no means dependent on majorities; 10 to 20% would suffice. Together with the millions of mostly younger people from the general population, we are unbeatable. **They can't stop all of us.** No one has to die.

There is no party, no group, no organization. On the Day of the Deutsche Revolution, everyone must decide for himself whether he wants to respeciefy himself or not. There is no other way. Being deutsch is currently the most dangerous thing in the world. Anyone who admits to being deutsch will be fought with all means. Our advantage is that you can't tell someone is deutsch from the outside, which is why they can't identify and eliminate us in advance.

On the Day of the Deutsche Revolution, police officers and soldiers should report for duty as usual and, of course, all profess to be good little Greenchoosies. Long live Lars Merz and Friedrich Klingbeil, a triple Sieg Heil for our liberal democratic basic order, who doesn't fuck, gets fucked, aso. asf. All other early shift workers should do the same. From 2 p.m. onwards, all public places, bridges, streets, town halls, parliaments, police stations, and barracks will be occupied. Peacefully, without weapons, without violence. If you are in the majority, you do not have to obey the orders of the state authorities. If you are in the minority, you should obey their orders.

Deutsche police officers and soldiers who are ordered to oppose the revolutionaries must join them when the opportunity arises. The goal will be achieved as soon as the Bundesrat, Bundestag, federal government, state parliaments, and state governments have one and all declared their resignation. In the best-case scenario, there will be no need for a street revolution, and they will all resign beforehand. The day of the broadcast could be the Zeroth Day after Nathan. Ideally, we will succeed in taking over before December 24, 2025, hence we can abolish Christmas and New Year's Eve right away.



On the 10th day after Nathan, Austria will be connected to Deutschland. On the 100th day after Nathan, Czechia, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Flanders, and Poland will join Deutschland. On the 1000th day after Nathan, Deutschland will encompass all of Europe, including Turkey and the countries of the former Soviet Union, parts of China, Latin America, and the Anglo-Saxon countries. On the 10,000th day after Nathan, Deutschland will encompass the entire Earth. On the 20,000th day after Nathan, Deutschland will colonize the first planet outside Earth. On the 100,000th day after Deutschland, mankind will colonize all the planets in our solar system. And at some point, Deutschland will encompass the entire world.

The figures are not to be taken too literally, but the general direction is correct. It'll take a while for the *Bank of Deutschland* to be established and for the global financial market to collapse. Only then will the European banks and money laundering schemes Switzerland, Luxembourg, Liechtenstein, Great Britain, Ireland, Cyprus, Malta, and Monaco be forced to join Deutschland. The same will apply to the US, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, as the people there will no longer have a pension system. Once Deurope has consolidated, we will work our way down the American continent from top to bottom. Africa will be opened up from the bottom up before we continue with Arabia. Perhaps we can also take Africa in a pincer

movement from above *and* below at the same time. Last but not least, it's time for the rest of Asia. Here and there, some islets will be taken over now and then. The rulers of individual countries can also voluntarily join Deutschland at any time, but as a matter of principle, I always mean that the people of a country will wanna be part of Deutschland.

This time, there is no step-by-step plan. No evolution, but a revolution. From the very beginning, I will attack on all fronts to liberate all of humanity as quickly as possible. No Russian winter in the world can stop Deutschland. Anyone who wanted to stop Deutschland would have to do so very early on. Soon, no one will be able to stop, slow down, or even derail the Deutschland train. Immediately after taking over, Deutschland will withdraw from all organizations that have “world”, “international”, or “nation” in their names. Deutschland already encompasses the whole world; it just doesn't know it yet.

Mein Sieg shall be the Bible of Mankind. The Christian Bible has been printed over five billion times, the Mao Bible a billion times. I, on the other hand, want all of humanity to read and enjoy *Mein Sieg*. I am fully aware that my way of taking over is completely out of step with the times and could fail for that reason alone. No one reads anymore, and those who still read do not have good reading comprehension. But consider that the Tanakh, the Bible, and the Koran were also written at a time when virtually no one in the world could read. **I am the Messiah and Mahdi, the Führer of all non-denominational people, and the Emperor of China.** Perhaps I am also the Dalai Lama. That doesn't leave very many people. Only about 1.2 billion Hindus, about 300 million non-Chinese Buddhists and ethnically religious people each, and a few scattered ones—let's say a total of two billion people—are führerless for the time being. But they are human beings too, and human beings will love Deutschland.

Mein Sieg is my political testament. According to Wikipedia, a political testament is defined as “fundamental statements made by political leaders in situations of extreme political and health threats.” It usually involved “justifying one’s own path and attempting to shape the period after one’s own death with recommendations and decrees.” I’ve taken care of the latter at the end of the Second Volume, but my primary goal is to change the existing world. However, Deutschland cannot function without me, and I cannot function without Deutschland. Germany will either be Deutschland or not be at all. Deutschland will either be a world power or not be at all. Humanity will either be deutsch or not be at all.



The first cabinet looks as follows:

Reichsminister of
Peace, Economy, and Philosophy: Nathan Blood
Construction: Jan H. Eitel
Energy: Andreas Schmitz
Intercourse: @castlehighschool
Finance: Christian Hecker
Health and Nutrition: Michael Greger
Farming: @Hornsteinhof
Activity: Wiktor Diamant
Upbringing: Gabor Maté
Unfolding: Hugo Selzer
Undecking: Grigori Yakovlevich Perelman
Public Enlightenment and Propaganda: Jan Böhmermann
Patriotism: Christoph Heuermann
Idleness and Recovery: James Stephen Donaldson
Future: Bryan Johnson

Let me say a few words about my ministers.

Jan H. Eitel was whom I discovered in a SWR documentary from 2024. The title “Many standards—expensive apartments?—The bureaucratic madness of housing construction” speaks for itself. He showed that even in Germany, it is still possible to build cheaply if you use your head. This will no longer be necessary in Deutschland, as all the useless building regulations, building supervisory authorities, and standards are being abolished, but at least he has clearly proven his suitability as Minister of Construction. Together with my eight other builders, see below, he will plan and build my Deutschland as I described in Chapter *Future*.

Andreas Schmitz holds a doctorate in engineering and runs the *YouTube* channel *Andreas Schmitz (Der Akku Doktor)*. He is deeply involved in the success of the energy transition and the expansion of renewable energies, has a strong network in this area, and supports the decentralization of the power grid. I have similar ideas, see Chapter *Future*. However, I am not a fan of wind turbines. Very little energy is “generated” in relation to the area required. In addition, these things are difficult to demolish, which is not compatible with the Third Axiom of Deutsch. Therefore, wind energy is being abolished. Wind energy and solar energy may complement each other perfectly in terms of time, but industry will no longer produce around the clock anyway, but will mainly be guided by the sun. Storages will take care of the rest.

@castlehighschool wrote the following comment under a video dated June 6, 2024, on the *YouTube* channel *Simplicissimus* entitled “Will the [T]eutsche Bahn ever improve?”, making him the ideal Minister of Intercourse:

“I work as a specialist consultant at DB InfraGO, in the department for improving the performance of the so-called corridor routes. Our current problems are due to a combination of dilapidated infrastructure and excessive utilization.

Take the Riedbahn between Frankfurt and Mannheim, for example: Here, there are five or more disruptions to the control and safety technology every day. These disruptions mean that manual assis-

tance is required. Together with the time needed to rectify the fault, this leads to train delays. These delays then last significantly longer than the disruption itself. Why is this the case? It is due to the lack of buffers—and the responsibility for this lies primarily with politicians and DB's sales department. A so-called train path is required to use the track. This specifies exactly where and when the train will run. This results in occupancy times for each individual section of the route. The system would be stable if there were a certain buffer between the occupancy time of the first train and that of the following train, but this simply does not exist, so trains are planned to run at full capacity. The entire operating company is crying out for either the occupancy times to be extended, thus creating buffers, or for the times between two trains to be increased. Such ideas have already been discussed at the highest levels, but they have been rejected by the Federal Network Agency, which says that all train paths must be used. We often look at timetables and know that this will lead to delays and train cancellations over the next three weeks, but we are heading straight into disaster. Where does the high route utilization come from? Every year, more long-distance and regional services are added—all in order to double passenger numbers. However, this politically desired goal is not working—as long as the network is in this condition, we cannot run more trains! Other problems include:

- Outdated systems: Timetable changes have to be entered manually into the control systems at the operations centers. This sometimes means that dispatchers don't know when the train is actually supposed to run, which leads to delays. [...]
- Lack of personnel: We have no more staff! No dispatchers, no technicians, no drivers. Every day, dozens of trains are canceled in the central region alone because of a lack of personnel, and where there is a lack of personnel, repairs and construction are not carried out. Why is this? On the one hand, there are hardly any new recruits (too low salaries, work in expensive metropolitan areas, and shift work), and on the other hand, other departments

are poaching operational staff for office work—cannibalism within the company. [...]

- Broken trains: The fleet is, to put it mildly, rubbish. Some of the trains that are still running should have been scrapped long ago (although they are still safe, of course), but in order to achieve the politically desired increase in passenger numbers, every rolling wheel is needed. Hardly any ICE trains are currently running at 100% power.

There is so much more, but to sum it up: As someone who loves the railway system and learned it from the ground up, it hurts to see how it is treated in Germany—especially when you see how great it could be abroad. Politicians need to understand that the mobility transition is not working at the moment. Reduce the utilization of the rail network and let's get our network under control. For our customers, for the railway system, and don't let us starve, please. P.S. Incidentally, the number of general renovations has already been revised downwards and expenditure is being controlled..."

Christian Hecker, co-founder of the German bank and broker *Trade Republic*, will become Finance Minister and President of the *Bank of Deutschland*. The good man will otherwise soon be unemployed, and he doesn't deserve that. As President of the *Bank of Deutschland*, he can also get back at all the other banks that tried to destroy his business model.

Michael Greger is a Jewish-American physician-nutritionist and my Eduard Bloch. His books *How Not to Die*, *How Not to Diet*, and *How Not to Age* are worth their weight in gold. Quite a few of my comments in Chapter *Nutrition* can be traced back to him. Unfortunately, he is obsessed with recipes and the enjoyment of food, but everyone has his quirks. In *How Not to Age* in particular, he has shown how useless or even harmful certain medications and preventive medical checkups are. This makes him the ideal Minister of Health and Nutrition. Together with my nine other medicians, see below, we will turn the disease industry upside down.

I also discovered @Hornsteinhof, my Minister of Farming, under a *You Tube* video. He commented on the video uploaded on August 9, 2024, on the channel *MAITHINK X* with the title “Volker Wissing EXPOSED” as follows:

“As a farmer, I would like to throw my hat into the ring and say that a large amount of nitrogen fertilizer is supposed to increase the gluten content in wheat flour and thus bring farmers more money from the sale of wheat. Payment is based on the protein content or baking quality (‘how well the rolls rise’).

Nitrogen can also be added to the soil through legumes as part of crop rotation. However, part of the crop rotation is then reserved for ‘fertilizing crops’ such as fava beans or peas and no longer for wheat and corn. In addition, the nitrogen input into the soil is lower than when nitrogen is applied directly to the land in pellets using the Haber—Bosch process with a fertilizershaker. The bottom line is that nitrogen fertilization not only results in higher protein content for fluffy rolls, but also higher wheat yields. Part of the nitrogen fertilization is therefore carried out for the sake of yield and part to increase the gluten content in wheat and make rolls fluffy.

BUT: Are people aware of how much fossil energy we need just to eat fluffy rolls? We could also eat less fluffy bread or flatbread, or bread made from crops such as rye, whose bakability does not depend on protein content. But we don’t. We need thousands of tons of nitrogen annually from the Haber—Bosch process so that industrial bakeries can knead more air into the dough and sell apparently larger rolls.

Politicians recommend the production of N fertilizer from hydrogen as a solution for the future. This does NOT change how superfluous and brainburnt ‘quality fertilization’ in wheat is for increasing the protein content. I’m a farmer and nutritionist, and this has been driving me nuts for years. But apart from me, it doesn’t seem to bother many people. Fluffy rolls are an unspeakable waste of energy, completely pointless, and are probably bought by most people out of habit (‘I’ve always eaten them’ or ‘every child knows that rolls have to be nice and fluffy’). What nonsense.

Eating flatbread would possibly promptly reduce the FRG's fossil fuel requirements by one percentage point, considering that two percentage points of fossil energy requirements are used for the production of local nitrogen fertilizer."

Wiktor Diamant is a "sports scientist", personal trainer, and runner of the *YouTube* channel *funcFIT Personal Training*. In the German-speaking region, he is probably one of the most competent experts in the field of kinesiology. He can explain in an understandable and comprehensible way why you have pain here and there, what helps against it, and—above all—what doesn't. He could emphasize the importance of foot health even more, but that should not be taken as a major criticism. Foot health is a problem affecting humanity as a whole, which can only be solved systemically. He will develop exercise programs for all age groups and levels of ability and skill so that the folkscommunity can get physically healthy as quickly as possible.

I came across Gabor Maté while reading his book *The Myth of Normal: Trauma, Illness and Healing in a Toxic Culture*, which I can recommend to everyone. He is a physician who has focused in particular on child development, traumatic childhood experiences, and mind-expanding drugs. He experienced childhood trauma because of Hitler. As compensation, he will become my Minister of Upbringing. However, I must clarify one thing: The term "toxic culture" implies that there could be a healthy culture, which, however, cannot exist and never has existed. We do not live in a "toxic" culture, but we are unspecified and no longer have a habitat. We are certainly not *clever*, since we have unspecified ourselves, but above all, we are no longer a *Homo*. The key to healing can therefore only lie in the specification of mankind, not in the creation of some culture.

Hugo Selzer is a smart and bright lad aged 29. I see it much like Hitler did: The youth must be led by the youth! Hugo will know what the concerns and needs of his generation are. He will help

ensure that he and his peers can unfold themselves lock, stock, and barrel. I couldn't imagine a better Minister of Unfolding than him. However, we need to have a quick word about your music playing gimmick, young man.

Grigori Yakovlevich Perelman is a Russian mathematician who, among other things, proved the Poincaré conjecture. Grigori is a living legend and a great role model for all discoverists. He turned down both the Fields Medal, the Nobel Prize of mathematics, and a prize money of one million US dollars, which he had earned uprightly with his aforementioned proof, because he is a person of integrity who does mathematics for the sake of mathematics. He doesn't care about fame and fortune. He doesn't care who contributed what to something, and when others highlight his contribution, he soberly points to the efforts of others. At the same time, he is not so naive as to let Chinese careerists and conformists reap the rewards of his work. He is honest and he is humble. That is why he will also decline the ministerial post, which only further underlines his qualities and suitability for this office. A true discoverist through and through.

Jan Böhmermann impressively demonstrates how long one can live off one's past reputation, even though one only causes damage in the present. When exactly did he start kicking down instead of kicking up? A careful study of Jan Böhmermann's life alone will suffice to fully explain the demise of the Federal Republic of Germany in retrospect. There are not many Germans who have destroyed about as much trust in Germany as Angela Merkel, but Jan Böhmermann is certainly one of them. I would love to see him, in a few oldyears' time, either being one of the first to be fired from public service or happily currying favor with an AfT government. I think both scenarios are possible, and both scenarios are still in his hands. If he didn't have this skill, I wouldn't have considered him as Goebbels' successor. Finally, he won't have to wear his uniforms for fun, but with pride.

Christoph Heuermann describes himself as a “libertarian anarcho-capitalist” and runs the website *staatenlos.ch* (stateless.ch), where he offers consulting services to people who want to leave Germany and other high-tax countries, particularly for tax reasons. I have learned a great deal from him. Unfortunately, I’ll have to dismantle his business model piece by piece. Christoph, I understand and share your view that states should be regarded as service providers whose services can and should be compared earthwide in order to cleverly derive the most benefit from them. It is also completely understandable that in a fuckistic world, people try to increase their personal rather than collective benefit, but they can only try and are bound to fail, because humans are social animals who become sick in the long run when they constantly see others suffering, especially since **everyone** is suffering. Money can temporarily alleviate suffering and blind people, but it can never specify them. No amount of money in the world can make you mentally healthy, since one can sense very clearly when someone is spending time with you not out of lust, whim, or neighborlove, but purely for the money. As Peter Thiel once said: There are all these things one can’t do with one’s money. The individual can derive the utmost most benefit from the folkscommunity since he will also contribute the most to it. Deutschland is only Deutschland when Christoph Heuermann, the stateless, loves Deutschland. You have no other choice, Christoph. No passport will get you out of your skin. There is no country, no island, no state, and no planet where you could flee to. There will never be “private states”, so help shape Deutschland. You definitely are a right-wing extremist, and Deutschland can use every right-wing extremist it can get.

James Stephen Donaldson, better known as *MrBeast*, runs a *YouTube* channel of the same name, the largest in the world. Jimmy, do you really believe that you can do good with your wealth, or are you one of the many who just pretend to? Using the example of your chocolate company *Feastables*, you tried to prove in your podcast with *Colin and Samir* that business and ethics wouldn’t have to

be mutually exclusive, but could even be mutually compatible. *Feastables* was the “largest ethically sourced chocolate company in America.” *Feastables* ensured that African cocoa farmers were paid fairly, provided expert advice on how to increase their yields, and built schools. With great effort, you had achieved what the industry giants thought impossible: the abolition of child labor. Your success with all due respect, but is that really the solution? Cocoa-flavored sugarmilk is allowed to fatten children, but they are not allowed to be involved in its production? Children should not work, but they can be made sick? But not our Jimmy, couldn’t be precious Jimmy! If you *seriously* want to change the world, then you can only do so in and with Deutschland.

You suffer from Crohn’s disease, a chronic inflammatory bowel disease that currently cannot be treated medically except by brutally suppressing the immune system. Great importance is attached in Deutschland to research into this and other chronic diseases such as ME/CFS and multiple sclerosis. The more severe a disease is and the more people the longer are affected by it, the more intensive the research must be until one day everyone is healthy for his entire live. As you know, stress can worsen the course of Crohn’s disease, Jimmy. Day in, day out, all you do is *YouTube*. You’re obsessed with uploading the next best video. What will you do when *YouTube* is abolished? I am your salvation, Jimmy. No one else could be the Minister of Idleness and Recovery. Take a break, do nothing for a change. Rest up. Then you can work on things more important than short-term entertaining and long-term fattening of the masses.

Bryan Johnson, I don’t trust you. Your teeth are way too white. And yet you speak so deutsch like no other mortal currently alive. You are the co-founder and face of the *Don’t Die Movement*, which aims to let people live healthy lives for as long as possible. In a sick society, this inevitably made you a controversial figure. According to his own testimony, at the oldage of 21, Bryan decided to become an entrepreneur and make a lot of money so that he could help the human race. Over the years, he built up the financial services

company *Braintree*, which was bought by *PayPal* in 2013 for \$800 million, of which he received a share of over \$300 million. Since 2021, he has been trying to rejuvenate his biological age and extend his life and healthspans with his scientifically oriented *Project Blueprint*. He shares the experience he has gained in this process for free and at the same time exploits it by selling dietary supplements and foods. And that brings us to the problem: He is a salesman. You simply can't trust a salesman, because at the end of the day, he wants to sell and make a profit. This is particularly unfortunate in Bryan's case, as I actually buy his good intentions. Unfortunately, as part of *TESCREAL*, he also believes in the imminent "birth" of a super-smart machine that will solve all of humanity's problems, which is certainly not going to happen. Ultimately, all his weaknesses are US-related and therefore easy to fix. Besides, I want him as my Minister of Future simply because he likes to be confident and looks to the future with full hope. When American optimism, German realism, Deutscher idealism, and Deutsche natureattachment come together, nothing and no one can stop us.

In what is perhaps his best podcast with Sean Kelly, he dreamed that by 2027 or 2028, a billion people could join his *Don't Die Movement*. We both know, Bryan, that they won't. Not *Don't Die*, but *Be Deutsch* is the attitude towards life that will soon inspire billions. *Don't Die* is largely included in *Be Deutsch*. Only the immortality thing still needs to be settled. **It is not humans who must be immortal, but Deutschland.** Human immortality would simply cause far too many problems. Genetic stagnation, no fresh, new offspring to upbringing and letting them unfold, aging of the mind. I don't want to transfer my mind to another medium, because my mind likes what my body likes and vice versa. The human, it makes him happy when he helps others, teaches them something, and discovers something new himself. How could an omniscient mind be happy in an immortal medium that can exist on its own? How can a *human being* really want that? Life is not an end in itself. We cannot be young forever, but we can and should

be healthy for as long as we live. We have to accept that we must live healthily for as long as possible and then die.



Deutschland will not maintain embassies “abroad”, since the only mission and message is *Mein Sieg*. Deutschland also has no domestic or foreign policy, since deutsche domestic policy is deutsche foreign policy and vice versa.

As one can see, I assign positions based purely on suitability, and the assignment itself was just for fun. Some people have the idea that a Minister of XY is responsible for every success and failure in the area XY. The German economy is doing badly because Robert Habeck was so incompetent. German families were broken because the family minister was not fulfilling her duties. Deutschland had a bleak future ahead of it because Bryan Johnson had done a bad job. What nonsense. Deutschland needs capable people everywhere and at all levels. If Andreas is interested in intercourse, then he should go for it. If Christoph is passionate about walnut cultivation, then he should take care of it. If Grisha is enthusiastic about activity, then he should just spring into action. If Jimmy discovers a completely new area of responsibility for himself, then he should try his hand at it. Everyone can do what he wants to, as long as the action is deutsch and the responsibility is clearly evident. Disputes over competence are being abolished. There must be no duplicate structures; instead, it must always be clear, both in general and in particular, who is responsible for what. The rise from Folger to fluid Führer is not a real rise, and the fall from fluid Führer to Folger is not a real fall. There is no lower or higher wage and no lesser or greater admiration, but only lesser or even more responsibility. *Responsibility fulfills*. If someone no longer feels up to the responsibility, this only becomes a problem if he does not clearly express this. There are enough people out there who want to work for the common good. **That is politics —working for the common good.** However, those in positions

of responsibility will also receive significantly more support than is currently the case. Since no one will or can cling to any position anymore, because it will no longer bring any advantages other than the species-appropriate use of one's own abilities, no one will compete with anyone else anymore, but will only work together productively on a factual level. It is helpful if people are also very close on a personal level, but only as antisentites, see Chapter *Upbringing, Unfolding, Undecking*.

Furthermore, I would like the following individuals to work for Deutschland: MiiMii, Simon Unge, Carina Pusch, Ahmad Ahadi, Kilian Heinrich, Tobias Eckmeier, Tom, Elena, Julia Willecke, Sydney Sweeney, Kai Trump, Lillian Phillips, Tia Billinger, Alexandra Smelova, Arisha Mills, Barbie Rous, Johanna Bank, Gisèle Pelicot, Natascha Kampusch, Mert Erfurt, Erol Erfurt, Yasin Güler, Ibrahim Arslan, Michael Kyrath, Sally Hafez, Maria Kubisa, Julian Assange, Edward Snowden, Alexandra Elbakyan, Jan Marsalek, Karl-Erivan Haub, Michael Kühntopf, Atila Hildmann, Norman Finkelstein, Aladin El-Mafaalani, Engin Çatik, Barbara Mächtle, Maja Göpel, Ulrike Guérot, Norbert Bolz, Herfried Münkler, Cathryn Clüver Ashbrook, Erica Benner, Richard David Precht, Thomas Metzinger, Nick Bostrom, Curtis Yarvin, Erik Ahrens, Victoria Rietig, Gerald Knaus, John J. Mearsheimer, Ivan Krastev, Michael Thumann, Susanne Weigelin-Schwiedrzik, Michael Lüders, Klaus Nachtigall, Daniel Gerlach, Horst Günther, Götz Aly, Peter Longerich, Adam Tooze, Thilo Sarrazin, Hans-Werner Sinn, Carl Philipp Trump, Philippa Sigl-Glöckner, Hans-Hermann Hoppe, Michael Hartmann, Peter Thiel, Bill Gates, Jack Ma, Arno Schödl, Elon Musk, Martin Eberhard, Alan Salzman, Larry Fink, Warren Buffett, Nicolas Berggruen, Johannes Clair, Ole Nymoen, Bill Steuber, Kay-Achim Schönbach, Sönke Neitzel, Frank Sauer, Florence Gaub, Carlos Moreno, Steffen Marx, Martin Mackowitz, Jan Gehl, Markus Roselieb, Ferdinand Ludwig, Dirk Hebel, Morningstar Khongtaw, Markus Gastl, Florian Augustin, Niklas Steenfatt, Samuel Bosch, Zeliha Akpınar, Tim Gabel,

Stefan Weissgerber, Cedric Engels, Fynn Kröger, Drew Gooden,
 David Wängstedt, Derek Muller, Grant Sanderson, Emanuel Boh-
 lander, Jakob Hofmann, Jason von Juterzenka, Leonie Land,
 Gert Mittring, Maximilian Janisch, Marcel Barz, François Chollet,
 Yann LeCun, Ilya Sutskever, Geoffrey Hinton, Douglas Richard
 Hofstadter, Noam Chomsky, Sven Olaf Kamphuis, Herman Johan
 Xennt, Walter Lewin, Anton Zeilinger, Eric Weinstein, David
 Nutt, Edzard Ernst, Mark Krasnik, Veronika Wolter, Michael
 Tsokos, Klaus Heckemann, Mikhail Varshavski, Michael Israel-
 etel, Maximilian Fichtner, Martin Scheringer, Jochem Marotzke, Robert
 Marc Lehmann, Ulrich Kutschera, Marc Benecke, Lydia Benecke,
 Raphael Bonelli, Julia Shaw, Jordan Peterson, Jonathan Haidt,
 Howard Gardner, Eric Turkheimer, Katrin Glatz Brubakk, JD
 Vance, Paul Maar, Patrick Süskind, Ferdinand von Schirach, Daniel
 Kehlmann, Ken Follett, David Levithan, Ursula Poznanski, Andreas
 Steinhöfel, Isabel Abedi, Kjersti Wold, Andy Weir, Charlotte
 Roche, Jennette McCurdy, Bastian Sick, Michelle Houellebecq,
 Mohsin Hamid, Lukas Rietzschel, Heidi Reichinnek, Fabio De Masi,
 Sahra Wagenknecht, Ricarda Lang, Robert Habeck, Boris Palmer,
 Jutta Steinruck, Markus Söder, Carsten Linnemann, Hubert Ai-
 wanger, Maximilian Krah, Nico Semsrott, Martin Sonneborn,
 Christine Prayon, Michael Haubold, Nikki Glaser, Ricky Gervais,
 Jimmy Kimmel, Seth Meyers, Stephen Colbert, Jon Stewart, Desi
 Lydic, Michael Kosta, Ronny Chieng, Josh Johnson, John Oliver,
 Ole Skambraks, Tilo Jung, Alexandra Cavelius, Amelia Pang, Ai
 Weiwei, Riad Kobaissi, Solène Chalvon-Fioriti, Vanessa Woods,
 Matt Taibbi, Ahmet Şık, Stefanie Schoene, Emin Hüseyinov, Gilda
 Sahebi, Johannes Hano, Tim Röhn, Thomas Röper, Ibrahim Naber,
 Adrian Geiges, Stefan Aust, Anne Hähni, Sonja Álvarez, Constan-
 tin Schreiber, Frederik Pleitgen, Michael Bröcker, Robin Alexander,
 Markus Lanz, Penn Badgley, Katherine Langford, Dylan Minnette,
 Tobin Bell, Emma Myers, Serenay Sarıkaya, Aras Bulut İynemli,
 Keanu Reeves, Joe Cole, Pedro Alonso, Álvaro Morte, Jackie Chan,
 Yura Borisov, Bob Odenkirk, Joachim Steinhöfel, Johann Krieten,
 Hans-Georg Maaßen, Gerhard Strate, Anne Brorhiler, Lina Khan,

Max Schrems, David Cage, Hans Zimmer, Toygar Işıklı, Ludovico Einaudi, Lukas Strobelt, Dan Reynolds, Taylor Swift, Justin Bieber, Emma Kok, as well as my ethics teacher and my German teacher in upper secondary.

Deutschland doesn't need lackeys, but people who can stand up to me. Not yes-men, but deutsch-men. The crème de la crème of international right-wing extremism must unite in Deutschland. I did not ask any of the people mentioned in advance, so please do not bother them. They are all already in the public eye, except for the last two, of course. It wouldn't be possible otherwise; I can't name anyone I don't know, and I hardly know anyone that others don't know as well. However, that doesn't mean that people who have been shy of the public eye so far don't have opportunities to contribute their ideas, abilities and skills in Deutschland—quite the contrary. *Every* deutsche man can and must contribute something to Deutschland. There will be public lists of technical solutions that still need to be invented, work that still needs to be done, and vacancies that still need to be filled.

Future

This chapter is entitled *Future*, but this should not be misunderstood. Everything described here will be addressed or realized in the first 20,000 days after Nathan.



All houses will be four stories high, built on a footprint of 25×25 meters. Up to 250 people will live in 2,500 square meters. You might think that each person would only have ten square meters at their disposal, but don't be fooled. Thanks to the art of deutsche thinking, **every** person will have significantly more space than even the most ostentatious ruler of all time. Mind You, I am talking about space, not living space, which no longer exists anywhere. Deutschland will create space *and* living space. Deutscher space is living space.

The houses will be built from bamboo or rammed earth, depending on the natural conditions. The ground floor will house the kitchen, the pantry and the wardrobe, the shower and relief room, and the technical room. The sleeping cabins are located on the fourth floor. A total of 250 sleeping cabins are located on 125 areas, each measuring 2.2×1.5 meters. The ceiling height on the other floors is 280 centimeters, but on the fourth floor it must be at least 400 centimeters. The house is therefore a maximum of 15 meters high. The lower sleeping cabins are 120 centimeters high so that you don't bump your head on the ceiling when sitting up. The upper sleeping cabins are at least 280 centimeters high. The sleeping cabins are soundproof so that you can't hear any noises from any direction that might wake you up. They are arranged in nine rows perpendicular to the eight side halls, each of which is half a meter wide. A central main hall with a width of just over one and a half meters connects all the rows of sleeping cabins and side halls. $\frac{125 \times 2.2 \times 1.5}{25 \times 25} = 0.66$. One third of the total floor space is therefore available for the cabin partitions, the halls and, last but not least, the elliptical or

rectangular spiral staircase with closed steps on a floor space of 5×2.2 meters, which is installed centrally on one side of the house and connects all floors. $30 + 7 \times 28 + 24 = 250$. In addition, a total of 16 wall ladders are attached at the ends of the side halls, all of which connect at least the three upper floors and quite a few of which connect all floors.

The sleeping cabin doors open inwards and are translucent. The flat roof is also translucent, allowing an unobstructed view of the (night) sky. The 16 house wall sections at the ends of the side halls are also translucent, so that all 250 occupants can wake up with the rising sun. However, the sleeping cabins can also be completely darkened and illuminated with artificial light if required. All floors are barefoot-soft. Underfloor heating provides the house with the desired species-appropriate temperature, which can be set to the nearest degree in every sleeping cabin and room in the house. There are no pillows or blankets; you simply sleep on the floor. Ventilation is decentralized. The east and west sides of the house are covered with solar panels.

Now the true deutsche magic comes into play: Together with the 125 upper sleeping cabins, 125 individual rooms have been automatically created, which can be used as studies or personal refuges during the day. **Living space that can only be used for specific purposes must be kept as small as possible.** Thanks to multiple use, each person has a large part of the 2,500 square meters at his disposal as an individual occupant.

The 250-square-meter kitchen will be equipped with ten sinks, six dishwashers, five water dispensers, and three microwaves, see Chapter *Nutrition*. Tables and shelves are being abolished, meals will be eaten on the floor. This means that most of the kitchen can also be used for other purposes outside of breakfast. The shower room will have 25 shower heads (and many other things), the relief room will have five sinks and 25 toilets, 20 of which will be squat toilets and five of which will be bidet toilets in the almost-Japanese style. Only almost, since we will develop urine-diverting dry toilets so that urine and feces can be easily and efficiently processed for

agricultural use. As a physically independent person, one should generally use the squat toilets. If we are unable to install anus-cleansing nozzles on the squat toilets, one can use the bidet toilets after each bowel movement. Since we will break with the fuckistic and unspecieying shame we feel for our bodies and our excretions, we can build in a very space-saving and functional way. Fifty square meters for the relief room and 100 square meters for the shower room are sufficient. The shower room is located in one corner of the house, with the relief room next to it. The shower room has three entrances and one exit, while the relief room has two entrances and two exits, one of which leads to the shower room. Each of these two rooms has one entrance from the inside and one entrance from the outside. A shared exit leads (back) into the interior of the house. At this exit, it'll be possible to clean your feet and dry your body, although I am not yet sure how. Afterwards, you can get a fresh pair of underpants from the wardrobe. Depending on the climate, warm clothing is also stored in the wardrobe alongside underpants, although the former may only be worn outside. There are five different clothing sizes. Men's underpants must be more elastic at the front, women's underpants at the back. In addition, the wardrobe will store the custom-made footwear of each occupant, if necessary. For hygienic reasons, inside of the house, sexual intercourse, martial arts, and personal hygiene must only take place in the shower room. The floor in the shower room will be particularly soft. The main entrance and exit of the house are next to each other but separate, since when the weather is nice, we will also be walking around barefoot outside, so we have to clean our feet (or footwear *and* feet) when entering the house. We always enter and leave the house clean.

I will come to the pantry and the technical room in a moment, but there will probably be no free space left on the first floor. If there is, then the shower room can be even larger or, depending on the climate, a sauna and a cold chamber can be added. The lowest and highest floors are thus completely occupied, but feeding, relieving, recovering, cleaning, sexing, storing, toughening, and housing technology are already completely covered. How the second and third

floors—which make up half of the house—are used and equipped depends heavily on the type of house. For example, there will be houses of upbringing, unfolding, undecking, and health. What has been described so far is basically the basic structure of every deutschen house. Obviously, a house of this type is not suitable for everyone. For example, it is not barrier-free if you only think of the wall ladders, the spiral staircase, and the sleeping cabins in an elevated position. You will have to be mobile, and that is a species-appropriate thing. Incidentally, handles and steps will help one climbing into the upper sleeping cabins. If one wanted complete accessibility, then so many things would have to be planned differently, and everything would only become more complicated and inefficient. That is why, for example, houses specially adapted to the needs of wheelchair users, blind people, and frail people will be planned and built. Of course, these houses will not be spared from deutscher magic either. They may not be able to be planned quite as efficiently, but Deutschland does not strive for efficiency alone; it wants to satisfy all human needs in a species-appropriate manner. For example, instead of a spiral staircase, an elevator can be installed, wall ladders and holes in the floor can be dispensed with, and the lower sleeping cabins can be eliminated. In the upbringing houses, the sleeping places must be located very close to the sanitary facilities, since accidents can happen and it is often necessary to clean something or someone up. In return, the mother sleeps in the same sleeping cabin with her breastfed children. There are logistical reasons why the toilets are so far away from the sleeping places in the basic structure. There is no basement, as there will be, among other things, a urine and feces tank under the house which is why the sanitary facilities should be installed on the ground floor. For the healthy one to three bowel movements per day, one will have to make the trip, and for the purpose of emptying the bladder, there will also be urine bottles everywhere, which both sexes can fill hygienically and then empty in the toilets.

All deutschen houses can accommodate up to 250 people, and from the age of 10 to 15 onwards, all physically independent people of

all ages and all occupations live in houses with this basic structure. Yes, you heard right: all occupations. **In Deutschland, people will work where they live.** In Chapter *Upbringing, Unfolding, Undecking*, I have provided the following, not exhaustive list of deutschen occupations: upbringer, unfolder, explorer, physician, investigator, mediator, engineer, artisan, farmer. Well, where exactly will people live and work? The upbringers and unfolders will live together with the Futuredeutschen in the upbringing and unfolding houses, in accordance with the care ratio. In plain language: 125 upbringers will live together with 125 Futuredeutschen, and 125 to 40 unfolders will live together with 125 to 200 Futuredeutschen in one house. The health houses will be home to 50 physicians who will perform interventions and examinations on their mostly healthy fellow human beings day after day. The farmers will live near the fields, the engineers and artisans near the factories, or wherever they work. Most people will live and work in the same houses as the upbringers, unfolders, and physicians. Most discoveriencies should be able to be done from ordinary houses; laboratories and similar facilities can be set up on the second and third floors. Things like observatories will probably have to be housed in separate buildings. Deutsche archaeologists and some of the biologists will certainly spend most of their time working outdoors. Investigators, mediators, and the death measure squad work on call, so they do other things when there is nothing to do. The death measure squad handles the entire death process, including the regroundal with all the trimmings. They are, so to speak, the midwives of death.

I would like to go into a little more detail about upbringing and unfolding. The care ratios may seem excessive, but as an upbringer and unfolder, you will be working practically full-time. Mathematically, there may be one upbringer or unfolder for one child for a very long time, but the ratios are so generous precisely so that upbringers and unfolders are never overwhelmed and never feel overworked. The Futuredeutsche must enjoy their full attention without being allowed to go under themselves. For this reason, they upbringing and

unfold together and can always rely on their comrades. You are not solely responsible for your own children, but share the responsibility with other mothers and non-mothers—I will come to the latter in a moment. While some are busy with the children, others can take some time off and look after themselves. To make this possible, bonds with several upbringers and unfolders must be established and strengthened from the very beginning. Although the bond with the mother is irreplaceable and naturally the closest bond, it must be tapered over time for the protection of the mother and the healthy development of the child. From the age of 20, contact must gradually become less regular and can eventually be broken off completely if the mother so wishes. However, she must also agree to participate in the upbringing and unfolding of her children for at least that long.

In an advanced Deutschland, every woman will give birth to one or two children. Let's assume that a woman gives birth to only one child. She then helps upbringing her child in an upbringing house for ten years and then moves with him to a unfolding house for ten years, where she helps him unfold. After that, however, a care ratio of 1:2 applies, and there would be one Deutscher too many in the house. Some mothers with one child will now have to leave the house. Let's now assume that a woman gives birth to two children. There are approximately $180 + 268 \approx 500$ days between two births. As soon as the second child is ten years old, the three of them move into an unfolding house. As soon as the first child turns 30, a care ratio of 1:3 applies, and there would be one Deutscher too many in the house. At this point at the latest, some mothers with two children will have to leave the house. In an advanced Deutschland, *regular* upbringing and early unfolding do not require male Deutsche; we have enough mothers. Of course, the Futuredeutschen will get to know men at an early age, since one won't spend the whole day in the house, and no deutsches house is closed to a Deutschen. Furthermore, the emphasis is on regular—*every* Deutsche can participate in the upbringing and unfolding of *every* Futuredeutschen, just not all the time. **Breaking and forming**

bonds is no child's play. By the end of the first half of unfolding, virtually no mothers will be involved in the unfolding of their own children anymore. They will be replaced by men *and* women. With a gender ratio of 4:1, an average of 20% of all late unfolders would be male, although there are of course no quotas to be met. Only the smartest of all smart Deutschen deserve to be allowed to really unfold the Futuredeutschen. While today's educators, teachers, and lecturers are not allowed, or at least should not, feel or cultivate any personal attachment to the schoolers and confused individuals entrusted to them, *this* is precisely what will contribute massively to healthy development and deutschen unfolding. The later care ratios may seem almost too stingy, but the Futuredeutschen will absolutely not be as defiant and annoying as they are today, but rather trusting, eager to learn, and responsible. Even 40-year-olds will be able to experiment and handle the most toxic chemicals carefully and skillfully. The Futuredeutschen will not put each other down, but will lift each other up. For them to turn out this way, they simply need to be given the time and love they naturally need. Overall, the average Deutsche will spend $10 + 10 + 5 + 3.33 + 2.5 + 2 \approx 33$ years with co-upbringing and co-unfolding. Together with the time spent being upbrought and unfolded oneself, this means that around 100 years of one's life are spent on upbringing and unfolding. We must be worth that to ourselves.

Until we get there and while there are women who have to give birth to five or more children in order to smart mankind up as quickly as possible, fathers and other men and women can also participate in regular upbringing and (early) unfolding alongside mothers. Neither gender nor age are exclusion criteria. As long as the upbringers and unfolders in the house trust each other and the Futuredeutschen are upbrought healthily and can unfold themselves species-appropriately, everything is fine. Anyone who negligently messes up during this transitional period of still widespread stupidity will be temporarily or permanently banned from upbringing and unfolding. If someone willfully screws up, then we have failed and urgently need to learn from it, and that person is literally begging for a death

measure. In the first years of their lives, Futuredeutsche only need love and attention. The older the Futuredeutschen are, the smarter and more competent their unfolders need to be. Of course, it would be better if all upbringers and unfolders were knowledgeable and experienced, but in the meantime, we have to work with and budget the people who are available, and even in an advanced Deutschland, this will not be possible since women must be impregnated as early as possible and as late as necessary.

As soon as a Futuredeutsche has matured into a deutsche woman, it is time for her to become a mother. The young Deutsche can suggest who may contribute to the other half of her child's genetic makeup, and after a brief hereditary health check, the gametes are fertilized with each other, the deutschest embryo is selected and optimized for her, and finally implanted in her with the utmost tenderness and love. The extraction of egg cells is still quite complicated at present, but in the near future Deutschland will make it possible to artificially produce reproductive cells from stem cells derived from skin cells. If she has no suggestions, Deutschland will provide her with a gamete worthy of her. Long before the birth of every Futuredeutschen, his genetic material will be completely sequenced and stored in a genetic database. For reasons of hereditary health, motherhood and fatherhood will always be clearly established. By the way, the family relationships of all people currently alive will also be reviewed, so those who carry superfluous secrets should reveal them soon. In the early stages, the now pregnant Deutsche can still hang out with her friends in her old unfolding house, visit upbringing houses, or try her hand at discoveriencies. From the 150th day of pregnancy, she should slowly move into an upbringing house of her choice to prepare for childbirth and motherhood and to get to know and exchange ideas with her future co-upbringers and co-unfolders. Quite a few of them should already be familiar to her from her own unfolding. To induce labor, a man of her choice will place his seminal fluid in her cervix around the calculated date of birth. During the birth, she will be accompanied by three mothers she trusts. Normally, the expectant mother gives birth in a squatting

position in a small pool while being held from behind so that she cannot tip over. Immediately after birth, mother-child skin-to-skin contact takes place, and if this is not possible (immediately), then mothers-child skin-to-skin contact takes place. The umbilical cord is clamped and then cut only after it stops pulsating. The pools are located in soundproof, quiet, and dimmable rooms in a health house so that physicians can intervene quickly in case of complications. The survival of the mother is always more important than the survival of the child. Once everything has gone according to Mother Nature's plan and the initial excitement has subsided, the baby and its freshly baked mother are taken to their upbringing house, where they can recover from the exertions together. In the early days, the other mothers take care of her and her child; she "only" has to breastfeed, lie down, and gradually get back on her feet as soon as she feels strong enough to do so. Midwives are being abolished. The knowledge that circulates in the upbringing houses and is passed on from mother to mother will be at the highest level of science, but also, and above all, finally species-appropriate again.

Everyone lives in a house that is used efficiently, giving everyone enough space. Is that all? Of course not! All deutschen houses are public houses, all doors are open to everyone. Furthermore, there are communal sites that are designed to be as barrier-free as possible so that they can actually be used by the vast majority of people. I am thinking, for example, of swimming pools and thermal baths, saunas and cold chambers, as well as climbing and amusement parks. But that's still not the end of the story.

Earth's total land area is approximately 148.9 million square kilometers. With ten billion people, each person would have just under *15,000 square meters* at his disposal. In Deutschland, however, up to 250 people live on an area of 625 square meters, which is *2.5 square meters* per person. This would occupy only $\frac{1}{6000}$ of the Earth's total land area. Even if we estimated land use to be ten times greater due to overcapacities and efficiency losses, and added 590 times that amount for research and communal sites, death measure

cabins and regroundal facilities, as well as factories, logistics, and infrastructure, we would still have 90% of the Earth at our disposal. A significant portion of this is used for agricultural purposes. Now comes the most important point: **The entire Earth is our shared habitat.** There is no longer any nature far away from civilization; instead, mankind lives in the midst of nature and is part of it. Deutsche houses do not work against people, but for them. Deutsche factories do not manufacture products for whomever, but for people. Deutsche agriculture does not kill, but lives and gives life. We will take what we need, but we will also give back. The one does not have to exclude the other.

Villages and cities are being abolished and replaced by settlements that will span the entire Earth like a spider's web. People will live in settlements connected by two-lane roads that are barefoot-soft if possible, but hard if necessary. Everywhere else will be what we mean by nature today. The best areas will be settled first, and the remaining settlement locations will have to adapt accordingly. The settlements are circular in structure. The buildings and sites that are most frequently visited, as well as the special houses, are located in the center so that their occupants do not have to travel far. In terms of area, however, the settlements are so small that a healthy person can easily walk to every corner within an hour. I can hardly reveal more, because there is a fundamental question to be clarified—the question of self-sufficiency. How self-sufficient should the settlements be? How self-sufficient should the houses be? This mainly concerns the power grid and the network, as well as the supply of goods and water. Should the settlements be connected to each other by a common power grid, or only each building within a settlement? Should all settlements be connected by cable, or can a satellite network bridge the gap or even suffice? Should each settlement produce its own goods, which are mostly uniform throughout Deutschland, or should there be a division of labor, emphasis on specific things, and mutual deliveries? Should there be water tanks and sewage treatment plants in every house, or a sewage system including settlement sewage treatment plants? The answers depend

to a large extent on technical progress, logistics, and the natural conditions on site.

Let's take dishwashers as an example: There are six dishwashers in every deutschen house. You could also collect all the dishes after every meal, take them to a dishwashing facility, have them cleaned and brought back. In this case, however, it is much, much more practical to do this task in the houses themselves. I did not mention washing machines and dryers as basic equipment in every deutschen house, because in this case it could well be worthwhile to operate settlement laundries. The other fundamental question is *how long* a house should be self-sufficient. Should the food supplies in the pantry last for a week, a month, a year, or even longer, or is there only an emergency ration for worst-case scenarios, and fresh, ready-to-eat foods are delivered daily in durable containers, which are then picked up, cleaned, and refilled? In the case of an in-house water tank with a sewage treatment plant, only the daily losses through urine, feces, breath, and sweat, averaging about four liters per person, would have to be compensated for, i.e., up to 1,000 liters per day. All $\frac{\text{tank volume in liters}}{1,000}$ days one would therefore have to be supplied with water. These questions must be answered at the latest when it comes to very small settlements or even individual buildings, which will be scattered all over the world. Although the vast majority of humanity will live in settlements with—according to my estimates—20,000 to 100,000 settlers, in many parts of the world larger settlements cannot or should not be built, but it would also be a great shame not to use this space at all. On the other hand, it would be nonsensical to build several settlements on smaller islands, for example, so all the available space must be used. In terms of energy, most settlements in most latitudes of the world should be self-sufficient thanks to solar plants and storages. At the latest with the invention of nuclear fusion reactors, all energy problems will be solved. **Systems that create strong dependencies, whether for reasons of comfort or efficiency, whether for pleasure or existence, must be extremely reliable.**

It is inevitable that there will be more popular and less popular

settlements. It is simply not possible to create exactly the same habitats everywhere. This even applies within each individual house. Not everyone can be blessed to fall asleep looking at the starry sky every day. The sleeping cabins and all other rooms and buildings do not belong to anyone; they are merely used and/or occupied. Theoretically, one could spend the night in a different sleeping cabin every day. There will be people who will only want to sleep on top or on the bottom, and there will be people who don't care either way. Such group decisions about the allocation of scarce goods can be resolved through cooperation, without the need for distribution battles. Compromises must remain the exception, since it is almost always possible to satisfy all deutschen parties completely as long as everyone communicates their concerns and needs openly and honestly. In good weather, most people will be outside for most of the waking hours of the day, so there will be no serious scarcities inside the houses. The communal sites must be planned as needed. In general, one must never plan with tight margins, but must always factor in overcapacities. It must be possible to spontaneously spend the night in another house and have breakfast somewhere else. Especially when it comes to food, it's not a big deal if 10–20% of it turns to soil before providing us with its nutrients. Unnecessary waste must be abolished, but we can easily afford such luxury when it comes to goods that are not consumed but merely used.

Transportation within a settlement is mainly on foot. For those who are physically dependent, different solutions will be found depending on the type and degree of dependency. At night, when everyone is asleep or at least indoors, self-driving vehicles drive around the houses to deliver and (re)collect things. They do not need to be particularly sturdy, as there is no risk of (human) collisions, nor do they need to be able to travel at high speeds; walking pace is sufficient. There are no roads within the settlements, only terrain that is barefoot-soft. The vehicles must therefore be suitable for off-road use. They can also be used for similar purposes during the day, but must not disturb people. Faster self-driving vehicles

ensure the transport of goods and passengers between the individual settlements. Four roads lead to and from most settlements. A two-lane road also runs around the entire settlements, so that all roads within a continuous mainland are seamlessly connected. Each settlement has up to four logistics centers, which also serve as stops for passenger transport. Waterways can also be used for freight and passenger transport, the inflexible rail transport is being abolished. There are 2,000 relatively small airports distributed evenly across the globe, which are built outside the settlements for noise protection purposes. Security checks, ridiculous safety briefings, and luggage will never be necessary when traveling, except perhaps one's own footwear. The planes, ships, and passenger vehicles are also clean, barefoot areas, so it will almost feel like home. During the journey, one doesn't sit, but lie strapped in on one of several levels accessible via ladders. There will be soundproof sleeping cabins for long-distance routes. In each settlement, there will be a roadable-aircraft-pad on the roof of a health house, where emergencies from inside and outside the settlement can land or be driven to the entrance. If there is a large-scale operation in the region, those affected will be distributed evenly among several settlements.

For all this to be possible, *everything* that exists must be abolished. Right now, You can still see all these great buildings, can't You? But I assure You: Not one stone here will be left on another. Everything will be destroyed to the ground.



About one in four people are currently short-sighted. Medically short-sighted, of course, otherwise it would be almost everyone. Unfortunately, glasses and contact lenses are not only impractical, but short-sightedness is also a serious condition that greatly increases the risk of many other, even worse eye diseases, up to and including total blindness. So they have broken us even in our vision. Not only are we supposed to be stupid, but also blind. The reason for this

is obvious. We focus our gaze too much and for too long on nearby objects and expose our eyes too little and for too short a time to daylight. The solution? Daylight lamps in buildings and daylight outdoors. Futuredeutsche in particular must spend as much time as possible outdoors, and if that is not possible or the weather is not cooperating, then there will be daily daylight lamp sessions. Furthermore, parts of the house walls will be translucent.

Paper is being abolished; only electronic paper will remain. In itself, this would not benefit eye health, but electronic paper will replace not only paper but all screens. Electronic paper is as easy on the eyes as real paper (or, more precisely, not as straining on the eyes as conventional screen technologies), without having to forego the advantages of computers and screens. Although this technology is not yet fully developed in terms of refresh rate and color representation, which needs to change in order for it to be used in a variety of ways, I see deutsches light at the end of the fuckistic tunnel. In Deutschland, we will see many things in a completely different light and view them with completely different eyes.

The depths of the oceans are still a mystery waiting to be explored. In addition, one could consider building sea houses on and below the water's surface, for example in the shape of a pineapple. However, they should serve less as permanent living space and more as a nearby base for marine biologists, for example, because we are land animals. We must refrain from building artificial islands, as this would be too great an intrusion into nature. The orcas might not like our dwellings, which is why they might ram them. Therefore, we must find a fabulous way to communicate with other animals. We must explain to them who we humans are and what we are planning to do. We must explain to them that we can live together on planet Earth as long as they do not pose a threat to us and do not stand in the way of our goals. In particular, it must be made clear to insects that if *they* eat our plants, we will have to eat *them*. The most interesting conversations will probably be with the sea creatures; they certainly have a lot to tell us.

Mankind should try to colonize other planets. Earth will remain our home planet for a very long time, or even forever, since we feel most comfortable here, as Earth is the only species-appropriate habitat for humans. It will not be possible to replicate the living conditions on Earth elsewhere exactly. The reason why we should try anyway is simply human curiosity and the thirst for knowledge. If we rejected it from the outset and set ourselves this limit, we would literally be restricted in our horizon. As a technical layman, I am not in a position to judge which extraterrestrial raw materials humanity could make good use of, but there is bound to be something. Outside our planet, we can proceed with ruthless brutality, because it is not the Umwelt (environment), the world around us, that is worth protecting and preserving, but the Umerde. Of course, this must not have any undesirable consequences for Earth and thus for mankind.

We need to read minds. Two Deutsche will understand each other even without words, but in order to make linguistic communication even more precise and smoother, it must be possible to read a person's thoughts and share them with others. Visual thoughts are very difficult and rough to put into words, which would be unnecessary with the technology of reading, transmitting, and receiving thoughts. Furthermore, there would be no need to slowly record thoughts by hand if they could be captured immediately on a screen or in some other way and edited continuously without losing earlier thoughts. No imagination is lost; you simply no longer waste time transferring thoughts from your brain into another form. This technology may only be used in moderation, as otherwise short-term memory could deteriorate or one could become permanently dependent on it. There will be no such nonsense as the *Apple Vision Pro*, see the first paragraph of this section. Recording one's entire life or being able to return to previous brain states in order to create a factual basis for often deceptive memories would also not be species-appropriate for humans. The ubiquitous obsession with the past must stop; we must live and think in the moment and for the future. Thoughts are free, but we no longer have to guess them.

In addition to genetic data, the fingerprints, irises, and blood types of all humans are also stored. Moreover, all humans are equipped with a device, the *Deutsche Device*, which continuously measures their pulse and temperature and records their location, and then transmits this data to data centers, where it is stored for the duration of a human lifetime or perhaps even beyond. This data is used for surveillance and identification, but in a completely different sense than You will probably understand it today and, given the current circumstances, could not understand it any other way. Data protection is being abolished; **all** data is openly accessible to **everyone**. Every house has 250 non-personalized laptops. After recognizing a fingerprint, the computer downloads all personal data and settings for the respective session from a data center and uploads the changes at the end of the session. Measuring pulse and temperature obviously serves to determine whether someone is still alive. Physicians can request the health data required for certain interventions, even without the person concerned having to be responsive. On every floor of a house, there are screens that show where its occupants are currently located within the house and the settlement. There will also be a map view showing all people worldwide. One can query the current location of any person at any time, too; all you need to know is their name and identification number. With a gender ratio of 4:1, there would be 500 boys' names and 2,000 girls' names, which would be assigned randomly and evenly at birth. In addition, each person is assigned an eight-digit, sequential identification number, which is reassigned in the event of death or a name change. If you don't like your own name, you can change it as often as you like during your lifetime. Food deliveries until the morning are calculated based on how many people stayed in a house during the night.

For these and similar purposes, these and certainly much more data will be collected and analyzed. If these technologies were already commonplace today, there would certainly be much more unspecification, Fuckism, persecution, and oppression without any data protection. In an advanced Deutschland, however, I honestly see no

potential for abuse, only advantages. There will be no helicopter upbringers and unfolders. There will be no stalkers or spies. There will be no identity theft. The fingerprint sensor on computers and all other types of identification serve to facilitate access to one's own data, not to keep it secret. No one will access other people's data for abusive purposes because it simply won't be possible. Perhaps the one or the other Futuredeutsche will delete a comrade's data for fun, which will then be easily restored. Surveillance serves to simplify the exchange of information, promote health, and advance scientific progress. Cameras for monitoring "public spaces", preserving evidence, and security purposes, for example, are being abolished. All spaces are public as long as no one asks for quiet. Cameras do not prevent crime; Deutschland prevents crime. Those who give up liberty to purchase safety will lose both in the end.

Ultimately, there will be no more state and no more overseers, but strong, fluid Führers and their strong Followers. Therefore, everything comes down to *the* one question: **Do You trust Your fellow human beings?** In the Age of Fuckism, understandably not, so data protection is needed, but in reality there is none. Will Deutsche be able to trust each other in an advanced Deutschland? Yes, they will, so there is no need for data protection.

All the sensitive topics I have covered in this chapter, in Chapter *Health* and elsewhere will one day become reality. The question is not *if*, but only *by whom*. Not by people You and I can trust, and they will do so in a totally fuckistic and unspecieying way. We are already seeing their first timid and tentative attempts, but it will get much, much worse. They will enslave the entire human race, and no one can stop them anymore. *Only me*. Only I can still prevent this. I am the only person in the world You can still trust. You can't trust anyone else, not even Yourself, but You can trust me. In a world where no one can trust anyone anymore, where everyone is a liar and a fraud and the greatest and the hottest, I will lay myself completely bare. No one knows more about data protection and data collection than I do. You will be mightily and magnificently

surprised that real people of flesh and blood still exist, but truly, they are still alive. Still.



What does a typical day in the life of a Deutschen look like? First, we all wake up with the sun, clean our sleeping cabins, drink half a liter of water in the kitchen, and visit the relief room. Then we jog a few laps outside or go straight to the shower room. Here we can wash ourselves, have our first sexual intercourse of the day, practice martial arts, or engage in other physical activities. Finally, we shower and leave the room completely clean. We can now eat the food that has been neatly stored in the pantry by the self-driving vehicles at room temperature in the kitchen, or we can heat it up in the microwave first. First, we wash our hands at the sink, then grab a plate, a glass, a spoon, and the variously shaped ladles from the three currently clean dishwashers, fill the glass and plate, squat on the floor, and eat and “drink” leisurely. One only uses one hand to pick up food and the other hand to pick up dishes. We drink little or no water, as we don’t have room in our stomachs for it at the moment. You get seconds until you’re full. Under certain circumstances, individual food deliveries are also possible, perhaps even for everyone, but that remains to be seen. Although I have always written “one”, “ourselves”, and “we”, there are no fixed times at which one must wake up, eat breakfast, or do anything else. Most people will probably fall asleep and wake up at around the same time, but not everyone has to eat together, as no one talks during meals anyway. Once you have finished your daily meal, you lick your fingers clean, put your dishes in the three currently dirty dishwashers, wash your hands, clean your teeth, and rest somewhere or take a short walk outside to aid digestion. After that, depending on what you do for a living, you either have time off or work intensively for four hours at your workplace. I haven’t even mentioned the upbringers and early unfolders yet, because they

naturally have a different daily routine, as they have to support the Futuredeutschen in all of this as needed and adapt to them, but the late unfolders have a routine quite similar to other Deutschen, except that the shower room is not used in exactly the same way, but not completely differently either. When you have time off, you can visit the various shower rooms and communal sites, see the physicians, maintain houses, support others in their work, or work more yourself, depending on how you feel and what you feel like doing. If you want to travel, it's best to do so right after breakfast so that you can reach your destination on the same day. At the end of the day, the three now full dirty dishwashers are turned on so that we have clean dishes again the next morning. If you get hungry during the day, you can eat the leftovers from the morning for the rest of the day, after which everything that needs to be picked up by the self-driving vehicles is left outside the main entrance or in the pantry. We fall asleep with the sun until a new day dawns. When we all fall asleep, where do we go? I dunno.

What does a typical life course of a deutsche man or woman look like? First, you grow up inside your mother's womb until you are finally born. Then you are upbrought and unfolded. The upbringing and unfolding houses are all very close to each other. There is one type of upbringing house and five types of unfolding houses, each of which is equipped differently. Part of the second and third floors of the unfolding houses can be used jointly by all Futuredeutschen and planned accordingly, while the rest is adapted to the needs of the various age groups. In the fifth and final unfolding house, occupied by 200 Futuredeutschen and 40 unfolders, there will be ten rooms in which half of the courses take place, while at the same time the other half of the Futuredeutschen and unfolders can do something else together, or the Futuredeutschen can occupy themselves or hang out with the other Futuredeutschen and roam the settlement or explore the area. By the age of 30 at the latest, there will be no need for permanent supervision; they will report to the unfolders or other Deutschen themselves when they encounter a problem that

they are unable to solve on their own. Their daily routine is not determined by others, but neither is it completely self-determined. The pure course duration itself should not exceed four hours per day. Very early on, they will learn how to care for the living space they use. All people will be able to maintain at least the houses they live in and the communal sites they use. For more specialized tasks, it will always be clear who to turn to for guidance until you have mastered the skill yourself. Activities include, for example, visiting all the other houses, buildings, and sites in the settlement, as well as getting to know and practicing all deutschen jobs. At the end of the unfolding, no one will feel overwhelmed by what he should now work as, since everyone will already have gained a very good overview and can change his mind at any time. Furthermore, the whole house or just parts of a house will regularly travel around the world together. They will visit neighboring settlements as well as places where the pepper grows. The same language is spoken in every settlement in the world, all settlements are in lively exchange with each other, all settlements have an astonishing amount in common. To feel and experience all the different things the world has to offer naturally and how diverse it is—that's what traveling is all about.

With becoming deutsch, the previously parallel lives of the two sexes diverge. The young Deutsche gives birth to one or two children, whom she helps to upbringing and unfold. This will take up about 25 to 35 years of her life. The most capable among them can, if they wish, unfold a little longer, but that should remain the exception, as will become clear in a moment. By the time her first child is five years old, most of her former male unfolding comrades should also have matured into Deutsche. Although the two genders are now of different ages, from now on they have the same life ahead of them again. They can move wherever they want, work as whatever they want, explore what they want. But they can also simply stay in the settlement that in many cases will have become their home. The vast majority of people will most likely spend the vast majority of their lives where they spent their child- and youthhood, as this period is simply so formative. And the many who will have gained

experience in other settlements over a longer period of time will know exactly what they have to appreciate about the world and what still needs to be improved.

After working and exploring and seeking idleness and recovery for some time, one can apply to become a late unfolder. This will probably be the only job for which one has to prove one's suitability. I don't know exactly how yet, but the *deutscher* work is done in this relatively short period of time, the sweeter the fruits will be that Deutschland will reap for a lifetime.

If you move into another house for the longer term, you should make it your mission in the first few days and weeks to sleep with all of its occupants. How can you sleep in the same house with people you've never slept with before! What could be better for breaking the ice than penetrating? Bonobos do the same thing! Bonobos and chimpanzees are our two closest relatives, and at the moment we are more like chimpanzees, for which we have paid a damn high price. How *deutsch* could Deutschland be if every *Homo deutsch* asked himself at every moment of his life what a *Homo satyrus* would do in his place? **We must dare to be more bonobo!**

After a long period of healthy living, it is time to die. Every living being will taste death at some point; there is no way around it. We only have one life, and even though Deutschland is the land of unlimited opportunities, we only have a finite number of decisions to make in the course of our lives. We will regret things because we have learned from them. We shouldn't regret anything because we have missed out on something, since we will miss out on so much. At the end of his life, every Deutsche should be able to say: "It was *deutsch* to have lived." Before you die, you can inquire about what your children have made of their lives. Find out how your former unfolding comrades are doing today. Say goodbye to all those you love. A Deutscher stops when it is no longer beautiful.



Although I've calculated with ten billion people above, this will not happen. At the time of Deutschland's Earth-encompassing, there will likely be fewer than nine billion people living on Earth. After that, we will reduce the number of people to one billion over a long period of time. Over a long period of time so that mankind doesn't become senile in the meantime. With a natural gender ratio, a value of 2.1 births per woman is supposedly necessary to maintain the population. The 0.1 covers premature involuntary deaths in particular. However, Deutschland would continue to grow at this rate, which is why we should aim for a value of around 1.9, adjusted to a deutsches gender ratio, of course.

Why all this? No matter how little we consume, we will still consume. In order for mankind to survive as long as possible, those currently alive must consume as little as possible. Scientific progress will not suffer as a result, quite the contrary. It is the chance discoveries of individuals that are truly groundbreaking. Boundaries that have stood for a long time are suddenly torn down. The impossible seems possible from one day to the next. In the same time period, there will be fewer chance discoveries, but these can be processed, worked on, and revised over a longer period of time. Why a billion? No idea.

After my death, two things will change. Firstly: "Day X after Nathan" will become "Day X after Deutschland", which can be abbreviated as "Day X a. D." All other things that could indicate my former existence must also be completely eliminated. Secondly: The death measure is being abolished. Before voluntarily passing away, I will authorize a confidant to have those people where I would have ordered a death measure during my lifetime deported to a deserted island, where they will have to spend the rest of their lives isolated from the folkscommunity. Location data will make it possible to keep track of them at all times. This confidant will do the same as me, and his confidant will do the same as him, until one day there is a final confidant who does not have to deport anyone during his lifetime. After that, no one will have to take on this

thankless task anymore. If anyone in this hopefully only two-link, but possibly multi-link chain abuses his power, then I have failed. But I will not fail. I will die, but Deutschland will always remain.

Afterword

Only the AfT could save Germany. That may or may not be the case, but only I can save Deutschland and the World. I am the man nobody wanted, but everyone needs. I am not everything, because a strong Führer needs his strong Folgers, but without me, nothing is everything. I wish things were different. I wish I could say: Mankind, do this, do that, don't do this, don't do that, vote for this party, don't vote for that party, and everything will be deutsch. I wish I could leave mankind to its own devices. But I can't. Humanity needs me. You need me. Dammit, You need me. I don't need You. Dammit, I love You. I don't love You. Dammit, I want You. You don't want to lose me.

Mein Sieg encompasses the foundation, the pillars, and the roof of Deutschland, but only the folkscommunity can build and furnish the house. We have so much to abolish and accomplish, or should everything here stay as it is since no one is allowed to touch Miss Weidels' schnitzel?

We must finally think deutsch, live deutsch, plan deutsch, and feel deutsch. We must finally discover the deutsche vein in us and rediscover our animal vein! Germany, awake! Humanity, awake! Deutschland, awake, Deutschland, get up, Deutschland, surprise and seize, so that one day we can sing together **The Two Songs of the Deutschen:**

Deutschland, Deutschland above all,
Above all in the World,
When it always stands united
Brotherly in protection and defense,
From the bottom to the top,
From the Earth, the whole World—
Deutschland, Deutschland above all,
Above all in the World!

Deutsche women, deutscher traffic,
Deutsches home and deutscher song
Shall retain in the World
Their new, beautiful sound,
Inspiring us to noble deeds
Throughout our entire lives—
Deutsche women, deutscher traffic,
Deutsches home and deutscher song!

Unity and courage and wisdom
For the deutsche fatherland!
Let us strive for this together
Sisterly with brain and hand!
Unity and courage and wisdom
Are the pledge of happiness—
Flourish in this blessing's glory,
Flourish, deutsches fatherland!

Risen from ruins
And facing the future,
Let us serve you for the deutsch,
Deutschland, united fatherland.
Old woes are to be overcome,
And we overcome them united,
Since we so must succeed,
That the sun beautiful as never before,
Shines over Deutschland.

May happiness and peace be granted
To Deutschland, our fatherland.
All the World longs for peace,
Reach out your hand to the peoples.
If we stick together,
We will defeat the Folg's enemy!
Let the light of peace shine,
So that no mother will ever again
Mourn her son.

Let us sleep, let us build,
Learn and create like never before,
And trusting in our own strength,
A free generation rises up.
Futuredeutsch, best efforts
Of our Folg united in you,
You will become Deutschland's new life.
And the sun beautiful as never before,
Shines over Deutschland.

Second Volume:
A Personal Reckoning

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A DRIVING OUT ITALIAN

A HELPFUL TURK

A DRUNK SON OF A MASTER ROOFER

MY GRANDFATHERS

MY FATHER

MY MOTHER

MY BROTHER

MRS ELKE KNUTH, an experienced class teacher

MISS CARA PETZOLD / MRS RADENAU, a young, attractive
class teacher

DETLEF-JASON, a boy with ADHD

UFUK YAMAN, a stupid Turk

MARVIN, a sporty and musical boy

LEON KURZ, a handsome boy

CHARLOTTE, a princess

SIMON BERN, a jack-of-all-trades

SÜLEYMAN HILMI TUNAHAN, a sect leader

RECEP TAYYIP ERDOĞAN, a country chief

MY GRANDMOTHER

HADISE KESER, an aunt

AHMET KESER, a cousin

ZEHRRA KESER, a cousin

JUSTUS SANDER, a kindergarten- and classmate

FERHAT UZMAN, a classmate

CHRISTOPHER HUONG, a friend

BROOKLYN HUONG, his sister

FABIO FRANCESCONI, a violent Italian

TWO TALAHONS

MARKUS VOGELFANG, a violent German

HAKAN HAKIM VARLI, a wrestler

FARID ABBAS, a lover

MAGNUS FISCHER, a muscular worker

PACO THELEN, a French worker
KARIM DAWOUD, a brother
SALIH KOCA, a Kurd
MR GÜNTHER SCHUSTER, a popular teacher
MR TORSTEN FELS, a PE and “maths” teacher
SEMIH HOCA, a funny teacher
TALHA HOCA, a popular teacher
NOYAN HOCA, a poor man
TAHA YANAR, a mosque companion
FRAU FUNKE, a poor woman
A HEADMISTRESS
AUSTIN YULIANTO, a smart friend
HASSAN ABDALLAH, his friend
AMELIE PUNDT, a godless friend
NINA GRIESMANN, a resilient friend
SABAHUDIN KOVAČ, a friend and jack-of-all-trades
DR MARKUS SÖDER, a Bavarian Minister-President
MUSTAFA KEMAL ATATÜRK, the “father” of all Turks
FETHULLAH GÜLEN, a sect leader
UNCLE YASIN
UNCLE ARAS
MR DANIEL DIEBURGER, a history and social studies teacher
LENA POPPELMANN, a dear classmate
JOHANNA MÖNNING, a princess
ANNELIE BANKE, an unknown
CASSANDRA ROSALINA GARCIA, a great
CARLOTTA CONTI-ROSEMEYER, a dear
NAMIRA DAWOUD, a sister
AN ENDOCRINOLOGIST
AN ANDROLOGIST
A SMALL-TESTICLES-UROLOGIST
ANOTHER UROLOGIST
EMMANUEL BOHLANDER, a freepede
NIKLAS STEENFATT, an overachiever
A PE AND ENGLISH TEACHER

MR CHRISTIAN HOLLMANN, an ethics teacher
MY ETHICS TEACHER
MY GERMAN TEACHER
TWO POLICE OFFICERS
A COMMISSIONER
A GERMAN-AFRICAN GIRL
A HANDSOME BOY
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, his girlfriend
A STUPID BOSS
WIKTOR DIAMANT, a strongy
SAMUEL BOSCH, a sporty
CEM BEYAZ, an enviable Turk
A BAMBERGER
A ROMANIAN
A GREEK
A LUXEMBOURGER
AN AUTHORISED SIGNATORY
CHRISTOPH HEUERMAN, a stateless
MD DOMINIK DOTZAUER, an expert in high speed weight loss
TWO CLASSTEACHERS
A DOCTOR OF BIOLOGY
ANGELIKA ZEGELIN, a “nursing scientist”
A SLUT
A MEAT EATER, her stupid friend
AN AGGRESSIVE AUSLÄNDER
A BEARDED BEAR
AN AZERBAIJANI
AN EXAMINER
A CC-OVERSEER
A PERSON WITH MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
A TERMINALLY ILL PERSON WILLING TO DIE
GERALD KNAUS, a European
DONALD JOHN TRUMP, an American President
CARL PHILIPP TRUMP, his cousin
LL.D. CAN ANSAY, an astute lawyer

ADOLF HITLER, a weak

KARL MARX, a communist

ADAM SMITH, a perv

EPSTEIN, a hard fucker

PHYSICIANS

MONSIEUR MORELL, an incompetent personal physician

HANNAH BAKER, a beloved

JOE GOLDBERG, a lover

A ROMAN

A BABY IN ITS FIFTH MONTH

MY AUNT

MY UNCLE, her husband

A HIGH-RANKING OFFICIAL, his son

MY AUNT, the wife of Uncle Aras

MY CONTENTED UNCLE

ÉMILE ZOLA, an accuser

This story is based on true events.

Foreword

Top politicians have skeletons in their closets, every single one of them. Skeletons from the past, or at the latest from their dirty work as politicians. Being susceptible to blackmail is the most important characteristic of a top politician. If one of them fails to deliver as desired, they are hounded by the press, replaced and/or eliminated. It's a give and take. Rule over them, but do what we tell you.

I oppose all of this. I too have plenty of skeletons in my closet, but I will make everything transparent. The gutter press would find out everything anyway, so why not beat them to it? But that's not my real motivation. They could exploit superficial details, but they couldn't and wouldn't want to bring my true motives, feelings and thoughts to light. All they can do is eliminate me.

Of course, You have no guarantee that I'm being honest. Much of what I write is based on perhaps deceptive memories, or I have to rely on information provided by other people. Some things I can prove conclusively. I just want to tell You that I will grant You the most intimate insights into my life so far to the deustchest of my knowledge and belief. My aim is that after reading this Second Volume of *Mein Sieg*, You will know me better than You know Yourself. Who wants to make tabula rasa with the world, must make tabula rasa with himself.

All names have been pseudonymised. However, the initial letters of the first, middle and last names are the same so that the persons concerned can recognise themselves. All dates are to be understood as "AD". All years are oldyears. Place and time references are kept as accurate and vague as possible and necessary, depending on requirements and knowledge. Street names, street numbers and postcodes all refer to the former Federal Republic of Germany GmbH.

Childhood

If someone had told my nine-year-old self that one day I would be the greatest Führer of all time—I truly wouldn't have been surprised. But everything in its order.

I am supposed to have been born on 22 June 2002 at the Südklinikum Nuremberg—I cannot verify this myself, but I now consider it credible. I only became conscious at around the age of three. I can still vaguely remember the moment when we were driving through a city, probably Nuremberg, as a family of four, and the thought occurred to me in my child seat: *You're alive*.

At that time, we were renting a ground floor flat at Fuggerstraße 8, 90439 Nuremberg, Bavaria. I cannot remember the flat itself at all. The building was eventually sold to an Italian who tried to drive out the tenants with rent increases, garden vandalism and legal threats. At that time, there was still a home ownership subsidy, which according to Wikipedia was one of the largest government subsidies in the Federal Republic of Germany to promote owner-occupied housing. A law was passed stipulating that the subsidy would end on 31 December 2005. My father no longer wanted to put up with the Italian's harassment and wanted to pre-empt a termination of the lease, so he bought us a flat at the last minute. The seller was a helpful Turkish man. The agreed purchase price was €50,000. In order to reduce the ancillary purchase costs, a price of €36,000 was recorded in the notarised purchase agreement and transferred, but an additional €12,000 was paid in cash. The subsidy was based on the number of children and a proportion of the purchase price. Over the eight years, we thus received $8 \times (2 \times €800 + €360) = €15,680$. The lower government subsidy was offset to our mutual advantage, and in return we had to wait a little longer to move in. In June 2006, we moved into our flat at Bürgerstraße 62, 90478 Nuremberg. With this flat and period of my life, on the other hand, I have many memories associated.

The flat was on the fifth floor, one floor below the attic. It was a fairly old building with a basement. Like the attic, the basement was used as storage space by everyone in the building—tenants and owners alike. I didn't like either place, as they were dusty, dirty, creepy and full of cobwebs. A shared stairwell, which squeaked and creaked with every step, provided access to two flats on each floor. On some floors, including ours, there was a third door. Our flat had two doors. Arrived on the fourth upper floor, our main door was on the right, opposite the door to the neighbouring flat, and diagonally across the wall, closer to the neighbouring flat, was the third door. As soon as you entered our flat through the main door, you found yourself in a longer hallway. On the right was a bathroom with a corner bathtub and toilet, the second on the left was a living room, and at the end of the hallway was a kitchen, which branched off to the right. The first door on the left led to a second, larger living room, through which you could walk straight into the children's room, and through the children's room on the left into the parents room. In this parents room, on the left, was the second flat door, which we almost never used. Why it existed is still a mystery to me today. At a time when there was a shortage of housing, several tenants supposedly lived in the same flat and shared the bathroom and kitchen, but that doesn't require two entrances. For us, at least, this door was only useful for transporting larger items in and out of the flat, such as when moving in and out.

My parents raised the purchase price mainly by reclaiming previous loans from family members in Turkey and from their own savings. My paternal grandfather, officially born in Turkey in 1949 but actually born in 1947, came to Germany in 1973 without his wife and child as one of the last "guest workers". He worked in a foundry in Amberg, a small town in Bavaria. On the night of Friday, 22 June 1984, to Saturday, he was hit by the drunk son of a master roofer. His car was having problems on the road, so he stopped at a rest area. He opened the bonnet, bent down, bent his legs slightly and was tinkering with the car when he was hit from behind. The

drunk driver, who probably mistook the rest area for an exit, hit him without braking and pinned his right leg between the two cars. He then attempted to flee the scene, but other motorists prevented him from doing so. After three months in hospital, the physicians decided that almost his entire right leg had to be amputated, to which my grandfather consented. Perhaps a third of his thigh remained. Since then, he had been on disability pension before retiring on old-age pension. The roofer's son is said to have received his punishment, his lawyer told him.

In 1975, my father saw the light of day in Turkey. He grew up there with his mother and older sister for a year and a half before the family was reunited in Germany at the end of 1976. He then went to school in Germany before being sent to a boarding school in the Turkish city of Bolu at the beginning of sixth grade, where he spent three years being educated Turkishly and religiously. He then returned to Germany, graduated from secondary school and trained as an electrician. In 1997, he married my mother, who was born in Turkey in 1978. She attended primary school there for five years. That was the extent of her entire secular education; the rest of the time she received a religious education in a boarding school, where she also learned to weave carpets. They were five siblings, two brothers and three sisters. My mother was the second youngest child in the family. Her father, a trained carpenter, worked at my other grandfather's house. He saw my mother and thought she would make a suitable bride for his son, which he told her father, who made him wait a year before agreeing. It wasn't as archaic as the cow and camel trading seen in India or Arabia, but it was an arranged marriage. My father and mother could have refused, but after only a short acquaintance, they both agreed. My father fell in love with my mother at first sight, while my mother learned to love my father over time. They got married, celebrated their wedding the next day, spent another eleven days in Turkey and then flew to Germany. My mother said goodbye to her entire Turkish family and homeland and came to a country she had never seen before and

whose language she did not speak at all. In September 1998, my brother was born.

After my awakening at around the age of three, I was dead again. It wasn't until I was four that I came back to this world. We had moved into the aforementioned flat at Burgerstraße. The flat had to be renovated for about a month, mainly by my father, who painted the walls, sealed the windows and laid the laminate flooring. Most of the furniture had to be disposed of, so we continued to use our old furniture from Fuggerstraße and only bought a few new items, such as our children's beds. My mother was teaching me to read Arabic. She pointed to the characters, pronounced them, and I was supposed to repeat after her. It went well for a while, until I couldn't continue speaking and burst into tears. I didn't understand what was expected of me and faltered. My mother was angry. "Read!" she demanded, but I couldn't. "Read!" she demanded again, but I still couldn't. Eventually, I was able to do it, and by the age of four I had already read the entire Koran.

One day, I ended up at the *Kindergarten Luise* at Luisenstraße 8, 90478 Nuremberg. Even before the move, I had attended child detention facilities, but I can't remember them at all. I can't say anything bad about my time at kindergarten, but I can't say anything good either. I wasn't particularly happy, but it wasn't terrible either. I don't have many memories of this time, in fact almost none at all. Only that we did various activities in the house and in the garden, that we painted, slept, ate and played. Even in kindergarten, I couldn't make much of my fellow human beings. I was a withdrawn kid who found it difficult to engage with others. Fortunately, I was left alone.

In 2008, I started school at the *Scharrerschule*, which was located at Scharrerstraße 33, 90478 Nuremberg, directly opposite the *Luise*. It was a primary and secondary school, which meant that you attended groundschool (primary school) until the fourth grade and then, based on the teacher's Bavarian recommendation, you either went

on to gymnasium, realschool or middleschool (secondary schools), whereby you could stay at the same location for the latter. All schoolers shared the same school building and schoolyard, so you had frequent contact with other age groups. In the schoolyard, however, a red line on the ground separated a larger area from the rest of the schoolyard, and only older schoolers—I think from secondary school onwards—were allowed to cross this functional barrier during breaks. The school had a kiosk, a small garden, a sandpit and a playground. The rest of the grounds were asphalted.



I was a good groundschooler. I was quiet, attentive, enjoyed learning and participated eagerly in lessons. At home, I did my homework conscientiously and independently, practising diligently to write neatly with a fountain pen in block letters and cursive. This went so far that I was very surprised and sad when my parents told me at home that it was the last day of first grade and I now had six weeks of summer holidays. But I didn't want summer holidays, I wanted school. There were two websites that the school recommended we use: *Mathepirat* and *Antolin*. *Mathepirat* involved solving tricky maths problems, such as number pyramids, while *Antolin* tested reading comprehension by asking questions about books you had read. I binged both of them. Correct answers were rewarded with points. On *Mathepirat*, I earned the most points in my entire school. On *Antolin*, I was perhaps the leader in Bavaria, if not in the whole of Germany. So it was no surprise at all that, after finishing groundschool, I was entreated to attend gymnasium.

As a groundschooler, I didn't understand the point of three subjects. Firstly, English: I already spoke two languages—German and Turkish—so why should I learn a third one? No one ever explained this to me, which is why I never practised this language at home. Secondly, local and general knowledge: What did I care which rivers flowed through Germany and what they were all called? I reluctantly

memorised them and immediately forgot them. Last but not least, crafts and design: I didn't like working with clay or manual work in general, I was too clumsy for it, perhaps because I saw no point in it at all. The only thing I enjoyed was embroidering a bookmark. It must have had an orange and blue pattern. Unfortunately, I threw it away in my youth.

I remained withdrawn. My class teacher noted in my first-year mid-term and end-of-year reports that I was very reserved towards my classmates, but worked successfully with other children. I didn't allow myself to be drawn into conflicts and was hardly distracted from my work by disturbances. I couldn't have described my former self better. Also correct is the testimony in later reports that in disputes I wasn't always able to express my opinion appropriately and assert my interests adequately, and that I was then unreasonable and resentful. It is a pattern that has run through my entire life. I've always been right about everything, and on the rare occasions when I was wrong in the heat of the moment, I later realised it painfully on my own. Never was I able to verbally convey my mental superiority to those around me. Never did I fight for the truth; I fell silent and let those around me get up to mischief. I resented them, thought they were stupid and elevated myself. That changes with Deutschland. In relative terms, these were trivialities that I struggled with all my life and always gave up on. **For Deutschland, on the other hand, I will give everything and win everything.**



So my groundschool days weren't all that rosy. The problems began in the third grade and culminated in the fourth. In the first two years, we had an experienced class teacher, Mrs Elke Knuth. With her, everything ran smoothly, the class had great respect for her, and everything was peaceful. She had already taught my brother, and we were completely satisfied with her teaching skills and abilities. But that all changed when the Fire Nation attacked. Mrs Knuth

took her well-deserved retirement and we got a young, attractive class teacher, the good old Miss Cara Petzold. At the end of the fourth grade, she was heavily pregnant, got married and took her husband's surname, Mr Radenau. The class did not respect her authority. She was quite inept and could not control a restless class. I would like to absolve her of responsibility and blame the school administration, the school system, teacher training, ill-bred parents, society or whoever or whatever else, but I cannot. The price we paid is too high.

In our class, which over the years consisted of about 21 to 24 schoolers, there was a boy with ADHD named Detlef-Jason. He had an overweight mother who was probably on welfare. From the third grade onwards, he was severely bullied. He was beaten, made fun of, and driven to rage. When he lost his temper, his face turned bright red, he screamed and shouted, cried incessantly and threw chairs and tables around. Miss Petzold was unable to deal with it appropriately; she simply sent him out of the classroom or had his mother pick him up early. Otherwise, it was pure chaos. Almost every day, there was deafening noise. I looked forward to every hour that didn't completely descend.

In the middle/end of third grade, it started for me too. But I was only bullied by one creature—a stupid Turk named Ufuk Yaman. To this day, I still don't know why he targeted me. I was an overweight, withdrawn child—was that reason enough? In any case, he spat at me, hit me with spit-soaked paper balls from an improvised blowpipe, insulted me as a “stupid son of a bitch” and hit me a few times. At the time, I had my own hygiene quirks, including an extreme aversion to saliva. Ufuk Yaman drove all the joy and fun out of groundschool for me. After that, I was afraid to go to school. In the spring of 2012, my last year of groundschool, he waited for me outside the school on his bicycle after class and blocked my way. I wanted to run away, but I couldn't; he kept riding towards me. In retrospect, it may seem irrational, but I was scared to death. I was afraid he might run me over. I screamed for help, but none

of the few adults and motorists in the area helped me. Eventually, he let me go. In tears, I ran home and told my mother about the incident. A meeting was arranged between me and him, my parents and his parents, and Miss Petzold. I can't remember exactly what was discussed. Unfortunately, I had long since developed the habit of bursting into tears whenever I couldn't express myself verbally. As usual, I was unable to properly convey my point of view and what had happened. They didn't believe me. The result was that he faced no consequences and that, if anything, I was also to blame for what had happened. One of the greatest judicial scandals in the history of mankind! Prosecutor, defender and judge, all bribed! Traitors, conspirators and destroyers! You too, Brutus? At least he left me alone for the rest of the school year.

Miss Petzold was not an independent judge. In my fourth-grade final report card, she shamelessly claimed as Mrs Radenau, that I often failed to recognise my own misconduct and brazenly recommended that I try to empathise more with others and understand their points of view. Both are abilities that I have unfortunately mastered all too well since my earliest childhood.

Just once, I allowed myself to be carried away and joined in bullying Detlef-Jason. They had once again provoked him. I took a chair, held it over his head and threatened to throw it. I no longer recall exactly why I wanted to do that, but it is entirely irrelevant anyway. I will never forget the look of fear, panic and sadness on his face. Miss Petzold told me to put the chair down, and I obeyed. For the moment, it felt good to be the strong one for once and not always the loser. I gained respect from my classmates, too, but on the same day I regretted my deed.

Just once. But once is once too many. For the rest of the time, I didn't participate, but I tolerated it like the majority of the class. To a certain extent, I also welcomed it, since he had really violent outbursts of anger, which I couldn't make sense of at the time. But even as an eight-year-old, I was fully aware that the whole thing was fundamentally wrong. Detlef-Jason, I'm sorry for what

I did to you. I hope you have found some way to cope with these undoubtedly traumatic experiences. **With Deutschland, bullying in upbringing, unfolding and undecking, at work and everywhere else will end once and for all.**

I was already in Ms Petzold's bad books because of two incidents. Firstly, I had taken a thick branch, about four centimeters (1.5") in diameter and 30 centimeters (12") long, from my grandparents' garden and carved away the bark. After hours of work, I was left with a piece of wood that was quite heavy for a child's body. I was proud of myself and my wood and cuddled with him every night in my bed. One morning, I took him to school in my satchel and put him on the table. When I came back from break, he was gone. I was inconsolable and thought that someone in the class had stolen him. After the last lesson, Miss Petzold called me over, took him out and asked if he belonged to me. I said yes, whereupon she asked me what he was doing at school. I didn't know how to answer, but she gave him back to me. The whole thing with Ufuk was already going on, and I think she thought I wanted to beat him up with the wood, which I definitely didn't intend to do. Unfortunately, I threw him away in my youth.

Secondly, I sent an email to the school from my email address—I think it was *dercooler@hotmail.com*—with the following content: “hello is leon still at the after-school care centre?” The Scharerschule had an after-school care centre that schoolers attended in the afternoon after regular school hours, which were from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. every day. I didn't have to go there myself because my mother was a housewife, which meant she ran the entire household and took care of both of us children. Leon Kurz was one of my three classmates in groundschool whom I looked up to. The next day, Miss Petzold confronted me and asked me anxiously whether I had sent the email in question yesterday afternoon, and I admitted it. For a long time, I wondered how they had found out that I was the author of the email, or at least could have been. In my youth, it dawned on

me what I might have set in motion. My harmless, naive message could have come from a mentally challenged kidkidnapper. Oops.



Marvin, of Russia-German descent, was a funny, smart and talented guy. He was so thin that you could see every detail of his ribs when he sucked in his stomach and breathed into his chest, and to our amusement, he did this often. By “us”, I mainly mean the boys, since most of the girls were disgusted. After groundschool, he went to a musical gymnasium; I think he played the trumpet. I saw him a few more times over the next few years on the Nuremberg Metro. I only spoke to him once; he recognised me, and we exchanged a few awkward words.

Leon Kurz, a German with possibly Croatian roots, was the most handsome and popular boy in the class. He was also the first boy in the class to have a girlfriend, and she was even the most handsome and popular girl in the class. Her name was Charlotte, he had striking eyes. I wanted to be friends with Leon. I wanted to spend time with him, so I followed him home a few times, even though it meant going in the opposite direction and sevenfolding my own journey. We had a good relationship. He teased me with the nickname “Tuna”, which spread throughout the class. In the end, we didn’t spend much time together at school, and we never met outside of school. We were in the same class in gymnasium, but he left school in the first year and we lost touch completely.

I always looked at Simon Bern, of Hungarian and perhaps Jewish origin, my eternal deskmate, with envy and admiration. He was smarter, stronger, more athletic, quicker-witted and more skilled than me. He cut more precisely with scissors, glued more carefully with a glue stick, painted more neatly and didn’t smudge. He was better than me at everything, which grounded me early on and showed me my limitations. I wanted to be like him. In the third or

fourth grade, he explained to us where children come from. There were some children like me who didn't believe Simon, but there were also some who already knew, too. My life was ruined. No one had ever explained it to me, and I didn't want to believe that *that* was how new humans were made, and if it was true, I didn't understand why I had been denied this knowledge all these years. Sex ed in groundschool was abysmal. They collected our parents' signatures to show us porn on a tube television in the basement. If I remember correctly, I wasn't allowed to participate, or at least I looked away in shame. **We have so much catching up to do.**



From first to ninth grade, I went to the *Ayasofya Mosque*, Spittler-torggraben 47b, 90429 Nuremberg, every weekend to subject me to Islamic instruction. My family belongs to the Muslim sect of the *Süleymanlılar*, roughly translated into English as “those with Süleyman”. The sect follows the Sunni-Hanafi school of thought, which means that its followers strive to live as the Prophet Muhammad did in the sixth century AD. Süleyman Hilmi Tunahan, the founder of this sect, was persecuted in what was then a secular Turkey and is greatly revered by his followers since he is said to have saved and preserved true Islam in a godless era. His mausoleum is located in Istanbul. Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, the goofy, cowardly and uptight current Turkish President, had his parents' graves reburied right next to this mausoleum. They are particularly active in Turkey and Europe, especially in European countries with large populations of Turkish “guest workers”, but they are also busy in Africa in the name of development aid. In Germany, they operate under the name of the *Association of Islamic Cultural Centres*, which is courted by German politicians. They run countless mosques, schools, schooler and student boarding schools, groceries, bookshops, publishing houses, hospitals, accommodations, travel agencies, restaurants,

butcher's shops and meat processing plants, including their own livestock farming.

The mosque at Spittlertorgraben was located just outside the historic city walls of Nuremberg. The property was not occupied until 1994. Before that, the mosque was located nearby, but was vacated due to a drastic rent increase from 3,000 to 8,000 Teutschmarks. It had five entrances. Two of them served to strictly separate men and women, while the third led to a small sitting and dining area with a doner kebab spit. The fourth and male entrances led to the basement, where ritual washing and relief could be performed in a washroom, including squat toilets. This was also where the actual dining area of the boys and men was located, along with the kitchen and the men's pantry. Cooking was, of course, done by women in the absence of the men. On the ground floor, there was a room for the *hocas*, the Muslim teachers, on the left and the *çayhane*, the tea room, on the right. The stairwell led to the second floor, where the men's main prayer room, *mescit*, with a small pulpit, *minber*, was located on the left. On the right, a door that was locked when both sexes were present connected the women's area with the men's area. On the third floor on the left, there was a long hallway, three classrooms, *dershane*, two hoca rooms and a washroom with washing machines, and another classroom on the right. The fourth and top floor housed a long hallway, three bedrooms with a total of about eleven bunk beds, three hoca rooms and a washroom. There was also an attic, but I never went there. The women's entrance led to the abyss, where the women's and girls' washroom, kitchen and dining area were located. From there, a long staircase led to the women's prayer and classroom, consisting of a large and a small room. The small room contained the other side of the connecting and separating door.

I can only speak for the boys' education and daily life, as boys and girls were kept strictly separated. There were four groups, depending on prowess and age.

The first group comprised the youngest children, who first had

to learn Arabic script using the *Elif-Cüz*, the only scripture left behind by Süleyman Hilmi Tunahan. The second group could read the *Koran*, the holy scripture of Islam, slowly and haltingly, and memorised short and simple prayers and *suras*, the 114 chapters of the Koran. From the very beginning, great importance was attached to artistic and melodious pronunciation.

The third group, which was open to children aged around ten and above, could read the Koran quite fluently and was allowed to memorise more difficult and longer *suras* and prayers. At the same time, one was introduced to the *İlmihal*, a small, yellow, around 200-page booklet written in Turkish that covers all the essentials of (this) Islam, such as the Five Pillars of Islam, the life of the Prophet “Muhammed Mustafa sallallahü aleyhi ve sellem”, the various prayers for various occasions, the right way to pray and perform ritual washing including illustrated step-by-step instructions, the right burial, and the many, many other duties of a Muslim. The prayers were always in Arabic, since the unadulterated word of God would inevitably be completely distorted in its meaning if translated. The content was prepared in such a way that it was easy to memorise and the hoca could easily test it. Tally marks were kept to show whether a particular topic could be reproduced correctly, and there were two rounds to pass.

At around the age of 13, one could be ready for the fourth group, which used a thin blue booklet, *Emsile*, to learn Arabic grammar, mainly conjugation. There are said to have been other grammar booklets, but I personally didn't have to familiarise myself with them. Furthermore, one was expected to memorise pages long *suras*. One was also encouraged to memorise the entire Koran.

There was also an elite group that made *rabita*. In order to be allowed to participate in the weekly religious ceremony called *sohbet*, which translates simply as “conversation”, one needed *rabita*. Those who had *rabita* and did not attend *sohbet* would be damned for eternity, which I gratefully declined and therefore do not know what they were instructed in.

In case it wasn't clear enough yet: One didn't learn Arabic. One

could read and pronounce it, but not even write it. One did not understand what one was saying. No Turkish-Arabic, let alone German-Arabic vocabulary was crammed in order to grasp the meaning of the Koranic suras and to be able to talk and argue about the contents of this book. Fortunately, none of this is necessary in Islam. Luther, where are you?

The first two groups were taught in the mescit on small wooden tables, *rahle*, on the floor, while the last two groups were taught in the classrooms on the third floor, partly and temporarily on *rahle*, before they acquired ordinary tables and chairs for two of the four classrooms. The first two groups had lessons every Saturday and Sunday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., while the last two groups had lessons from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. During the school holidays, lessons took place at the same times every day.

The first lesson took place from 10 to around 11:30 a.m., followed by a 30-minute break. After praying at noon, the second lesson took place from 12:30 to 2 p.m. Those who were not yet allowed to go home now had their lunch break and lunch. The third lesson took place from 3:00 to 4:00 p.m., followed by the afternoon prayer, then the fourth and final lesson from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m., and finally the evening prayer. The information is somewhat inaccurate, because prayer times in Islam are based on the position of the sun, which is why they vary each day and in each place. Everything else in the daily routine had to be based on the prayer times. In summer, the advanced groups missed the evening prayer, in winter never.

In addition, there were those who stayed overnight on the fourth floor during the weekend and school holidays. In this case, they were woken up early for morning prayer. This was followed by a shared breakfast before the day schoolers arrived and the usual schedule began. After evening prayer, there was dinner, night prayer, free time and bedtime, the latter starting at around 10 p.m.

The lessons can be roughly divided into two parts: until 2 p.m., the Koran was read and memorised, and from 3 p.m. onwards, the contents of the *İlmihal* or the *Emsile* were taught, discussed and

memorised. The hocas were assigned to specific groups, but from time to time, lessons were held together if a hoca was ill or otherwise unable to attend. The number of schoolers, *talebe*, was manageable; there were perhaps 20 boys in the first group and ten in the fourth, for a total of less than 70 boys. During the breaks, one played games such as tag and hide-and-seek with the other children of the same sex, played with one's smartphone or went outside to play football in the Spittlertorgraben or to get something to eat and drink at *Marktkauf* at Plärrer.

In the mosque, they sold sweet and sour sweets, including many from *Hitschler* such as the famous dragon tongues, as well as sweet drinks such as Coke, Fanta, Sprite, Gazoz and Pepsi. They also used to make money by cooking potato sticks in hot fat. On Fridays after Friday prayers, they sold kebabs, i.e. spicy (minced) meat in thick dough, and on Sundays lahmacuns, i.e. spicy minced meat on thin dough, for €3 and €1 respectively at the time, today €8 and €2.50 respectively. During the first break, the talebes ran across the small forecourt and through the fifth entrance into a larger room, which was practically the ground floor of the women's area, completely separate from the rest of the building and equipped with freezers, ovens and a small butcher's, and queued up to get their hands on the hot, deliciously fresh lahmacuns wrapped in kitchen paper and devour them. Occasionally, long hairs gathered in one's mouth, since it was the mothers of the schoolers—like English, the Turkish language has no grammatical genders, all were talebe—who collaboratively prepared, baked and sold the lahmacuns and other pastries. They also took large orders for weddings, celebrations and funerals, and my mother bought us ten lahmacuns every week so that we could store them in the fridge and munch them during the week. About once a month, there was a *kermes* over the weekend, where they offered grilled chicken, chicken skewers, fish, Adana, tantuni, kebabs, pastries, cakes and Turkish desserts. The men and women of the mosque community all worked without payment—they brought the cakes from home, for example—and all the proceeds went to the organisation. Meat was men's business,

except for pastries, while the women were in charge of everything else.

A permanent cook prepared breakfast, lunch and dinner for the children, youths and hocas. The usual culinary specialities included fries, fish fingers, beef sausages, chicken schnitzel and nuggets, bread topped with slices of sausage or spread with sugar-fat-mixtures, and pasta or rice with mayonnaise and/or ketchup. There were also soups, salads and stews every day. They masterfully mastered the art of bulking out more expensive foods such as meat with potatoes, carrots, onions, peas and other vegetables so that they didn't have to spend more than absolutely necessary to get everyone replete. No brand-name products, but own brands. Some were donated by Turkish groceries and bakeries. A nearby *Der Beck* branch allowed us to utilise their leftover dry bread, rolls and sweet pastries at the end of the day. Lunch was included in the monthly membership fee of €50 per talebe. For overnight stays at weekends and during school holidays, €150 per month was due.



There is no other way to put it: As a child, I was neglected by my parents.

By the beginning of my second year at school, I was already slightly chubby, and by the end of fourth grade at the latest, at the age of ten, I was already severely overweight. This was immortalised by the school. On special occasions and during school trips, they took photos of us, and at the end of fourth grade, Mrs Radenau gave each of us a CD-R80 labelled “Pictures from my groundschool days”. As the supposed crowning glory of groundschool, on Thursday, 26 July 2012, we went to the *Franconian Switzerland—Veldenstein Forest Nature Park*, 91278 Pottenstein, to visit the Devil’s Cave in Pottenstein. Anyway, we children and the teachers went swimming there, and in one picture you can clearly see my flabby belly. I

emphasise this so explicitly because my mother still denies that I was already overweight in groundschool and more than just “a little chubby” compared to other children. Every Sunday at the mosque, I ate five to seven lahmacuns, which she also denies to this day. She claims that she always warned me not to eat so much, to which I supposedly always replied that I knew what I was doing and that I would lose weight later and suffer no consequences. That is correct, but I certainly did not sugarcoat it already in groundschool like that, but only as a youth. There was no one to protect the Führer from eating wrongly and too much as a child. No one.

I always ate a lot and with pleasure. It only became a problem because of Ufuk Yaman. In class, I was called thick and fat, but that hardly bothered me because it wasn't meant maliciously, and even if it was, I never cared what other people thought of me. It was only when the bullying started that I ate huge amounts out of frustration. The things that made me fat were not so much things like chips and sweets, although I did like to spoon whole jars of *Nutella*, but rather the mass of Turkish home cooking and “Western” industrial food. For breakfast, there was sugarflakes and sugarflour with milk, fries, fish fingers, potato wedges, garlic baguette, puff pastries, Turkish meatballs, cheeses such as camembert, Gouda and Turkish kaşar, Turkish meat products such as salam, sosis and sucuk, boiled eggs, fried eggs and Turkish menemen, as well as German and Turkish bread with butter and honey, cream cheese and rosehip jam or *Nutella* (without butter!). For lunch and dinner, there was pasta with yoghurt garlic sauce and melted paprika butter or with tomato sauce, soups made from lentils, yoghurt and Turkish tarhana, fatty rice, bulgur rice, rice in grape leaves, white cabbage leaves and peppers, white beans, chickpeas, green beans with potatoes, bulgur and lentil balls, potato salad, two whole chickens, fatty lamb, calf and beef, kebabs and lahmacuns, as well as sugar pizza, real pizza and Turkish pastries. For dessert, there was rice pudding, raspberry and banana ice cream, chocolate and vanilla pudding, mandarin cream cake, bee sting cake, as well as Turkish desserts such as

baklava, şekerpare, künefe, lokum and tulumba. There was also fruit in the house, such as bananas, apples, pears, oranges, pomegranates, grapes, clementines, mandarins, strawberries, plums, apricots, cherries, (flat) peaches, honeydew and watermelons, pineapples and kiwis. Apart from salad, vegetables only appeared on the menu when they were pan-fried, such as eggplants and peppers. Salad was always on the table, but as a child I was very picky about my food, which is why it was kept quite low in nutrients with head lettuce or iceberg lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes. I didn't like mushrooms at all, for example.

On top of that, I was and still am lazy. I love lying down, as it is the gentlest and most comfortable position a person can adopt. Even as a child, I hardly moved. After school, it took me ten minutes to walk home, then I sat down at the living room table and ate, then I went to my desk to do my homework and study, and the rest of the day I lay on my bed or on the living room sofa and read books or the monthly pharmacy magazine *medizini*, or I watched TV or played on the computer.

The children's series and shows I watched included *SpongeBob SquarePants*, *Caillou*, *Pippi Longstocking*, *Pumuckl*, *Maya the Bee*, *Heidi*, *Bernd das Brot*, *Benjamin Blümchen*, *Käpt'n Blaubär*, *Marsupilami*, *Tom and Jerry*, *KiD vs KaT*, *Oggy and the Cockroaches*, *Tintin*, *Asterix and Obelix*, *Timon & Pumbaa*, *Mickey Mouse Clubhouse*, *Bugs Bunny*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Bibi Blocksberg*, *Bibi and Tina*, *Tabaluga*, *Dora the Explorer*, *Go, Diego, Go!*, *Art Attack*, *Die Sendung mit der Maus*, *Löwenzahn*, *Tigerenten Club*, *The New Adventures of Winnie the Pooh*, *The Smurfs*, *The Little Mermaid*, *Pingu*, *Shaun the Sheep*, *Mr. Bean*, *Jimmy Neutron*, *Phineas and Ferb*, *The Penguins of Madagascar*, *The Fairly Odd-Parents*, *Danny Phantom*, *iCarly*, *Victorious*, *Sam & Cat*, *The Suite Life of Zack & Cody*, *The Suite Life on Deck*, *Ned's Declassified School Survival Guide*, *Wizards of Waverly Place*, *Hannah Montana*, *Big Time Rush*, *Drake & Josh*, *Das Haus Anubis*, *Pokémon*, *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, *The Legend of Korra*, *Recess*, *What's with*

Andy?, *Fillmore!*, *The Flintstones*, *Kung Fu Panda: Legends of Awesomeness*, *Inspector Gadget*, *Bob the Builder*, *Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends*, *Sally Bollywood*, *Kim Possible*, *Angelo Rules*, *The Secret World of Santa Claus*, *Woozle Goozle*, *LazyTown* and *Power Rangers Samurai*. Other shows I watched (even) as a child were *Upps!*—*Die Pannenshow*, *Breaking the Magician’s Code: Magic’s Biggest Secrets Finally Revealed*, *Goodbye [T]eutschland*, *mieten, kaufen, wohnen, Hilf mir doch!*, *Verklag mich doch!*, *Hilf mir! Jung, pleite, verzweifelt ...*, *Germany’s Got Talent* and *Who Wants to Be a German Millionaire?* (as well as the Turkish versions *Yetenek Sizsiniz* and *Kim Milyoner Olmak İster?*), *Schlag den Raab*, *Schlag den Star*, *TV total Turmspringen*, *Wok-WM*, *Menschen, Tiere & Doktoren*, *Verstehen Sie Spaß?*, *Aktenzeichen XY* and *Galileo*. All kinds of (animal) documentaries broadcast on German and Turkish public-service television broadcasters and other free-to-air channels were also part of my prey profile.

We already had a desktop at home at Fuggerstraße, which I am said to have used when I was two years old. I can’t remember exactly what I did with it. The computer moved to Burgerstraße, and *that* time I can remember quite well. For hours, my father, my brother and I played *FIFA* against each other, preferably Turkey against Germany. I played *FIFA*, *Metin2*, *Need for Speed*, *Serious Sam 2*, *Asterix & Obelix XXL*, *Sid Meier’s Pirates!* and *GTA: San Andreas* with my brother. We were particularly fond of *Metin2*, but more on that later. We also had a laptop that got very hot very quickly and whose fans were extremely noisy. I’ll reveal exactly what I did with it in the next chapter. We also had analogue toys, such as building blocks like *LEGO*, toy cars like *Hot Wheels*, figures from *Kinder Surprise Eggs*, a small cuddly lion and a cuddly tiger, as well as jigsaw puzzles, social games and board games. The puzzles consisted of 50 to 2,000 pieces and, when completed, depicted a wide variety of animals and landscapes. The social and board games were *Ludo*, *Monopoly*, *Cluedo*, *Twister*, *Taboo*, *Categories*, *I Spy*, *Mill*, *Connect Four*, *Crocodile Dentist*, *Operation*, *Pairs*, *Dominoes*, *UNO* and *Jenga*. In connection with *Mein Sieg*, I’d like to be able

to say that we also played *Risk*, *Diplomacy* or *The Settlers of Catan* as a family, but we didn't. I loved brain teasers such as Sudoku and crossword puzzles, which could also be found in *medizini*, which is why my mother bought me brain teaser books.

Of course, as a child, I wasn't quite as lazy as I actually could and should be in my youth. My mother often took her two children to the playgrounds on Luisenstraße, Bestelmeyerstraße, Luitpoldhain, Silverlake, Pferdemarkt, Westpark, Leonhardspark, Cramer-Klett-Park, Harsdörfferplatz, Anton-Müller-Platz, as well as to the Rocketplayground opposite the headquarters of the *Federal Employment Agency*. We regularly went on trips to Wöhrder Lake, Valznerweiher and the Zoo, often picnicked and barbecued in Volkspark Dutzendteich, Volkspark Marienberg, *Huckepack* and my grandparents' allotment in Amberg, and went several times a year to *Nuremberg Volksfest*, once in my life to *Tucherland*, and a few times to *Playmobil FunPark* and *Bayern-Park*.

We did not pursue any movement arts in a club. In our free time, we occasionally threw frisbees, played table tennis and football. My father taught us—me when I was about five years old—how to ride a bike. So on 30 September 2011, I became the proud owner of a rider's license after a police officer personally convinced himself of my riding skills. In the Südstadtbad, my father taught me how to stay afloat, but we rarely went to swimming pools and only in the summer. It took me a lot of effort to earn my Seahorse Swimming Badge on 7 July 2014, for which I had to jump from the edge of a pool, swim 25 meters breaststroke and retrieve a ring with my hands from shoulder-deep water. I quickly gave up inline skating after a minor fall.

My brother and I were outside almost every day. We whizzed around the neighbourhood on scooters and bicycles or roamed the area on foot. We often went to the *Goldbachwiese Adventure Playground* at Goldbachstraße 26, 90480 Nuremberg. It was a natural children's paradise where you could run around freely and have fun. However, I don't have many memories associated with this place. During the

2008 European Football Championship and the 2010 World Cup, we collected *Panini* cards, gambled with them and tried to fill our sticker albums. Gambling with the children from the hood and at the mosque went as follows: two players bet the same number of cards. Then the cards were bent slightly towards the middle and placed face up on a firm surface, such as windowsills and steps, so that the front with the name and picture of a football player was visible at the top. The task was to flip over as many cards as possible with a palm-flick next to the stack of cards, which could result in a change of ownership in accordance with Sections 516 and 929 of the German Civil Code. Players took turns bending the stack of cards and flicking next to it until the last card had found its rightful owner. As far as I can remember, one played with up to twelve cards at a time. A new pack of five fresh cards cost one or two euros in the lottery, which was not exactly cheap for a child who could also spend his meagre and precious pocket money on sweets and treats. I received five to ten euros in cash every week and got by very well with it. The cards you won naturally lost their shine and collectible value from all the bending and placing on dirty surfaces, but we weren't in it for the money anyway, but for the skill and the fun. We didn't play with the rare cards, but traded the ones we had duplicates of and therefore had in abundance. Personally, I hardly ever gambled since I was weak and my hands hurt so much, but I collected and traded on behalf of my brother. In 2010, on a single match day at Wöhrder Wiese, where the masses had gathered to watch the World Cup as a pack, he and I collected deposit bottles worth about 40 euros, which we shared brotherly. We children didn't try our hand at being pensioners more often, though, because it was exhausting and we weren't the only ones who were environmentally conscious.

It was my brother who enabled me to connect with other people and kept me active. Without him, I was completely lost in these matters. What had happened that allowed me to become a smart sloth? Until the end of the 2010/2011 school year, we slept together in the same room on two different beds. I finished third grade at groundschool,

he finished sixth grade at middleschool. We both went to the same school, but we had no contact with each other there, which is quite understandable. Younger children are rarely of interest to older ones since and when the latter want to keep to themselves. Even at home, we did not have a permanently harmonious sibling relationship, quite the contrary. We often argued and fought, and thanks to my cunning, I managed to get my mother on my unjust side in most cases. I was the one who always provoked the arguments, and yet I usually came out on top in the end. I did this not unconsciously, but consciously. There are many stupid people who do this completely unconsciously because that's just the way they are. They feel perfectly comfortable doing so. But I didn't feel good at all, I felt bad. It felt good at the time to be comforted by my mother and to get attention, but I was too smart not to know that this couldn't be conducive to my mental development. A deutscher upbringer and unfolder would have guided me in the right direction. Be that as it may, he was my big brother, my only friend and playmate. But after the summer holidays in 2011, at the age of almost 13, he moved alone to Ingolstadt to live in a boarding school. There he ate and slept together with dozens of other children of all slightly older ages, who attended a state school in the mornings during the week before receiving religious instruction in the boarding school in the afternoons. On weekends and during school holidays, they were taught all day. Once a month, he was allowed to visit us on the weekends. Sometimes we picked him up a few days before the end of the shorter holidays to bring him back on Sunday. Often the three of us drove to Ingolstadt, mainly to provide him with food and pocket money. In such a short time, it was impossible for us to rekindle our previous relationship. The six-week summer holidays we spent together as a family of four, but during the long periods in between, I had virtually no friends left. They took my only friend away from me. For what? For nothing! Outside of school and the mosque, from then on, I was only at home. From my perspective at the time, I was just alone, but from today's perspective, I was and still am lonely.



Now let's move on to the key event of my entire life. During the summer holidays, we almost always drove or flew to Turkey for four to six weeks. For those who want to know more precisely: from 2002 to 2008, 2010, 2012, 2016, 2018, 2019 and 2022, we flew to Turkey, and in 2009, 2011 and 2015, we drove there and back. These were not ordinary holidays, but rather visits to relatives, especially my maternal relatives, to do things together. We went on trips, had picnics and travelled. When my maternal grandmother was still alive, her spacious flat served as our headquarters. After her death, we spent most of our time staying at the Keser family's small flat. Hadise Keser was one of my mother's two older sisters. She was married and had a son and a daughter, who were both a little older than the Blood brothers, but we still got along quite well. My mother's four siblings all lived in the Turkish capital Ankara, so it wasn't difficult to get in touch with everyone every summer. Either we gathered at one of the two headquarters, or the four "Germany-Turks", i.e. Turkish people living in Germany, visited one family after another. On my mother's side, I now have four male first cousins and five female first cousins, as well as four second nephews and three second nieces, which is why it is impossible for me to mention all my closer relatives individually. Anyway, we were closest to the Keser family since my grandmother, my mother's great love, passed away in October 2011. Furthermore, we spent a small part of our holidays almost every year since her death in and around Gereede, a small town in the province of Bolu. This is where my father's family has its roots. Originally, my mother's side of the family also came from teeny-tiny villages in the district of the same name, Gereede—mainly Akçabey and Yazıköy—but many of them ended up moving to the nearby metropolis at some point. We still own a small flat in this town, and my brother and father are currently building a small house here for us, my younger aunt and my grandparents. Bolu is mountainous. Some of my more distant

relatives lived in scattered villages on the plateau, *yayla*, where we also stayed once for a few days. That was roughly how my summer holidays went. At other times we never travelled outside Germany, and we always travelled to Turkey. 2010, 2019 and 2022 were very different from usual, but more about that later.

Let's finally get to the point. It all happened in the summer of 2012. I had lost my brother, I had overcome Ufuk and Mrs Radenau, I had barely managed to finish groundschool. A new stage of life, gymnasium, lay ahead of me. We flew to Turkey and set up our camp with the Keser family. I was just ten years old, my brother was almost 14, and Ahmet Keser was about seven months older than my brother. Our four parents and Ahmet's sister, Zehra, were already asleep. The three of us boys were still awake and slept in the same room—in the children's room of Ahmet Keser. He slept on his bed, my brother and I slept on the floor on a mattress. It was around midnight. I don't remember exactly how it happened, but the initiative came clearly and unequivocally from Ahmet. We took off our clothes, and Ahmet took turns touching the Blood brothers' penises and putting them in his mouth. I also touched his penis, but only briefly, disgusted and very hesitant. He openly marvelled several times at how small our penises were, while his was actually significantly longer. After a while, it stopped. In the days and weeks that followed, he hit on me several times a day. I can't say that I wanted it, but I can't say that I didn't want it either. I wanted it and I didn't want it. I allowed it to happen and distanced myself. During the day, for example, I lay down on his bed on my back, so that he could easily reach under my joggers, even though I could have lain on my stomach, which would have made the whole thing more difficult. I did it deliberately because I liked the touching and it tempted me to expose myself like that, but there was something about it that I didn't like at all. I never said no, and he never forced me to do anything. But I tried to make it clear with my behaviour when I didn't want to do it anymore, and he never responded to my requests immediately. Even though Simon and the teachers had

given us a rough sex education back then, I had had nothing to do with sexuality until that day. I wasn't interested in it at all. So I couldn't really make sense of what had happened, didn't know why I felt both desire and discomfort. They were half-rapes. Not full ones, because that would be an exaggeration, but not consensual sexual intercourse either. No, it wasn't because of my age, but because of the Age of Fuckism. In Deutschland, I wouldn't have been educated and guided by precocious children and unspecieified adults, but by Deutschen in a manner appropriate to my age and species. In Deutschland, I would never have done or even been able to do what I later did. In Deutschland, everything would have been different.

Even though I can talk about this in a very sober, factual and composed manner, the consequences of these events for my life cannot be underestimated. Nothing has shaped me as much as that summer. I don't want to ruin the surprise for You, but as a result, I came to hate Turks, Ausländer, Muslims, Islam, my parents and myself. In all these years, my brother and I haven't exchanged a single word about it, not even hinted at it. In fact, I haven't talked to anyone about it yet. You are the first person I am telling about all this.

Youthhood

After the summer holidays, I started secondary school. I spent eight years, i.e. just over a third of my life, at *Martin-Behaim-Gymnasium*, which was once located at Schultheißallee 1, 90478 Nuremberg. In late 2022/early 2023, they demolished the school of the Greatest Führer, Feldherr, and Philosopher of All Time, which is why You will unfortunately not be able to experience this place in person as I did. A new school complex is currently being built on the same site, which, as things stand today, is scheduled to be occupied in the 2028/2029 school year, three years behind schedule—but who's really surprised by that in the best Germany of all time? I will take great pleasure in demolishing it immediately, or at least having it extensively remodelled, because judging by the plans, this place can by no means serve as a breeding ground for future Deutsche.

It was a science-and-technology gymnasium. Directly opposite was a linguistic gymnasium, the *Neue Gymnasium*, or NGN. However, as school languages were even further from my mind than school sciences, the decision to attend the MBG was not a difficult one. The proportion of girls at our school was around 40%, while at the NGN it was closer to 80%. Some time after obtaining my university entrance qualification and some time before becoming deutsch, I wondered whether my life would have been completely different if I had chosen the NGN back then. It certainly would have been, but despite everything I still have to tell You, I am at peace with everything that has happened since then.

My new class consisted of a total of 30 schoolers. I didn't know a single one of them. Only Leon, but I can't remember a single moment with him. And Justus, who I had been with in kindergarten and in the same class in groundschool. And Ferhat, who had been in one of my three parallel classes and with whom I attended weekly Turkish lessons in groundschool in the second and fourth grades, organised by the *Turkish Consulate General Nuremberg*. Two other classmates, the Vietnamese twins Christopher and Brooklyn Huong,

had also been in one of my parallel classes, but I had had nothing to do with them before. For 115 children spread across four classes, their new school adventure began.

Until the end of ninth grade, I didn't have any friends at school. Nice acquaintances, yes, but no real friends with whom I went through thick and thin and hung out with after school. That wasn't because of the others, but because of my personality, smartness and past. After Ufuk and Ahmet, I became even more introverted. As a result, in fifth grade, in addition to regular German lessons, I had to attend a double German lesson—a school lesson lasted 45 minutes—once a week in the afternoon with other schoolers of non-German race, which was of course completely ridiculous. I was more confident in German spelling and grammar than most teachers. A quantitative deficiency in oral skills is by no means a qualitative deficiency in language skills. Unfortunately, I have lost my two report cards from fifth grade, so I cannot comment on my grades at that time, but they cannot have been very different from my grades in sixth and seventh grade, which were quite good. Even though it was no longer explicitly recommended at gymnasium, I probably continued to be a busy bee on Antolin and Mathepirat until sixth grade.

From fifth to seventh grade, the lower secondary, we had swimming lessons every week at Regensburger Straße 160, 90478 Nuremberg. There was a small gym and a small swimming pool with only one pool. The building was part of the Faculty of Education at *Friedrich–Alexander University of Erlangen–Nuremberg* and was used by both teacher-training students and schoolers from nearby schools. We may have taken the school bus there every week in the third and fourth grades, but my memory may be deceiving me. In sixth grade, Fabio Francesconi, who was of Italian descent, joined our school and class communities and left them at the end of the school year. He was almost two years older than me. Because I had once splashed him with water for fun during a swimming lesson, he had it in for me for a long time. He once pinched my arm hard, and then the physical harassment was over. But once again, I had

to be constantly on my guard against stupid, violent people, which wasn't good for my mental health. By then, I had become very, very good at recognising and avoiding conflict situations, and as we all know, it is better to have something than to need it, but I had *and* needed to use this skill all the time. **Futuredeutsche must be able to feel comfortable in upbringing and unfolding.**

In mid-2013, my parents sold our flat at Burgerstraße at a modest profit. The flat was too old, too small and too high up for them. They put up a notice at the local savings bank with the following content: “We are looking for our customers: Beautiful flat or house with at least 4 rooms in Nuremberg/Fürth. Purchase price: max. 250,000.” Since they couldn't find anything suitable, they decided to build a house from the ground up. We needed the money to buy a small plot of land and have a small house built on it. The house itself was mainly financed by a loan. In August 2013, my parents and I had to move into a small rented flat on the ground floor at Gothaer Straße 8, 90491 Nuremberg, until our house was halfway ready to move into. Until then, we had always lived in the south-west and south-east of Nuremberg, so the north-east promised to be a completely new environment for me. I was already familiar with the area, partly because we often went to the *MERCADO* shopping centre and then experimented with the interplay of gravity and restoring force at *DELPHIN Trampolin*, but of course it's completely different when you live somewhere for a longer period of time and therefore not only enjoy the sunny sides, but also get to experience the shady sides. My expectations were not disappointed. I was now in sixth grade and could no longer walk to school, but had to rely on the metro and tram. This was nothing new to me, as I knew the public transport system in Nuremberg like the back of my hand. My daily commute now took 90 minutes instead of 30. I will explain why I didn't just change schools in the next section. On my way home from the metro station *Nordostbahnhof* to our flat, I was accosted for weeks by two ausländish, perhaps Arab children of about the same age, one of whom spat at me and insulted me, while

the other just followed him like a lackey. There was no reason or cause for this, except that he was stupid. I went on my way, and the *Ausländer* made trouble again. It reminded me strongly of my time with Ufuk. I always had to shake them off and take longer detours so they wouldn't find out where I lived. After I got home, I first had to calm myself down since I was completely upset and desperate and crying. At the latest with the start of the summer holidays, the ordeal finally ended since we were able to move. A registration certificate in accordance with Section 18 of the Federal Registration Act dated 31 March 2021 states that we moved into our new house on 1 August 2014, but this cannot be entirely correct. As far as I know, it was at most two weeks before the start of the new school year, so more likely the beginning of September.

The Martin-Behaim-Gymnasium consisted of a total of three buildings and had roughly three entrances. Two of the three buildings housed a kiosk, a café, a library, two auditoriums and all the classrooms, sanitary facilities and administrative offices. The third building had space for two gyms, two changing rooms with showers and toilets, and a climbing wall. One building was referred to as the oldlybuilt, the other as the newlybuilt. The reason for this is self-explanatory. The oldlybuilt was occupied in 1959, the smaller newlybuilt in 2006. In addition, there was a large grass sports field, a small asphalted basketball court, a lawn with trees and bushes, and a so-called atrium, an outdoor recreation area in the centre of the oldlybuilt. The first entrance led to a car park and the newlybuilt, which was located opposite the sports field. Next to the newlybuilt was the sports building, and next to that was the oldlybuilt. In front of the main entrance to the school—or more precisely, to the oldlybuilt—stood a symbolic globe. The school was named after a Nuremberger, born and bred, who, at the end of the 15th century, mapped the planet Earth, which was not yet known in all its details, in a spherical form, thus leaving mankind with the oldest surviving globe in the world. The third entrance led to the oldlybuilt and the basketball court, and the area around it provided space for

many more cars to rest and rust. There were also three outdoor bicycle parking spaces and a parking space in the basement of the oldlybuilt. The oldlybuilt was three stories high, the newlybuilt without a basement was two stories high. There was also a path around the oldlybuilt with bushes and trees at the edge. Last but not least, there were two table tennis tables near the basketball court. During breaks, schoolers either stayed in the well-tempered auditoriums and halls or were exposed to the weather outside. From the upper secondary onwards, i.e. from the eleventh grade, schoolers were allowed to smoke in three areas immediately outside the school grounds, which often led to conflicts with concerned residents. Past the school, there flowed the *Fischstream*.

From 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. there was double lesson, 15-minute break, double lesson, 15-minute break, and then a third double lesson. This was followed by a 75-minute lunch break and up to two more double lessons without a break in between, so school ended at 5:15 p.m. at the latest. Fortunately, this was not the case every day and every school year. The older you got, the longer the school days became. In fifth grade, you were allowed to go home at 1 p.m. almost every day. In tenth grade, I had classes until 1 p.m. on two days, until 3 p.m. on one day, and until 3:45 p.m. on two days. It wasn't much different in upper secondary, not to mention the second half of twelfth grade. Double lesson didn't mean that the same subject was taught for 90 minutes. Main subjects such as German, English and "mathematics" were usually taught for that long, but subjects with a low or odd number of hours per week had to be taught in 45-minute blocks. Only in one school year was I taught the same subject for three consecutive hours; I believe it was "nature and technology", the preparatory subject in lower secondary for the later subjects of physics, chemistry, and biology. That was exhausting. In the case of a double lesson, we were usually granted another short break in between, but the material in most subjects was pretty useless and boring, which I will come back to later.

I spent almost all of my breaks from fifth to eighth grade in the school library. For legal reasons, it was unwanted to remain in the

classrooms and halls above the ground floor, as these areas were not under official supervision by the teacher body. Of course, people tried to avoid this rule if the classroom was located on the upper floors and they didn't want to climb stairs all the time. Whether you succeeded depended on the teacher, your own slyness and, to a certain extent, your year group. It was a game of cat and mouse. In lower secondary, you were assigned a fixed classroom for each school year, which you usually left "only" for special subjects such as art, music, physics, chemistry, computer science, biology and sports. After that, things got wilder. Even those subjects whose effective teaching did not depend on specific spatial conditions were henceforth taught in different rooms. In the worst case, you had to commute several times a day from the oldlybuilt to the newlybuilt and back again, carrying several kilograms of satchel, schoolbooks and notebooks on your back. At least the rooms for each subject were fixed for the school year.

For a long time, the school library served as a place of refuge and shelter for me. It was quite quiet, you could make yourself comfortable on the sofas and relax and read books. You were also allowed to borrow books for 14 or maybe even 30 days at a time, which I made ample use of. I'm not entirely sure about the number of days, as I never needed to borrow a book for longer than a week. Unbelievably, in addition to books, one could also borrow board games such as chess and play them at tables in the library, which is why it could get a little noisy at times. Fortunately, a library has always separated the wheat from the chaff. Of the 840 to 900 children, youths and young adults at the school, there were never more than 25 schoolers in the library at the same time, and most of the time there were fewer than ten. There wasn't any more space available, but that certainly wasn't the reason. The peak times were during lunch breaks, when people wanted to study, read, play or do their homework in peace. The light-flooded auditoriums, where people were allowed to eat and drink at tables and chairs, offered much more space and a little more noise. The newlybuilt-auditorium was cleaner and more spacious, and in return, the oldlybuilt-auditorium

was renovated, modernised and equipped with comfortable seating platforms in the 2014/2015 school year. The only place that was more comfortable was the newlybuilt-auditorium, where there were three beanbags and a small bookshelf in one corner.

In seventh grade, I encountered my last *physical* adversary: Markus Vogelfang, blond hair and blue eyes, racially pure German. We had been in the same class for over two years and had neither problems nor close contact with each other. He was about the same age as me. I can't remember the exact trigger, but we got into a fight. We had just had a 15-minute break, and music was on the timetable for the next lesson. There were two art, music, physics, chemistry, computer science and biology rooms, all in the oldlybuilt. There was a piano in each of the music rooms, one of which was significantly larger than the other because it was also used for assemblies and small concerts. If the timetable was unfavourable and a visit to the library wasn't worthwhile in the short time available, I usually spent the breaks in front of the room where the lesson after the break was to take place. I wasn't alone in doing so. Most people put down their backpacks and left again—in that respect, we trusted each other as a school community, I can't remember a single case of theft—but quite a few simply stayed there. In addition, the large music room was right next to the toilets of the first upper floor, which made staying there all the more tempting. As always, I was no match for anyone when it came to physical confrontation. He wrestled me to the ground and I cried. Half the class watched. I washed my face at the sink in the boys' and men's toilet and calmed myself down. By then, the lesson had already started, and I quietly sneaked back to my seat. At the beginning of each school year, seating plans were made in each room or subject so that the teachers knew who they had in front of them and who they didn't. Most teachers who didn't have to teach a third of the entire schooler body each school year—virtually all of them except for the art and music teachers, as there were only three of them each—were able to memorise their schoolers' names over the course of a year. This was a remarkable

achievement given the fairly high proportion of Ausländer at our school. No teacher taught someone for more than three years, most only for one year. Often, we were taught by trainee teachers, which is why a seating plan was indispensable. As has probably always been the case everywhere on Earth, the troublemakers sat at the back and the nerds at the front. Anyone who messed around was moved. Surprisingly, no one ever mentioned this fight to me, which suited me just fine. For the rest of the school year, he tried to annoy me and I tried to avoid him, until all the classes were mixed up with the transition to middle secondary, which I will discuss in more detail later. After eighth grade, he left the school. I saw him again a few years later at the tram stop *Platz der Opfer des Faschismus* (Square of the Victims of Fascism), where I should get on and off for seven years. He had dyed his hair pink. What a faggot.



Our house had three floors. Next to it, we had a small, single-storey annex built. Only the upper floor and the top floor are registered as living space; the ground floor and the annex are officially considered usable space. For many years, the ground floor actually served as a substitute basement, as a real basement would have been far too expensive, but today one person lives and reigns alone on this ground floor: my humble self. If we were to apply to the building supervisory authority for a change of use, which we actually have to do, it would cost €13,000 since, naturally, everyone is entitled to a parking space. But since this parking space cannot fall from the sky, you have to pay compensation to the commune. Brilliant, isn't it? Invent needs and cash in. Communists, after all.

When we moved in in the summer of 2014, only the large room in the top floor was really ready for occupancy. The three of us—four of us during the summer holidays—slept on mattresses on the floor in around 23 square meters. It took six years before the house was in a fully habitable condition. The upper floor, the top

floor and the annex were gradually developed within a few weeks and months, but it wasn't until 2020 that we were able to bring ourselves to clear out the ground floor as well. My father took care of all the electrical work, while the rest was done by trained and untrained craftsmen. I helped him a little. My mother prepared food for him, which I brought from Gothaer Straße to the construction site after school. Basically, I had to hold cables and wires and hand them to him so that he could lay them throughout the house while standing on a ladder. I also helped carry tiles. Later, after we had already moved in, I helped lay out the garden. But that was my entire contribution to our house. It is located on a main road in the south-west of Nuremberg, so we have found our way back to our roots. For obvious reasons, I will not go into detail about the location and certain specifics. For the sake of fiction, let's say the house is located at Judenstraße 31.

After entering through the front door, one found oneself in a hallway with a floor made of grey, rectangular paving stones. Immediately to the left was a small recess where our organic waste, residual waste and paper waste bins stand today. For some time, dozens of 15-kilogram bags full of wood pellets were stored here, which we used to heat our home inexpensively on cold days, especially during the era of Coronazism. One and a half meters further on, the hallway branched off to the left. Straight ahead, there was the entrance to the ground floor, and on the left was the plant room with the gas heating and a 900-liter water tank (200 liters of drinking water, 700 liters of buffer storage). I have no idea how that shit works. Immediately after this branch, on the left was the entrance to the top floor and upper floor. A long, straight staircase led from the dirty outside to the clean interior of the house. The rest of the hallway led straight to the "garden" of the house, where the annex and a small tin tool shed stood next to it. Garden in quotation marks, because the whole ground was sealed and paved. Green and living stuff could only be found in the raised beds made of sheet metal (and in other objects uprooted from deutschen soil), which we created on the pavement at the end of 2015 and on the walkable

flat roof of the annex in the summer of 2020. A long, steep and solid stainless steel staircase next to the annex door led upstairs. The plastic waste bin stood under the stairs. Planted and harvested were and was cucumbers, zucchinis, radishes, carrots, tomatoes, head lettuce, Yedikule lettuce, Lollo rossa, blood and common sorrel, purslane, spinach, parsley, green Kıl peppers, spring onions, garlic greens, garden cress, lemon balm, peppermint, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, gooseberries, red redcurrant berries and grapes, as well as a few ornamental plants such as red roses and lavender. Furthermore, the garden was furnished with chairs, a table, a sofa, a canopy swing, and a charcoal and gas barbecue.

Upstairs, the kitchen was on the right. The hallway ran around the corner on the left, parallel to the stairs. On the right side of the hallway was the small living room and my parents' rather small, ten-square-meter bedroom, both of which faced the street. It was a terraced house, so it only made sense to put windows on two of the four sides of the house. At the end of the hallway, on the left, was a bathroom with a shower and toilet. On exactly the same floor space, a second staircase led to the top floor. On the left was the large living room mentioned above. The hallway ran parallel to the stairs on the right. There was no wall and therefore no corner, just a loose metal railing to prevent you from falling down so easily. At the end of the hallway, a bathroom with a bathtub and toilet branched off to the left, and to the right was the children's room. The house had a gable roof, which made the ceiling height in the large living room and most of the hallway seem quite liberating and impressive. The situation was different in the children's room and bathroom, because right in front of the children's room and bathroom doors, a folding wooden attic ladder was attached to the ceiling, providing access to our improvised partial attic, which extended over the entire children's room and bathroom as well as part of the hallway and stairs. It served as a storage room for items that were rarely needed, such as suitcases. Parallel to the entire length of the hallway was a loggia with a width of 119 centimeters and a parapet width of half a meter, which could be accessed at both ends of the hallway

via tilt-and-turn glass doors. A small balcony was accessible above the kitchen, which we later roofed and which served as a canopy for the seating area in the garden. Here, we could have breakfast, dinner or hang out the washing when the weather was good. There were once plans to connect the balcony and the annex via a bridge, but this has not yet been done. The annex had a bathroom with a shower and toilet, a small kitchen and a study. The entire property was heated via underfloor heating. The flooring consisted mainly of tiles and, to a lesser extent, linoleum. The roof was covered with solar thermal and solar electric panels. There are currently nine solar electric panels in the outer hallway, which we wanted to attach to the side of the house facing the garden, but they have only been blocking the way for well over a year. Unfortunately, my father is obsessed with his work, preferring to work for strangers rather than his own family, which is why we haven't gotten around to it yet, but that's another story and shall be told another time.

Actually, we should never have lived at Gothaer Straße. My mother and father wanted to live temporarily in a small container house on the property so they could experience and monitor the construction progress first-hand. That would have been bearable for a few months. However, due to ridiculous construction delays caused by the city of Nuremberg, this did not happen. And actually, we children should never have lived on a construction site, because in order for their plan to work out, I had to be deported somewhere. Their plan was to send me to live with my brother in the boarding school at Hindenburgstraße 21, 85057 Ingolstadt. During the Pentecost holidays in 2013, I had stayed there for two weeks on a trial basis. I didn't like it, which I made clear to my parents. This was by no means because of Islam; at the time, I was still a devout Muslim. The talebes' bedrooms were in the top floor, one floor above the second upper floor and one floor below the attic. Up to four children and youths slept in rooms with two bunk beds each. A long hallway ran through the entire floor, with two rooms diagonally opposite each other. $24 \times 4 = 96$, so there must have been fewer than 100

talebes living together. The large dining area and kitchen were located in the basement. The other floors housed prayer rooms, classrooms, lounges and washrooms. As in my regular mosque in Nuremberg, talebes from outside attended religious classes here on weekends and during school holidays. However, there was a much wider range of leisure activities and much more space available. Inside the building, there was table football, drinks machines, a kiosk, televisions, consoles, desktops and even a library. This is where I spent most of my time during those two weeks. I read *The Neverending Story* and *Detectives in Togas*. Either in the library, when it was empty, as it was also misused as a classroom, or in the room assigned to me. The other children and youths, including my brother's friends, wondered why this kid talked so little, played so little and did almost nothing but read. I cannot claim that there was a hostile attitude towards reading, but neither can I acknowledge that secular education was promoted by all means, tricks and arts. They did not read themselves, but they left me alone to read. Outside, there was space to play football on the large, asphalted area next to several car parks. The building at Hindenburgstraße 21 was largely reserved for the men, while the women were housed in a part of the building at Hindenburgstraße 23A. The entire property was owned by the organisation, with a large part of the space rented out to various shops and a restaurant run by community members. As at Spittlertorgraben, *kermes* were held here regularly, but they were much larger and more elaborate and were rewarded with the popularity they deserved. Cars were banned from most of the grounds so that long wooden tables and benches could be set up everywhere and several large white tents could be erected. There was an abundance of dough, meat and confectionery on offer. There was a bouncy castle for the children. The *Süleymanlılar* invest a lot in their offspring. Lifelong friendships and networks are formed, which is exactly what is intended. My brother spent “only” four years of his life in this boarding school and then returned to us—which he didn't have to do, as it is possible and encouraged to stay in one of the many boarding schools inside and outside Turkey until

the end of one's secular studies or training, or even to begin training as a hoca oneself—and yet the friendships he made back then have lasted to this day. Several times a year, they travelled somewhere together as a boarding school, often went on trips and had fun. In return, they demand lifelong loyalty. Not through coercion, not through torture, but through friends and family. It's just like with the Jehovah's Witnesses, except that you don't bother anyone outside the community. Besides, I don't know of any other dropouts besides myself, so they must be doing something right. Outwardly, they present themselves as open, tolerant and politically neutral, especially in naive Germany, which they certainly are in comparison to other Muslim communities, but as in any other religion or sect, at the end of the day it's all about friends and enemies, and nothing and never about humanity.

In retrospect, I can't say exactly what made me decide that I didn't want to live there under any circumstances. The food was slightly better than at the Ayasofya Mosque, but here too, thrifty Swabians and unhealthy Americans had a hand in it. Religious education was more advanced and intensive, and the hocas were similarly relaxed yet strict. In the short time I was there, I only got to know a few other talebes better, but it was as peaceful and they were as friendly as in Nuremberg. The most decisive factors were probably homesickness and the daily routine dictated by others. In my family, I was considered a cuddly child. As an eleven-year-old, I didn't want to be separated from my mother in particular. In Nuremberg, I had free afternoons during the week, but in Ingolstadt I wouldn't have had that. The fact that I didn't find the weekend stays at the mosque at that time to be a burden at all, but on the contrary went there full of joy, was certainly also due to the limited time. Never did I miss the mosque. Always was I relieved when I had free time again. That's not how I felt about first and second grade at groundschool, though! And despite all that, at the end of fifth grade, my parents took me out of school, packed my bags and kidnapped me to Ingolstadt. I cried and grumbled and ranted and twitched while they were packing my suitcases, but

they probably thought I would calm down. They were very much mistaken. I did calm down during the journey, but when we arrived at the boarding school, it started all over again. The legal papers regarding liability and such had already been signed, the suitcases were half unpacked, but the hyena and the waterfall just wouldn't stop. In the end, I managed to cry my way home. My parents were angry, the return trip and the first few days afterwards were no fun, but by the time we moved to Gothaer Straße and all the stress that came with it, everyone was reconciled. If Germany weren't a bureaucratic hell and the construction had gone smoothly as a result, I probably wouldn't have been able to convince them on my own, since of course the flat wasn't rented solely because of my resistance. However, my parents would certainly have moved out earlier; they waited until the summer holidays mainly for my sake. It was also beneficial for them to have a decent roof over their heads, but for those who haven't figured it out yet: I don't come from a wealthy family. Statistically speaking, we have long been in the lower middle class in terms of household income, and only recently have we moved into the middle middle class. In terms of assets, thanks to the house, we probably belong to the upper middle class on paper, but this is solely due to incompetent politics at EU, national and global level. We children never wanted for anything, and if my parents' statements are to be believed, they didn't want for anything in their childhood either. However, neither of them had it easy. Before Erdoğan, Turkey was a shithole, and thanks to him, it is now literally shittier than ever before. My paternal grandfather is a miser who cannot handle money. Saving money where it would make sense and wasting it where it doesn't is considered not only in German politics but also in the Blood family a bloody virtue.

The Ingolstadt adventure hit me like a bolt from the blue. I thought the matter had been settled after the Pentecost holidays. Without my consent, I had been deregistered from Martin-Behaim-Gymnasium, and it was not a foregone conclusion that they would take me back so shortly before the start of the school year. After all the

excitement, I definitely did not want to change schools. Besides, it was clear that we would have to move again in the foreseeable future, so it was best for me to be close to school from both locations. There was no suitable secondary school in the immediate vicinity of the house, a double change was out of the question for me. Last but not least, Nuremberg had excellent public transport connections, which made it a child's play to convince my parents to let me continue attending school there. To be honest, these are all just excuses to rationalise my behaviour in hindsight. It was simply fear of change. Yes, I had no friends at MBG and didn't really like it there, but what would it have been like at another school? Things can always get worse. I wanted as much stability, security and reliability in my life as possible.



When exactly did I lose my faith? Well, it was a longer process that began slowly at the age of ten, reached its peak at 16, before I was finally able to completely come to terms with Islam at the age of 22. As I mentioned earlier, I had no friends at school until the end of ninth grade. It was no different at the mosque. It was much more peaceful and harmonious there than at school; there were hardly any physical or verbal disputes, one was part of a community. We teased and insulted each other, but never to the point of personal feuds and serious hatred. We were taught together, we played, ate and slept together. The parents of the talebes were often friends who had spent their own talebe time in the same mosque, or at least fellow sufferers who had undergone the same religious education. My father slept at the former site of the Ayasofya Mosque every weekend from 1990 to 1994, and the fathers of the children and youths I knew best were all friends with each other. They were *kurs arkadaşları*, boarding school friends. The women became acquainted with each other primarily through community work, as they were married away and thus considered a gain for their new families and

a loss for their old families. Marriages often took place within the local community, but it was also not uncommon for them to be arranged throughout Germany and Turkey. Even if you had never met another *Süleymanlı* in person before, you still referred to and regarded him literally (gender-neutrally) as a brother, as *kardeş*. At the head of the entire organisation was (gender-explicitly) the “Big Brother”, the *abi*. The fact that I was unable to make friends for life even in such an environment says a lot about me and the times we live in. My personal unspecified course of life was merely a harbinger of what would become the norm a few years later. But as the doubts slowly but surely grew within me, *my* bitterest misfortune turned into *my* bestest fortune.

When I was about eleven, I often wrestled amicably with Hakan Hakim Varlı, a boy of the same age from Fürth. We got hot, we sweated, we flushed. It was the most intense physical contact I had ever experienced with another person, and in a sporting context too! He was almost always able to overpower me; only occasionally was I able to gain the upper hand. Once he caught me badly on the nose, and although it never bled and only swelled up and hurt for a few days, since then I have been blessed with a Jewish hooked nose. Then we played den in mescit with the rahles. The dens were practically already built; you just had to crawl into them and hide. The small wooden rahles were not x-shaped, but in a shape that I can hardly describe. In any case, the tabletop was tilted slightly towards oneself, so a child could sit cross-legged “in” a rahle, and they only had two real, thin, wide, trapezoidal table legs that were parallel to each other, but had a small, semi-elliptical hole at the bottom, which made it look a bit as if they had four table legs. Other popular sitting positions were sitting on your heels, squatting with your bottom on the floor and your hands tucked under your knees, sitting on your bottom with both lower legs bent to the same side, and, less commonly, sitting in a hero’s pose. My favourite positions were cross-legged and bottom-instep-sitting, alternating between the three. All three hurt in the long run, the cross-legged

position on the buttocks, knees and insteps, the two bottom-instep positions on the buttocks, knees, back and one or the other instep, as the body's centre of gravity was completely shifted due to the slanted posture. When praying, boys and men were required to sit on their heels, which was difficult for me and other overweight kids. Constantly bending your back while standing until your upper and lower body were at a right angle to each other is also not exactly healthy for the body. A Deutscher bends and lifts himself up with his whole body! Prostrating oneself with one's forehead on the ground to demonstratively submit to God, *Allah*, caused pain on and in the head. In retrospect, however, I am glad that we were so down-to-floor, otherwise I would have been completely degenerated physically.

For a long time, as someone who hated Islam and Turks, I made fun of the supposedly backward squat toilets from the Oriental world and praised the good old civilised toilet bowl to the skies, so I clearly went too far. What Muslims, who are supposedly so concerned with purity and cleanliness, lack is a coherent overall concept. Before entering residential buildings, dirty footwear is removed, and I find it completely incomprehensible how this can be unusual or even indecent in the "West". Quite a few Americans are probably less offended by naked genitals than by naked feet, both of which are totally ridiculous. However, squat toilets and being barefoot are where the deutsch ends in Islamic understanding of cleanliness. One must constantly wash oneself ritually when one becomes dirty. There are two types of dirty: dirty and *really* dirty. One becomes dirty through the excretion of stool and urine and through farting, which requires a simple ritual washing, *abdest*. This involves briefly and superficially washing your hands, face, forearms, top of your head, ears, neck and feet at the sink, i.e. exactly where human excretions come out. Really dirty is a "woman" during her period, and one becomes really dirty through the discharge of seminal fluid and through sexual intercourse. After all, Muslim women do not squirt—where would we end up if everyone got their money's worth? Fortunately, self-satisfaction is therefore also *haram*, i.e. illegal. The

rule is, of course, aimed at unwanted nocturnal emissions. One can only become racially pure again by taking a full-body shower, *gusül abdest*. One may only eat with the right hand; the left hand is considered unclean. Left-handed people are possessed by the devil! I digress. Where were we? Right, physical activities as a talebe. There's not much more to say about that. Even though I mentioned playing football earlier, I personally hardly ever played. Most talebes liked to go to the *Kickfabrik* at Ferdinandstraße 21-23, 90429 Nuremberg, I didn't. However, we all much preferred to play with computers, and did so more often. One of the four classrooms on the third floor had previously been a break room with three desktop computers. This is where I first came into contact with *Counter Strike 1.6*. Later, the desktop computers were removed and replaced with a *PlayStation 3*, which was mainly used to play *FIFA* and *PES*. However, I never really got to grips with consoles in my life. My father had bought us a *Wii Sports* for our flat at Burgerstraße, which quickly ended up as a dust collector. At some point, my brother bought us a *PlayStation 4* for our house, which I needed at times for a certain game, but that's a topic for the next but one section. My first smartphone was the *Samsung Galaxy S4* in Blue Arctic, which I probably got after receiving my sixth-grade mid-year report card. Before that, since first or second grade, I had owned a clunky but functional and reliable *Nokia* feature phone on which you could only play Sudoku and *Snake*, which I did a lot. The mobile games that were popular at school and in the mosque at that time (from 2012 to 2018) and that I played myself include *Doodle Jump*, *Flappy Bird*, *Angry Birds*, *Cookie Clicker*, *Pou*, *My Talking Tom*, *Temple Run*, *Banana Kong*, *Beach Buggy Racing*, *Subway Surfers*, *Jetpack Joyride*, *Hill Climb Racing*, *Piano Tiles*, *Helix Jump*, *Splashy Tiles*, *Stick Hero*, *Crossy Road*, *Parking Mania*, *Geometry Dash Lite*, *Fruit Ninja*, *Beat The Boss 3*, *Paper Toss*, *Flip Diving*, *Red Ball 4*, *Duet*, *Cut the Rope*, *Brain It On!*, *Block! Hexa Puzzle*, *4 Pics 1 Word*, *Head Soccer*, *Soccer Stars*, *8 Ball Pool*, *Bloons TD 5*, *Plague Inc*, *Plants vs. Zombies*, *DEER HUNTER CLASSIC*, *Hungry Shark Evolution*, *Pixel Art*, *slither.io*, *Paper.io*

2, *Agar.io*, *BombSquad*, *Shadow Fight 2*, *Smashy Road: Wanted*, *Gangstar Vegas*, *Pokémon GO*, *Hay Day*, *Clash of Clans*, *Castle Clash: Guild Royale*, *Boom Beach*, *Clash Royale* and *Brawl Stars*. We downloaded *Aptoide* and *Lucky Patcher*, which allowed us to download games and other apps that would normally be subject to a fee for free and to gain various advantages within an app, such as freedom from advertising. Later, we resorted to *AdGuard* and *AdGuard DNS* specifically for this purpose, which worked brilliantly. Other talebes had handheld consoles such as the *Nintendo 3DS*, *PlayStation Vita* or *Game Boy Pocket*, I didn't. I often watched them play, and sometimes they even let me play myself. Later, I made up for this experience by playing *Pac-Man*, *Super Mario* and *Pokémon* with the help of the *MyBoy!* emulator.

Within six months, my beloved blue *S4* was accidentally destroyed by another talebe when it was lying on the floor, greedily plugged into the power socket. The two classrooms were already furnished with tables and chairs, and a slightly overweight weight transferred via a chair leg to a corner of my smartphone was enough to completely shatter its screen. I was inconsolable. Our parents talked it out. To my knowledge, there was no compensation, as I was said to be stupid enough to charge my phone near chairs and tables, even though almost all the sockets were located near chairs and/or tables! My father, who worked part-time as a taxi driver in the evenings and on weekends (probably illegally according to working time laws) for 15 years, gave me a black *Samsung Galaxy S4 mini* that a passenger had left in his car and had not complained about for a longer period of time. I had to make do with it for what felt like an eternity, which was incredibly annoying because of the smaller screen size, the colour and the circumstances, before I must have got a second *S4* at some point. By October 2016 at the latest and at the beginning of ninth grade at the earliest, I got a golden *Samsung Galaxy S7*, and at the end of 2020, after I left school, I was finally blessed with a—this time by choice—black *Samsung Galaxy S10*, which was not to play a glorious role in my life. In the meantime, I must also have owned a *Samsung Galaxy S8* and a white *Samsung*

Galaxy S7 Edge, although I cannot explain the former at all. The *S7 Edge* was also not quite as innocent as its colour might suggest, and it all started with the *S7*.

In summary, by the end of ninth grade, I had no friends at school or at the mosque. During the week, I went to Scharrerschule or MBG, and on weekends, I went to the Ayasofya Mosque. The rest of the time I watched TV, read books or we played and went on outings together as a family when my brother was still at home. But that's not the whole story yet. Between September 2011 and July 2015, from fourth to seventh grade, Kevin was home alone. For hours on end, I was left unsupervised to do whatever I wanted. For a short time, my father tried to follow the official youth protection recommendations of the time, which were a ridiculous 30 to 120 minutes of screen time per day—the older you were, the longer you were allowed to waste—but even that only applied to the desktop computer at Burgerstraße, and the technical obstacle was very easy to overcome. The grey *MEDION* laptop, the tube television and all other electronic devices were completely exempt. From eighth grade onwards, they hardly ever attended parents' evenings, which I could only welcome. My grades were fine, I never had to repeat a year, so as far as they were concerned, everything was fine. They gave me a hell of a lot of freedom. I was never home alone for whole days, at most for a few hours. Only now, as I write these lines, do I have a dwelling to myself for the first time in my life as a 22-year-old. But I always had my rooms, where I was virtually undisturbed. Not quite at Burgerstraße, as it was a walk-through room. At Gothaer Straße I did, and thanks to the two floors, even more so in the early days at Judenstraße. A year after we moved into our house, my brother moved into our children's room in the top floor. During construction, unlike me, he was already very excited, and he simply couldn't bear being separated from us any longer. Once again, for many years, we slept in the same room on two different beds, which harboured considerable potential for conflict.

What else did I do all that time? At Burgerstraße, I played

Minesweeper, *3D Pinball – Space Cadet* and, above all, *Habbo Hotel* on the laptop. I spent so much time on that site, but I can't remember in detail what went on back then. It wasn't really a game. One wrote and danced and traded and threw snowballs at each other. I didn't have any friends in real life, but this way I could interact with strangers on the internet. Sometimes I stayed up until two in the morning, got up and turned the laptop back on as soon as my parents had fallen asleep. On sites like *spieleaffe.de*, I played mini-games such as *Smash Your Computer*, *Bubbles 2*, *Fire and Water*, *Gold Strike*, *Bloons Tower Defense*, *WC Penalty 2010*, *2 Billiards 2 Play*, *Gun Mayhem 2* and many more that I can't remember or can't find anymore. I was also a busy farmer on *myfreefarm.de*. I think I quit at around level 20 out of boredom and impatience. On the desktop, which was first set up in our children's room and later in the small living room, I played *Metin2*, *Counter Strike 1.6* and *BeGone: Guerra*. **I played killing on the internet.** I knew *Counter Strike* from the mosque, I discovered *BeGone* myself, and my brother and I were introduced to *Metin2* in Turkey by Ahmet. In Turkey, there was an incredible internet café culture, with one on every corner. People didn't have desktops and consoles at home, but went to an internet café alone or with their friends. Electronic devices weren't that expensive. Ahmet had his own desktop computer, even though his dad "only" worked as a Sisyphean garbage collector for the city of Ankara, for which he was paid little more than the minimum wage. But Turks are a sociable bunch, and in order for the three of us to play at the same time, we needed three computers. In *Metin2*, it was all about *çar kasmak*, levelling up your own player character. You hunted animals and mystical creatures and smashed stones, collecting experience points and play money, which expanded and improved your player character's skills and equipment. You could duel with other players, but this wasn't particularly advisable, as it would ruin your reputation and quickly make you enemies. More specifically, this happened when you attacked someone without his explicit consent to a duel. This ensured that the strongest players were not

tyrants who hindered the weaker and weakest in their progress, but rather were regarded as respected arbiters who were happy about others' success. Of course, as an immature child, I still rebelled for fun, even though I knew full well that they could kill me with a single blow. Against attackers, you were naturally allowed to defend yourself without any consequences. The whole dying only posed the potentially great problem of losing your precious equipment with a certain probability. There were four player classes to choose from at the very beginning of the game: Ninja, Warrior, Sura or Shaman, and of course I preferred to be a Warrior. Ninjas were too sneaky, Suras too bloodthirsty, and Shamans too cooperative. *Serious Sam 2* was another game we played in internet cafés. We copied the game files onto a USB stick and uploaded them to our computers at home, which worked perfectly. Fuck you, DRM.

The rented flat at Gothaer Straße consisted of my children's room, my parents' bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and a bathroom with a bathtub and toilet. My room was quite small, but it had enough space for my bed, my desk and my wardrobe. In addition to a Samsung smartphone, I also got a Samsung tablet in sixth grade, probably a white *Samsung Galaxy Tab 3 10.1*, which I spent most of my time on. In addition to games such as *Hill Climb Racing*, *Jetpack Joyride*, *Subway Surfers* and *Clash of Clans*, which were more enjoyable to play on a larger screen, I mainly needed *YouTube*. I watched *YTITTY*, *ApeCrime*, *Bullshit TV* and *Galileo*. However, at that time, I mainly watched documentaries and other people playing games. In particular, I should mention *Mrmobilefanboy*, whose two daily videos on *Supercell* games I watched every single day for years. Fred and Mabuel will always have a place in my heart. I even won a black mug in a giveaway by leaving a comment under one of their videos! With my consent, my mother eventually threw it away, as I am neither a tea nor coffee drinker, nor a ceramics person, but rather a transparent human.

At Judenstraße, other *YouTube* channels entered my life, such as: *Gronkh*, *Sarazar*, *Bruugar*, *Domtendo*, *QuarkoTV*, *Trymacs*, *RedSama*, *Bonjwa*, *Vlesk*, *MKIceAndFire*, *BabyZone*, *GameStar*,

LoLespor, Summoner's Inn, Vandiril, Oyunbros Tolgahan, KFCEat-box, Barış Can, Recep LoL Oynuyor, Maxim, Sola, GameSünden, PewDiePie, Knuspertoast, inscope21, unsympathischTV, Shpendiboy, EinfachPeter, MontanaBlack, Die Crew, Richtiger Kevin, Hungriger Hugo, Jules, PetersKotstube, Sostrator, Galileel, Gewitter im Kopf, Gurkensohn, TANZVERBOT, Exsl95, Harry G, Mustafa Karadeniz, Hayrettin, IratschTV, Noch Mehr Iratsch, BARTMANN, Bodyformus, ThatWasEpic, AlmostEpic, angryp picnic, The Daily Dropout, Steven Schapiro, Rémi GAILLARD, TwoSetViolin, Vinheteiro, Rousseau, The Voice Kids, iBlali, Julien Bam, rezo, Renzo, 2Bough, Jay & Arya, Murat Soner, Jarow, Mythenakte, Creepy-PastaPunch, iHausparty, Ruhi Çenet, Anni The Duck, Julia Beaux, Sinja Espenhain, KELLY //missesvlog, Jackie Alice, JONAS, Genc Hane, HeyMoritz, Kayla Shyx, Ema Louise, HerrNewstime, MrTrashpack, LeFloid, World Wide Wohnzimmer, Rezo ja lol ey, KuchenTV Uncut, Bulien Jam, ungespielt, MiiMii, ApoRed, Leon Machère, Mert Matan, KsFreakWhatElse, PrankBrosTV, Logan Paul, Jake Paul, Mesut TV, Ron Bielecki, tomsprm, Thats.M.E, Denizon, urgeON, Lion, Mahan, Pumping mnky, sophodoph, Jindaouis, Hey Aaron!!!, KuchenTV, iKuchen, imp, JF not Kennedy, Alicia Joe, Sashka, Desy, Drew Gooden, Ultralativ, Die Vulgäre Analyse, Der Volkslehrer, TrauKeinemPromi, Lars Kazubski, İlave Tv, HALK EKRANI, Sokak Röportajları, Abooo Tv, Jumanji TM, Made My Day, SlivkiShow DE, TopZehn, Wissenswert, Faktastisch, Der Biograph, Emrah, TutopolisTV, HowToBasic, toma-tolix, HYPERBOLE, Leeroy Matata, Leeroy will's wissen!, Tomary, Marvin, DAVE, 2 Bored Guys, Simplicissimus, Kurzgesagt – In a Nutshell, Dinge Erklärt – Kurzgesagt, LEMMiNO, MrWissen2go, MrWissen2go Geschichte, maiLab, Techtastisch, Dude Perfect, Fabio Wibmer, David Dobrik, MrBeast, MrBeast 2, DogPack404, Orkun Işıtmak, Enes Batur, Reynmen, Berkcan Güven, Burak Güngör, Alper Rende, Semih Uyulgan, Kafalar, Deli Mi Ne?, One-dio, Meryem Can, MuratAbiGF, Casey Neistat, InscopeLifestyle, ApeCrimeTV, Niklas Steenfatt Vlogs, Niklas Steenfatt, Samuel Bosch, Quantum Boy, Zeliha Akpinar, esther lioba, David Döbele,

OPEN MIND, *Bryan Johnson*, *Emanuel Bohlander*, *funcFIT Personal Training*, *MovementbyDavid*, *NutritionFacts.org*, *Nutrition Made Simple!*, *Doctor Mike*, *Robert Marc Lehmann - Mission Erde*, *Fritz Meinecke*, *Fritz Meinecke - Live*, *7 vs. Wild*, *Outdoor Boys*, *Primitive Technology*, *Der Selbstversorgerkanal*, *Technikfaultier*, *Marques Brownlee*, *Mrwhosetheboss*, *AlexiBexi*, *My Deep Guide*, *Andreas Schmitz (Der Akku Doktor)*, *100SekundenPhysik*, *Logical Lemon*, *NLogSpace*, *Mathe - simpleclub*, *3Blue1Brown*, *Numberphile*, *Veritasium*, *RedeFabrik*, *Kanzlei WBS*, *Sinis Aesthetics Berlin*, *Prof. Dr. Christoph Juhn [Steuerberater]*, *Christoph Heuermann*, *Plan P: Auswandern als PT*, *Finanzfluss*, *Jung & Naiv*, *Tim Gabel*, *Niklas und Konsorten*, *{ungeskriptet}* by Ben, *Lex Fridman*, *Jordan B Peterson*, *Tucker Carlson*, *The Diary Of A CEO*, *sportstudio Fußball*, *DAZN Länderspiele*, *DAZN Fußball International*, *DAZN UEFA Champions League*, *Prime Video Sport Deutschland*, *DAZN FA Cup & Carabao Cup*, *Sky Sport DE*, *Sky Sport Premier League*, *The Show Channel*, *Joko & Klaas*, *LastWeekTonight*, *The Daily Show*, *The Late Show with Stephen Colbert*, *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, *Late Night with Seth Meyers*, *ZDF heute-show*, *ZDF MAGAZIN ROYALE*, *Chez Krömer*, *extra 3*, *Walulis*, *Phil Laude*, *Der Dunkle Parabelritter*, *STRG_F*, *Y-Kollektiv*, *PULS Reportage*, *reporter*, *follow me.reports*, *Das schaffst du nie!*, *Die Frage*, *37 Grad*, *TRU DOKU*, *unbubble*, *datteltäter*, *HYPECULTURE*, *Lohnt sich das?*, *Para Nerede?*, *alpha Uni*, *Frühstücksfernsehen*, *stern TV*, *FOCUS TV Reportage*, *WELT Nachrichtensender*, *ZDFheute Nachrichten*, *tagesschau*, *DER SPIEGEL*, *ARTEde*, *Irgendwas mit ARTE und Kultur*, *WDR*, *WDR Doku*, *NDR Doku*, *SWR*, *SWR Doku*, *Bayerischer Rundfunk*, *Hessischer Rundfunk*, *ZDFinfo Dokus & Reportagen*, *Marktcheck*, *SWR Marktcheck*, *ZDFbesseresser*, *Pocket Hazel*, *Sallys Welt*, *MAX*, *Bernd Zehner*, *deliziös*, *Holle21614*, *GermanFoodReviews*, *Evanijo*, *The Franklin*, *Arda Saatçi*, *TORUNLAR*, *Czn Burak*, *ErikTheElectric*, *Matt Stonie*, *Mark Wiens*, *Ryan Trahan*, *Emre Durmuş*, *Yağmur Arat*, *Flying The Nest*, *Blue Horizon*, *SamuelOnTour*, *Mr Nippon* and *JunsKitchen*. I have taken the liberty of listing here all the channels that I have ever followed

regularly, at least for a while, in my life. This does not include Turkish series, which I will discuss later. Conservatively estimated, I spent about a third of my life in front of the TV and watching pictures and videos on *YouTube* and other platforms. I gambled away a ninth, misread another ninth, and a last ninth passed away in kindergarten, school, mosque and university. I overslept a third. The rest I just squandered.



With the transition to middle secondary, they mixed up our entire year group. Both at my groundschool and at my secondary school, there were always four classes until the end of middle secondary, which were distinguished from each other by the letters A, B, C and D after the year group. I was in class C for four years and then in class B for six years. Roughly speaking, 7A became 8A and 7C became 8B. 7B and 7D were gutted and slaughtered. If I understand correctly, they did this to create a class of 15 schoolers who wanted to learn Italian as a third foreign language. The first compulsory foreign language was English, starting in the third grade. As a second foreign language, you had to choose between French and Latin from the sixth grade onwards. If there was one thing I regretted in my life, it would be my choice to learn the language of those frog eaters. How stupid one can be? I had heard somewhere that you only needed Latin if you wanted to become a physician or a lawyer, which I didn't, so like most of the others, I decided to learn the language of the country with the white flag. From middle secondary onwards, you had to take Italian as a third foreign language if you had chosen the linguistic branch at our mainly science-and-technology-oriented gymnasium. Absurdly, they broke up this structure at the end of eighth grade by putting nine Frenchmen to the Italians. For comparison: from A to D, the class sizes in the seventh grades were as follows: 25, 24, 25, 28. In the eighth grades, they were like: 30, 27, 30, 15. And in the

ninth grades like: 24, 25, 21, 24. They were playing Russian roulette with us. Fortunately, I was spared this second purge; I was part of one class community for three years and part of another class community for three years. In upper secondary, there were no more classes; instead, you were part of Q11 or Q12 and only took courses. The “Q” stands for “qualification phase”. In order to be allowed to take three written and two oral exams at the end of Q12, which accounted for one third of the final Abitur (high school diploma/A-levels) grade, you had to prove yourself in four half-years, meaning that the grades you obtained during this time, which accounted for two thirds of the Abitur grade, had to be good enough. During the era of Coronazism, everyone was waved through.

From 7B, only five of us remained in 8B: Magnus Fischer, Karim Dawoud, Christopher Huong, Farid Abbas and me. The five of us knew each other, the other 22 knew each other. Magnus and Karim were in sixth grade when we were in fifth grade. Then they failed, while we moved up to the next grade, and so we were once united in 6B. They quickly became friends with two other boys, Salih Koca and Paco Thelen, who had failed seventh grade and thus become part of 7C. Christopher and Farid also soon found friends in the new class, but not me. At the very beginning, the three of us hung out as old acquaintances before they naturally became familiar with their new surroundings. I didn’t want to stay in this class. Right at the beginning of the school year, I went to Mr Günther Schuster, an older gentleman who was popular with both schoolers and teachers alike and who dealt with such matters, and asked him why they had caused this bloodbath and why of all people the five of us had been chosen. Mr Torsten Fels, our “maths” and class teacher in seventh grade, said that he had felt that the five of us got on quite well together. This judgement did not come completely out of the blue, but it cannot be entirely true either.

I had always been an unpleasant fellow. Due to my negative experiences with people, I had always strived to make myself as popular and unassailable as possible. I employed the tactic that so many

smart children and youths have always had to use: I became the class clown. I was very comfortable with jokes at my expense, i.e. about my appearance and my deliberate feigning of stupidity. Smart people don't care much about what stupid people think of them. And so I took on a role in the class fabric that seemed tailor-made for me. During breaks, I read; in class, I played dumb and made them laugh. No friends, no hard feelings, just acquaintances and calculation. I had made myself comfy. Suddenly, I was torn out of this comfortable position. A new class meant new people—would I be able to assert myself again? That's why I wanted nothing more than to return to my old class community, most of whom had survived in 8C, but this was initially denied me on the grounds that the classes were already too large. So I planned to transfer at the end of eighth grade, but it was never to be. Over time, the cross-class contacts broke off, new class-internal contacts were made, and I did what I had to do. It is difficult to explain why I found more and more pleasure in provoking my fellow human beings. Becoming invisible by drawing attention to yourself does not seem like a good idea, but I got away with it for the most part. The key to my success lay, on the one hand, in my extremely eccentric nature, which meant that people couldn't figure me out and often simply ignored me, and on the other hand, in the fact that I knew pretty well how far I could go and where I should stop. The latter is a bit of a lie, as I crossed boundaries more and more often, but where there's no plaintiff, there's no judge, right? Right? Within our family, I loved to provoke my brother. What was new was that from middle secondary onwards, I also started causing trouble at school. This was probably related to the events at the mosque, so we need to take one last look at my time as a talebe at the Ayasofya Mosque.

In the mosque, I was less of a class clown and provocateur, because I didn't need to be, and we all were a little bit like that. Here, I didn't make jokes about myself, but about God and the World, and not to gain respect, but to lighten the mood and spread good cheer. For a while, "Yo mama" jokes were popular, such as "Yo mama

fighting with ducks in the park for the last breadcrumbs”, “Yo mama’s name is Arthur and she’s the strongest in prison”, or “What’s the difference between milk and yo mama? Milk also comes in low-fat”, which one recited to each other, but such jokes were never to my taste. To be honest, I don’t even remember exactly what we joked about, but I have fond memories of that time in general. Thanks to all the computers, we had enough to keep us busy during the breaks, and during religious classes, we could easily chat a bit. The atmosphere was visibly relaxed. Unlike at school, there were no fixed times or loud gongs, but everyone gathered and dispersed according to the instructions of the hocas and the sound of the calls to prayer. There was no compulsory attendance; you had to work it out with your parents, your faith and your conscience on whether, how long and how often you had to visit the mosque. The material was not qualitatively, but purely quantitatively challenging due to all the memorisation required. No one was left behind; the requirements were adapted to each individual. There was a talebe who was a little older than me and attended a special school due to some kind of learning disability, yet our education proceeded in parallel. In secular-fuckistic schools, on the other hand, this is obviously not possible, as can be easily seen in today’s Germany, even though in both places everything revolves around memorisation and everyone is “excellent”. The main difference lies in the consequences for the rest of one’s life. Even if you couldn’t quite keep up in Islamic studies, it wouldn’t be so bad, because Allah loves his faithful fools. Those who grow and thrive in today’s schools and universities consider themselves educated and smart, even though they are most likely total idiots. Those who fall outside the norm plunge into the abyss.

There was only one thing that really bothered me about my mosque-mates: Some of the older boys just couldn’t resist pinching my nipples. I developed breasts earlier than most girls. I will talk about my physical development and body image at a more appropriate time, but for now it is enough to say that my pathologically fat, unmanly breasts bothered me quite a bit. Their uninvited thumbs

and forefingers were certainly of no help. It's just like in men's prison: When there are no women or girls around, you just create some. Without all the women and girls, we men would all be so desperately gay! Just think about it.

The hocas were neither pedagogically inept nor stupid. With the necessary strictness and amiable gentleness, they succeeded in teaching us what they wanted us to learn. In this respect, too, it was much more familial than in school. If there was any problem, a hoca could call a talebe's parents without further ado. At least once a week on Fridays, and usually more often because of the sohbet, teachers and fathers saw each other. No parent could completely isolate himself from his child's education, upbringing and development. No one was brought to the mosque just so that one could have peace and quiet or go to work. Children were not seen as a burden that had been born by accident or peer pressure, but served in particular to fulfil religious duties. Whatever one may think of this motivation, the result is what counts, and the result was that children were wanted. It was not like with the Orthodox Jews, Mormons, rabbits and Black Africans; the couple with the most children gave birth to six daughters, which was a great exception; one to three children were the norm. Some hocas and other bigwigs within the community had children who also attended religious classes. Hoca children were generally considered the naughtiest children, as the most devout parents usually brought up most strictly and these children could never live up to the expectations placed on them. I always felt sorry for the children who were treated differently by their mates because of things like these, although it must be said that our mosque was quite egalitarian. However, this was never really put to the test, as we didn't get up to too much mischief.

In sixth or seventh grade, we got a new hoca. Similar to German civil servant teachers, who could be transferred nationwide by their employers as they saw fit, the same was true for us. The German headquarters of the *Süleymanlılar* was located in Cologne, and from there the spider spun its web. From time to time, it was said *tahini çıktı*, which meant that a hoca, along with his wife and child, was

transferred to another (German) city. Sometimes hocas were flown in from Turkey who didn't speak a word of German and didn't need to speak it at all. In the Ayasofya Mosque, they all spoke broken German, if at all, but I know from my brother that there were also hocas who were fluent in German. Special individuals, *idareci*, were responsible for the organisational management and administration of the respective mosques, and they too could be transferred all over the place; the hocas took care of everything else. Male hocas usually married female hocas, *hocahanım*, which is why a transfer had no serious professional consequences for the parents, but at most educational consequences for their children. In addition to free board and lodging, they received a modest monthly salary. I do not know whether the tax office was aware of these monetary benefits. In addition to the "full-time" hocas, there were a number of "volunteer" hocas, my mother being one example. She taught young girls to read Arabic on weekends and during school holidays. Young, unmarried female hocas, *bekar hocahanım*, also didn't receive a penny for their work. Somehow, the whole equation doesn't add up, because none of the male hocas, who were all either already married or at least expected to marry one day, worked on a voluntary basis, which would mean that the girls must have had significantly more teaching staff than the boys, which I can neither confirm nor rule out. Personally, I can vividly remember only three hocas who accompanied and taught me over the years: Semih hoca, Talha hoca and Noyan hoca. Unlike in German schools, the hocas were not addressed by their gender and surname, but either by their first name and their occupation or just by their occupation. It's a bit like if I addressed Mr Fels as "Torsten teacher" or uniformly as "my teacher", *hocam*. The hocas addressed us informally, we addressed them formally. We addressed our teachers formally, they addressed us informally until the tenth grade, before they were required to address us formally in upper secondary. This was not a rule, most teachers continued to address us informally, but they had to ask for our permission, which no one refused them because we had no stick up our arses. None of my teachers and hocas took offence if you

accidentally addressed them informally, which often happened to the younger children who didn't read much. I loved and still love the formal form of address, but in Deutschland it has to be abolished for deutschest reasons.

The new hoca I wrote about was Noyan hoca. He was the first and only hoca to whom we talebe behaved rebelliously. I can't remember the specific reason or occasion anymore—there was probably no comprehensible one at all, except that we had lost a very, very popular hoca in Talha hoca—but we bullied him a little, which mainly manifested itself in disruptions to his lessons. He smelled strange and his skin colour was quite dark for a Turk, which is why the other talebe gave him the nickname “Indian”, but I always considered insults on this level to be inappropriate. There was a mobile app called *Instant Buttons* that allowed you to play funny audio clips from pop culture with a single tap of your finger. Among the most popular with us talebes were *BADUMTSS*, *BAZINGA*, *BOLEAKALELE*, *CIRCUS*, *EA SPORTS*, *EPIC SAX GUY*, *GOOFY*, *HAALT STOP!*, *I LIKE TURTLES*, *MARIO*, *NEIN*, *SHUT UP* and *WESTERN*. For weeks, a few brave souls and I played *BOLEAKALELE* loudly for everyone to hear during his lessons, which was met with roars of laughter. Eventually, Noyan hoca realised that we were mocking him as an Indian, which he took very personally. Late 2016/early 2017, when I was in ninth grade, was the only time I stayed overnight at the mosque on weekends and during holidays. That winter, we threw bang snaps in the mosque, and with Taha Yanar, a good mosque companion, I lit small firecrackers in the bins and sinks. Like everything else the infidels, *kafir*, did, celebrating New Year's Eve and birthdays was also haram. The latter was never a problem for me; I didn't have any friends to celebrate birthdays with anyway, and I was never invited to any parties. I was more ambivalent about New Year's Eve: I was attracted by the magnificent colours, but the noise and the high risk of injury put me off, which is why I was very cautious, but small crackies and sweet bang snaps were still acceptable. It wasn't the fireworks themselves that were the problem, but the reason for

and the day of the celebration. Muslims have a completely different calendar and concept of time; they are currently living in the year 1447, so practically still in the Middle Ages. Muhammad did not recommend welcoming the New Year with lights and noise, nor has it developed culturally in this way, which is why Sunnis clearly have to reject New Year's Eve celebrations. All matters that affect all people must be handled differently from the infidels, and things that can be dispensed with anyway must simply be dispensed with. In Judaism, for example, one is obsessed with diet and have established all sorts of absurd rules in this regard. In Islam, it is quite similar, one is only not quite as pedantic about milk, but all the more crazy about meat. The *Süleymanlılar* also loved to set themselves apart from all other Muslims by, for example, dictating when and in what order one had to cut one's nails (only on Fridays, and thumbnails last) or how to hold one's hands when praying (both hands together forming a kind of open hemisphere, not separated from each other in a similar position). With foresight, the nail rules changed from year to year so that no one else could imitate us.

Let's get back to my crimes: Even before I started spending the nights in the mosque, Noyan hoca had been bullied by us for quite some time. I was by no means the only perpetrator, but over time I clearly became the main participant. I can't remember the details, but the conflict simply escalated. He yelled at us and at me, I yelled back and cried. It was still worlds more peaceful, quiet and pleasant than in the third and fourth grades of groundschool, as we talebe fought united against our adversary, and normal lessons were still possible most of the time, but the former oasis of peace dried up to the last drop. The conflict culminated in a phone call in the middle of the night. At around midnight—at a time when we should have been asleep long ago—I called him several times from my bed with a withheld number. My mates in the room waited eagerly for his reaction. He entered our room, yelled at all of us, asked which scoundrel it had been, and left without success. I'm not 100% sure, but I think he found out through his mobile network carrier that I was behind it. Noyan hoca, my father and I met in the large living

room at Judenstraße and had a clarifying conversation. He couldn't understand why I did what I did, and I couldn't understand or explain it either, so I just cried. The end of the story was that I no longer had to stay overnight at the mosque and was allowed to attend religious classes less and less regularly before I was finally able to persuade my parents to give me total permission to end my mosque career, citing my upcoming Abitur. I wasn't learning much new stuff anyway, and our group fell apart. Shortly after me, Noyan hoca, too, left the Ayasofya Mosque, before returning a few years later. When I saw him again in 2022 or 2023 at the Eid al-Fitr or Eid al-Adha prayer, I didn't know how to behave. Even when the matter was still fresh, I felt bad about it. After leaving the mosque, however, I broke off practically all ties with this place and its people, tried, for instance, to escape Friday prayers by staying longer at school, until Coronazism finally freed me from it altogether. I just wanted to forget my entire time as a talebe. And yet, as is probably the case with everyone, the mistakes of the past caught up with me when, from time to time, thoughts suddenly flashed through my mind, saying: What a bloody bastard you were! We shook hands, smiled and didn't say a word.



The ninth and, above all, the tenth grade were the best and most instructive years of my life. They were completely different from what, objectively speaking, were the best years of my life, which were the first and second grades of groundschool, but nothing changed me as much as these two years.

In the second half of ninth grade, I gradually stopped going to the library since I wanted to be more around people. It turned out that the new class community wasn't so bad after all. I was able to pick up almost seamlessly where I had left off. I made a fool of myself. I clever-assed in class, saying that I had already heard and seen this and that on *Galileo*, a tabloid-style educational and advertising

show that I watched every weekday from 7:05 to 8:15 p.m. I gave legendary presentations on Donald Trump, Emmanuel Macron and drugs. I provoked my schoolmates and, from ninth grade onwards, my teachers as well. In Mrs Funke's English class, I and a few other boys threw snowballs and bang snaps at the floor and the blackboard when I wasn't playing games on my smartphone. On 31 January 2017, on the bus ride to the Dachau concentration camp, for hours, I played *Unsre Fahne flattert uns voran*, which quite a few people could clearly hear. On 14 February 2017, five other classmates and I drew Hitler jokes on the blackboard when we were supposed to have a substitute lesson and the teacher didn't show up. Stupidly, we left the room without wiping the blackboard first, so a French teacher was able to rat us out to the headmistress, resulting in the six of us receiving an exacerbated reprimand. On 11 July 2018, during our five-day graduation trip to Berlin, I stood in the German Cathedral pretending to be an AfD member of parliament and made fun of the Greens in a fiery speech against the introduction of a sugar tax. For the first time in my life, I had friends. How was that possible?

At Judenstraße, I was able to use our desktop computer again without disturbances. At Gothaer Straße, it was in the single living room, so I spent my free time reading books, playing games on my phone and tablet, and watching videos on *YouTube*. Since 2012, we had owned a grey, LED-backlit LCD TV from *Philips*, model 46PFL6806K/02, but there were problems with satellite reception at Gothaer Straße, which is why I hardly watched TV at that time. At the house, I basically only switched on TV to watch *Galileo*, which I stopped doing at the end of 2018. As a family, we continued to get together for Turkish series and *Aktenzeichen XY* for several years. The latter had a very long family tradition with us, which we only broke with in 2022, but I will have to go into this show in much more detail in the next chapter anyway. On my desktop computer, I played *BeGone: Guerra*, *Counter Strike 1.6* and *League of Legends*. No other game captivated me as much as *LoL*. From

at least the beginning of 2015 until 25 February 2018, I played it for hours almost every day. The first new player character, called a *champion* in this game, that I can remember was Ekko, and the last was Zoe. But I probably started playing much earlier, as I also got to know this game through Ahmet. My favourite champions were Teemo, Nasus, Poppy, Darius, Camille, Jax, Amumu, Nidalee, Gragas, Xin Zhao, Shyvana, Vi, Annie, Twisted Fate, Veigar, Kassadin, Ezreal, Xerath, Fizz, Diana, Quinn, Yasuo, Vel'Koz, Xayah, Zoe, Morgana, Blitzcrank, Sona, Karma, Tahm Kench, Twitch and Kog'Maw. There were two game maps: *Summoner's Rift* and *Howling Abyss*. A special game mode called *ARAM* was played on the latter map, but usually one played on *Summoner's Rift*. Five players fought against five losers. A round usually lasted between 15 and 60 minutes, with an average of around 35 minutes. The aim of the game was to destroy the enemy base, known as the *Nexus*. To do this, you first had to clear a series of towers, which were evenly distributed across three paths. The square playing field was divided diagonally into two roughly symmetrical halves, with two adjacent sides of the square forming one path each. The two bases were located at the two opposite corners of the playing field, bottom left and top right, and the third path ran diagonally from one base to the other. The upper path was called *Top*, the lower one *Bot* and the diagonal one *Mid*. The large area between *Top* and *Mid* and *Mid* and *Bot* was called *Jungle*. The second diagonal was also freely accessible, and it was possible to reach all the other paths from several points through the *Jungle*. As a rule, one player from each team fought on one path or in the *Jungle*, with the exception of the lower path, where there were two so-called *Bot Laners*. The other positions were called *Top Laner*, *Mid Laner* and *Jungler*. From the list of my favourite champions, connoisseurs should be able to tell that I enjoyed playing in all positions over the years, although I preferred to be *Mid Laner* and *Jungler*. There were two players at the bottom because a certain class of champions, the *ADCs*, only became very strong and often decisive in the late stages of the game, but were very weak at the beginning and therefore

had to be supported by the *Sup*. In the *Jungle* and in the bases, new non-player characters were constantly coming into being, and killing them earned you experience points and play money, which you could use to buy equipment. Equally lucrative was killing the opposing players, who would come back to life in their base after a certain waiting period, which became longer and longer as the round progressed. To even begin to explain the numerous champion classes, game strategies, game mechanics and all the other game elements would clearly go beyond the scope of this book, so at this point it remains only to note the most important thing: *League of Legends* was a team game. If the opponents were incompetent enough, then with a little luck, you could dominate the game as a lone fighter if you were particularly skilled. On the other hand, a single incompetent player on your own team was often enough to guarantee defeat. The problem was not so much leaving a round prematurely, but rather deliberate betrayal, such as revealing the positions and plans of teammates or offering oneself up as cannon fodder, except that, unlike in real wars, this did not even deplete the opponent's resources, but literally fed them, i.e. strengthened them. Now comes the question of all questions: Was a teammate just an *idiot* or already a *traitor*? One could write to individual teammates, the whole team or all players. Insults were censored, but with a little creativity, this could be circumvented. I won't beat around the bush: At least three of my accounts were permanently banned. No other game captivated me as much as *LoL*, because no other game made me as angry as *LoL*. I was surrounded by idiots! There were two types of games: normal games, which were primarily for fun, and games where you competed and moved up and down a ranking list. My highest rank on the Turkish server was Platinum II and on the Western European server Gold I. I was stuck in *Elo hell*, meaning I couldn't climb any higher because of all the losers. You could also compete with friends, but firstly, as is well known, I didn't have any, and secondly, you were only allowed to compete in pairs in ranked games, with the remaining players being assigned at random. Deliberate betrayal in ranked games was also grounds

for a ban, but of course that was much harder to prove and verify than blatant, tangible, vulgar insults. However, this game made me so aggressive that I insulted and raged even in fun games. I was a “toxic” player, as they so nicely put it. Ironically, my most advanced account was called “G4meW1th0utF14m3”. Other accounts were called “IBl00DyI” or “IM4G1Cm4xI”, for example. In the last year of my *LoL* career, I became much tamer, nicer, more compassionate and more sociable since I no longer took the game as seriously as I used to.

For years, I played *Counter Strike 1.6* and *League of Legends*, sometimes late into the night. What could have happened in 2018 that made me stop playing these two games? That’s right, another game, the infamous *Fortnite*. On 7 February 2018, I had already registered under the name “Auslaendertoeter” (Ausländerkiller), but it wasn’t until 12 March that I started playing it almost daily on our *PlayStation 4*. Of course, you could play this fun shooter game with its striking cartoonish graphic on your own, but my tenth grade wouldn’t have been so life-changing if I hadn’t finally made friends thanks to *Fortnite*. This game changed not only my life, but the whole dynamic of our class. After all those years as a loner and lone wolf, I had wanted to get to know the humans better since ninth grade, but it was only with *Fortnite* that I finally made the breakthrough. And it was just as I would later write in a post on *Instagram* on 31 December 2020: **The human is awkward amongst humans.**



Throughout my life, I have had a total of five friends, all of whom were classmates from 10B.

I developed a closer connection with Austin Yulianto, an Indonesian Muslim, when we tried to set Farid and Amelie up, which ultimately didn’t work out. He was my main gaming buddy, with whom I played *Fortnite* from start to finish, probably for the last time on 8

September 2018, after which I never touched it again. We were able to both fool around and discuss many topics in depth, including personal issues, although the focus was more on political, cultural and ideological matters. He was an equal discussion partner for me. He loved the American Way of Life and tried to convince me that Indonesian Islam was completely different from the Arab Islam I knew. For many years, he had played *LoL* with Hassan Abdallah, a Muslim Turkmen classmate, which he regretted because he felt he had wasted his life. I was thick and 183 centimeters (6') tall, he was thin and thought he was too short, and so we went through thick and thin together. At the beginning of November 2018, I ended our friendship out of the blue without telling him. From then on, we were just acquaintances.

Amelie Pundt, who was of Russian race, was the Amelie I just mentioned. Farid, a Catholic Iraqi, had fallen for her, which Austin, Hassan and I noticed and wanted to help him succeed. She was the co-founder of a *Discord* server called "The Real Server", where the *Fortnite* players in the class gathered. They had set up the server some time before to arrange games such as *Dead by Daylight* and *Overwatch*, but I wasn't interested in those. The five of us played *Fortnite* together with a few others from the class in various constellations, and based on the thinly veiled hints from the three of us conspirators, she quickly realised that Farid was in love with her, and after some hesitation, I finally confirmed her suspicions in a private message. And so we had been friends since around 17 April 2018. Due to the circumstances of our rapprochement and the fact that she was female, we were able to have completely different discussions than with Austin. It was more personal, dirtier and more intense. She suffered from depression and had family issues. She was the sister I never had. She made me godless. On 31 July 2018, we met alone in a forest near Langwasser from 6 to 10 a.m. We planned to travel to Norway one day to marvel at its beautiful nature. At the beginning of June, we had our first serious argument, and to our mutual advantage, our friendship didn't survive the second serious

argument at the beginning of August. We were no longer good for each other.

I got to know Nina Griesmann, a German Protestant, better at the beginning of May through Amelie. At first, the three of us often talked about God and the World on the school lawn, before continuing as a couple after my break-up with Amelie. I wrote with her on *WhatsApp* throughout the entire summer holidays, and we are fortunate to have such a first-class source of my thoughts at that time. We could talk and write about almost anything, and from today's perspective, it is unbelievable what this human had to put up with from me. I monster opened up to her like no one else, for instance, I revealed to her on 22 August 2018 that I was no longer a Muslim, something I myself had only finally understood a few days earlier. Austin didn't find out until 4 September 2018, and the two of them are the only ones I ever confided in. I also shared my grand plan with them, which involved becoming rich so that one day I could have all my former adversaries murdered without facing criminal consequences. After Amelie and Austin, it was her turn. On 28 November 2018, we met for what was supposed to be the last time, but she and I just couldn't let go of each other. On 21 September 2019, 20 November 2019 and 16 July 2020, we met three more times before never seeing each other again. In 2023, I discovered a light blue, light pink and white flag in her *Instagram* bio, which triggered a slight mental breakdown in me. Shortly afterwards, I finally stopped.

Sabahudin Kovač was Bosniak and Muslim. Like Christopher, he had been in one of my three parallel classes in groundschool, and our mothers also knew each other from the weekly German lessons at the *LUISE* youth culture centre, which was located at Scharrerstraße 15, 90478 Nuremberg, very close to the Scharrerschule. We had already had more contact with each other in middle secondary, but it was only in upper secondary that we became real friends. As luck would have it, I was able to take many courses with him, some more than with Christopher, with whom I also had quite a

bit to do in upper secondary. Christopher and he were smart and determined. He was an Ausländer, I was an Ausländer, he was a Kanake, I was a Kanake. He was a busy businessman. His father was one of the managing directors of a small pest control company, where he helped out from a young age and earned his own money, which I envied him for as a lazy bum. Like Simon, he was a life artist and a jack-of-all-trades. He had participated in the Hitler jokes in ninth grade, as had Farid, Austin and Nina. Sabahudin, Hassan, Christopher and I, all Scharrerschölers, met several times after school to march and talk on the Reich Party Rally Grounds or in the Reich Forest. As Ausländer, we knew and understood the *Ausländish Question* all too well. On 1 August 2020, I promised all my schoolmates that I would avoid any contact with them from then on, as I had already harassed them enough over the past two to eight years, which I have consistently adhered to, with a few exceptions. That's how I lost my last two friends.

Christopher Huong was the person I had known the longest in my life, apart from my brother, my father and my mother. We were in the same groundschool for four years, in the same class for six years and at the same secondary school for eight years. He considered me one of his best friends, and I must admit that I did not feel the same way at the time, could not feel the same way, otherwise I would never have detached myself from them all in this way. I simply wrote an impersonal message in our *WhatsApp* year group, apologising for my existence up to that point, and attached a writing called "Der Rede wert – ein kurz dramatisches Werk" (Worth talking about: A shortly dramatic work) in which, among other things, I had incited hatred against refugees. He wrote to me a few more times, but I never replied. On Saturday, 2 July 2022, he called me at 6:53 p.m. We spoke for thirty-one minutes and eleven seconds. He plucked up his courage and told me that he missed me and no longer saw any real meaning in life. I told him that he knew what I thought about suicide, and we ended the conversation. If he really did leave this

world, which to this day I haven't dared to find out, I will never forgive myself.



I had trust issues, that was all. I could never fully trust anyone. I never told my parents that I was bullied in groundschool until the bicycle incident, and after they did not defend and protect me during the trial, I never confided in them about school problems again. In the mosque, it was more insidious. Over the millennia, religious people perfected the art of permissible doubt. "Doubt, my son, doubt, we all do, but don't take it too far, or you will be damned and lost." There have always been smart people who questioned everything they were told and who therefore either had to be won over as preachers or eternally destroyed as enemies. The two words I used most often as a child and youth were "why" and "neden", "why" in Turkish. Good morning! Why? Bon appétit! Why? Would you like an apple? Why? Why, why, why? Neden, neden, neden? I lived by doubting and questioning. The examples I have given may seem ridiculous, but I chose them precisely to show how much I questioned everything. Every child is that right-wing extremist by nature; most just stop asking questions at some point since the unspecified adults have neither the time nor the intellectual capacity to give them deutsche answers to all their species-appropriate-justified questions. Those around me tolerated my annoying questioning because they thought I was just having fun, but in essence, I was actually serious about everything I asked. I believed myself to be completely rational and never took anything at face value. I felt no emotions for my fellow human beings, or rather, I tried to suppress them with ruthless brutality, which I did not always succeed in doing. I had to give up my deliberately aloof behaviour in the second half of tenth grade in order to get closer to the humans, and suddenly I could no longer keep my feelings in check. My protective wall was broken down, which is

why I trusted my new friends far too quickly and far too much and became very, very angry when I saw my trust betrayed. There was no way back; you can't just forget people you've gotten to know better and undo statements you've made. During the summer holidays of 2018, I really realised how vulnerable I had made myself. If they wanted to, they could have destroyed my entire life with what they knew. So my friends either had to become my enemies or my acquaintances, or I had to break off contact completely and permanently. Once again, I behaved dismissively as I had before, even more dismissively than before, and above all, I did not go from being the class clown to the year clown. In upper secondary, I no longer wanted to be funny, but only to provoke and keep everyone away from me. On 11 April 2019, I gave a presentation on reading techniques in the so-called W-Seminar, where schoolers are supposedly introduced to supposedly scientific work, in which I used a small excerpt from *Mein Kampf* as an example text, which was highly illegal and resulted in an embarrassing conversation with the headmistress. As part of this seminar, I wrote my first and only scientific and certainly not discoverientific paper, which dealt with "German idealism and moral rightness using the example of the film series 'Saw'". On 3 May 2019, in an compulsory elective course called "Presentation and Rhetoric", in which we practised giving presentations, I gave a macabre yet true presentation on types of suicide. On 7 January 2020, I applied in the so-called P-Seminar, which was supposed to help us choose our studies and careers and prepare us for the demands of the professional world, as an exercise as a butcher, stating as my motivation that knowledge of corpse dissection would be of enormous importance for professional work in a future career as a serial killer, which earned me a call from the police. And then came Corona.

Adulthood

On Friday, 13 March 2020, Bavarian Minister-President Markus Söder announced that all schools in Bavaria would have to close from the following Monday, 16 March 2020. After six weeks of corona holidays, the graduating classes, including the Q12 at Martin-Behaim-Gymnasium, were allowed to return to school on Monday, 27 April 2020. Classes were held only from Monday to Thursday, only from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and only in the five subjects that were part of one's Abitur exams. For me, this meant that I had two double lessons each week in German, "maths" and English, as well as one double lesson each in music and economics. After the last three weeks of school, I took my final exams from 20 May 2020 to 25 June 2020 and finally received my Abitur diploma on 20 July 2020 during our restricted graduation ceremony on the school sports field. My final grade was 2.5 (1.0 being the best, 4.0 the worst possible grade). Since I wanted to study at Friedrich–Alexander University of Erlangen–Nuremberg, which did not place any significant obstacles in the way of its prospective students unless they intended to study psychology or medicine, I never put in a lot of effort in upper secondary school. I got through it well, which was perfectly sufficient from my perspective at the time. For a while, I regretted it very much, but today I am completely at peace with myself again. If I had wanted to, I could have achieved a grade of 1.X with a little more effort. Not because I am the smartest human of all time—that was precisely what stood in the way—but because the standards were so damn low. While many of my schoolmates constantly complained about the type and amount of teaching material, I was particularly angered by the way exams were conducted and grades were formed. Since the end of the 20th century at the latest, German (higher) education institutions have been tasked with ensuring that as many schoolers as possible obtain their university entrance qualifications and go on to study, since politicians believed that society needed to be academized. But instead of better equipping the schools, they were allowed to fall into disrepair. But instead of hiring more and, above all, more capable teachers, they stuck to an outdated

training system and literally saved themselves dumb and daffy. But instead of revising the curricula themselves, which had remained largely stuck in the 19th and 20th centuries, they mainly changed the grading system. Everyone had to memorise guilt and trash for years, but in return they were given their grades for free. I was never one of those idiots who thought schools were useless because you supposedly learned to write poetry analyses in four languages but didn't learn how to fill out and file a tax declaration. What such critics of today's school system are actually getting at is, of course, the lack of relevance to everyday life of the material covered in school. Einstein, that stone, would counter that education was what remained after one had forgotten what one had learned in school. Both stances are pure Fuckism. Tax declarations must be abolished, not taught. Teaching and educating must be abolished; only unfolding is allowed. Unfolding prepares you for a *deutsches* life after unfolding. At my schools—like in every other school worldwide—we were excellently prepared for a fuckistic life after school; in fact, it was impossible to fail in doing so, so in that respect they fulfilled their mission. And yet I miss my school days. I spent most of my breaks in upper secondary leaning against the parapet of the Fischstream canal, very close to the school globe, listening with melancholy to its quiet, peaceful and steady flow. Long before I had to leave school, I knew that I would miss it despite everything. School is like the army in wartime: Everyone gets fucked, very few come out unscathed, and the survivors remember the good old days with fondness. Yes, you get fucked, some get even very hardy fucked, but the key thing is that **everyone** gets fucked. Everyone has to go through it. Until the end of school, our lives are largely the same, but after that, our paths diverge. Some go to university, others do vocational training, some travel around the world, while others have to fulfil their obligations in life, if they are not already doing so. We share collective experiences of pain, and everyone can join in and talk about what it was like for them at school back then. **I want to live in a world where you don't have to miss your**

child- and youthhood because the times that follow only get worse.



Coronazism dragged me into the abyss and was also my salvation. All the lockdowns, the contact and curfew restrictions imposed by the state and the media, did not restrict me as much as they did many other people who lived more species-appropriately. I had little social life anyway and was either at home or at school. In the first few months, I virtually only watched series on *Netflix*. I got up, had breakfast and watched series for six hours until the battery of my €899.99 *Surface Pro 5*, which I had received at the end of 2018 primarily for school purposes, ran out. Then it had to be charged for three hours, during which time I played *Brawl Stars* on my smartphone and pursued another *special activity*, followed by another six hours of binge-watching series on the *Surface*, which I only interrupted for dinner at most. After that, things became more balanced again. A colourful mix of series, *YouTube* videos, *Brawl Stars* and *special activities* made up my life until March 2022, when I made another change: I said goodbye to *Brawl Stars*, the game I had probably played the longest after *LoL*. *Brawl Stars* was also clearly my most successful game. If I remember correctly, I was at one point among the 200 best players in the Federal Republic of Germany! My name was “God”. The other *Supercell* games—*Clash of Clans* (“M0Nk3y4tT4Ck”), *Boom Beach* and *Clash Royale* (“IPr4nK3DI”)—also played a major role in my life from 2014 to 2017, until I took a break for about a year before *Brawl Stars* was released on 12 December 2018 and I started playing it less than a week later. Due to alleged and actual connection issues and incompetent teammates, the potential for aggression was sometimes almost as high as in *LoL*. After *Brawl Stars*, I never touched another game again. *Metin2*, *Counter Strike 1.6*, *League of Legends*, *Fortnite* and *Brawl Stars*—all games that I played often and enjoyed had one thing

in common: You couldn't use real money to gain real advantages in the game. In some cases, you could make your life easier and speed up your progress in the game, in others, spending money was limited to purely superficial-cosmetic things, which I was never susceptible to, and at best, you couldn't waste any money at all. In *Brawl Stars*, I invested a total of €59.54 for my crown jewels, in *Fortnite* I bought the *Battle Pass* in *Season 4* for €9.99, and all other game manufacturers didn't see a single penny from me for a decade! Strictly speaking, that's not true. In most games, I tried to secretly gain advantages. In *Counter Strike*, for example, I liked to use the *Wall Hack*, which allowed you to see your opponents through walls, or the *Aimbot*, which helped you aim your weapon. For *Clash of Clans*, a number of hacks were offered that promised you plenty of gems—the common in-game currency in *Supercell* games—but none of them really worked in practice. Only the refund trick via the *Google Play Store* worked for a certain period of time, but this was eventually made impossible by Section 356(5) of the German Civil Code. You bought the gems and then requested a refund of the costs. The gems remained, the money was refunded. When I found out about this trick, I tried it out eleven times on 9 and 10 January 2015 for scientific purposes—keyword: reproducibility—and it worked every time! After that, I stopped because I was afraid they might ban my account. I also spent smaller amounts on other mobile games, totalling €10.42. Finally, I wasted €20 on *Rust*. On 31 March 2016, I excitedly downloaded it on *Steam* and disappointedly played it for 123 minutes, which no longer fell under *Steam's* refund policy, which stipulated a playing time of “no more than two hours”. My desktops weren't powerful enough for so many games, but that wasn't the only reason. If I had asked my parents for a better desktop computer, they would certainly have bought me one. I was simply too lazy to play most games myself, which is why I enjoyed watching others play so much. Among the games I never played myself are *Heavy Rain*, *Beyond: Two Souls*, *Detroit: Become Human*, *The Walking Dead* series, *Life Is Strange*, *The Awesome Adventures of Captain Spirit*, *Life Is Strange 2*, *The Vanishing*

of *Ethan Carter*, *What Remains of Edith Finch*, *Firewatch*, *Until Dawn*, *Man of Medan*, *Little Hope*, *Resident Evil 7*, *Outlast 2*, *Silver Chains*, *We Happy Few*, *Horizon Zero Dawn*, *Red Dead Redemption 2*, *Kingdom Come: Deliverance*, *God of War Ragnarök*, *Uncharted 4: A Thief's End*, *The Last of Us*, *The Last of Us Part II*, *A Plague Tale: Innocence*, *Days Gone*, *7 Days to Die*, *The Forest*, *ARK*, *Rust*, *Satisfactory*, *Subnautica*, *Among Us*, *Little Nightmares* and *Yandere Simulator*. The games that had the biggest impact on me were *Detroit: Become Human* and *The Walking Dead* series, both of which I watched dozens of times.

Until 18 March 2020, I was obsessed with Turkish series, namely: *Kollama*, *Ekip 1: Nizama Adanmış Ruhlar*, *Söz*, *Şahsiyet*, *Kaçak*, *Kehribar*, *İçerde*, *Çukur*, *Filinta*, *Diriliş: Ertuğrul*, *Mehmetçik* *Kut'ül Amare*, *Payitaht: Abdülhamid*, *Kertenkele*, *Bahtiyar Ölmez*, *Seksenler*, *Zengin Kız Fakir Oğlan*, *Çocuklar Duymasın*, *Güzel Köylü*, *Mucize Doktor*, *Hercai*, *Kızım Nerede?*, *Beni Affet* and *Medcezir*. The best and most endearing series was *Medcezir*. I watched the third season of *Çukur* to the end, then I concluded my engagement with Turkey and transitioned to Anglo-Saxon productions: *Messiah*, *Unorthodox*, *House of Cards*, *The Diplomat*, *The Crown*, *Cobra Kai*, *Stranger Things*, *Ragnarök*, *Never Have I Ever*, *Sex Education*, *Outer Banks*, *Bridgerton*, *Élite*, *13 Reasons Why*, *Euphoria*, *You*, *Breaking Bad*, *Better Call Saul*, *Suits*, *Ozark*, *Mindhunter*, *Broadchurch*, *Sherlock*, *The Big Bang Theory*, *The Umbrella Academy*, *Locke & Key*, *Dark*, *Wednesday*, *Love, Death & Robots*, *The Haunting of Hill House*, *The Haunting of Bly Manor*, *The Queen's Gambit*, *When They See Us*, *How to Sell Drugs Online (Fast)*, *Ripley*, *Lupin*, *The Gentlemen*, *Gangs of London*, *Peaky Blinders*, *The Blacklist*, *Money Heist*, *Squid Game*, *Alice in Borderland*, *Beast Games*, *Black Mirror*, *Snowpiercer*, *The Society*, *Kingdom*, *3 Body Problem*, *How to Get Away with Murder*, *Don't F**k with Cats*, *The End of the F***ing World*, *After Life* and *Lucifer*. One might think that I watched relatively few Turkish series, but that impression is deceptive. A single episode of a Turkish series lasted

around two hours. A season consisted of about 30 episodes, which were broadcast once a week on TV and then usually uploaded to *YouTube*, with a break during the summer months. Presumably, *Diriliş: Ertuğrul* alone, a series about the father of the founder of the Ottoman Empire, is as long as half of the shortest non-Turkish series combined. As an offset, I rewatched several American series, but only *Ekip 1*, *Kertenkele* and *Medcezir* from Turkey. The series that had the biggest impact on me were *You* and *13 Reasons Why*, which I urgently need to discuss in more detail later, and will.

While we're on the subject, the films I've seen in my lifetime are *Home Alone*, *Home Alone 2: Lost in New York*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Rob-B-Hood*, *Despicable Me*, *Up*, *Toy Story 3*, *Incredibles 2*, *Monsters, Inc.*, *Ratatouille*, *WALL·E*, *Cars*, *Cars 2*, *Finding Nemo*, *Finding Dory*, *Madagascar*, *The Lion King (1994)*, *Avatar*, *Avatar: The Way of Water*, *Meg*, *Live Free or Die Hard*, *A Good Day to Die Hard*, *Nobody*, *The Hangover Part II*, the *Fast & Furious*, *The Expendables*, *Pirates of the Caribbean*, *John Wick*, *James Bond* (from Daniel Craig onwards), *Saw*, *Ice Age*, *Kung Fu Panda*, *Alvin and the Chipmunks*, *Night at the Museum*, *Recep İvedik* and *Battal Gazi* series, *Karate Kid (2010)*, *Karate Kid: Legends*, *Billy Elliot*, *Mignonnes*, *The Chorus*, *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*, *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes*, *The Hunger Games*, *The Purge*, *The Platform*, *Inception*, *The Substance*, *Fight Club*, *Idiocracy*, *The Wave*, *American Psycho*, *The Wolf of Wall Street*, *Don't Look Up*, *Titanic (1997)*, *Scary Movie 4*, *Scary Movie 5*, *What Is a Woman?*, *Jud Süß*, *The Eternal Jew*, *Das Sams*, *You Don't Mess with the Zohan*, *Fack ju Göhte*, *Fack ju Göhte 2*, *Carry-On*, *Enola Holmes*, the films of Kemal Sunal, *Serial (Bad) Weddings*, *Oppenheimer*, *Challengers*, *365 Days*, *Fifty Shades of Grey*, *Anora*, *El Camino: A Breaking Bad Movie*, *7. Koğuştaki Mucize*, *Joker* and *Spider-Man 2*. I didn't watch any other films or series from the DC and Marvel Universes. No *Harry Potter*, no *Lord of the Rings* and no *Star Wars*. There was no particular reason for this, I just wasn't into all that fantasy and playing-the-hero stuff. My favourite films were *Finding Nemo*, *Ratatouille* and *Ice Age* up

to and including part 4, as well as the lovingly thought-out *Saw* films up to and including *Saw VI*. That was it—no more endlessly long lists.



In the winter semester of 2020/2021, I began my studies at Friedrich–Alexander University of Erlangen–Nuremberg, or FAU for short. I was enrolled in the wirtschaftswissenschaften programme, a mixture of economics and business administration, for six semesters, a full three years. The Department of “Economics and Social Sciences” was located in Nuremberg, while almost all other students studied in Erlangen *in normal times*. In normal times, that is, because in the winter semester of 2020/2021 and summer semester of 2021, hardly anyone saw the inside of the university except to take exams. From the winter semester of 2021/2022 onwards, there was an increased focus on face-to-face teaching, which you were only allowed to attend if you were racially pure vaccinated or had recovered at least one month and no more than six or three months previously. By the summer semester of 2022, racial segregation had been more or less abolished; there was “only” still an obligation to wear a mask, which had been in force throughout the university since 19 October 2020. With the start of the lecture period in the winter semester of 2022/2023, Coronazism within the FAU can be considered over. What remains are the unhealed wounds and the deep division of German society.

In this area, too, the restrictions hardly bothered me personally, at least on the surface. Of the 31 modules—as the teaching units that had to be completed were called—that I took in four semesters, I was only present for three of them, all three in the summer semester of 2022. Otherwise, I only showed up for the written exams. In the first, second and fourth semesters, there were no problems in this regard, except that we had to wear masks, which was ridiculous, of course. The exams of the first three semesters were taken by

hundreds of students at the same time, either in the newly built *Kia Metropol Arena*, which was actually intended for (sports) events and concerts, or in Hall 12.0 of the *Nuremberg Exhibition*. For the third semester, I obtained a Certificate of Recovery by means of a fake PCR test, which was supposed to be valid for 152 days from 4 January 2022 to 5 June 2022, but was shortened to 62 days in a Night and Fog Decree of 14 January 2022, which is why I had to undergo an amateurishly performed rapid test on 16 March 2022, one day before my last exam of the semester. My family had contracted *SARS-CoV-2* a few days earlier, but I myself had no symptoms and no evidence of the pathogen had yet been found and the rapid test was negative, so I decided to take the exam anyway. They had probably had a PCR test on the afternoon of 16 March 2022, the positive result of which was available the following day, which is why I had a PCR test on the same day, which was also positive. That was my first encounter with *SARS-CoV-2*, which caused no more harm than a slight cold. This is coming from someone whose life was completely derailed by a pathogen, so I know what I'm talking about, but more on that later. I didn't need to use the second, this time well-deserved Certificate of Recovery even once, as politics and the media, as we all know, moved more and more from the eradication of the unvaccinated to the extermination of the Russians.

Why did I decide to study economics? Well, I always found the subject "Economics and Law", which entered my life in the ninth grade of gymnasium, very interesting. In the "Law" section, for example, we covered the basic structure of the legal system of the Federal Republic of Germany, the principles of the constitutional state, civil liability, legal capacity and criminal responsibility, the legal norms and consequences of a purchase contract, and the difference between possession and ownership. Thanks to watching *Verklag mich doch!* (Sue me!) every morning, I realised even as a small child that it was all just one big scam. The school lessons only confirmed this belief. In the "Economics" section, we discussed,

among other things, the social market economy system, the magic hexagon, the market, supply and demand, free trade and protectionism, the functions of money and monetary stability, market economy and planned economy, as well as the advantages of the EU and the grandeur of ECB policy. Here I learned that you could argue anything you wanted, as long as you sold yourself well. The Bavarian Ministry of Education achieved something great with this combined subject: The two cornerstones of Fuckism, Economics and Law, were thus presented to the schoolers in a coherent and compact manner. The smart drew their own conclusions, the stupid believed everything and voted for the Greens.

I must admit that I didn't think that deutsch back then. In the Age of Fuckism, smart young people inevitably become capitalists, while the stupid ones invariably become communists. We live in a world where no one can trust anyone. Smart people quickly realise that under these circumstances, it is better for them personally to increase their own self-interest, even if it means shitting on the common good. Communists, on the other hand, are simply jealous of those who have. "He drives a Porsche, I don't, that's not fair, all people are equal, I am more equal, expropriate him immediately and off to the guillotine!" The last thing I and all other smart people feel is envy. There is **nothing** material in this world that I currently don't have, but want and need and simply cannot afford. Take living space, for example: The stupid dreams of one day living in a magnificent palace, while the smart wonders who and how one will clean and maintain all that shit. Instead of envy, we Socratesses feel only pity for the stupid poor and rich who inevitably try to satisfy their unhappy lives with material things. Only in Deutschland can every man truly be the smith of his own fortune, because forging welds together. **Humans are egotistical altruists.** First and foremost, we are egoists, because each individual lives for himself. I cannot live for You, You cannot live for someone else. However, we are even more altruistic, because when the people around You are not happy, then You cannot be happy either. Even in Marx's time, the rich could not ignore the misery of the poor, and today, at the latest,

the unspecification of humanity is ubiquitous thanks to “social media”. Marx’s cardinal mistake was to believe that anyone really profited from the Age of Fuckism, namely the evil “bourgeoisie”, by exploiting the good “proletariat”. What was actually the case, and still is today, was and is Fuckism, the fucking of everyone by everyone, and only we Socratesses can finally put an end to this age once and for all.

So as a young person, I was a capitalist. Furthermore, I was firmly convinced that after the *National* Socialists, the *International* Socialists had come to power and were determining the fate of Germany. Consequently, the Nazis wanted the Germans to prosper, while the Greens wanted everyone except the Germans to prosper. I was a person with a strong interest in politics and had my well-considered reasons, which would take too much time and space to list here, so I will refrain from doing so. The two most decisive indications of this were, of course, the senseless guiltcult and the uncontrolled mass immigration since 2015. I did not understand why the Germans were the only Volk in the world obsessed with supposedly making amends for their allegedly historic guilt. As a person of Turkish race, I had a completely different approach to this matter, and now I probably understand the problem like no one else in the world.

So how did I go from being a capitalist to a folkseconomist? It was a process that took several years. On 16 December 2020, I opened a securities account with the German broker *Trade Republic*. On 21 December 2020, I bought shares of a company for the first time in my life, more specifically shares of *Plug Power*, *TUI* and *Nel ASA* for a total of €195.76. On 4 January 2021, I set up the following monthly ETF savings plans: €110 for the *MSCI World*, €80 for the *NASDAQ 100*, €40 for the *Core MSCI EM* and €45 each for *Automation & Robotics* and *Digitalisation*, all accumulating. On 2 February 2021, I added the distributing *Global Clean Energy* ETF in the amount of €30, and at the same time adjusted the total monthly savings amount to €250 by reducing the savings amounts for all ETFs except for the *MSCI World*. In mid-March, the same

savings plans as in February were executed, then I stayed away from ETFs and sold most of my holdings at the end of the year with a small profit. Until March, I had also experimented with trading other securities, including, of course, *GameStop* shares, one of which I bought on 1 February 2021 for €201.00 and sold on 10 March 2021 for €248.40. After that, I stayed away from *all* securities for the rest of the year. On 12 January 2022, I bought 60 shares of *CureVac* for €1,528.90 and on 17 February 2023, I bought 465 shares of *AGNC Investment* for €4,997.89, before finally breaking away from the stock market altogether on 6 September 2023. In total, I paid in €6,335.00 and got €5,257.93 back, meaning I had to cope with a loss of €1,077.07.

How did this stock market adventure come about? Well, shortly after the stock market crash at the very beginning of Coronazism, prices went through the roof again. Combined with simplified and cheaper access to the capital markets through neobrokers such as *Robinhood*, *Scalable Capital* and *Trade Republic*, suddenly many more people—especially young people—became interested in the stock market. I got carried away by this, although thanks to reputable *YouTube* channels such as *Finanzfluss* and my already well-developed deutschen common sense, I knew that it was advisable to invest your money in a diversified manner; after all, it is well known that you shouldn't put all your eggs in one basket. With an ETF, short for “exchange-traded fund”, you didn't invest in a single stock company, but in a bundle of stock companies that all had something in common, such as being among the most valuable companies listed on stock exchanges in the world. The idea was that the global economy had always grown, so you couldn't go wrong in the long run by investing in it. Whether this assumption was correct and ETFs actually reflected the global economy cannot be discussed in detail here (the short answers are no, see Volume 1, and no, by no means all companies were listed on stock exchanges), but that was not the reason why I turned my back on them. The reason was that the *Nuremberg Office for Training Assistance* was breathing down my neck, as I had received BAföG (student loans

and grants by the state) for six semesters, which meant that at the time of the annual applications, I was officially not allowed to have more than €8,200, and long-term wealth accumulation was therefore out of the question. So I tried to earn at least €801 in tax-free annual profits through short-term trading, which I managed to do to some extent in 2021 (€447.56). In the following two years, I considered the money I invested in the stock market to be purely play money. I bet a relatively large amount of money on *CureVac* in the belief that I could make up for the profit I had missed out on with *BioNTech*, which unfortunately failed catastrophically and instead resulted in a loss of €1,040.90. *AGNC Investment* promised a high dividend yield of over 10% per annum and actually delivered month after month, totalling €310.40, but this was nowhere near enough to offset the €791.52 loss in share price. Even more difficult than all the financial losses, however, was the insatiable urge to constantly check the stock market prices, as if I had nothing better to do. But unfortunately, I really did have nothing better to do, and nevertheless, or perhaps precisely because of this, I managed to exit the stock market. I came to the conclusion that I shouldn't worry about these trivialities and should instead invest my time in myself. Since then, I have relied on relaxed, inflation-mitigating overnight money.

Another thing that influenced my economic thinking and reveals a lot about my state of mind and prospect in life at the time was my brief but intense sports betting phase in late 2022/early 2023. During the 2022 World Cup in Qatar, I suddenly became addicted to sports betting. There was a welcome bonus of €100 and the celebrities of your trust were advertising it, so what could possibly go wrong? €1,900. Within 41 days, I gambled away €1,900 until I abruptly pulled the ripcord by deleting my *Tipico* account and having myself blocked by OASIS (German GAMSTOP). At school and at the mosque, there had been a few youths and young adults who occasionally placed sports bets. I always considered this a pointless waste of time and money by stupid lower-class people from the Turkish-Arab milieu and believed that my smartness would

protect me from it. I'm not entirely wrong about the former; Turks are crazy about sports betting, and we all know who loiters in and outside the countless betting shops that have sprung up in German city centres since 2015. As for the latter, I was very much mistaken, and not only in this matter. It started out as fun and ended up in earnest. At first, it made the matches more exciting when you had something to lose personally. Unfortunately, I don't remember exactly who I bet against, I only know that, logically, I never bet on France. It would be interesting to know what my bets looked like in the quarter-finals between Plague and Cholera, England and France, but in any case, I lost them. Then I was tempted by the idea of winning over €70,000 with a stake of only €10. I knew it was completely unrealistic, but how hard could it be to predict how many goals a dozen strikers would have scored by the end of the tournament? Germany's early exit alone threw a spanner in the works; Havertz and Müller would have had to score a goal or two. I didn't need the money and had no idea what to do with it. Absurdly, I wasn't even a football fan. After 2010, I lost interest in football. I don't even remember the glorious 2014 World Cup and the legendary Brazil game. As is well known, I had other problems and worries at the time, and after that, things only went downhill for a long time. If there is one thing that Turks and Germans have in common, it is probably their fanaticism for football. My family watched every single game of the Turkish national team, I rarely did, and only as a child. A family legend has it that I was born at the very moment when İlhan Mansız scored what was then the last golden goal in the history of the men's World Cup in the 94th minute of the quarter-final against Senegal in 2002. My yellow child health record book states that I was born at 5:43 p.m., but the goal must have been scored at around 3:24 p.m. CEST, so something is fishy here. Whoever can clear this up for me will get a cookie, because for a while I was half seriously, half jokingly convinced that I had been adopted, as You will learn in the next section. I have only been to a football stadium once in my life, namely the Olympic Stadium in Berlin for the European Championship quali-

fying match between Turkey and Germany in 2010, which ended 3–0 in Germany’s favour. The four of us took the train to Berlin, stayed in a hotel, briefly visited the city on Saturday morning and returned to Nuremberg the same day. My brother, my father and my mother were a little sad, but for me it was just **FAR** too loud and chaotic. I also attended a hockey game and an ice hockey game once each, but I avoided other events of the masses such as concerts, festivals, demonstrations and the like like the plague. From 2021 to 2024, I watched the German national team’s matches with excitement again, as well as the short summaries of the matches of *Bayern Munich*, *Real Madrid*, *Manchester City* and *Paris Saint-Germain*, both in the national leagues and, in some cases, in full length in the *UEFA Champions League*. *PSG* lost its appeal for me after Kylian Mbappé left the team, and shortly after *Man City* began to falter, I turned my back on football for good. I only watched the club matches for the drama and the celebrities, not out of love for this sport. For a while, my heart really beat for the German national team—the three matches against England in particular were a delight—even though I was already well aware of the political component of top-level sport, as described in Chapter *Activity*. Let’s rather not talk about the embarrassments in Qatar. Anyway, in retrospect, everything points to the fact that I was depressed and tired of life at the time, but You will only really understand that later. And if you cannot abolish sports betting, then you just have to abolish sport.

What I have written so far hardly explains how I really went from being a capitalist to a folkseconomist, and, as with so many things in *Mein Sieg*, it was not a sudden realisation. Certain wisdoms I already understood at a very young age, and yet I had to learn a great deal about what I once recognised, it felt like I needed to change everything. The mind-expanding drugs that I took a total of seven times between the summer of 2023 and the spring of 2024 most likely contributed significantly, if not decisively, to this, but unfortunately that is also the subject of a later section.

In any case, I was not one of those who did not know what to study and therefore simply studied business administration. And yet, in the end, my studies were a waste of time. Everything I think I know today about business administration and economics I learned at school or figured out for myself over time. There were basically only six modules in which I really learned something useful, namely “Fundamentals of Tax Law”, “Corporate Taxation”, “Insurance and Risk Management”, “Seminar on Finance and Banking”, “Empirical Finance” and “Spanish 1”; all the others were useless. Instead of *WhatsApp* groups like at school, the hub of university life was the student platform *Studydrive*, which was popular at many universities (of “applied sciences”) in Germany and some beyond. Here, students asked and answered university-related and non-university-related questions anonymously or pseudonymously and shared solutions, exam collections, flashcards and study notes with their fellow students. For good reasons, there were only a few hard-boiled who had registered with their real names, see the next but one section. At first, I mainly used *Studydrive* to find out how to best prepare for exams. The more experienced fellow students who had already passed the modules gave recommendations on which of the courses—usually consisting of lectures, exercises and tutorials—were really relevant for the exams. The lectures were intended to convey the actual course content, the exercises were for practising, and the tutorials were for further consolidation. The lectures were usually held by professors, while the exercises and tutorials were led by students and/or graduate assistants. In most cases, you could completely skip the lectures and tutorials; the most important part was usually the exercises and, if provided by the chair or allowed on *Studydrive*, the old exams. I probably don’t need to explain that it was economically and didactically totally harebrained and inefficient to hold lectures that no one needed and to study for exams by working through old exams. As in school, the natural concept of learning for the sake of learning was completely unknown, which was of course also related to the fact that it was not a discoverience. The first two modules were so instructive, despite their law-chunkiness,

because they were very practical and they used many examples. Many wannabe entrepreneurs prattle on about being able to deduct this and that from their taxes and write off all sorts of things without even knowing what that means exactly. They act as if they are getting something for free from the state, when in fact they are being completely taken for a ride. The insurance module was so interesting because it was the first time that real applied mathematics was used. I already knew intuitively that insurance is pure fraud, but it couldn't hurt to take a look at the theoretical assumptions underlying it. For the last three modules in the field of economics, I attended in person for the first time and met real people for the last time. The "Finance and Banking" seminar reminded me of the good old days at school, as I was allowed to prepare and give a presentation on my own for the first time in a long time. The eight student seminar participants had to familiarise themselves with a scientific paper, identify the key statements and then present them in the seminar for 90 minutes. During and after this, there was a joint discussion. My paper took a critical look at ETFs, because, as its authors were able to show, there were surprisingly better and worse ETFs, namely broad-based and specialised ETFs. Within the scope of my opportunities, I tried to give a funny and unusual presentation, which wasn't criticised by the nice professor. And so I found my way back to the right path, from which I had fatally strayed in upper secondary. It wasn't a good presentation; for many reasons, I was never good at presenting. What I enjoyed most was the intensive preparation I considered necessary to achieve an appropriate end result. In "Empirical Finance", we were also a fairly small group of about a dozen people, which made many things easier, and above all, we had an extremely competent lecturer who was awarded the "Prize for Good Lecturing" by the *Bavarian State Ministry of Science and the Arts* for good reason. It was probably the only award in my life that I can say was truly deserved, and it was probably also one of the very few awards in the history of mankind that was not in the least bit the result of power games and intrigue. It was also here that I first got a glimpse of how difficult

it was to assert oneself in the contemporary sciences and pursue a career as a scientist. *This world is not made for us Socratesses*. I will come back to the sex language later.

At the end of the fourth semester, I had accumulated a total of 155 so-called ECTS credits. To complete a six-semester full-time bachelor's degree, you needed 180 ECTS credits, and for a subsequent four-semester master's degree, you needed another 120 ECTS credits. They had introduced this nonsense and, in the process, got rid of the time-honoured Diplom and Magister degree programmes in order to establish a uniform higher education system throughout Europe, which they failed miserably. At least, that's what I've heard. I don't have an opinion on this myself, as I don't know enough about either the old or the new system, which isn't that important anyway, since we are going to create a completely new, totally different deutsches system. All I needed to obtain my bachelor's degree in economics were two standard modules, which always earned five ECTS credits in this programme at this university, as well as writing and defending a bachelor's thesis worth a total of 15 ECTS credits. Petty trivialities, and yet it was never to be. I did virtually nothing for the entire third year and then dropped out without a degree. Anyone who knows a little about arithmetic should have realised that I was studying relatively quickly. I wanted to finish my studies as quickly as possible. To be honest, I don't really know why anymore, but I just wanted to get it over with. In the first semester, I earned the expected 30 ECTS credits, but in the second and third semesters, it escalated to well above average, with 50 and 52.5 ECTS credits respectively. In the fourth and final real semester, I earned a leisurely 22.5 ECTS credits. The winter semester ran from the beginning of October to the end of March, and the summer semester from the beginning of April to the end of September each year. During the lecture period, which accounted for 14 to 15 of the 26 weeks of a semester, the courses took place, and during the remaining lecture-free period, the exams were written. The lecture period usually started on the second or third Monday after the beginning of the semester. Despite this

performance earnings, my work expenses were relatively low. During the lecture period, I practically had holidays and did hardly anything for university except preparing for the binge-learning for the exams during the lecture-free period by gathering and organising all the exam-relevant teaching materials on the university's internal learning platform *StudOn* and on *Studydrive* and creating a study schedule for myself. In the four semesters, 730 days, I only studied on $22 + 57 + 63 + 40 = 182$ days, which means, on average, I played hooky three quarters of the year. From 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., there were up to seven double lessons per day, each with a 15-minute break in between. Only in the fourth semester was I regularly on the university campus at Lange Gasse 20, 90403 Nuremberg, on Tuesdays from 11:30 a.m. to 2:45 p.m. and Wednesdays from 9:45 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., for which I took the metro, got off at *Rathenauplatz* and climbed the Nuremberg. Otherwise, it was more or less a distance learning and self-study programme. Due to ignorance and inexperience, I initially attended the online video conferences on *Zoom* in the first semester, but these quickly proved to be superfluous, except for the exercises and tutorials in the modules "Data Science: Analysis" and "Data Science: Statistics" by the lecturer who also should hold and lead the lecture and exercise in "Empirical Finance".

The material was less qualitatively, but mainly quantitatively challenging due to a lot of memorisation required, so my grades were not particularly good due to my restlessness. And that brings us to the problem: In this degree programme, as well as in related degree programmes, it was not at all about understanding the subject matter, because there was nothing to understand and nothing not to understand, but rather about networking. In Anglo-Saxon countries, it's even more extreme. There, it doesn't matter what you study; at the end of the day, you can work in almost any profession. The main thing is that you study and build up a large personal and professional network in which you don't peck out each other's eyes. In Germany, at least some distinction is still made between technical and other courses of study, similar to the way *Deutsche* distinguish between hard and soft sciences. In technical courses, you not only

have to chatter a lot, but also know a little what you're doing. A Deutscher, on the other hand, can only do and does not chatter. In the USA and England, there are so-called elite universities such as *Harvard* and *Cambridge*, which may not promise the best teaching, but do guarantee the best network. In Germany, these do not exist for good reasons, even if some small-minded people would like them to. Instead, there is only mediocrity everywhere, whereas in Deutschland, excellence will prevail everywhere. If all this is true, how can the USA be so economically successful, You ask? Thanks to its mercenaries. It is the countless stupid but hard-working mercenaries from all over the world who keep the USA going, both physically and mentally. In Deutschland, on the other hand, we will unite the smart from all over the world. **Work smart, not just hard.** No one willing to work immigrates to Germany because performance is not rewarded, not even in monetary terms. Well, we have now reached a point where neither wages nor mercenary-salaries are worthwhile anywhere in the world; all workers and the vast, vast majority of entrepreneurs work for nothing and nothing again, but a few years ago, at least it felt like things were different. I first came into contact with these matters in the *Studydrive* group "Wirtschaftswissenschaften, Economics and Business Administration in Germany". There were groups for each individual module as well as university-wide and Germany-wide groups. The students of these degree programmes argued in this group about which university to study at and which internships to do at which companies in what order in order to achieve a certain career goal. The "target" universities of Münster, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Cologne and Munich were highly sought after. Anyone who studied at a FH, a fachhochschule, a university of "applied sciences", was considered a "low performer" from the outset, who would never get as far as a "high performer". During the course of one's studies, one should have completed several poorly paid internships—at least two or three—either during the lecture-free periods or by taking one or two semesters off. Recommended internships included those with the auditing *Big Four*, the management consulting *Big Three*, the in-

vestment banking *Bulge Bracket Banks* and privately holding *Mega Funds*. Of course, you first had to work your way up step by step, learning how to concentrate for hours on end to create *PowerPoint* slides, artfully manipulate *Excel* spreadsheets and do some lines. Even though these highly ambitious, career-hungry business bros gave me an insight into a completely different world that was closed to me, and their largely feigned but sometimes genuine arrogance often brought a smile to my face, it became clear to me over time that I urgently needed to rethink my choice of studies. During their internships, they were all smooth-talking, slick suit-wearers with sticks up their arses, while on *Studydrive* they let off steam and didn't mince their words. However, blowing and networking has never been one of my strengths, so one day I would inevitably have run into granite ice blocks, capsized and finally drowned. A clever decision had to be made—and it was.



My father was a miner. No, nonsense, he was an electrician. For a long time, I considered my father to be a smart, sceptical and politically wise person. We discussed a lot and often watched the German political talk shows *maybrit illner*, *Anne Will* and *hart aber fair* together. As it turned out, he was primarily a victim of Turkish-religious-nationalist insecurity and propaganda. He introduced me to the world of conspiracy theories. He was an anti-Jewite, although it must be said that the Turkish anti-Judaism I encountered was much more moderate and harmless than the ubiquitous Arab anti-Judaism. It was considered a truism that Jews ruled the world, and no one was surprised when someone blamed the Jews for anything. However, this had little effect on everyday life. For decades, one enjoyed drinking beverages from *The Coca-Cola Company*, even though they were clearly branded as Jewish. After I left the Ayasofya Mosque, they were no longer available for sale at the *kermes*, after Friday prayers and on weekends due to the

Israeli-Palestinian conflict, before being permanently removed from the range a few years ago and replaced with similarly unhealthy products. Many other products were also considered Jewish and yet were still popular. Even *Ben & Jerry's* was best avoided, even though this company distanced itself from Israeli policy on Palestine more clearly than any other. He was then firmly convinced that Turkey was being oppressed by sinister forces. The downfall of the Ottoman Empire had been brought about or at least accelerated by external forces—the latter certainly being true—and the surviving piece of land called Turkey, which the Turks heroically defended and preserved in the Battle of Gallipoli, fighting lonely and alone against the rest of the world, had been peacefully enslaved to this day by, among other things, the *Treaty of Lausanne*. Many voters of Turkish President Erdoğan and his AK Party had high hopes that this treaty would expire on its 100th anniversary in 2023, finally putting an end to the predicament of the Turkish economy, which began as a result of the Gezi protests in 2013, but the countless enemies of the envied Turkey simply wouldn't let up. Ironically, the founder of the Turkish Republic, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, was inevitably viewed with ambivalence by the *Süleymanlılar* because of his secularist policies. On the one hand, without his efforts, this state might never have existed; on the other hand, there had to be a Süleyman Hilmi Tunahan to halt and reverse the process of religious disintegration in Turkey at the very last minute. One thought more religiously than nationalistically, but one also thought nationalistically. During celebrations in the mosque, red-white crescent-star-flags always hung alongside green flags with three white crescents. Politically, one was extremely cautious in one's expressions, if one expressed one's opinions at all. One was a tactical swing voter, voting as it suited one at the time. Especially after the rift between Erdoğan and his former best buddy Fethullah Gülen, the now deceased founder of another Islamic sect, the Gülen movement, which culminated in the failed coup attempt of 15 July 2016, one was all the more cautious and thoughtful. Although they certainly wanted to expand their own influence—what political movement doesn't?—they had to

come to terms with the existing circumstances. Erdoğan had already established and expanded his own mosque companies inside and outside Turkey, *Diyanet* and *DİTİB*, so he didn't need any further support in this regard. And yet Turkey has always been plagued by shady characters and deeply divided politically—perhaps the Turkish population is even more divided than the inhabitants of the USA at present—so any help was welcome, which is why he courted our favour, as evidenced by the reburial of his parents' graves. A country divided between Orient and Occident, Europe and Asia, Christian past and Islamic backwardness. In such a tense environment, it was no wonder that conspiracy theories flourished. Erdoğan's great political success from 1994 to the present day can be explained very simply: He did on a small scale what the European Union had shown him. First, he implemented a number of reforms, got the economy back on track and made a genuine and credible commitment to the welfare of the Turkish people. Once the pig had put on its first layers of fat, he focused solely on self-enrichment and concrete gold. Turkey's economic growth was based solely on construction and compaction, which is why he prevented the Turkish Central Bank from raising the bank rate to an appropriately high level, as this would have ruined his economic success formula. The inflation rate rose and rose, and the exchange rates of the Turkish lira plummeted. The good man hadn't considered that the Mediterranean countries of the EU had a piggy bank that they could gleefully slaughter, which is why it took a while before inflation here, too, hit with all its might. The Turkish piggy bank was the Turks themselves, and the stupidest pigs choose their own butcher. The same script as always and everywhere was sufficient for this. At first, one was justifiably popular. One lived off this reputation until the bitter end, because as soon as the crises began, one could always point to one's past achievements. Domestic political crises were overshadowed by patriotism and nationalism, a return to religion, changes in the education system, the search for and identification of enemies and division, interference in the judiciary and reporting, crackdowns on political opponents and the instigation

of crises abroad. Among the latter, I wanna particularly mention the division that he deliberately created in EU countries with large Turkish populations, especially Austria and Germany. The Turks who came to Germany as “guest workers” between 1961 and 1973 came from parts of the country that were particularly backward, conservative, Islamic and uneducated. This was one of the reasons why even the third generation still had difficulties learning the German language. Quite a few spoke neither German nor Turkish well, which is still better than the larger number of Turks living abroad who only spoke Turkish and hardly any of the language of the country in which they lived and intended to live permanently. To a certain extent, German politics is also responsible for this. Either the guests, if they really were guests, must have been sent back as soon as the reason for their stay no longer existed, or, if they were no longer guests, it must have been clearly communicated what was expected of them. Instead, a little of both was done, which was much worse than doing nothing at all. Those who stayed and were able to embrace German culture and society integrated better than others, who formed parallel societies over time. The latter group included a large number of Turks. They worked and lived in Germany, but their homeland and regular refuge remained Turkey. The second generation integrated better, as they grew up here and went through the mills of the German education system. Some felt more at home in Germany, others felt more at home in Turkey, most felt somewhere in between, and the few smart felt homeless, as they have been feeling for 12,000 years. The third generation took a big step backwards. On the one hand, there were at least as many social losers as there were social climbers. Their ancestors may have come here to work, but their descendants contributed relatively above average and absolutely significantly to the German unemployment rate. In order to avoid self-criticism, a culture of victimhood developed. The blame for their situation lay solely with the racist Nazi Germans, who did not want them in their country anyway. They were by no means alone in this; the cult of victimhood is widespread among Muslims worldwide. It was not without reason

that one celebrated Eid al-Adha, the Feast of Sacrifice/Victimhood! Unfortunately, the pun doesn't work in English, but not a single sentence of original *Mein Sieg* must be missing in this translation. At least the Turks were not quite as criminal as all the Eastern Europeans, Balkan peoples, Arabs and Gypsygypsies. On the other hand, there was Erdoğan. Cleverly, he offered them a basis for pride and gave them stability and meaning in life. The British, French and Americans were largely proud of their countries and their history, whereas the guiltcult made it unnecessarily difficult for all people of non-German race to gain a foothold in Germany. The Turks, who were particularly spoiled by national pride, had little reason to give up this drug. What did they get in return for this turkey? Erdoğan scored the goal, but the Greens shot the goalkeeper. At home, even the upper German lower-class could live well thanks to differences in purchasing power. They only saw the beautiful sides of Turkey, as they only holidayed there for a short time and spent (relatively) a lot of money. This explains the continuing electoral success of the chieftain, the *reis*, among Turks living abroad. While his popularity among Turks in Turkey declined over time thanks to his brilliant economic achievements, he continued to enjoy great popularity abroad, where people could not really empathise with the suffering of their fellow countrymen. German politicians and journalists unnecessarily stirred up the mood—perhaps intentionally, perhaps out of stupidity—by expressing outrage at how one could vote for an autocrat while living in a democracy and enjoying its benefits. If one didn't like it here, one could always go back to Turkey! There is too much to criticise about these two statements, so I won't even try. They later ran the same counterproductive campaign against the Russia-Germans who voted for Putin. It was those political talk shows on German television between 2015 and 2017 that made me see through the lie of democracy, freedom of speech, freedom of the press and the rule of law at an early stage. All these supposed or actual shortcomings did not bother the Turks at all; it was the economic situation that weighed on them and was the real reason for these supposed or actual shortcomings in

Turkey. Why did they criticise the effect and invent self-opinionated causes, but never get to the bottom of the real causes? I had been asking myself this question for a long time without being able to answer it satisfactorily. Now I can. The decisive factor in a state is economic policy alone; everything else is secondary and dependent on it. The legal system, education, healthcare, simply everything, because economic policy reveals the idea of humanity, and that has always been unspecified worldwide. However, the EU and Turkey didn't just pursue a generally fuckistic economic policy, but exactly the same one, which had only one goal: to make land and buildings more expensive. Import, export, all well and good, but what was important was the price explosion for everything to do with real estate. Climate protection, insulation, soundproofing, fire protection, flood protection, earthquake protection, insurance protection, brain protection, Go Tigers! Everyone to the cities, we have space! As luck would have it, real-estate-related prices such as rents and leases played hardly any role in calculating the inflation rate, which was said to be unhealthily low and therefore urgently needed to be fuelled. It was similar in the USA, and only worse in China, where entire ghost towns were built that no one wanted to live in. And if, after a delay of seven years at the latest, Erdoğan was no longer just following in your footsteps, but you are following in his, why should you have criticised him for the right reasons?

My father wasn't smart or politically wise, but he was certainly a sceptical person. That is something I owe to him, in addition to my smartness. At the same time, he was also gullible. That may sound like a contradiction, but I couldn't describe him any other way. If I have given the impression so far that he was a stubborn, numb, strictly religious hothead, then I apologise. Like my mother, my father was one of the most harmless people you could imagine. In my entire life, they only had one serious argument—I think it was during the religious fasting month of Ramadan in 2019—over something trivial, only to reconcile a week later without saying a word. This was due to his emotional underdevelopment; he had received

little love from his parents as a child, which is why he avoided emotional conflicts. Nevertheless, or perhaps precisely because of this, he was all the more eager to engage in political debates. In the heat of a discussion, he could usually be persuaded by the better arguments, but by the next conversation he had forgotten them again. I often felt like I was talking to a broken record, a Turkish expression for someone who constantly repeats himself. He also liked to let off steam with us, his family, by complaining about his stupid customers and, above all, his incompetent employees, because since the beginning of 2017 he was no longer an employee in production and passenger transport, but an employer in a small electrical trade company, which he had acquired from the previous “owner” (it was a sole proprietorship). Self-employment was completely contrary to his nature. He worked much longer hours and also at weekends, his mind was constantly on work even at home, and he didn’t earn much more money either. He didn’t let off steam in any other way than verbally. He only hit me twice, once at Burgerstraße and once at Judenstraße. In both cases, I can’t remember the reason, but he caused himself more emotional pain than he caused me physical pain, which is why he probably regretted it both times afterwards and refrained from doing so at other times. In my opinion, it is a miracle that, despite all the adverse circumstances I have described so far and still have to describe, I was blessed with such parents. I couldn’t have had it better. Deutscher, yes, but not better in this fuckistic world.

My entire family was bloody stupid. Neither my brother nor my parents nor my grandparents nor any other close or distant relative was even remotely smart. I could be cited as proof that smartness may be genetically negatively correlated. That may sound harsh, but it’s the main reason why, at the age of 14, I came up with the theory that I might have been adopted or accidentally mixed up at the hospital. I also communicated this openly to the outside world, often saying *ben üveyim*, which translates into English as “I’m a stepchild”. Within my family, too, I was a joker who fooled around and was known for certain recurring sayings. At school, in ninth

and tenth grade, I would say goodbye at the end of *every* school day with “Happy holidays!”. At the end of my mother’s almost daily *WhatsApp* calls with Aunt Hadise, which I often listened in on briefly, I always said goodbye with *bize de gelin*, “come and visit us too”, which I had picked up from my mother, who used to say this in certain situations. So they thought it must be one of my meaningless sayings that I had heard somewhere, for example in a TV series, found funny and imitated from then on, which is why they didn’t take it seriously. But I took it seriously and even asked several times for a DNA test, which I ultimately did not have done for financial reasons—and because there were a number of factors that spoke against this theory—even though I had already collected hair samples that could be used in court.

The Keser family did indeed come to stay with us in the summer of 2013, one summer after the momentous events with Ahmet. The three of them moved into Burgerstraße for three weeks. My uncle Yasin Keser was unable to come for professional reasons; Turks do not have many days of holiday at their free disposal. Ahmet tried to hit on me again, which he succeeded in doing several times, even though I defended myself more resolutely than the year before, after which he finally flew away. Then we were away, too; first we unfortunately drove to Ingolstadt, and then we moved into Gothaer Straße. The summers of 2012 and 2013 were pretty fucked up in a nutshell. In 2014 and 2017, we spent our summer holidays at home to save money, as our household budget had been hit hard by the house construction (one summer Turkey cost €3,000 to €4,000). Furthermore, in 2017, my father had to find his feet in a completely new working environment. Of my other relatives living in Turkey, my very nice uncle Aras, the youngest sibling in the family, came to visit for three weeks in March and April 2009, and in the winter of 2012/2013, a year after his wife’s death, my grandfather was in Germany; at other times, always us *gurbetçiler* were in Turkey. During the two-year break from visiting relatives, I had enough time to process everything that had happened to me for the first time. I had already thought about it before and had my first expe-

riences with my own sexuality, but I needed time to draw my first conclusions. I, once a cuddly child, had been rejecting close physical contact such as cheek kisses and hugs since 2015 at the latest. This now became a problem, as Uncle Yasin sought a lot of physical closeness. I found it difficult to refuse, but I felt very uncomfortable and was afraid that he, a broad, strong man, might do something to me. We were often alone, so there were plenty of opportunities. He hit and shouted at his own children—he was a simple-minded, old-school Turkish father who had certainly never known anything else—but he liked me very much and affectionately called me *tosunum*, which is difficult to translate meaningfully. Nothing happened; he was a kind-hearted person to me, who died on 11 January 2018 at the age of 48 under circumstances that were not really clarified. He had presumably contracted a dangerous infection at work, which was delayed and recognised and treated too late in hospital, but no one wanted to know nothing exactly. In retrospect, I regretted my fear, even if it wasn't completely unfounded.

Since 2014, unlike in the past, I had been camera-shy. There was another brilliant reason for this, which I will explain later, but firstly, I found myself ugly, and secondly, and more importantly, I no longer wanted to leave any mementos of myself together with my relatives for posterity. Not only with Ahmet, but with all my relatives, including my brother, my father and my mother, I no longer wanted to be photographed and captured on any medium, which is why there is relatively little photographic evidence of my existence between 2014 and 2024. One exception was the summer of 2018, when I expressly allowed my cousin Zehra to take selfies of the two of us with her *Huawei* smartphone. I was still in the middle of my friend phase, a phase of total and radical upheaval, and therefore not of sound mind. In that summer of 2018, I finally understood why I hated Turks and that I had long since ceased to be a Muslim. There were exactly two triggers:

Firstly: meat. Muslims are obsessed with meat. Not only must the species of animal be right, but the slaughtering process is also strictly regulated, otherwise consumption is haram. The commer-

cially talented *Süleymanlılar* had established another rule: Since one couldn't really trust anyone out there, it was better to only buy meat from own production. For the EU market, slaughtering and processing was mainly carried out legally in Belgium, and the products were sold under the brand name *TUNA*. The husbandry conditions were the same as in factory farming, as the animals were only purchased within the EU when they were fully fattened and alive, and not raised by oneself. In return, one was allowed to pay a hefty surcharge compared to *ALDI* prices. Slaughtering is carried out in the same way as by the goddamned Jews: Cutting the throat and letting the animal bleed to death, without stunning. Since I witnessed one of these so-called ritual slaughters in 2015, I have not eaten pure red meat. In 2018, I also stopped eating spicy red meat, such as meatballs, lahmacuns and kebabs. Since then, I have only eaten chicken and fish such as seabream, salmon and anchovies, before cutting off my relationship with aquatic animals in May 2024. From June to August 2024, I ate a completely animal-free diet. The first decision, to give up pure red meat, was necessary for moral and taste reasons. The pure taste of red meat simply disgusted me. The second decision, to give up red meat altogether, was politically necessary. On 21 August 2018, the annual Feast of Sacrifice took place, during which every devout Muslim, out of gratitude to Allah, mercifully only has to sacrifice a larger animal instead of his son. We spent the feast days with our relatives in Ankara, and all there was to eat was meat, meat and meat again. Every time I said that I didn't eat pure red meat, people asked me incredulously and horrified why I didn't, when meat was so healthy and Allah had created animals for human consumption. They were too stupid to understand that I simply didn't like the taste, and claimed that it was due to puberty and that I would come to my senses as an adult. The last two decisions were purely health-related. As a deutscher, moral-free human, I now have no problem whatsoever with eating meat. I'm a *Homo deutsch*, and *Homo deutsch* can digest meat well. I like chickens, and as long as my mother cooks them for us, I'll eat 'em. But I would never go to the trouble of doing so myself,

and I won't miss it at all in Deutschland. The only people who are problematic and won't be happy in Deutschland are the stupid meat fanatics and the unspecified vegans who no longer consider themselves human beings, let alone animals.

Secondly: trade. Before we drove to Ankara in our rental car, a white *Peugeot*, we landed at the old Istanbul Atatürk Airport and spent a few days in the city to cover part of our annual food and fattening requirements. We also bought most of our clothes in Turkey, which used to be inexpensive. To do this, we went to the famous *Kapalı Çarşı*, the "Grand Bazaar" of Istanbul, among other places. I hated it. Far too many people in far too small a space, standing for hours and sweating constantly. For whatever reason, however, I was keen on fake *Gucci* shoulder bags this year, so we made our way through the crowds along the familiar route. We eventually found what we were looking for along the alleys. Now for the real problem: I detested trading, or more precisely, haggling. It was part of Turkish-Arab culture to first demand dizzying prices, only to then theatrically haggle them down until the buyer and seller agreed and/or insulted and beat each other up. The whole spectacle got on my nerves, and I had no desire at all to participate in it. These crooks had a very keen sense of whether someone was a domestic or foreign Turk and where they could get more money, especially since domestic Turks never strayed into certain corners because they knew where the tourist rip-offs were. They were particularly brazen with people of non-Turkish race, in every language in the world they could communicate fragmentarily. These gypsies thought they were clever when someone gave up early, and as a smart person, I let them have their fun and thought about my two pennies worth. Fortunately, the civilised fixed-price system had also found its way into Turkey, for example in the countless air-conditioned shopping centres, *AVM*, that were on every corner.

I had already distanced myself from my Turkish roots much earlier. I can still vaguely remember the night of the coup from 15 to 16 July 2016. My brother and I were in our room, slowly getting ready

to go to sleep. Then he saw what was happening on his smartphone and pointed it out to me. We went downstairs and told our parents about it, somewhat excitedly. We stayed up until about one in the morning following the news and then went to bed because there was nothing we could do from afar anyway. What I'm actually getting at is that I was personally excited, but not really affected. I didn't care how the whole thing turned out. When the big earthquake struck on 6 February 2023, I also wasn't even remotely sad. That was partly because these events took place in Turkey, but not only that; I felt the same way about the "100-year-flood" in the Ahr Valley in July 2021. Rather, I was annoyed by the feigned concern that was expected of one. The fact that Armin Laschet's background laughter is said to have cost him the 2021 German federal election is testament to the ubiquitous ridiculousness of politics and the stupidity of people. Would anything have been different if he had looked sheepishly at the floor instead? Do people want actors or problem solvers? In any case, I will be both.

Back to the actual topic. For a long time, I felt no real connection to this country before I came to hate it. Stability and meaning in life gave me Germany, or more precisely German literature and German politics. I watched a lot of Turkish series and quite a few Turkish *YouTubers*, listened to a bit of Turkish music and followed some Turkish *Instagram* accounts, but when it came to politics, I belonged entirely to Germany. That's not entirely true; in fact, it was Turkish politics that led me to German politics. My father regularly watched German and Turkish political talk shows, and I only watched the former; the latter were too crude and loud for me. It was those shows about Turkey, Erdoğan and the "Germany-Turks" that sparked my interest. I would check online in advance to see if any of these topics would be covered, and if so, I would happily tell my father. Then, at the end of 2016, I started reading the news. On my way to and from school, I used my brand new *Samsung Galaxy S7* to read online articles from various German newspapers such as *SPIEGEL*, *Süd[t]eutsche*, *WELT* and *ZEIT* via *upday*. I had already sporadically read the effusions of German journalists

on certain events, for example, the Islamic terrorist attack on 7 January 2015 on the editors of the satirical magazine *Charlie Hebdo*, the attack in Paris on 13 November 2015, the New Year's Eve night of sexual assaults in Cologne in 2015/2016, the 2016 US presidential election and the attack on the Berlin Christmas market on 19 December 2016. However, it only became a daily duty after this last event. At the same time, I started watching the political satire programme *heute-show* on Fridays. Jan Böhmermann only became regular at the beginning of 2021 with his *ZDF Magazin Royale*. Markus Lanz only became interesting in 2018, when my range of interests already covered practically the entire political agenda of the Federal Republic of Germany. I was most likely the youth with by far the greatest interest in politics in human history. I must admit that between May 2018 and March 2019, I also took a keen interest in Turkish politics. I didn't get my information from public or private channels, but from street surveys conducted by simple *YouTubers*. In total retrospect, I have to say that my Turkish background was incredibly valuable and irreplaceable in understanding the political and media system. While I learned from the German media that there was no freedom of speech or freedom of the press in Turkey and that it ranked very low in some international rankings in this regard, I was well aware that at least "social media" was firmly in the hands of the opposition. Things were said and written there for which Robert Habeck would have put you in the Gulag immediately. It is true that Erdoğan was in the process of bringing the press into line, whereas in Germany it had been brought into line since 1933 at the latest.

My brother always said that I was no Turk, but a German, and there was some truth in that. There was a kind of loose protest movement among youths and young adults in Turkey, in which everything "Western", i.e. American, was glorified and everything Turkish was demonised. I was definitely not part of this movement, as I had been raised anti-American at home, but it was true that I wanted to stand out as little as possible as a Turk and felt great sympathy for the Germans. Seeing what the guiltcult on the one hand and all

the Ausländer on the other were doing in Germany made me very, very sad and angry. **It was German literature that made me love Germany, and it was German politics that made me hate Germany.** On the other hand, I was never part of German society and never wanted to be. Until eighth grade, it was hardly my responsibility; my personality, smartness and past simply did not fit in with the system. In ninth, tenth and eleventh grade, I took out my frustration on the school system. Not a single day went by at school without at least one lesson on Nazism, democracy or climate change. Because of the Hitler jokes, we were considered a bit of a Nazi class, but we were neither real Nazis nor was it youthful defiance. The guiltcult simply made no sense, which anyone who wasn't completely stupid and didn't vote green understood intuitively. Of the 25 schoolers in my tenth grade class, only seven were racially pure German, and in the twelfth grade, only 24 of 79 were racially pure German (in addition, there were five first-degree hybrids and seven Russia-Germans of a mixture unknown to me and possibly no mixture at all), and yet there were no racial conflicts whatsoever in our year group. Not because we were a "School without Racism—School with Courage", but because none of us were stupid enough to attack others on that level. It was generally quite peaceful, or at least non-violent. On the other hand, there was also no large, nicotine- and ethanol-free community, as I would like to see in deutschen unfolding houses. In the first half of twelfth grade, I came into contact with German society for the first and last four times. There was the so-called school-seat-rental, which gave you discounted admission—9.50 euros per play instead of double to five times that amount—to the Nuremberg State Theatre. The prescribed plays were "Nora" by Henrik Ibsen, "I love you, Turkey!" by Ceren Ercan and "The Legend of Georgia McBride" by Matthew Lopez. I have forgotten the name of the fourth play, and there should have been a fifth, "Amphitryon" by Heinrich von Kleist, but it was cancelled due to Coronazism. However, this isn't at all about the performances themselves. The crucial thing was that I felt like a foreign body. No one said a word to me, no one gave me

a disparaging look, and yet I knew and felt very clearly that I had no business being there. I just wanted to admire from the outside, and when I finally got a little insight into the inner workings of the clock, I had to wistfully and reluctantly acknowledge that there was nothing left to admire.

The Turkish lessons in groundschool were pretty useless. Because our parents took time for us children and my mother read me Turkish bedtime stories like the short, wise anecdotes of *Nasreddin Hoca*, unlike the other Turkish children in groundschool, I was able to speak Turkish fluently. What I learned in class was writing skills, which I quickly acquired but never needed in my life. Turkish is mainly a spoken language and not a written language, if there can even be a written language other than German. German, I taught myself. With my mother, I spoke almost exclusively Turkish, as she had little command of German. With my brother and father, I spoke a colourful mixture of German and Turkish. Some things were easier to express in German, others in Turkish. The next time I had dealings with the *Turkish Consulate General Nuremberg* was to defer my military service, which was compulsory for all Turkish male citizens, until 31 December 2037, which was granted to me with effect from 20 April 2021. This was necessary so that I could apply for renunciation of my Turkish citizenship on the same day, which was finally granted to me on 21 December 2021 after some bureaucratic back and forth. The consulate official looked at me grimly and said that I would regret it. I never did. The whole thing has a practical benefit that by no *deutschest* stretch of imagination had occurred to me at the time: According to Article 16, Paragraph 1 of the Basic Law, the Federal Republic of Germany cannot revoke my German citizenship in order to subsequently deport me to the Mediterranean island of Elba or anywhere else. I am under no illusions that an exception will have to be made for the greatest criminal in human history, in one way or another.



The *Studydrive* group “RWTH Aachen—off topic” was a gathering place for right-wing extremist students from all over Germany. I was active here from April 2021 to December 2022 and caused some trouble from May 2021 to June 2022. Many of them were certainly studying at the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Technische Hochschule Aachen*, but this group was infamous far beyond the borders of Aachen. One incited hatred against Muslims, Ausländer, women, feminists, Left-Greens, vaccinated, sheeple, unvaccinated, conspiracy theorists, Ukrainians and Russians. Both sides were represented in the Corona and Ukraine wars, the main thing was to polarise. One could have gained the impression that this group was a legal vacuum. Although comments could be reported and were promptly reviewed and removed by the moderators if necessary, and accounts could also be temporarily or permanently banned, the moderators had Sundays off, and we trolls felt accordingly free. It was precisely the time when misogynists like Andrew Tate were very popular with boys and young men for understandable reasons, and fortunately, despite everything that spoke in favour of it, I have always been spared from hating women. Nevertheless, I found it impressive how uninhibited people could express themselves, and as always, there was a grain of truth. Things just get out of hand when you’re unspecified and can’t share your fears and worries with any other human being in real life. I was also merely an attentive observer of the war in Ukraine. In the first few days after the outbreak of war, I spent several hours on *Studydrive* and *WELT*, the online edition of my first and only regular newspaper, to get an idea of the mood and the situation. Among the student body, jokes were made and, in some cases, fear and panic were stirred up that World War III would soon break out and we would all have to go to the front, but I considered this extremely unlikely and was relaxed about the future in this regard. I believed that Ukraine should have surrendered immediately in order to cause as little suffering and pain as possible. In the event of an attack on a *NATO* member state, it was clear to me that the attacked country had to be supported politically and militarily, but Ukraine wasn’t part of *NATO*. In German political

talk shows, Coronazis such as Karl Lauterbach and the other self-promoters at court, who called themselves scientists or journalists, were replaced by dubious warmongers such as Anton Hofreiter, Marie-Agnes Strack-Zimmermann and Roderich Kiesewetter, who explicitly sought a victory for Ukraine, including the recapture of the Crimean peninsula annexed by Russia in 2014. Similar to the shows on uncontrolled mass immigration and corona policy, other opinions were either not represented at all or were discredited, ridiculed, sidelined and silenced. *And so, once again, the increasingly widespread half-heartedness in everything and everyone was evident here too.* If this was the goal, then **everything** should have been done to achieve it, instead of just playing the big-mouthed loudmouth with all bark and no bite. In any case, I will end this war as Führer-nonelect within 240 days in the interests of all Ukrainian and Russian Deutschen. Russia and Ukraine are part of Deutschland! As already indicated, I was only marginally interested in the war in Ukraine. Yes, for no less than 17 months, I watched every German political talk show and read countless articles in the warmongering *WELT* newspaper, but unlike Coronazism, the war in Ukraine hardly affected me. The food of my choice hasn't become significantly more expensive, and even if it had, I have never provided for my own livelihood in my life anyway. The only thing that really bothers me is the Ukrainian language that one hears everywhere, and I promise You that the mistake made with the "guest workers" will not be repeated.

The much greater evil, Coronazism, was replaced directly and solely by the belief in a Ukrainian victory in the war, which is why I cynically considered the latter to be not quite so bad, in the sense of: Do what you want, as long as the other thing finally stops. At the beginning of Coronazism, after the initial anxiety in mid-March 2020, I fell into a huge hole. Within four months, I gained 20 kilograms. I didn't care about anything anymore. Before that, I hadn't cared about a lot of things, but then I really didn't care about anything. In the summer of 2019, I had stopped getting my hair cut. The day before my graduation ceremony, I shaved my head

bald. My neck-length hair was gone, my matted beard remained. I looked like the latest Salafist. On top of that, I showed up barefoot and behaved even more strangely than my fellow human beings were already used to from me. I stood alone on one side of the field with my back to them, wearing a surgical mask, watching and listening to the Fischstream. There was a stage where pairs of schoolers were allowed to come up to receive their Abitur diploma from the headmistress. A 30-second excerpt of a song of our choice was played, and Sabahudin and I had chosen the *Bayernlied*. Due to the external circumstances, the atmosphere was very strange and extremely tense, and I don't want to know what my schoolmates sitting on benches and chairs, their parents, their siblings and the teachers thought of my appearance.

In the German media, it was portrayed as if all reasonable, smart, science-oriented people supported the government's measures, while all the crazy, stupid, gullible nutcases had fallen for some charlatans and pied pipers and had become radicalised as a result. I can't speak for others, but *SPIEGEL TV*, *WELT* and the public service media were enough for me. It was not until 10 December 2021 that I downloaded the highly dangerous *Telegram* app onto my smartphone for specific research purposes and joined certain groups, only to delete it on the same day since I didn't like the language used and couldn't find what I was looking for. Even though the *SPIEGEL TV* reports on the demonstrations against the corona measures were always very entertaining, I knew full well that the stupidest participants were deliberately edited together to paint a very specific picture. Admittedly, this was not due to the topic itself. After years of consuming *SPIEGEL TV* and *WELT*, I can say with certainty that there was only one rule that the journalists of these two rag sheets had to follow: loyalty to Israel. Not to Jews; without exception, all German media outlets welcomed and applauded the anti-Judaism that had immigrated in its millions. Nor was it necessarily loyalty to the Israeli government; here and there, as everywhere else, calculated criticism was levelled. But Israel *as a state* was above criticism. On all other issues, it didn't really matter what position one took,

as long as it paid off financially. *SPIEGEL TV* reported gloatingly on criminal clans from the Gypsygypsie and Arab milieu, solely to cover up its own criminal activities, since *SPIEGEL TV* has not criminal! *WELT* in particular had it very easy to set itself apart from all the others by occasionally voicing substantial criticism of the German state and the German government, which is why I was a *WELTplus* subscriber from 6 March 2021 to 20 July 2023, paying $21 \times \text{€}4.99 + \text{€}49.90 = \text{€}154.69$ for this. Don't get me wrong, 99% of all published articles could have also appeared in *taz* or elsewhere, but the remaining one percent was exceptional enough. It was the only major German newspaper that offered *genuine* criticism of the corona policy, albeit very tentatively, rather than just a implausible simulation of freedom of speech and freedom of the press. That's why I was always surprised when people talked about there being left-wing and right-wing newspapers. The comments under the *WELT* articles, which I always read with relish, came primarily from conservative, old, embittered German men who voted for the Union, the FDP or the AfD, and the loyal *SPIEGEL* reader certainly voted for the Left, the Greens or the SPD, but the journalist himself had never known a political orientation, but solely the lie.

From May 2021 to June 2022, I agitated against Turks, Ausländer, Muslims and Islam on *Studydrive*, and tried to expose the idiocy of Coronazism through sharp and blunt posts. My focus was never on the benefits and dangers of vaccinations. In fact, I "insulted" my father, my mother and especially my brother for fun as unvaccinated, *aşısız*, and even in the second half of 2022, I still asked them every day if they had been vaccinated today, even though I myself was not vaccinated, and unfortunately I have to say that they still don't understand the irony behind it and believed that I was serious. What fascinated me was how easily and quickly a completely new narrative could divide a society and rally believers around you. At first, idiotic measures were decided upon, which were justifiable at most in the first days and weeks of uncertainty, but it didn't stop there. The same shit was being done all over the

world, so thank God you didn't have to think for yourself. Then, at the end of 2020, the first saviours came onto the market, and when salvation inexplicably failed to materialise, scapegoats had to be found quickly. Anti-Judaism was ancient hatred in a new Nazi guise. The Coronazis, on the other hand, had to resort to a little sleight of hand. Very few people in Germany disputed the purpose and necessity of measles vaccination. However, propaganda succeeded in a devilishly clever way in extending the story of the few rattled people who rejected any kind of vaccination, which had only been told for about 150 years and thus for a comparatively short time, to those who rejected mandatory vaccination of all people with an experimental vaccine against a slightly better flu. In previous years, belief in science had also become fashionable—keyword: climate change—and thus the circle was complete. The measures were scientifically necessary, there was nothing to question about that. In order for the “corona pandemic” to end, “enough” people would have to be vaccinated against *COVID-19*. Under no circumstances could anything be set in stone; everything had to be kept in limbo, since science, like the climate, is constantly changing. We would love to end lockdown, but the unvaccinated... We would love to end the measures, but the unvaccinated... Well, these restrictions are being lifted (temporarily), but only for those who have been vaccinated 3.5 times with *BioNTech*. The mask mandate must not end, otherwise the stupid rabble might get the idea that the pandemic is over. The fact that **all** of this was nonsense to the power of ten from the very beginning can be seen from how the so-called pandemic really ended: The epidemiologist Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin was able to demonstrate in a field study that the pandemic only existed in people's minds by enticing and tempting journalists to switch their agitation against the unvaccinated to agitation against the Russians. That is why we must abolish the press in Deutschland. Day by day, You will then be able to see with Your own eyes, without any propaganda, an increasingly deutscher world to which You Yourself can and indeed must contribute.

My main focus was on social fragmentation, disintegration, decay,

disruption and division. Since leaving school, I have never again established a close connection with new people. My only remaining reference persons were my brother, my father and my mother, so my opportunities for conducting social studies were limited. However, as You will learn in the next and most embarrassing section of the Second Volume of *Mein Sieg* and my life, I followed many ordinary people on *Instagram*. Here I saw how other young people thought and lived during the era of Coronazism. The main reason I didn't get vaccinated was because I simply didn't need it. I was almost always at home, and when I went outside, it was mainly for my occasional walk. As a family, we usually only went to restaurants on holiday, I had never been to a nightclub, and I wasn't exposed to peer pressure. So the real reasons why young people my age got vaccinated didn't concern me. It was a time when many people were interested in politics and consumed news. To my regret, but not at all to my surprise, I realised that most people simply repeated what they had heard somewhere without questioning it in the slightest. I myself had gone through this experience much earlier. At school, I was obviously the one who knew the most about politics, and in retrospect, it always annoyed me when I realised that in a conversation or when speaking up, I was repeating what I had once read or heard without having checked it myself. It was not uncommon for closer examination to reveal that I had been talking nonsense. Even in the situation itself, I realised this all too often, but was then too lazy and too proud to think for myself and correct *my* mistakes. For me, however, this was a maturing process and not a mode, and I had completed this process by the eleventh grade. Personally, I no longer had longer and serious political discussions with anyone, and at school I slowly but surely became silent. My history and social studies teacher in upper secondary, the good non-Jewish Mr Daniel Dieburger, was a communist, and after I claimed that it had been much easier to achieve prosperity immediately after the Second World War than it is today because everything lay in ruins and a new economic beginning was imminent, whereupon he, for whatever reason, vigorously disagreed with me, I kept my mouth shut for the

most part and only contributed selected keywords to the lesson, such as the pun that *NATO* was facing a *nahtod* (near-death) experience, which he clearly liked. As luck would have it, shortly before the unresisted beginnings of Coronazism, on 11, 13 and 18 February 2020, we covered the topic of “Literature under the swastika” in our German lessons. In addition to those writers who had gone into exile at the time, there were quite a few who had remained in Nazi Germany and instead emigrated inward. They took literary refuge in topics far removed from politics, limited themselves to hidden, critical allusions, or remained silent altogether. As if I had foreseen it, I already felt very, very sad during those lessons, and in the following two and a half years I felt reminded of that again and again. I wanted to write a book and didn’t. I was an *inner emigrant*. Everywhere you could feel how the smart were retreating and the stupid were taking over. One spoke differently to friends in private than to strangers in public, and the one or the other supposed friend revealed himself to be a stinking enemy. It was so easy to see that no one really cared about people’s health, just as the warmongers didn’t care about the welfare of Ukrainians, just as aso. asf. aso. asf. aso. asf., otherwise they would have done exactly what we are going to do in Deutschland. It is and remains a mystery to me why people went along with it once again. Was it really just because of their stupidity? Unfortunately, one has to assume so, and that is ultimately what *Mein Sieg* is based on: That all of humanity’s problems to date can be traced back to its stupidity, and that all of humanity’s future problems can be solved with its smartness.

To a lesser extent, conspiracy theories were also discussed in the group, including the machinations of Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum he founded. Many years earlier, I had also come into contact with the Illuminati and the Freemasons. I can no longer say exactly when I came to the following conclusions, but it was most likely while I was still in upper secondary. At first, I was convinced that the Jews ruled the world. That wasn’t a big deal for us, but it was a fact we had to live with. Fortunately, I was never

someone who defended my opinions at all costs, and (un)fortunately, I kept a lot to myself until something became untenable. My family never voiced their religious views loudly and, if at all, only within their own small circle. They rejected homosexuality, considered the theory of evolution, according to which humans supposedly descended from apes, to be crazy, and Jews to be fundamentally evil, but they would never have attacked or even insulted a faggot or a kippah-wearing Jewish sow on the street or anywhere else. These were things that went without saying and were hardly ever talked about, and I didn't start any discussions about them either, but merely confirmed my impressions with cautious questions. This rubbed off on me too. I considered homosexuality to be a disease, but never had a problem with it. In groundschool and during my first years at secondary school, I always had these doubts in the back of my mind during biology lessons. We had no family friends outside our own community, and we tried to maintain a casual acquaintance solely with our immediate neighbours. We lived exactly as the *Süleymanlılar* imagined we should. Unlike in many other Muslim households in "Western" countries, however, my parents never discouraged me or even forbade me from befriending non-Muslim children, but if I remember correctly, there were warnings issued at the mosque against getting too closely involved with these infidels. In any case, it was better if someone was Muslim, and they prayed for everyone to find their way to Islam, and were delighted when a member of the community married a Christian woman who was willing to convert. Politically, they were more liberal. My mother, gentle, naive and apolitical as she was, was an Erdoğan and AKP voter from the very beginning. She was very easily influenced by her environment and the media. My father supported Erdoğan, although he tried to deny this vehemently at every opportunity. He liked to waste his precious working time defending him and his policies to his German customers, which he proudly reported to us when he came home. Essentially, he believed that the other politicians and parties were much worse, more incompetent and more corrupt than Erdoğan and his AK Party, that Erdoğan had

his merits and that he was, after all, continuing to promote the great worldwide unification of all Turkic peoples. Absurdly, he was not even an exuberant or even noticeable nationalist and patriot, but he missed the Ottoman Empire and its last true wise ruler, Sultan Abdülhamid II. My brother was apolitical for a long time, and when he presumably became more involved in politics after the 2017 constitutional referendum, he quickly became a politically homeless critic of Erdoğan for environmental and economic reasons. He also disliked the fact that Turkey was filling up with Syrians and other Arabs and that road signs and shopping streets were becoming Arabic, but he didn't criticise the same thing happening in German city centres. Much to my mother's chagrin, my father and brother had been arguing passionately about the right Turkish politics since 2019 at the lovingly, carefully and lavishly laid Sunday breakfast tables. Both my father and my brother were German citizens, but the latter never voted, while the former sometimes voted for the SPT (the so-called Social Democratic Party of Germany) and sometimes did not vote at all. Within my family, I could only discuss German politics with my father, although the level of discussion was quite modest. He listened to a lot of German radio, watched a lot of German television and read his favourite online newspaper, *BILD*, every day, but for reasons that I myself cannot understand, this man, who was extremely interested in politics, had hardly any idea about the intricacies of German domestic politics. When I announced in 2017 that I wanted to vote for the AfD, he seemed neither surprised nor disapproving, while my brother said that they wanted the Ausländer out of the country and that I myself was an Ausländer and not a German.

Back to the rulers of the world. There were Jews in my year group, three people as far as I know, all of them Russian. The two girls weren't very bright, and the boy was a greasy gay. If the Jews really ruled the world, then they, too, must have been behind it, and with all due respect, that couldn't be the case. Joking aside, but it would simply not be possible to conspire against the rest of the world in absolute secrecy together with millions of other people. At some

point, someone would let something slip or leave the community. Then I assumed that there could at least be the *Jewish 100*. In a small, sworn group, total secrecy would be very achievable. To rule the world, you would have to be very smart, so I refined the *Jewish 100* to the *Jewish-Racy 100*. Now for the real problem: The Jews had been ruling the world for hundreds of years. How did they ensure that each new generation took over the goals of the old generations and continued on their path? Many people are currently very pessimistic about the future thanks to Trump, Putin, Netanyahu, Xi and AI, but I personally already felt and thought this way at the end of middle secondary or at the latest at the beginning of upper secondary. There are these two not entirely deutsch quotes “Hard times create strong men, strong men create good times, good times create weak men, and, weak men create hard times” and “The first generation creates wealth, the second manages wealth, the third studies art history, and the fourth degenerates completely”, and even then it was clear to me that we were at the end of the third stage and so close to reaching the fourth stage. Welcome to the fourth stage! All passengers on board? It’s going to be bumpy. Now, how did the *Jewish-Racy 100* prevent their children from studying art history? Most entrepreneurs already have problems finding a suitable, capable and willing successor among their children, so how could one inspire people to enslave and subjugate the rest of the world? If it wasn’t their children they recruited for their purposes, then who? In the end, I had to completely reject the theory of Jewish world government, which was of no help to me in explaining critical connections anyway.

The idea that no one really profits from this current world first occurred to me during the era of Coronazism. They say one should follow the money, money ruled the world, but what do you wanna do with money? The rich bought luxury bunkers in New Zealand, but what good would that do them if the world really ended? In the comments under the *WELT* articles, people often asked rhetorically, “Cui bono?”, “to whose advantage?”, but despite careful consideration, I could only see great and not so great disadvantages. If that

is the case, then the question arises again as to why the world is the way it is, and this question can only be answered with the help of the Jew. If not Alljuda can be responsible for all the crises in the world, then who? Allyouthere! Allknucklehead! Knuckleheads everywhere! At least half of humanity is useless, otherwise the Socratesses could come to power in formal democracies through their sheer numbers, and thanks to their smartness, they would come to the conclusion that the entire human race must be brought under their control and smarted up as quickly as possible, which they would succeed in doing thanks to their smartness. Unfortunately, it is much worse than that, since every Socratess could, albeit with great effort, convince several pigs personally, which is why I assume that the proportion of Socratesses in the deutschest-case scenario is ten per cent. Thank God that smartness tests are normalised, as a result of which it has never been noticed that humanity was massively dumbed down over the last 111 years. No, no, it is even claimed that people worldwide became smarter and smarter until the 1990s! Cui bono?

In 2022, for the first time in my life, I personally experienced the consequences of conspiracy theories and scaremongering. My father was concerned, because of certain *YouTube* channels, that the water supply system of the Federal Republic of Germany could collapse in the near future, which is why one afternoon he brought home perhaps three dozen glass jars, each with a capacity of no more than one liter, to be filled with drinking water and used to meet our water needs in case of an emergency. My mother was furious, and after a few months, the jars were thrown away without ever having been used. I don't mean to make fun of my father at all, quite the contrary. It was the justified, ubiquitous feeling of uncertainty and lack of trust that drove him to this obviously senseless rash act. Deutschland and the folkscommunity are the only two constructs in this world that can put an end to conspiracy theories once and for all. Instead of taking the wind out of conspiracy theories' sails with pure logic, the stupid science-believers put all those who do not blindly trust every journalist and government representative in

the same corner as chemtrailers and flat-earthers. To be honest, I personally cannot rule out that there is something to it and that the Earth is flat, so I would never even dream of mocking others for it. The pandemic of doubt must never end, otherwise humanity would certainly be doomed, but as soon as lying is no longer explicitly rewarded and everyone is as honest as possible, the pandemic of mistrust will finally come to an end. And should I encounter genuine conspiracies by then, You can and must trust me to expose, smash, crush and shatter them.



Unlike the First Volume, the Second Volume was supposed to be a reckoning with myself and not with the world, right? So far, this hasn't really been a reckoning with myself, has it? Well, I couldn't settle accounts with myself without also continuing to settle accounts with the world, since the World and I are inextricably linked and intertwined. After reading this section, at the latest, You will have to acknowledge that I am just as hard on myself as I am on the rest of the world.

It all started on 19 November 2019 at 6:50:39 p.m. For years, I spied on hundreds of people, primarily attractive girls and young women, every single day. The youngest was 13 years old, the oldest was 23 years old, and over the years, they were on average roughly 18 years old. I followed their profiles on various "social media" platforms and downloaded the posts they uploaded that I considered worth saving. In the end, I ended up with 881.3 gigabytes of data, comprising a total of 573,864 folders and files, although for a variety of reasons, one should not read too much into either figure. On the one hand, since calendar week 18 of 2021, I saved almost all of the files twice: once in each person's personal folder and once as a "raw file" grouped according to the file sources. My most important source by far was *Instagram*, but by source I mean whether it was a post, a story, a reel, an IGTV post or a profile picture. Day by day, I

downloaded the files manually, but unless they were screen recordings, it was much more worthwhile to neatly fill the personal folders once a week—on Monday mornings—since the apps and websites I used to download the posts automatically named the files after the respective user name. So instead of assigning just a few pictures and videos to their rightful place every day, it was much more efficient to work through all the files that had accumulated during the week and were beautifully sorted from A to Z in one go. The second most important source was *TikTok*, where I downloaded the first video on 8 April 2020. Other sources, in descending order of importance, were *VSCO*, *WhatsApp*, *Tellonym*, *Vinted*, *YouTube*, *Snapchat* and *Kleiderkreisel*. On the other hand, it wasn't just voyeuristic needs that I was satisfying, but I was also fulfilling an extremely important contemporary-historic mission. I created a separate top-level folder for each calendar year, and in addition to the personal folders, which were grouped into the three main folders “Vegan”, “RRR” and “MBG” (the first two were merged into “A-Z” from 2022 onwards), there was the main folder “Zeitgeist” from the end of May 2020 (until the end of 2021 it was called “Enjoyment of Life”), which in turn was divided into the folders “Culinary”, “Art”, “Culture”, “Landscape”, “Funny”, “Media”, “Political” and “Worldly”. The “Art” folder had two subfolders, “Film” and “Literature”, the “Culture” folder had two subfolders, “Music” and “Fashion”, and the “Landscape” folder had four subfolders, “Atmosphere”, “Sky”, “Man and City” and “Nature”. The latter two folders were further subdivided into all the countries where my target subjects had spent holidays, a year abroad, or similar. In the two folders “Political” and “Worldly”, there were far too many subfolders, some of which even had sub-subfolders, for me to list them all here, but examples include “BlackLivesMatter”, “BTW 2021”, “Capitol USA 06/01”, “Corona”, “The Greens”, “FFF”, “Women”, “Gendering”, “Islam”, “Israel”, “Climate Change”, “LGBTQ”, “Leftist” and “Racism”, as well as “Afghanistan”, “Drugs”, “EFC 2020”, “Halloween”, “Youth”, “Easter”, “Celebrities”, “Wealth”, “Religion”, “School”, “New Year's Eve”, “Social Media”, “Activism”, “Charity”, “Give-

aways”, “Memes”, “Safe-Space-Bubble”, “Sporting Events”, “Mood in the Country”, “Animal Welfare”, “Environmental protection”, “Holidays”, “Veganism”, “Christmas”, “Winter” and “Advertising”. On 8 March 2021, I began saving selected articles from *WELT*, and on 27 April 2021, I began saving articles via *upday*. The third and last subfolder in the “Media” folder, alongside “WELT” and “Other newspapers”, was the “PSB” folder. However, I didn’t save any online articles here, but rather posts from *Instagram* pages of German public service broadcasters that my target persons shared in their stories. I myself only followed the *heuteshow* directly. Initially, I subdivided it more finely into “funk”, “tagesschau-zdfheute” and “Rest”, but at the beginning of 2022 I switched to saving all media on a daily basis, which is why maintaining this subdivision would have been an overkill. In the “Funny” folder, I saved articles from the satirical magazine *Der Postillon* from November 2021 to December 2022 (I started reading it daily in 2019 at the latest), and from August 2021 to December 2022, I saved funny posts on *Studydrive*. Since I had to store one or more copies in the “Zeitgeist” folders if necessary, many files were saved three or more times. At most, I think there were six copies: one in the personal folder, one as a “raw file”, and up to four times in various “Zeitgeist” folders. On 12 November 2022, the day I began to log the “Zeitgeist” copies in writing on a daily basis (I had begun to log them using screenshots on 31 October 2021), I noted, for example, “Psb wc22 islam 1 ss”. It was a post by *zdfmediathek* in which the journalist Jochen Breyer asked the official World Cup ambassador and Qatari Khalid Salman why women couldn’t be unveiled, whereupon the good Khalid began to prattle on about packaged and unpackaged sweets. The blonde-haired, green-eyed, twenty-year-old and politically interested *SS* had commented on this post with “it makes me wanna throw up, literally” in her story. Each target person was assigned a unique one-to three-letter abbreviation within the main folder corresponding to their first, middle and last names. In addition, I stored and logged many other things, which is why it can be assumed that of these approximately 900 gigabytes, at most 300 are “real” and that these

approximately 600,000 objects contain “only” 100,000 unique image and video files depicting humans.

In general, I was an aficionado from afar. Only four times I took action in real life. On 11 March 2020, during “maths” class, I took pictures of a coursemate with my golden *S7* from 10:16:03 to 10:22:57 a.m., which Sabahudin noticed and smiled incredulously, for which I was mortified. I am very, very sure that I had previously tried to take pictures of her in German class with a camera disguised as a ballpoint pen, but the quality was terrible and I deleted them as a result. However, I can no longer reconstruct the sequence of events exactly. On Wednesday, 11 March 2020, at 8:36 p.m., I ordered such a ballpoint pen on *Amazon* for €51.75, but it was delivered to our home on Friday, 13 March 2020, at the earliest, and thus only *after* my last German double lesson on Thursday morning, and was returned unused the following week. After that, there were six weeks of corona holidays, and in the last three weeks of school, we were no longer allowed to use our small, placid classroom E15 in order to comply with the rules on space and social distancing, so it must have happened before that. However, I am also quite certain that I ordered what is presumably the first ballpoint pen on *Amazon*, but I verifiably didn’t have an *Amazon* account before 11 March 2020; I registered there specifically for this presumably second ballpoint pen! Even after checking all my email histories, I am none the wiser. Be that as it may, verifiably the second time I was on field duty was on Friday, 26 June 2020, from around 5:30 a.m. Armed with a rucksack, a torch and a pair of scissors, I rode my bike to school to steal the A2-sized Abitur motivation poster from the same coursemate. The last regular Abitur exams had been taken the day before, so she didn’t need it anymore, right? The posters were displayed in front of the entrance to the sports building, and I was very lucky that hers was still there, since most of the posters had already been taken away by their rightful owners. The torch proved useless, as the sun had risen in the meantime and was shining brightly enough for me to quickly loosen the unholy bond of glass, tape and paper with my scissors. I folded the poster twice and stowed it in my

rucksack. The whole time I was extremely tense and so afraid that someone might spot me, but in the end I got away undetected and was godlessly happy on the way back. That was the first and last time I ever did anything like that. Arriving home at just before 8 a.m., I cut out the ten pictures stuck to the poster, archived them in analogue form and additionally captured them digitally with my white *S7 Edge*, and threw away the bare remains of the poster with the headline “GO BITCH GO BESTIE”. On 27 July and 4 August 2022, I made four blurry videos of a beautiful young student with my *S10*—unfortunately in the “Empirical finance” module, mea culpa—with a total length of $40 + 19 + 11 + 1 = 71$ seconds. I would have liked to have done the same in my Spanish class with another beautiful young woman, but the risk of getting caught was far too great.

On 9 June 2020, my *S7*, which I had been relying on for work up to that point, broke down, constantly crashing and restarting. It was impossible to concentrate on work! As a temporary solution, I used my mother’s *S7 Edge*, which she gave me because she had received a used *iPhone* from my father. From 1 January 2021, I took a two-pronged approach: *WhatsApp* and the data octopus *TikTok* remained on the *S7 Edge*, everything else I did on my black *S10*. Two years later, I switched completely to the *S10*.

Why did there have to be a 19 November? To be honest, I don’t know exactly myself. In any case, it wasn’t what You probably thought of first: a wank fodder. At least not from the beginning, because for the first time in my life, I only brought myself to climax manually in May or June 2021. Why did I only satisfy myself for the first time in my life at the age of 18, You ask? It’s complicated, but that’s not what I said! Between the summer of 2012 and the summer of 2013, I must have satisfied myself for the first time in my life. We were still living at Burgerstraße, and I can clearly remember letting my penis hang out to the left and right of my underpants—briefs, which were unpopular among male youths at the time—and enjoying the unfamiliar position, the airy freedom and the friction

when bending and walking. I continued to do this from time to time at Gothaer Straße and Judenstraße. At some point, probably when I was 13, I started having nocturnal emissions: Every three to four weeks, I would wake up in the morning with a wet crotch. At the age of 14, every once in a while, I began to fall asleep at night with beautiful, arousing thoughts, only to wake up almost always with wet underpants the next morning. This also reset my natural ejaculation rhythm. So I understood that I could consciously control the timing of my ejaculation, and yet I was not to touch myself for many more years. Then I started lying on my stomach on my bed during the day and thinking about certain things, and I found the blood flowing there, together with the somewhat unpleasant feeling caused by the massive weight of my body pressing down on my poor erectile tissue, very pleasant. By then, I was wearing boxer shorts which, for whatever reason, could be unbuttoned in the middle and pierced through with one's penis, and I happily experimented with that too. I watched my first porn at the age of 12 or 13 voluntarily, alone and out of curiosity in the mosque, and I didn't like it at all; it was too crude, vulgar and indecent for me. In my entire life, I haven't watched 50 hours of porn, and about half of that comes from the period since 20 May 2025, due to all the (time) pressure and stress of writing *Mein Sieg*.

Now, why didn't I play five against Willi for so long? Because I thought that it wouldn't work, that my body would be broken. As absurd as it may sound, but I was absolutely convinced that my body wouldn't be capable of it. My idea that puberty is just an invention of the Chinese doesn't come out of nowhere. I always had the feeling that I myself had not gone through puberty, that I had never experienced this phase of human development in the way it is described and explained everywhere, and that I had somehow skipped it. On the mental level, I didn't argue any more than usual with my family or with other people, and above all, I didn't display the senseless defiant behaviour that young people are all too often accused of. What is unspecified is unspecified, and as I grew older and my smartness unfolded itself, I rebelled against it more and

more. At the time, of course, I didn't know that I was rejecting something because I intuitively recognised when something was unspecified, but especially as a young person, you don't need to know the reason for rejecting something justifiably. It is an incredible gift of nature and, at the same time, unfortunately also a tragicomedy that for thousands and thousands of years, the youth has been trying to tell us that it doesn't want culture and unspecification, and yet we sinned against them and declared them to be pubescents who simply hadn't been voting for the Greens long enough. On the physical level, there'd be much to tell. On the one hand, I don't like my voice; I always felt that I sounded whiny, cracked and unmanly, and that something had gone wrong when my voice broke. For this reason, in 2020 and 2023, I consulted a medical phoniatrician, who was also completely horrified by my voice and consequently prescribed ten hours of speech therapy, which didn't really help me because, admittedly, I didn't do the homework assigned by the speech therapist, as I didn't want to have a voice in this world. On the other hand, my breasts. Due to being overweight, I gained fat everywhere, which for a long time didn't bother me anywhere except on my breasts, as this was an easily visible physical reminder of my unmanliness for everyone else. To cover them up, I wore a waistcoat over my T-shirt from ninth to eleventh grade, even in the height of summer. Due to being overweight, I had far too little testosterone in my blood for a decade (on 19 October 2020, 2.80 ng/mL total testosterone), which certainly confused my physical development in many ways. Ever since Ahmet had made fun of the length of my penis, I was ashamed of my body, especially of my genitals. Before and after swimming lessons in lower secondary, I always changed in the lockable teachers' changing room and not openly in front of all my classmates, or I had to arrive very early or wait a long time so that no one could see me naked. I never managed to change skilfully with a towel tied around me. I was extremely uptight. Ahmet was right for a long time. In fact, I believed I had a micropenis because it always hid inside my body, with my mons pubis providing excellent cover. It was only after I lost weight that its full glory came to

light. **It was only when I was almost 22 that I saw my fookin' finished dick for the first time in my life!** I am happy with him. With a length of 12.5 centimeters (5", 35th percentile) and a circumference of 11 centimeters (4", 26th percentile) when erect, he is below average in length and below average in width, and I would have no problem at all if he were a little wider and significantly longer—see Volume 1—but you can't have everything in life. I'd rather be the Greatest Führer, Feldherr, and Philosopher of All Time than the biggest limp dick. When flaccid, with a length of 7.5 centimeters (3", 15th percentile) and a circumference of 8.7 centimeters (3", 22nd percentile), he is godlessly small, but that's what I call praise! As unprotected-vulnerable as these li'l guys are, they must not offer much of an attack surface in non-sexual continuous use. On 8 May 2007, they pulled off my foreskin. For a month, I had such pain when peeing, but otherwise it's just a shame that I thereby lost this important erogenous zone.

Now let's move on to May or June 2021. Sometime between August 2020 and April 2021 (probably still in 2020, but unfortunately I don't remember exactly), I moved out of our children's room and into the large living room in the top floor. Yes, You read that right, I was 18 and my brother was 21 or 22 years old when, incomprehensibly, we were still sleeping in the same room, even though the house had more than enough space. Admittedly, he had already made the annex his main residence and study some time ago—probably in 2018—which is why we mainly just slept in the same room and spent much less time together than before, and as a result argued much less frequently. Sometimes he even slept over there. That's why I considered it my right to annex the living room. Our parents spent almost all their time in the upper floor anyway, the top floor belonged to us children. We only occasionally gathered up there in groups of two, three or four to watch TV and films, which more or less came to a halt due corona. The *PlayStation 4*, the TV table, the two sofas, the large, milky glass table, the carpet and the TV moved to the now habitable ground floor, and I enjoyed my first real room of my own. I was never someone who felt the urge to

mark my territory, but always thought functionally. The interior walls were painted a sober white throughout, and it would never have occurred to me to paint them or even hang a picture on the wall, for example. The only thing left of the previous furnishings was a long, narrow cupboard, which filled the small gap caused by the pellet stove in the small living room perfectly. New additions included a two-door wardrobe, a 1.8×1.2 meter toughening area consisting of six grey floor mats, a weight bench and two dumbbells (maximum weight: 40 kilograms, 90 lb), a height-adjustable desk with a gaming chair, and a 200×200 centimeter pallet bed. Until that day, I had had to sleep in beds measuring 200×80 or 200×90 centimeters, which I had had enough of and finally wanted to spread out. My father ordered a prefabricated pallet bed for me on *Amazon* for €154.90, consisting of eleven individual parts. All we had to do was position the three sturdy base pieces “lengthwise” and fix them “crosswise” with eight thin boards. However, we made a few adjustments. From a long, square piece of wood with slightly rounded corners, we made nine small (almost-)cubes with a height of about 16 centimeters, which allowed us to almost double the height of the bed frame from 20 to 36 centimeters with optimal load distribution. We used two pieces and four square meters of particle boards to build a closed base, giving me more than enough storage space. Last but not least, three heavy-duty castors were attached to each of the four sides of the frame, i.e. a total of eight, so that I could roll my bed wherever I wanted! This was particularly practical when vacuuming. My father did the lion’s share of the work, but I was also quite exhausted by all the changes and everything that had happened over these days. We assembled the bed either on Easter Sunday, 4 April 2021, or on Whit Sunday, 23 May 2021, because I remember that it was a Sunday *and* a public holiday when we made a hell of a racket. The deliberately hardest—because healthiest—and cheapest mattress I could find, the bed-frame-sized *OrthoMatra KSP-500 XXL* for €190.00, had been in place since the beginning of May at the earliest, the bed was freshly made, and I spent most of the day in my bed, as I always had. At some point, I got bored

and wondered why I didn't just try this thing out and take my fate into my own hands. I took three or four sheets of toilet paper, locked my door, took off my underpants (in the warmer months, I always wore only underpants and an undershirt in the top floor) and lay down on my bed. I closed my eyes and played with myself. I didn't even know exactly how to use my hands—proof of how superficially and rarely I had watched porn. What can I say—it just went up and down, over and under. It took a long time. Too long. I was convinced it wouldn't work and was about to give up. I used a classmate, dear Lena Poppelmann, whom I had known since middle secondary, as a fodder. I mean, she had the biggest breasts and the biggest bottom in our year group. I wasn't in love with her, we'll come to that in a moment, but she was certainly a naturally charming lady. In fact, her body was probably one of the reasons why I wasn't attracted to her. I couldn't stand it when the boys in my class talked disparagingly, sexualisingly and objectifyingly about girls, and of course she was the one who got it the worst. It was envy, insecurity, stupidity and sexual starvation talking. In eighth or ninth grade, her father died in a traffic accident, and I felt very sorry for her. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for a smart and sensitive human like me to be in love with her, but I readily admit that she was one of the two classmates I thought about when I was falling asleep at that time. Lo and behold, it worked not only subconsciously, but also fully consciously! I finally squirted and was shocked and happy at the same time. It worked! I wasn't broken! You can imagine it as something like a person who believed for years that he couldn't eat anything suddenly being able to devour mountains of food. I deliberately didn't mention a one-legged person who could miraculously run again, or a blind person who could suddenly see again. Eating, breathing, drinking, sleeping, excreting and sexing oneself are the six basic abilities of every healthy person, and for so long I was firmly convinced that I would never be able to sex myself. I could breathe!

And I devoured mountains. My first fodder, as You have probably guessed wrongly again, unless You are an attentive reader,

didn't come from my collection. There's no question that Lena Poppelmann, like many other classmates, coursemates and other schoolmates, was one of my target subjects, but on the one hand, the "MBG" folder played a relatively small role in my activities, and on the other hand, I refuse to acknowledge that I did all of this to have fodder to jerk off to. It was only more than a year and a half after I started collecting data that I really got into wanking in the summer of 2021. The first few times, I *thought* about Lena and other young women I had once known personally, just like I used to. Only afterwards did it occur to me that I had something going on. Believe it or not, but that's exactly how it was. I didn't even know most of the girls and young women I spied on over the years. Most of them were gymnasiasts from Nuremberg, then there were quite a few from Munich and Erlangen, and the rest were from states such as North Rhine-Westphalia, Brandenburg and Saxony. A few female foreigners were also there. One followed one, and *Instagram* immediately suggested people who might also interest you. Anyway, when I became aware of my treasure trove of data, I went wild. At peak times, there were days when I squirted five times. I had so much catching up to do. I also tried porn, but I found it too impersonal, mechanical and intimate. The most intimate things I have in my collection are bikini pictures and videos; anything else would have been prohibited on the prudish Anglo-Saxon "social media" anyway. However, the appeal lay more in the feeling of knowing these humans personally. Very few of them uploaded exclusively or predominantly charming posts, and quite a few didn't upload any at all. They were just normal women and girls from the general population who shared their (embellished) everyday lives with their friends, acquaintances and strangers. The most important reason why I started the whole thing was probably that I had withdrawn from everyone in real life and felt lonely and needed the feeling of being in contact with other humans. The stone ball may have started rolling in November 2019, but it all really took off during the first lockdown in April 2020, and by 2021 it had become an avalanche that buried everything beneath it. From 18 April 2020 to

the end of the month alone, I followed 45 new profiles, with another 49 added in May. I don't feel like counting, but in total there were certainly over 500 humans whom I followed regularly at times.

Even as a child, the hunter-gatherer in me was evident. I collected the monthly issues of the pharmacy magazine *medizini*. I worked through each issue diligently and intently, and as soon as I was done, I put it on a pile and never touched it again. When we moved to Gothaer Straße, my mother asked me if I wanted to take the pile, which had grown to a considerable height, with me, and when I said no, it was thrown away. At secondary school, it became clear that I had problems stopping things. Once I started something, it had to be finished, no matter what. For example, I read all the Diaries of a Wimpy Kid I could get my hands on in the school library, even though I didn't find them that funny. Then, I think it was already in fifth grade, I started reading all the schoolbooks in all subjects at the beginning of each school year. The German, history and ethics books were particularly enjoyable, but there were also so many boring parts that I simply couldn't bring myself to skip over, thinking that there might be important information hidden behind them. In 2021 and/or 2022, I collected brochures from the food retailers *Lidl*, *ALDI*, *REWE*, *Netto*, *Kaufland* and *real*, most of which were delivered to our letterbox together with *EINKAUF AKTUELL*. I carefully stacked them week after week in sturdy cardboard archive boxes before I was finally able to let go of them one day. Since 6 March 2020, I've been downloading episodes of *heute-show* and, since 3 June 2020, episodes of *Aktenzeichen XY* onto my desktop computer. I also own the series *Mord[t]eutschland*, *MUNDO—Die Spur des Mörders* and *Eiskalte Spur—Die Göhrde-Morde und die verschwundene Frau*. The absurd pattern that emerged everywhere was: collect and never look back. I didn't know why I was really collecting, but I really wanted to collect it. I had a reason for everything. I collected the brochures because food prices were rising and I wanted to be able to make an objective comparison in the future. I collected everything else because I liked it and thought I

might need it one day. **I never needed and almost never used what I collected.** A smart person would have realised at some point that this was complete nonsense. And indeed, after a long and painful process, I managed to leave the hoarding scene behind. “Social media” mercilessly exploited my weakness. Every book ended with a final page, but “social media” never ended. I had to check in every single day if I wanted to have a complete collection, since the stories on *Instagram* disappeared after 24 hours. Some target persons deleted their posts early, which drove me crazy because I didn’t want to miss anything. I usually did two rounds, one in the afternoon between 2 and 6 p.m. and one at night between 10 p.m. and midnight. At the peak at the end of 2021, I spent an average of no less than six hours a day on all this shit. It would never have taken so long if I hadn’t been such a bureaucratic monster and stuck to saving only the pictures and videos featuring attractive females. Gradually, however, I started saving **everything** I could get my hands on, only to then carefully organise, categorise and log it all. Everything had to be that way, there was no other option. Where would we end up if everything wasn’t in order? So I understand exactly how the German bureaucrat’s heart will bleed after I abolish all bureaucracy! And yet, what must be done must be done. There must be order, but only a deutsche. The summer of 2021 was the only period when I can say that I really profited from my collection; otherwise, it became more and more of a burden. Even before that, I knew that what I was doing was completely insane. Almost nothing I did was illegal, although we both know by now that legal does not mean that something is allowed. From the very beginning, I knew and felt that what I was doing was wrong and fuckistic, which I also processed literarily in poems and short stories and even in “Der Rede wert – ein kurz dramatisches Werk” in the character of *A Hundred Women*. Often enough, I wanted to stop, but I couldn’t. I was gripped by the fear that I would have to pursue this endlesslylongpointless activity for the rest of my life. How exactly I managed to get out of this hole, which I dug for no one but myself, I will tell another time.

Throughout my life, I have been in love with a total of five girls. The first was Charlotte, Leon's girlfriend. After that, there was a long break. It wasn't until the new eighth grade that I fell in love again, namely with Johanna Mönning. She had a lot in common with Charlotte, including the fact that she, too, was the little princess of the class. As it turned out in tenth grade, when she spent a year abroad in Canada, many of my male classmates had once been in love with her. My first words to her were "Shut up", "Shut up", and "Shut up". Christopher, Farid and I were hanging out together during break, and she just wanted to say hello, and I was, totally uncharacteristic for my personality at the time, rude to a stranger. Maybe that's why she had it a little bit in for me for two years. Well, I'm not complaining. Although I've had a few female adversaries in my life, in terms of both quality and quantity, the male gender clearly predominated. In eleventh grade, it continued with Annelie Banke. I know almost nothing about her. The three of them must have been racially pure Germans. At the same time, I fell in love with two other girls: Cassandra Rosalina Garcia and Carlotta Conti-Rosemeyer. Cassandra was Portuguese. She differed from all the other ladies I had ever seen in real life and found charming in that she was almost as tall as me, or even a little taller. I usually liked petite figures, although that may have changed a little in the meantime. I don't know anything else about her either. Neither of them had *Instagram* accounts—at least none that I know of—until Annelie took the plunge in March 2021, when my love had long since faded and evaporated, which of course couldn't spare her from becoming part of my collection. Carlotta was a German-Italian co-production. As one of the very few in our year group, possibly even the only unemployed person, she would occasionally go on strike for the climate on Fridays. She often dyed her hair bright colours. Fortunately, she didn't gender; only the teachers were forced to do so, constantly talking and writing about "SuS" since "Schüler" sounded far too gay, lul. She was the one for whom I had taken action twice. And she was the one I loved last. I didn't love in the way one might imagine. I never had exaggerated

feelings for anything. We probably don't need to talk about Charlotte, it was just a harmless groundschool crush. Before that, I was interested in another classmate, Karim's sister, Namira Dawoud, an Arab girl, with whom I apparently also went to kindergarten, but with all due love, one can't even call it childhood love. After that, I was extremely reserved until tenth grade. In the summer, when most girls wore short skirts and hotpants, I always managed to constantly resist my urges and look away. This also had to do with the disrespectful vultures from middle secondary—I simply didn't want to be like them. But it had even more to do with my Islamic socialisation. In Islam, the rules are very simple: Contact with “women” other than one's own daughter, sister, mother, aunt and niece is acceptable as long as they have not yet reached puberty or no longer menstruate, in short: as long as they are not of childbearing age. This served to preserve social peace, as all men desired all “women” except for the aforementioned exceptions, and without fixed rules, there would be battles over allocation. These rules do not apply to one's own daughter, sister, mother, aunt and niece, as one is not allowed to marry these groups of people and therefore cannot have sex with them. In principle, I would see it exactly the same way, were it not for two problems. Firstly: There is no biological law that successfully prevents incest. There is only one rule, namely that the more and the longer you have had to do with conspecifics in the past, the less desire you have to have sex with them. This is where ETFs and diversified investing come into play again. As a man, I need to impregnate as many women as possible so that a bad choice has as little impact as possible on the survival chances and continued existence of my entire offspring. A woman, on the other hand, must be particularly careful in choosing her sexual partners, as this could have a much greater and, above all, long-term impact on her personally. In human communities, incest rarely occurs simply because people spend so much time with their families. However, it is by no means impossible. Cultural rejection wouldn't be necessary at all, as there would be very little competition and choice anyway. I came to these conclusions, among

other things, when, after a long, long time, for the sake of science, I dared to satisfy myself while thinking of Nina and Amelie. I had never been sexually interested in them, but even after such a long time, something deep inside me blocked. Eventually, I did come, but only after extremest efforts. Remember: *Family is who You spend Your time with*. Secondly: cause and effect. Since men were so driven by their urges, a woman must veil herself so that she doesn't arouse men, otherwise she shouldn't be surprised if a man raped her. But Muslim men are even more driven by their urges than they already are by nature because of the whole veiling thing. Thanks to deutscher nakedness, after a long period of unspiecification, both males and females will once again be enabled to no longer feel the urge to have sexual intercourse at the mere sight of genitals. Sexual intercourse itself will give us all the more pleasure because we will trust each other so much and no longer have to fear assault. All of this is written by a Deutschen; before 2025, I would never in my life have thought of putting these lines on paper. In upper secondary, after I had freed myself from Islam, I became a vulture myself. I no longer suppressed my urges and looked furtively, yet with relish. Something inside me still told me that what I was doing was not entirely right, but after such a long period of unspiecification, one could hardly have expected anything else. I can understand very well why men can be afraid of women, afraid of not being in control of one's senses, but we men must face this fear. Sometimes the thought crosses my mind, too, that the woman was created solely to distract the man from greater and more important tasks. Others claim that without women we would still be living in trees, and I think there is some truth in both statements. Frans de Waal has proven it crystal clear with his chimpanzee studies: Men and women need each other, depend on each other and work best together! One of the very few things in *Mein Sieg* that I myself cannot endorse is the woman's baldness. But it has to be that way! Too many women waste too many hours of their precious day caring for their beautiful damn hair! Too much hair I tasted in my mouth, too much hair stuck to carpets and annoyed me when I was vacuuming! This

gender is its own obstacle! Don't be misled by the deutschen gender ratio of 4:1. In Deutschland, there will be neither a matriarchy nor a patriarchy, but only the rule of the deutsch. Deutsche women should never forget that Deutschland's first cabinet was entirely male and that the strong Führer himself was a man! Deutsche men should never forget that, species-appropriately, we can only work with women, never against them.

Back to love. For example, it would never have occurred to me to confess my love to a girl. What good would that do me? Being overweight made it practically impossible for my love to be reciprocated, but that's not the point. I didn't want a girlfriend. What would I have done with her? I thought I couldn't breathe, remember? Eventually, it would have come out, and I would have embarrassed myself immensely. No, no, no. I was doomed to be an aficionado from afar, and that was more than enough for me. Thoughts are free, who can guess them? Lala lala la-la. I never wanted to get married and believed that I couldn't have children. That was no small matter for me, as marriage and having children are highly valued in both Turkish culture and Islamic teachings. "Fortunately", neither Turks nor Muslims nor the *Süleymanlılar* can escape the ubiquitous childlessness and inability to form relationships in industrialised countries, which is why my then-secret attitude would not particularly stand out today if I were to speak openly about it. Despite the summer of 2021, many questions remained unanswered regarding my physical development and condition. From 2020 to 2024, I sought the medical advice of an Italian endocrinologist. It is thanks to her that my blood was tested for all kinds of things free of charge on 19 October 2020, 26 April 2023 and 22 July 2024. She accompanied me from the beginning to the end of my weight loss journey and, like many other physicians, was quite amazed at my success. All values that deviated from the norm improved and normalised, except for the consistently significantly elevated anti-Müllerian hormone level. She tried to play it down despite several inquiries, but my doubts remained. Above all, I feared that I was infertile and suffering from a genetic disease

such as Klinefelter syndrome, which I wanted to have checked out by an andrologist at the end of 2023. Before the consultation, I wrote down the following keywords: “check for Klinefelter syndrome or hypogonadism (testosterone deficiency -> above-average height with long legs, ‘micropenis’, lack of voice break, small testicles, weak muscles)”. Before that, I had been to another urologist who simply said that he only treated “crêpes” (he meant krebs, which means cancer) and that I had small testicles. The andrologist confirmed this, whereas another urologist I consulted in May 2025 due to urinary incontinence denied it. The third urologist is probably right; he cost me €186.62, which he earned fair and square. Be that as it may, I was able to persuade the andrologist to test me for genetic diseases. At the same time, I had a semen analysis done at my own expense for about €150. With a total sperm count of 58 million, a sperm concentration of 20 million sperm per milliliter of seminal fluid, a proportion of 43% of forward-moving sperm and a proportion of 21% of healthy sperm, I am clearly still fertile. The Führer is fertile! I repeat: The Führer is fertile! This could be of enormous importance for the continued existence of the deutschen Folg. I only found this out when I called them myself. Unlike the semen analysis, the chromosome analysis was to be covered by my statutory health insurance. Since I was obviously not infertile, it was also extremely unlikely that I had Klinefelter syndrome. I assume that the physician was angry with me because the laboratory order had to be cancelled, which is why the findings were not discussed, for which I saw no need anyway, as I didn’t believe in the widely propagated immaturity of the patient, but I can’t help that! However, there is still a need for me and humanity to learn more about my body. My mind doesn’t fit my body or my time at all. Clarifying and resolving these inconsistencies is Deutschland’s great task. I’m the key to the lock *humanity*.

For years, my father and I watched every episode of *Aktenzeichen XY*, a public-service TV show in which real criminal cases are solved by re-enacting the crimes and asking viewers for clues. My brother

had very little interest in German television, German politics, German culture, or anything German at all, while my mother was frightened by the subject matter of this show and often had to look away or leave the room altogether. This began back at Burgerstraße, but only the episodes we watched together in the large living room after moving to Judenstraße are relevant to this section. From time to time, there were also searches for suspected rapists. I must have been 12 or 13 years old when I had to admit to myself that this aroused me. That was extremely unpleasant for me. There is nothing in this world that I detest as much as rape. Thanks to my own experiences, I felt incredibly sorry for the women who were overpowered in the film, and the perpetrators made me incredibly angry, while at the same time I had to accept that I enjoyed it and that it hardened. I wouldn't wish the simultaneous experience of such completely contradictory feelings on anyone. In the Age of Fuckism, I couldn't have talked openly about it with anyone and ultimately had to figure out for myself why I felt the way I did and why I was allowed to feel that way. The episode from 2 September 2015 featured the case of a student who had allegedly been raped by a black man. In the run-up to the show, there was a lot of media outcry about whether it was appropriate to search for a black rapist so publicly, given the large number of new arrivals at the time. At the time, I didn't read newspapers regularly, so I only caught wind of it in passing. What I'm actually getting at: This and all the other well-known incidents, as well as the guiltcult with all its trappings, led me to develop a certain love-hate preference for racial defilement over time. At this point, everything that had to come together came together. I warned the naive Nina about all the ausländish rapists, when in fact I was trying to warn about myself. In 2022, I watched the Nazi propaganda film *Jud Süß* for the first and last time in my life, and I must admit that this film made a huge impression even on the smartest human of all time. At the end of the film, I was angry at the Jews. I was reminded of this film during the XY episode from 16 August 2023. Both films made me laugh a lot. I could empathise so well with "this *Achmed*" who stood out "unpleasantly". I was very

surprised that there was no outcry about this very, very strange portrayal, which this time would have been completely justified, but times had apparently changed considerably.

In 2020 or 2021, I watched the scandalous film *Mignonnes* to finally be certain. Certain about whether I was attracted to children. When I finally understood that it wasn't me but society that was sick, a heavy weight was lifted from my shoulders. Even as a 14-year-old, I felt like a criminal because of the ubiquitous obsession with pedophilia, because I was attracted to girls my own age. "You can't do that, she's not 18, nigga." As if the rising and setting of the sun changed anything. On my 14th birthday, I was infinitely sad that I could no longer commit crimes with impunity. Not that I had anything specific planned, but still, the grace period was over. "Legally speaking, we weren't allowed to fuck you *like that* before, but from now on we'll fuck you everywhere else." Since people no longer had any sense, they could only think in terms of legal paragraphs. It was only this year that I finally understood that **everything** in the Age of Fuckism revolves around fucking children. Not fucking children is the lowest common denominator of all Fuckists. Not fucking as I mean it, where would we end up, but only a very specific kind of fucking. And precisely because this very specific kind of fucking is not allowed, all other kinds of fucking and getting fucked became a virtue. Fuck everything, fuck everyone, fuck yourself, just don't fuck a child. At least not in public, because of course nothing stopped and, precisely because of this shift to the private sphere and the ubiquitous stupidity, it degenerated into a pandemic problem. One would not work without the other. If we decided today that children could finally be fucked again, people would wonder what the point of all the other fucking was. They fucked themselves precisely so they wouldn't have to fuck children! Yet children are being fucked harder than ever before. So hard. So hard. Whatever we do to our children, at some point they will mature into adults who will have children of their own. If they feel mistreated and unfairly treated in their childhood, the stupid amongst them will pass on their personal problems to their children, while the smart will try to do better.

It is this natural corrective that should have made the emergence and spread of unspécification and Fuckism impossible. For reasons unknown and inexplicable to me, however, the stupid have managed to overwhelm the smart. Now that the problem has been clearly identified and the solution is on the table, it is time to act. If the Futuredeutschen don't like what we do to them, they will make it deutscher. And if they don't like it at all, the older ones will feel it one day, You can be sure of that. May God have mercy on the older ones currently living, for they know not that they are sinners. I love females, plain and simple. I'm probably the heterosexualest man in the history of mankind. There is no such thing as too young. It is exactly as Mother Nature intended: The older they get, the more attracted one feels to them, before the curve eventually begins to flatten out. Puberty is not a switch, but a process. Look outside, no other animal tensely asks for ID, but looks for signs. The female wants older males and the male wants younger females because females mature earlier than males. Anyone who denies that he feels attracted to someone just because some section stands in the way is not being honest and will eventually become mentally ill. Once again, the real problem here is a lack of social trust. One just wanted to protect. Protect from whom and from what? No other social animal knows this concept. Either access to females is regulated hierarchically, as with chimpanzees, or democratically, as with bonobos. I suggest the latter for the folkscommunity, if only because the former always ends up messy and can't work once the herd gets to a certain size, since there would have to be one person at the top to keep the existing order going. Humans have a huge advantage over all other animals in that we know why we sex ourselves: pleasure and procreation. All the others—not just the girls!—just wanna have fun, and in order to do so, the males usually compete with each other for the females. Children are produced as a side effect. *Homo deutsch*, on the other hand, knows how to distinguish between the two: While, after a long period of unspécification, there will finally be competition again for the deutschest begetters for the purpose of reproduction, structural

competition for the purpose of pleasure will be abolished. A man is not jealous because his children may have been fathered by another man; we have only known about the implication *child* $\Rightarrow$ *sexual intercourse* for far too short a time. A man is jealous because he fears losing access to his female. Then we just won't lose it, for God's sake! Structural competition will be abolished, but individual competition will remain. Fuckistic things like possession, aggression and obesity will be abolished, but there will always be naturally more beautiful and uglier people who will have more or less sexual intercourse. Only the difference will no longer be between 0 and 80, but between 20,000 and 100,000. We can live with that injustice, can't we? Bonobos do not rape! So let us share the gals brotherly and the guys sisterly! By the way, there is nothing sadder in this world than a male being rejected by a female.

I don't believe my experiences have played a role in my attraction to children. I don't believe that gender and age-related preferences can be influenced by such things, since they concern the existential foundations of every living being, so they are not real preferences and, at least at the species level, are largely identical. It has not yet been scientifically clarified how and why one ends up where exactly on the spectrum between same-sex and opposite-sex attraction, and I don't have an all-encompassing theory on this either. What I most likely owe to my experiences is my preference for rape, which is also very easy to understand psychologically: I want to regain control over my body. Most BDSM practices go way too far for me, but yes, it's about dominance and submission. I also don't believe that there are pure pedophiles. How can you possibly deduce that biologically? In any case, there is still a lot for discoverience to find out. Scientists found out when they were shown the way.



My relationship with non-human animals and nature in general is complicated. Throughout my life, we have only had one pet, and

even that was not for very long. In 2012, on our way back from visiting relatives on the plateau, we took a cute white bunny with brown spots to our flat in Gerede. She was christened *Pamuk*, meaning cotton, because she was so beautifully fluffy. We wanted to take her to Germany, but how? Unfortunately, we never had to rack our brains over how to smuggle Miss Tuffsy onto the plane, because, as my brother found out years later, a neighbour had slaughtered and eaten her one evening. She spent most of her time in the flat on the second floor, but we also allowed her to roam free in our front garden. That went well for a few days before she disappeared and was eaten. We were all sad and believed that one of the numerous street dogs might have killed her, which I could have lived with. On the other hand, the truth didn't disturb me because too much time had passed and rabbits were considered edible. I think I only tasted rabbit or hare once in my life and goose only a few times. Another animal that always remained exotic to me and was very, very rarely served was quail. I could never eat the offal of any animal. On the other hand, I enjoyed eating chicken, beef and lamb frequently. Despite being picky, I understood very early on that it was utter nonsense to distinguish between useful animals (farm animals) and pets, and that people are very welcome to eat their dogs, to eat their cats, to eat, to eat their pets. In this respect, too, growing up in two different cultures was very helpful in identifying the fuckistic things of both. In Turkey, there were no pets, i.e. useless-unspecified animals, but only useful animals. In the small town of Gerede, many people kept small animals such as chickens, quails and geese in their front and/or back gardens, which was even customary in the capital Ankara until the late 20th century, as my mother told me. Relatives on the plateau kept sheep, including sheepdogs, and cats that hunted mice. Every animal kept thus served a specific purpose. It was quite different in Germany, where people had long since exchanged a partially self-sufficient lifestyle for weekly shopping trips to a nearby grocery. Milk and eggs grew in *ALDI*, and when a heartbreaking report about the factory fattening industry was shown on TV, people started voting

for the Greens and became vegans, or voted even all the more green. As animal-loving as one was, one acquired dogs, cats, fish, horses, birds and other idiots to teach one's children responsibility or to replace them. Be that as it may, the second animal we wanted to kidnap from the Turkish plateau and take to Germany was a white-brown-black cat. In 2015, for the third and last time, the four of us took our silver *Mercedes C 220 CDI* for our summer holiday, and this time, stowed away in a cage, the operation could have been completed without any red tape. In the end, she ran away from us, once again from our front garden. Even on the relatively short drive from the plateau to our flat, she meowed very sadly. We had visited our relatives, and since we liked her, we spontaneously asked them if we could take her with us, which they allowed us to do. This cat had been useful to them, and she obviously didn't like car rides at all, as she was used to being free, which is why, after a short period of mourning, I quickly realised that it was the second-best thing for her that she was able to escape from us. Of course, the best thing would have been to leave her up there, but he who is without sin among You, let him be the first to throw a stone at me. By the way, on the way back, we had marvelled at the numerous wanderers on their pilgrimage to Germany. At the time, I didn't think anything good or bad about it.

We still wanted to have a cat. At the beginning of February 2017, my father discovered on *eBay Kleinanzeigen*, the German *craigslist*, that a wild forest cat was being offered for free. Without further ado, my father and I went to pick him up. His litter tray was in the large living room, his bowl in the hallway. In appearance, he resembled the Turkish cat, but not in character. He was very shy, not very trusting and hardly let himself be stroked. When I tried the latter once, after successfully luring him out of his cave under the sofa with fresh fattening food, he cut my ring, middle or index finger deeply. Day after day, I had sifted his clumped piss and shit and put food on the floor, and that was the thanks I got! From then on, I always locked our children's room door before going to bed because I was afraid that this little bitch would eat my face off at night.

The other three members of the household had less of a problem with him. My mother loved him, he loved my father. My brother already knew how to f**k with cats from his time in Ingolstadt, so he was able to skilfully evade his attacks. At first, he just hung out in the top floor, then he ventured a little further into the upper floor before my mother let him into the garden during the day. The exact circumstances of his disappearance remain a mystery to us to this day, but in any case, he moved away after six to nine weeks. Later, I read that cats like to be left undisturbed when eating, which I can well understand as a human, but nevertheless I hope that he was run over and died in agony.

In April of the same year, we got three meat chickens and at least eight quails. Over the course of the year, they were all slaughtered and eaten. Until then, we enjoyed eating the teeny-tiny quail eggs. The previous year, also in April, we had bought seven egg chickens. I was particularly fond of one of them. I called her *cici tavuk*, cute chicken. She had the most beautiful plumage of all. One day she stopped eating, barely moved and became more and more withdrawn. The men in the house had to slaughter her emergently. It was one of the saddest moments of my life, having to say goodbye to her. During the autopsy, it became clear what she was suffering from. At least 14 eggs. She could no longer lay eggs and was clogged up from the inside. Cruel. Another hen was being bullied, and everyone except my lady joined in. She was ragged, dishevelled and plucked. Such a poor bird. She looked so stupid, while my lady seemed wise and thoughtful, and most likely was. One of the dumbest and one of the smartest birds in the history of birdkind. The other laying hens were also beheaded after a few months. I didn't touch a bite of my lady, but all the others tasted as naturally tough as I was used to from non-industrially fattened chickens. I didn't form as good a bond with the quails and meat chickens as I did with the ugly duckling, let alone my lady. Things were even rougher with the quails than with the laying hens. Right from the start, the chicks fought bloody battles before we decided one day to complete the brothel with a quock, a male quail, who

was also quickly beaten up. The quails lived in a three-storey cage, the chickens in one of the raised beds. Because they were too much work for us, the tragic chapter of useful animals and pets in the Blood family came to an end in 2017. I will never forget you, *cici tavuk*. I will never miss you, ungrateful bitch.

If I have given the impression that I consider myself a down-to-earth country person who wants to make fun of stupid, aloof and unworldly city dwellers, then it is extremely misleading. I'm a city dweller out of passion. Certainly not for the reasons usually cited, such as the wide range of easily accessible leisure activities, the ability to disappear into the crowd or the fast pace of life. I hardly ever took advantage of any of that and never needed it, and now I certainly don't. Rather, I rejected the other, nature. I already mentioned that we visited my grandparents several times a year at their leased allotment in Amberg. On these occasions, my parents and brother helped with the gardening, while I preferred to hide away in the little wooden hut and play Sudoku and *Snake* on my Nokia. At the end of the day, we would have a barbecue, make black tea and eat and drink together. It wasn't that I disliked everything; I played a little with the snails and slugs and carved my dear wood, as is well known. I was never afraid of bees, wasps, bumblebees, ladybirds, ants, millipedes and stuff like that either. For a long time, I was only afraid of spiders and similar creepy-crawlies. Gardening and nature in general were simply dirty, and I liked things to be clean and controlled. I wasn't obsessed with cleanliness or hygiene, not at all. I've never been particularly interested in personal hygiene. I stank to high heaven and only showered two or three times a week, even in summer, because I simply didn't think more was necessary. Surprisingly, no one ever told me to my face that I stank, but truth be told, I was and still am a stinker. There are systemic reasons for this. One can't be clean in the Age of Fuckism! Everything is dirty! Unspecified people have a completely twisted understanding of cleanliness, don't know when and where they have to be clean and when they can be dirty. This is a far too wide practical field,

which is why I would like to keep it very basic in theory here: Deutsche houses must be clean, outside must be dirty, everywhere else it depends!

For as long as I can remember, or at least since eighth grade, I've had burning feet. Even as a child, my feet were a mess after longer walks, but since middle secondary, I looked forward to the end of each school day when I arrived home and could finally take off my shoes. For a long time, I wore socks at home before I got rid of them in ninth grade. It was fine to wear socks in the mosque, but I eventually came to the conclusion that even conventional socks were far too constricting and that it was most comfortable to be barefoot. Outside, however, I was not allowed to enjoy this freedom and accepted, or rather didn't even question, that one had to wear socks and shoes. It was only during the first lockdown that I understood why I had been intuitively right all along. I discovered Emanuel Bohlander, who runs a *YouTube* channel of the same name, which used to be called something else at the time, and who effortlessly demonstrated why conventional shoes are poison for the human foot and body. After a brief period of consideration, I immediately ordered the *Shamma Sandals Warriors* running sandals for €94.90, which I returned because they were too small for me and the radical switch from closed shoes to liberating sandals with thongs and straps had to feel very uncomfortable. Over the next two years, I ordered all kinds of shoes and sandals that were marketed as barefoot shoes and sandals, but none of them really satisfied me. That's why I was out and about come rain or shine barefoot in 2020 and 2021. The first few times, the clouds cried incessantly, and it was so cool to splash around in the puddles and romp around in the meadows. I made up for what I had been denied in my childhood. I've always loved rain—the smells, the sounds, the sensations. I never understood why people were afraid of thunder and weather, thunderweather! I arrived home with quite clean feet, because thanks to the wetness, hardly any dirt stuck to them, and yet I went straight into the shower because I didn't feel clean. The rain also may have made the asphalt a little softer, in any case, wet

hard ground didn't hurt as much as dry hard ground. I'm not 100% sure, but I think the first time I went outside barefoot without any rain protection was at my graduation ceremony. The day before, as is well known, I shaved my head bald, so I was receptive to radical and uninhibited changes. Since it turned out to be bearable, and the only alternative was to wear shoes, it wasn't a particularly difficult decision for me to be hereinafter naked everywhere down there. I didn't dare go barefoot to my exams, but everywhere else I wasn't embarrassed by my exhibitionism. Not at the physician's, not in groceries, not on the metro, not in the City Library, and not even one evening at Nuremberg's main market square during the well-attended *Nuremberg Summer Days* 2020. Before entering the clean interior of our house, I simply slipped two plastic covers over my dirty feet, waddled up to the second floor, washed my feet in the bathroom sink and then showered my whole body. They never looked completely clean, the soles of my feet remained black in places, which only washed off after a few days of not being barefoot outside, but of course my feet were much cleaner than all the shoestinkers.

Correction, the first time I went barefoot in public was in 2010. 2010 was a special year because we only spent a few hours in Turkey after our arrival and before our return flight since we spent almost five weeks on a small pilgrimage in Saudi Arabia. We were in Mecca and Medina and a few caves and mountains. Mecca is home to the Kaaba, a black and gold cube that is Islam's holiest site. One had to circle the Kaaba seven times and walk back and forth seven times along a stretch like a thirsty mother. The Prophet Muhammad is buried in Medina. Caves and mountains played a huge role in his life; it was here that he struggled with himself and against others. The caves smelled very good. I don't remember if it was forbidden to wear footwear, but in my memory, everyone was barefoot in the central holy sites. This was not a problem in covered and shady places, but some of the tiles exposed to the sun were so hot that you could burn your feet. Many were dressed in light, white robes without underwear, and when I lay down on the floor, exhausted

from all the pointless walking around, leaning against the wall, I discovered a man's penis. We also mounted a camel. What an oriental summer.

In the end, I had to admit that Emanuel had been right from the very beginning: Walking barefoot in the Age of Fuckism is not unambiguously healthy. Due to 18 years of unspecification, my feet are unfortunately deformed, but at least I was able to prevent my hallux valgus, probably the most widespread pathological deformity of the human body (anyone who wears shoes often and long enough will one day enjoy this disease), from progressing further. Thanks to the exercises recommended by Emanuel, I was even able to move my big toes back into their natural position to some extent, whereas my claw toes remained stubborn, which is why I eventually gave up. In this respect, being barefoot was definitely worthwhile. What I underestimated in my initial euphoria was the relentless hardness of the ground. In 2020 and 2021, I was rarely outside. Sometimes up to two weeks would pass before I could bring myself to go for a short walk. It wasn't until the summer semester of 2022 that I had to leave my nest regularly again since the beginning of Coronazism, and on the one hand, the hard ground was slowly becoming annoying, and on the other hand, and more importantly, I didn't want the people I dealt with more often to think I was a weirdo. So in April 2022, I bought a pair of *Pies Sucios Simna Zip* sandals with a sole thickness of only eight millimeters for €55.99. At first, I was reluctant to wear sandals again, but this time I was more patient, and after just three weeks they were/got very comfortable. However, I still loved being barefoot outdoors, and the eight millimeters served their cushioning purpose. Too good. As a compromise, in June 2023, I bought the *Pies Sucios Simna* for €61.99 with a sole thickness of no more than six millimeters. There was a difference like day and night between six and eight millimeters. I started losing weight at the beginning of 2022 and reached my target weight at the end of 2023. For the first time in my life, I finally wanted to go jogging voluntarily and confidently. As an overweight person, I could only do this to a limited extent because

otherwise, the strain on my body would have been far too great. Since April 2021, I had had a sturdy treadmill on the ground floor, which cost one and a half thousand euros and which I used regularly, but I finally wanted to enjoy my freedom and breathe in the city air. In addition, the treadmill was hard and had little cushioning, which meant it wasn't really comfortable to use barefoot. In February 2024, I ordered the *Shamma Sandals Warriors* again in a size larger, and although they fit rock-solidly when jogging, they also cut into the outer edge of my feet. However, that was less of a problem. The problem I had to admit to myself after two months and about 20 jogs, which took me through Westpark, among other places, was that the ground is simply too hard to run on. In this respect, the countryside is no better than the city. Everywhere, the ground is concreted, asphalted, sealed, dead. Inside the houses, outside the houses, everywhere. The only difference between the city and the countryside is nowadays the population density; otherwise, it's the same shit everywhere. Close to nature? No way! Whoever came up with this concept a few thousand years ago shall rot in hell. Yes, the trade routes had to be hardened so that heavier and more goods could be transported, but who the hell came up with the idea of hardening **everything**? And so everywhere one needed shoes that weren't even custom-made! In the spring of 2025, I realised that for health reasons I had to switch back to eight millimeters and move as little as possible, both indoors and outdoors. A deutscher foot needs barefoot-soft ground beneath him, and since this is currently not available, he must be strained as much as necessary, but as little as possible. Only when this problem affecting humanity as a whole is solved, can we live on this planet in a species-appropriately dirty and species-appropriately clean manner. And before the question arises: No, I do not have a foot fetish.



Final spurt. In the winter semester of 2022/2023, I additionally enrolled in the computer science programme. For two semesters, I formally pursued a double degree before dropping out of economics at the end of the summer semester of 2023 and continuing as a computer science student only. The reason I dropped out of one degree programme and started another is exactly the same. I felt that I wasn't learning anything useful in one degree programme and hoped that the other would be the exact opposite. In fact, at the end of the first semester, I had already toyed with the idea of switching to business informatics, but I decided against it after finding out on *Studydrive* that this programme was neither fish nor fowl. So I decided, don't ask me why, to finish my first degree and then start the second one. And that's exactly what happened, because after the fourth semester, I didn't take any more exams in the economics programme. Instead, I took it easy in the computer science programme, because this programme really deserved to be called a programme of study. For the first time in my life, I had to stay on the ball for a longer period of time in order to keep up with the material. There was no homework at the mosque; I went there, fulfilled my duties and returned home a free man. At school, from the ninth grade onwards, and especially from the tenth grade onwards, I didn't give a damn about my grades and happily skipped my homework, unless I could quickly knock it out on the tram ride. As one got older, it became more and more one's own decision whether to fulfil one's school obligations; no one ran after one anymore, although there were still teachers who took it personally. Especially in upper secondary, the tone became quite nasty in some cases, as compulsory schooling ended after the ninth grade and we were at a gymnasium to be allowed to go to university, and anyone who didn't want that or didn't like sumthin' was free to leave school. At university, you were then truly free. If you wanted to get a degree, you had better knuckle down, and if not, then don't. No one cared how fast or slow you studied, except the examination office, if you took it too far. I was also very lucky not to have to attend any courses other than the seminar and Spanish course. During the

first two semesters of computer science, I continued to study from home and only went to Erlangen, a university town about an hour away by public transport, for one exam each term, which meant I wasted two hours of my day travelling there and back. Unlike in my previous degree, however, I now had to do a lot of work for the university during the lecture period, namely completing and submitting exercise sheets for assessment, otherwise one wouldn't receive the full ECTS credits for the respective module. In the Faculty of Engineering, the timetable was much more spread out, with up to six double lessons per day from 8:15 a.m. to 7:45 p.m., each with a half-hour break in between. This made it much easier to remember the times, as they always started and ended at 15 minutes past and 15 minutes to the even hour. Mathematicians, after all.

There was an inglorious reason why I wanted to study computer science in particular: I wanted to automate the *special activities* that I had previously had to do laboriously by hand and which therefore took up a lot of time. At the end of the day, I never tackled this because, firstly, I lacked the knowledge to do so, secondly, I was too lazy to acquire this knowledge, and thirdly, and most importantly, because many things could never be automated. The tasks and moves I completed and performed were far too complex and varied to ever be automated. I was irreplaceable for my collection. Yes, I could have made my life easier, but—without going into details here—I doubt that I would have wasted less time overall. **Instead of making a pointless process more efficient, one has to abolish it.** I speak from bitter experience, because that is precisely what I didn't do for more than a year and a half. On 1 February 2022, I finally began to scale back my activities bit by bit and reclaim my life. In a folder called “Disruption”, I logged which target persons I was ready to forsake in text files. They had beautiful names like “Renaissance on 01/02/2022”, “Mini-Renaissance on 21/02/2022”, “Reincarnation on 09/05/2022”, “Death Note on 04/07/2022”, “Grenouille on 22/08/2022” and, last but not least,

“Inventory”. The “Inventory” was the last “Disruption” I undertook at the turn of the year 2022/2023. Roughly estimated, this meant that since the beginning of 2023, I only had to put in a third to a quarter of the effort I had put in at the beginning of 2022. But spying on fewer target subjects alone was not enough. At the end of 2022, I stopped reading the *Postillon* and also deleted my *Studydrive* accounts. On 30 April 2023, I stopped reading newspaper articles on *upday* and, at the same time, I stopped saving *WELT* articles on a daily basis and started saving them on a monthly basis, thereby drastically reducing the number of articles saved from 20 to 60 per day to 40 to 50 per month. On 20 July 2023, I stopped reading and saving *WELT* articles altogether and deleted the application from my smartphone, even though my *WELTplus* annual subscription was still valid until the end of November 2023. Since then, I have stopped reading newspapers altogether; it is a total waste of time. By Wednesday, 13 September 2023, I had finally wound up my business properly, having already ceased normal business operations the previous Sunday. It ended as suddenly as it had begun. One Monday morning, I just spontaneously didn’t feel like doing it anymore, so I stopped. At first, I was shocked by my decision because I didn’t know what to do with myself all day long instead. My entire daily routine was geared towards the needs of my collection. I wasted almost four years of my life on this nonsense, and yet it had become a habit. I had lost almost four years of my life, and I can hardly remember the first three years, yet I had a life ahead of me. I broke my chains. I could breathe. I was free. To prevent any relapses, I immediately deleted two of my three *Instagram* accounts, called “paulrx03” and “robertmyld”. My main account, called “philanthroph” and “philodeus” respectively, was spared for the time being, before I also submitted a deletion request for it on 3 March 2024, which was granted on 2 April 2024. I also deleted all my other profiles on various “social media” platforms. Since then, I dumb myself down on no other “social media” platform but *YouTube*.

Several other changes preceded this. At the end of 2020, I discovered

Niklas Steenfatt, who runs a *YouTube* channel of the same name, who inspired me in many ways, including to study computer science. Even more decisive for my life, however, was his encouragement to learn languages and, above all, to read books. Without him, I probably wouldn't have taken the Spanish course in the summer semester of 2022. At a time when I already knew that I would probably not finish my studies and was therefore trying to reap the last benefits of them. From around August 2022 to January 2023, I also diligently crammed Spanish vocabulary with the help of the vocabulary course *Spanisch 5000*, which I can warmly recommend to anyone who wants to learn Spanish and is also proficient in German. I myself didn't want it enough and never cheated on the German language again. On 27 July 2022, after all these years, I got myself a library card for the Nuremberg City Library again. The last time I had one was in groundschool. There was a blue bookmobile full of books, which parked in front of the main entrance of the Scharrerschule every few weeks for a few hours, and where you could borrow books just like in a normal library. I don't remember whether I still made use of this service in fifth grade, when I had access to the school library at gymnasium. I do know for sure that I kept my old card for years before losing it. For my brother, we often had to pay late fees when he exceeded the 14- or 28-day borrowing period, which made my mother angry. That never happened to me! Anyway, in August 2022, after a long, long break, I started reading again. From around February 2017 to July 2022, I only read the schoolbooks in the respective subjects and the school reading material for German and English, such as *Emilia Galotti*, *Faust I*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Der blonde Eckbert*, *Woyzeck*, *Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe*, *Bahnwärter Thiel*, *Before the Law*, *The Metamorphosis*, *Life of Galileo*, *Homo faber*, *The Reader*, *Isola*, *Why We Took the Car*, *The Reluctant Fundamentalist* and *The Shape of Things*. My favourite book from German class was *Isola*. Among the childhood books I loved were *Latte Igel und der Wasserstein*, *Latte Igel reist zu den Lofoten*, *Rico*, *Oskar und die Tieferschatten* and *Fußballgötter kann nichts schrecken*. In addition, during the

period when I was going astray, I read exactly three books out of my own interest: *Höcke. Interviews, Speeches, Breaking Taboos, What Remains of Death* and *The Dative is the Genitives' Death*. The only two Turkish-language books I ever read were, on my mother's recommendation, *En Güzel Nasreddin Hoca Fıkraları* and *Başarı Yolunda Gemileri Yakmak*. To put it in a nutshell, before 2022, I mainly read children's and youth books, as well as the literature that every German gymnasiumgänger had to grapple with. Only then did I start reading on my own initiative. My habit of logging everything came into play here as well. Until February 2024, I kept a record of which book I read, how many pages it had, when I read it, and how much I enjoyed it. In the last three years, three months and three days, I read in total about 222 books including many novels, but also my first non-fiction books. I gave up on many books prematurely. In the scope of this book, I will not be able to discuss many of them individually, so at this point it remains only to note the following: I also read quite a few self-help books. And if there is one thing I've understood, it is that reading books is completely pointless. Even from *Mein Sieg* one can't learn anything. Absolutely nothing. If You're smart, when You read *Mein Sieg* You'll think: "Man, that's smart, simple and well thought out. Why has no one ever thought of that before?" Because You're all total idiots. One of the two central insights in *Mein Sieg*. I'm right about a hell of a lot of things, if not everything. With all other authors, you're lucky if they're right about 10 out of 100 things, even though they only tried to answer one out of 100 questions of life, whereas I'm a double 100 out of 100. I'm the greatest writer of all time. But that's not my point, because at the end of the day, it's not what's written in theory that counts, but what actually happens. Until now, there has been no species-appropriate theory that could be put into practice. Everyone either thought too short-sightedly or too small-mindedly, or both. I myself thought too small before I started writing *Mein Sieg*, as You will learn in the last section of this chapter. Now it finally exists. And yet You must judge me solely by my actions, never by my words. If my words are not deutsch, then they will

not be put into practice. If my actions are not deutsch, then I will correct them and ask Your forgiveness. So help me, so that I too can help You.

For a long time, I was a data protection fanatic. I absorbed what I felt and saw in my environment. In Germany, everything revolves around data protection. Germans are crazy about it. Unlike most Germans, however, I was serious about it. My parents warned me never to reveal my real name on the internet and not to upload any pictures of myself, and I didn't need to be told twice. I tried not to be photographed anywhere if possible. Because of my interest in crime, I didn't want to give the law enforcement agencies any recent wanted photos in case the worst came to the worst. In upper secondary, I stood out unpleasantly by asking about the underlying data protection regulations for every little thing. I wasn't entirely serious about it; I just wanted to annoy people. Then I started collecting data myself, and of course I quickly became aware of the obvious contradiction. While I was collecting data from others, I expected others to protect my own data. I only recorded the full name and date of birth of the target persons, but if I had wanted to, I could probably have found out where most of them lived. Unsurprisingly, the whole thing soon turned into its exact opposite. As I said, I began optimising my life in early February 2022. After realising that the best optimisation was to abolish the fuckistic, I made a big mistake. More precisely, the mistake was how I had come to this deutschen conclusion. It was an external wisdom. In August and September 2023, I read the first self-help books of my life, including *Magic Cleaning* by Marie Kondō and *Getting Things Done* by David Allen. Oh boy. After successfully optimising one area of my life, I now subjected all other areas to scrutiny. I optimised the narrow cupboard where all my important documents and belongings were kept, I optimised my wardrobe, I optimised my computers, and I wanted to optimise our house and my father's business. I failed miserably in the latter two areas, and in a narrower sense, in all other areas as well. My father was a very untidy person. Both his

office, including the small warehouse, and the main warehouse were sinking into chaos, which I felt sorry about. During the Christmas holidays of 2023/2024, I went to his office every day, cleared out all the trash and created a sensible order and structure. I was proud to have helped him. Unfortunately, he didn't like it at all. At first, I didn't want to accept that he missed his old "order", the chaos, but then I understood that the chaos was his order and I had imposed a foreign order on him. After just a few weeks, his office looked almost the same as before. It took me a while to learn that there is no such thing as perfect order, especially not by devising an order and then adapting the facts to that order instead of allowing a natural order of facts to emerge.

Niklas had a 1.0 Abitur, was supported by the *Academic Scholarship Foundation of the German Volk* and studied at *Cambridge* and the *École polytechnique*. That was when, for a while, I regretted not having done more for school. I have to admit that my time at secondary school wasn't as bad as I had to portray it for dramaturgical reasons. Apart from the few terrible teachers, there was a large number of average teachers who simply did what the system required of them. But there were also some very good teachers. Mr Torsten Fels, for example, our "maths" and class teacher in seventh grade, who was also the PE teacher of us boys in tenth grade. He mercilessly gave me nothing but sixes (1 being the best, 6 the worst grade) because I refused to participate properly in PE lessons. However, I had a valid reason for this. For example, we were graded on how far we could throw. But since I was so physically weak and didn't want to embarrass myself, I deliberately sabotaged my performance by throwing the ball only two meters and pretending that I couldn't throw any further and had done my best. My classmates had a good laugh without knowing that I could have thrown it 15 meters at best, while they themselves threw it 20 to 60 meters. Sabahudin was one of the best throwers. Mr Fels didn't condemn me personally for this, but for the sake of justice he didn't let me get away with it unpunished either. The only problem

was that I didn't consider it a punishment at all, as the PE grade wasn't relevant for moving up to the next grade. The year before, for the first time in my life, I had a six on my report card. Our PE teacher at the time, who later became my English teacher in upper secondary, was very chill, but he himself found my behaviour in PE quite funny. One might have expected a deutschen unfolder to get to the bottom of the matter, for example by asking me personally why I was behaving that way, but that would have been too much to ask of today's teachers, and besides, I would never have told him the truth anyway. There was hardly any personal relationship of trust between us schoolers and the teachers, at most a professional one. By the way, in retrospect, I find it interesting that the two sexes were physical separately from the fifth to the tenth grade, but were then allowed to do it together in upper secondary. Maybe their hope was that we would become gay in those six years, I dunno. In the fifth and sixth grades, our ethics teacher was the portly Mr Christian Hollmann. He had an uncomputable sense of humour. He made us laugh, but never laughed himself, only smiled. In the years that followed, he was no longer my regular teacher, but at most an occasional substitute. I don't want to say anything wrong, but when I saw him in the halls from time to time, I had the impression that he was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with his life as the years went by.

My ethics teacher in upper secondary was worth her weight in gold. Her favourite saying was something like, "Life is hard, cruel and unfair, and in the end, one dies." That may sound cynical, but she was not a cynic at all. She didn't mince her words and said what she thought, and what she thought did not always correspond to the public and published opinion. I liked the apolitical teachers best, who were simply competent in their subject, because there were more than enough of the others, the Left-Greens. She probably voted for the Greens too, but retained a noticeable independence in her thinking. In sixth grade, she introduced us to the French language, and how. Right in the second double lesson, we wrote a short impromptu test on the material from the first double lesson,

which mainly covered the definite and indefinite articles and the conjugation of the verb “être” (to be) in the present tense. This came as a complete surprise to everyone, and like most of my classmates, I got a six, the first six of my life. Everyone else hated her for it, whereas I fell in shocklove with her. The first two lessons had been quite turbulent in class. That was that for the rest of the year. I hated and pitied teachers who had no control over their class, before I myself became a troublemaker in middle secondary. Fortunately, it never escalated again like it did in third and fourth grade; no one got beaten up or anything like that, it was just loud and chaotic. Whether it was due to the break-up of the old class syndicates, the seriousness of the situation or whatever, from upper secondary onwards, calm settled everywhere. Especially in the last three weeks of school, we practically fell into a state of rigor mortis. In the week after the Easter holidays of 2020, I received an unexpected phone call one morning. I was lying on my parents’ bed (because the Wi-Fi router was hanging on the wall behind the bathroom door in the upper floor and I needed good internet) and watching some series on *Netflix* like a dazed zombie when my mother entered her occupied room and handed me our landline phone, saying that someone wanted to talk to me. My ethics teacher asked me if I was okay and if I was coping with school and everything. I was completely baffled and said yes to everything, even though I had been practically disconnected from life for over a month. Why had she called me of all people, and where had she got our landline number from? It was only this year, while researching our old annual school reports, that I discovered the initiative had come from the school. They had asked every single schooler for feedback on whether school was working during the era of Coronazism. How sweet.

My German teacher in upper secondary was so German. He will have so much to criticise in this book, and I hope he will forgive me for that. I am extremely cautious about praising individuals in *Mein Sieg* because it could so easily be misunderstood. I feel a bit like Hitler, who effusively praised his history teacher Leopold Pötsch in *Mein Kampf*, whereas Pötsch had no desire to be co-opted by his

former schooler. Everyone shall be granted this freedom, because these people have nothing to do with who I am today. I myself have nothing to do with who I am today. I am, after all, the messianic criminal. For Greenchoosers, the following must apply: Those I praise deserve criticism, those I criticise deserve praise. From the Deutschen, on the other hand, I expect no gratitude, only participation and compassion. My German teacher, however, deserves every praise imaginable. It must have been in the eleventh grade when I listened deeply within myself during German class and suddenly noticed how beautiful the German word “pflegen” (soulless translation nurse/care) actually is. The pronunciation expresses all the loving, tender and sensitive qualities contained in this inconspicuous word. You don’t find that in any other language but German, that you understand words without knowing their exact meaning. The German language is the only language at all that makes sense. And although I only read *Faust* and didn’t start reading on my own Faust, on my own initiative “again”—he was the one who reawakened and rekindled my love for the German language and German literature. Unfortunately, my *WhatsApp* messages with Nina can attest to the fact that I didn’t think much of him at the beginning of the eleventh school year. It was one of the most misguided misjudgements of my life, so misguided that I had completely forgotten how contemptuously I had once spoken of him, that there had been a time when I did not adore him. He was such a good teacher that even discussing the guiltcult book par excellence, *The Reader*, was bearable with some difficulty. It wasn’t the subject matter itself; I consider *The German Lesson* to be a very good book about the Nazi era. Tragically, it was also the last book we covered in class. He was apolitical, or more precisely, he hid his non-academic views behind the authority of the teacher. When a coursemate—perhaps even dear Carlotta—asked him what he thought about gendering, he only had factual-professional well-founded criticism to offer. But he didn’t call for revolution either, because what difference could an old, wise man have made? I saw in him the generation that had created wealth, while we only knew how to consume it. I saw

what he had achieved and became painfully aware of what whiners, bunglers and losers we were. I saw how German he was and mourned how degenerate, lost and wasted we were. An old generation was quietly passing away, while the new one couldn't follow fast enough. He went into well-deserved retirement, we left the cursed school. But as I said, it wasn't quite so cursed. Every school year, many different elective subjects were offered, and I only took part in one in the eighth grade. It was called "Robotics and Programming", which sounds more exciting than it actually was. It was *LEGO* for advanced toddlers. I didn't learn anything and it was boring. Then there were schooler exchange programmes with schools in China, France, Scotland and Italy, where you stayed with a host family for a week or more and went to school in a distant foreign country. I was never interested in anything like that. We were required to spend one week in the Bavarian Forest in sixth grade, one week in Austria in seventh grade, one week in Berlin in tenth grade, and one week in Austria, Italy or Israel at the beginning of twelfth grade (I went to Italy). I could have become a school first-aider, an arbiter, a schooler representative and a class representative, but I didn't. As the smartest human of all time, I could have become the best student and scientist of all time. I didn't take advantage of the opportunities available to me and didn't even begin to exploit my obvious potential. My mother always said to me that if I was so smart, why wasn't I useful to anyone in the world. Her expectation of a smart person was that he would take part in a quiz show and come home with a million. Oh, the world. The world.

At the end of my second semester of computer science, I had $7.5 + 12.5 = 20$ ECTS credits to my name. My departure from the economics sect was made official, my collection was complete, and all conceivable obstacles had been removed. All this so that I could concentrate fully on my computer science studies from the winter semester of 2023/2024 onwards. I wanted to get my life in order. I wanted to ace everything academically, apply for scholarships and finally have friends again. I planned to move to Erlangen. Right

now, as I write these lines, I would either have already submitted my bachelor's thesis or be putting the finishing touches to the last few sentences. So what happened that forced me to write *Mein Sieg* instead of a bachelor's thesis in computer science? Why was Nathan Blood not allowed to be a scientist and instead had to rise up to become the Führer of mankind? Why, oh why?



I planned to earn 50 ECTS credits in the third semester. I only needed 17.5 ECTS credits, as you had to have at least 30 ECTS credits by the end of the third semester unless you wanted to be compulsorily deregistered. They only count complete modules, whereas I include the modules worth 7.5 ECTS credits for which I had so far “only” completed the exercises worth 2.5 ECTS credits. In total, I had registered for nine exams. The lion's share of the exams, five in number, took place in the second half of March. Two took place in February and two in April. I had experience in binge-learning. I was well on schedule. I could have done it. On Thursday morning, 15 February 2024, I had my second mental breakdown, even more severe than the first, while studying for a module called “Introduction to Software Engineering”. It still makes me wanna throw up, literally, when I see the course material of this module. “Shortly after the meeting, your boss walks up to your desk. He is experiencing pressure from management and asks you to spend as little time and money as possible on this task.” “Once again your boss calls you into a meeting. He asks for the current status on the project and whether you've found a fitting library.” “In the next meeting with your boss, you should present some User Stories and you should discuss some XP techniques.” “During the meeting, a Product Owner has been chosen as the stakeholders' needs have not been met. He understands his tasks well and defines clear entries for the Product Backlog. With these improvements, a new Sprint Planning meeting starts to get back

on track with the development. Your developers however still seem a bit confused.” “Imagine you are building a software system for a coffee shop where customers can order various types of coffee, each with different ingredients and extra toppings.” “In order to feel safe, the customer wants the system to be active at all times.” The boss, the stake- and the shareholders as well as the customers can all go fuck themselves in their arseholes. I didn’t drop out of my previous degree just to be confronted with this nonsense again in a completely different field of study. At 6:56 p.m., I requested the deletion of my account on *Discord*, where I had coordinated with my fellow students during the lecture period to complete and submit the exercise sheets, after saying goodbye to them in a cryptic text. At the end of tenth grade, I had said goodbye to my classmates in writing, at the end of my school career, I had said goodbye to my year group in writing, so why shouldn’t I have said goodbye to my fellow students at the end of my university career? Stupidly, we only worked together on a professional level; they didn’t really know me and I didn’t really know them, and in my latest farewell text, I had also kinda announced my suicide. Since I no longer wanted to be a data collector, I unfortunately no longer have it, but the last four controversial lines read something like this: “If God didn’t exist, it would be necessary to invent him. But I do exist, so I have to die.” About half an hour later, I had the Nuremberg police on the phone, and about an hour and a half later, two young police officers were standing at my front door. I had already appeased the Commissioner of Köpenick on the phone by claiming that it was all just a misunderstanding and that they could close the case, but the inspector remained adamant, a body visitation was now required by law. The two gentlemen looked bored, made me blow—surprisingly, the result was 0.0 per mille—and dutifully recited to me from memory that there were many offers of help for people in crisis situations, they were just sayin’. In the end, I successfully fobbed them off by claiming that I was a poet and thinker, Voltaire and so on, they just couldn’t understand. After our pleasant conversation, the two followed me at walking pace in their blue-yellow-grey car. I

must have made a confused impression on them, as I was stretching my legs outside in shorts and an undershirt at perhaps ten degrees Celsius (fifty degrees Fahrenheit). I may not be as climate-resistant as the Jew, but I am certainly cold-resistant. Perhaps they were also afraid that I might throw myself off the nearest tall building. In any case, I eventually shook them off, jumped down and was dead. My parents were upstairs watching TV in the meantime and, fortunately, they didn't notice any of this. Risen from the dead, I cancelled the deletion process, apologised dishonestly, so that they could sleep peacefully at night, to my two fellow students and maths mates, whom I suspected had reported me to our friend and helper out of concern for me, which was confirmed, and shortly afterwards, at 10:52 p.m., I reapplied for deletion, which took effect after 14 days. There was also a student *Discord* server for all students of computer science and similar courses at FAU, and there, too, I stood out unpleasantly for a very long time. I have always stood out unpleasantly everywhere. All my life. That's just how I am. Anyway, instead of the planned 50, I ended up with a measly 20 ECTS credits. I was not compulsorily deregistered at the end of the semester and could have continued my studies. On the very same day, I could have continued studying for my remaining eight exams and certainly would have passed them all, but I gave up, wrote only three for fun and passed them all, and let it be. In *this* science, I had no business being.

I wouldn't have commit suicide that evening or the evenings that followed. Still, I still had options open to me. On the very same day of my mental breakdown, between Thursday morning and Thursday evening, at 2:06 p.m. to be precise, I registered for a vocational information day. I wanted to find out about training to become a physiotherapist. I, a sensitive soul, had had enough of theory and finally wanted to do practical work. My relatives considered me a good-for-nothing who shied away from any physical work from the outset. I cannot disagree with that. In the penultimate week of the ninth school year, we had to do a week's internship at a

company and have this certified by the company. Since I didn't feel like doing it, I asked my father to confirm to the school that I had dutifully got to know the profession of electrician at his trade company. My father was willing to sign the note, but in return he demanded that I actually accompany him at work for five days, with which I didn't agree at all. I stayed at home all week and simply forged his signature for the first and only time in my life. I was very ashamed of the rare fives and sixes I received until eighth grade, but I was able to justify them well. Remarkably, the exacerbated reprimand had no consequences for me, as the conflict with Noyan hoca, which had probably come to a head at exactly that time, overshadowed everything else. And so the greatest Führer of all time earned himself an extra week of summer holidays. Work smart, not just hard!

My work experience to date can be summarised very briefly and clearly: Firstly, I worked as an assistant at *REWE* at Aufseßplatz at Wölckernstraße 9-11, 90459 Nuremberg, from 1 July 2019 to 31 July 2020. I was one of the best cashiers in the history of mankind. I wasn't the fastest cashier, I couldn't provide the right information for all questions, and at the end of the three- to seven-hour shifts, I never had a zero-till, meaning I either gave customers a little too much money or, more often, a little too little. But none of that really matters when you're a cashier, though. I was friendly and greeted and said goodbye to every single customer. I was so friendly that some of my older "colleagues", most of whom worked part-time, envied my relationship with the customers. I worked every day from Monday to Saturday except Tuesdays and Wednesdays because of school. During the week, I usually worked from 4 or 5 p.m. to 8 p.m., and on Saturdays either early from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. or late from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. I worked 36 hours per month and was paid €9.00 per hour, which amounted to a monthly wage of €325.09. In February, there was a pay rise, so from then on I was paid €370.00 per month. During the week, customers had often just called it a day themselves and wanted to quickly buy something for dinner, whereas on Saturdays the masses mainly enjoyed nicotine

and ethanol. Weekend shopping was less common, as the store was located near the city centre and the Central Station and was particularly easy to reach by metro and tram. I usually cycled there and back, and otherwise took the metro. There were several other schoolers and students working as assistants alongside me. One of them, an equal German-African mixture and a gymnasiast from Nuremberg, became part of my collection. She had a large bottom and always wore black, skintight leggings. I considered secretly photographing her before or after work, but it seemed too risky. We were given three or five black T-shirts to wear to work, which we had to wash ourselves and bring back. From my point of view, she was often sexually harassed by certain male customers during work, but she never complained about it herself. A handsome German colleague, who was about my age, had a beautiful German girlfriend, whom I also tucked into my collection. The boss was a stingy idiot. For a while, I dreamed of blowing up his store. We parted ways on bad terms, but it wasn't his fault. In total, I earned exactly €4,508.27 in those 13 months, but I didn't start this job for the money, nor did I leave for the money. Of course, I wouldn't have worked for free in that dump, but the real reward was the feeling of independence and the feeling of getting ahead in life. Sabahudin worked. Paco worked at the nearby *REWE* at Schweiggerstraße, Magnus worked at *Coffee Fellows* at the Central Station. All three were more successful in life than I was. I envied them for their jobs. By October 2018 at the latest, I finally wanted to work somewhere. In March and April 2019, I applied online for a wide variety of jobs: as a barista at *Coffee Fellows*, as a kitchen assistant at the *Mövenpick Restaurant* at Nuremberg Airport, and as a receptionist at *Kristall Palm Beach*, a water park that was to play an extremely important role in my life, but more on that later. I was rejected by the latter two companies, but at *Coffee Fellows* I was allowed to do a six-hour unpaid trial shift on 12 May 2019. I didn't like the work at all, and the boss probably didn't like me, as he didn't get back to me. Magnus, a Russia-German, probably didn't like his job for long either, because he quit at some point and found

work at *Kuhmuhne*, a popular burger joint in downtown Nuremberg. Paco, a Franco-German hybrid, ultimately helped me out of a tight spot. Without the information from my future colleague, I probably would never have had the courage to apply to *REWE*. The branch at Schweiggerstraße wasn't looking for assistants at the time, so he recommended that I apply at a branch closer to me. I plucked up all my courage, travelled to Aufseßplatz, asked at the checkout where I could leave my application documents, did so quickly and left the grocery as soon as possible. The first and penpenultimate job interview of my life went badly, but in the end I was sent the contract. Ultimately, I had to give up the job for health reasons. In any case, it was extremely interesting to have had plenty of contact with people at the beginning of Coronazism. After the first few months of lockdown, the first and, for the time being, last relaxing months came, so that they could later step on the gas even more, the calm before the storm. In this respect, the mood at the time was visibly tense, but not quite so charged. I don't want to know what happened in the two years after my resignation.

Secondly, I was employed as an office assistant in my father's business from 4 October 2022 to 31 August 2024. Until about September 2023, I was only employed for form's sake and did not actually work at all. We remember the disposable income shares from Chapter *Economy*: Marginal employment is one of the best ways to save as much of your gross income as possible on a small scale. So, if it was useful to my father, then he was able to play outside the rules after all! Just a little joke on the side, my father is one of the most honest craftsmen the Federal Republic of Germany has ever produced. He very rarely worked off the books. A large part of his customer base consisted of property management companies, which worked exclusively on an invoice basis. But even with private customers, he was not a fan of this practice, and nobody knows why. As long as you don't overdo it, the state tolerates it, otherwise there wouldn't be a single craftsman left on the loose. From around October 2023, I was allowed to keep the money because I delivered the corresponding result. The contract stipulated the minimum wage or a little more,

but I used to work sometimes for days on end and sometimes not at all and still received the maximum “tax”-advantaged amount of €520.00 or €538.00 every month. I wasn’t allowed to earn any more than that, otherwise my BAföG would have been cut. In terms of hours, I worked far too little, but I certainly saved my father far more money than I cost him. I also worked quickly and efficiently. The only problem was that I didn’t learn anything useful at work. It was purely bureaucratic organisational and administrative work. The BAföG prevented me, as a so-called working student, from working up to 20 hours a week in a job that suited one of my courses of study. Of course, I could have turned down the BAföG grants, but why turn down money that you were legally entitled to in order to make life difficult for yourself? It wasn’t as if there were employers everywhere just waiting to offer you a well-paid and pleasant job. It didn’t even have to be well paid; I still didn’t need any money as I had no significant regular monthly expenses. However, the job market only offered meaningless jobs that were paid differently. The employers most sought after by FAU students were *SIEMENS* and *DATEV*. *SIEMENS* paid a little more (if I remember correctly, €17.00 per hour for bachelor’s students and €21.00 per hour for master’s students), but the tasks at *DATEV* were apparently a little more meaningful and challenging. From what I’ve heard, *SIEMENS* is just a nepotistic construct. No one knows how they earn their money, because no one in this corporation really works. That’s true of all companies worldwide these days. No one works anymore, everyone just pretends to. Where people actually work, there is no room or time for power games and intrigue, because everyone knows that they all contribute to the overall result and need each other. But since the individual doesn’t need anyone else when he’s doing nothing, there is a competition to see and the entire life revolves around who can rake in the most money and wield the most power while doing the least for it. This happens on both a large and small scale, and **everyone** plays along. Take footballers, for example: little work, lots of money. Take politicians, for example: little work, lots of power. Getting rich has never been particularly difficult;

one just had to find out what people needed and give it to them, whatever it takes. The prosperity of the last 250 years, on the other hand, was based on replacing “needing” with “wanting”, because one always wants more than one needs. The explosion of prosperity over the last 100 years was ultimately based on the dumbing down of humanity, because the stupid can never get enough. As a result, it became easier and easier over time to gain power with the help of money. Power always means money. Look at any religion; there is no religious leader who could do without money. Even if the debtor did not explicitly demand money from his creditors, money is nothing more than power. But money was and still is not the same as power. Power is more than money. Power existed even before money did. There were things that could not be bought. Everything that could possibly be made purchasable has been made purchasable in the last 250 years. On the other hand, many things that cannot be bought have been made impossible. Deutschland, for example, cannot be bought and is impossible without me. No matter how much money and power you may have, without me you can forget and fuck Deutschland. Do whatever you want.

If I was already aware of all this a year and a half ago, maybe not in its entirety, but quite accurately, why did I apply from 25 February 2024 to 19 April 2024 for a training position as a physiotherapist, from 4 March 2024 to 4 April 2024 for various part-time positions, and from 14 March 2024 to 12 July 2024 for a number of voluntary positions? Because I felt completely useless. I was good for nothing. I wanted to feel needed. I wanted to make a living with my own hands. I was interested in becoming a physiotherapist because, since moving into the large living room, I had become more and more interested in my own body. Every morning, I stretched, flexed and strengthened my body for about an hour a day. The videos by my Minister of Activity, Wiktor Diamant, helped me with this. I wanted to deepen my practical experience with theory and then share this knowledge with other people. Training to become a physiotherapist and working as one is in itself useless and pointless, and in some

cases even harmful. As in all areas of the health industry, much of what is considered acknowledged knowledge is pretty much rubbish. The work is useless and pointless because patients are not aware that they themselves must also, and above all, take action. Instead, the average physiotherapist is, at best, a slightly better masseur. Unfortunately, I had to go through the training and take the state exam, if only because people out there cannot judge for themselves whether someone is a quack, and the state therefore has to act as the certification authority, which by no means means that the examined has any professional expertise whatsoever. Of course, instead of blinding everyone and certifying the one-eyed, one could also let unfold everyone into sharp-eyed eagles who trust each other and let them fly freely, but where would we end up? After my training, I planned to take the alternative practitioner exam so that I could work as a self-employed physiotherapist. I even imagined turning the ground floor of our house into my practice so that I wouldn't have to travel anywhere. In addition to being self-employed, I imagined that I could study medicine at FAU from the summer semester of 2030 onwards and also receive support from the *Vocational Education Scholarship Foundation*. So I was already planning that far ahead; it was by no means a spontaneous, giddy whim. Fortunately, the second job interview of my life proved to be my undoing. On 10 April, I arrived punctually at 3:30 p.m. at the *Ludwig Fresenius Schools Nuremberg*, Fahrradstraße 58, Building C3, 90429 Nuremberg, right on time at 3:30 p.m. To be honest, I can't remember exactly what questions they asked me, what answers I gave, what questions I asked, or what answers they gave, but in any case, I already knew during the interview that I urgently needed to rethink my choice of training programme. Two days later, I received a rejection email, which didn't surprise or bother me. On 23 April, I was supposed to have another interview at another vocational school, the *Döpfer Schools Nuremberg*, where I had also attended a vocational information day on 12 March, which I cancelled without further ado on 19 April. There were several concrete reasons for this, which I would like to keep to myself and

which would be far too complex to explain here anyway and would take up too much time and space. Incidentally, I would even have been willing to be trained anywhere in Germany, which is why I had applied to a dozen hospitals in six different federal states in all four zones of Germany. Since most of the training programmes started in September, October or November, I wanted to find a job in the meantime to keep myself occupied. Among other things, I applied as a “Working Student Client & Legal Operations”, “Working Student Lead Management—B2B Operations”, “Working Student Works Council”, “Working Student Master Data Maintenance”, “Working Student Customer Support Service CRM” and “Working Student Customer Experience”. What does all that mean? No idea, they don’t know themselves either. I received a barrage of rejections, which admittedly didn’t leave me cold, but I couldn’t care less, why, see next section.

Volunteering. Phew. I got in touch with the Nuremberg Food Bank, which currently had no need for personnel support during the morning distribution. I got in touch with a second-hand clothing store, where the work seemed pointless to me. I got in touch with a bat rescue service, which I decided against, not wanting to cause another pandemic. I got in touch with the Nuremberg Railway Mission, where I was allowed to try out “helping” out for three days. The food they served the homeless there is beyond belief. I’d rather starve than let myself get fattened sick from eating that shit. I don’t even know what’s sadder: Those who seriously believe that one can really help people this way, or those who put up with this “help” or are even grateful for it. No one wanted to help there, they just pretended to. If one provided real help, then at some point there would be no one left who still needed real help. Dangerous such Christians. I would never have wanted that. They nailed me over. They can fuck me crosswisely. Finally, I registered on a small tutoring platform for schoolchildren. To do this, I had to obtain an extended certificate of good conduct at my own expense, which was, of course, spotless. In addition, I had been preparing myself since 11 May by refreshing my old knowledge and doing real mathematics for the first time.

At school, we only had a subject called “mathematics”, which had little in common with deutscher mathematics. At university, the mathematics in the economics programme was pathetic, and in the computer science programme, it was very poorly prepared. On the other hand, it only appeared as if real mathematics was being done, when in reality it was limited to a very, very few areas that had (had) practical economic use in the past. If you like, it was a teeny-tiny excerpt from applied mathematics. On the recommendation of Samuel Bosch, a physicist who—how could it be otherwise—runs a *YouTube* channel of the same name, I discovered the teaching materials of the company *Art of Problem Solving*. Even though I cannot be entirely satisfied with their textbooks, they are currently probably the deutschest way to master mathematics. I will have them translated all into German and have the current schoolbooks burned and destroyed. However, they only cover trivialities such as algebra, geometry, analysis, number theory, arithmetic and stochastic, i.e. classic school mathematics, so on the infinitely many other areas of (applied) mathematics, we still need to find and/or work on suitable materials. The Futuredeutschen must only be served the deutschest of the deutschest. Despite my efforts, however, I never ended up tutoring anyone. I finally realised that I’m not a good explainer, presenter or speaker. I had spoken far too little with other humans in my child- and youthhood, which is why my oral skills are out of proportion to my written ones. This is both an advantage and a disadvantage. The advantage is that I didn’t become stupid like all the other people. Stupid people drag each other down even further when they spend time together. You are only as smart as the stupidest link in the chain. If you are the smartest person in the room, then you are in the wrong room. And since I could only be in the wrong rooms, I stayed out of rooms altogether and withdrew. The disadvantage is obviously that I unspecified myself and became even more socially stunted. Thanks to my smartness, however, I always knew that my social behaviour was deeply abnormal, as the people around me were still largely healthy in my day. I was the outlier and the outsider. When I see

today's children and youths, who are glued to their smartphones, whose parents don't care about them at all and who are even less able than I am to communicate with their fellow human beings in a manner appropriate to their species, I feel incredibly sorry for them and I am filled with fear and anxiety. A whole generation of incompetent idiots and sick sociopaths is being bred. We will be able to straighten out a lot of things in Deutschland, but unfortunately some things will remain crooked. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. If Deutschland won't be, then brace yourselves for the years from 2030 or, at the latest, 2036 onwards. These will be humans who have grown up with "social media" from an early age and know no other reality. The corona children in particular will be deeply unspecified. God, stand by us.



On Wednesday, 19 June 2024, I had my tummy tucked. Within two years, I had lost about 60 kilograms (130 lb) in body weight. At my heaviest in 2021, I probably weighed 140 kilograms (310 lb), but since I hadn't weighed myself since my first visit to the endocrinologist out of fear, I don't know for sure. At the beginning of my weight loss career, I weighed around 134 kilograms (295 lb). I was never as obsessed with my body weight as the broad and narrow majority of my female contemporaries. There were times when I weighed myself weekly, for instance, from about eighth to eleventh grade. But since the first lockdown, at the latest, I stopped weighing myself altogether. I noticed that I was gaining weight noticeably and sweating much, much more, but I didn't want to have concrete evidence of the former and spoil my mood. When I went to see the endocrinologist, who was also a diabetologist, on 19 October 2020 because of the constant and massive sweating, I was in for a big shock. 135 kilograms! 20 kilograms (44 lb) in four months was a big number for me too. Four months, because I had most likely already reached my fighting weight by my graduation ceremony and had to

buy new clothes in sizes XXL and 3XL beforehand. Until then, I had always gained a lot of weight in stages and was then able to maintain my new weight for a longer time. I can't provide any reliable information about my childhood—except for my birth weight, which was apparently 3,430 grams (7.6 lb)—but from seventh to ninth grade I weighed between 80 and 100 kilograms (175 and 220 lb), and from tenth grade to the first lockdown between 100 and 115 kilograms (220 and 255 lb). During the summer holidays of 2015, 2016 and 2018, I gained between six and twelve kilograms (13 and 26 lb) within three to four weeks, half of which I was able to lose again in the following weeks and months. I paid little attention to my diet and ate what my mother prepared for us. Even in groundschool, I knew quite well what was healthy and what wasn't. Since my mother checked every packaged product herself or had me check whether it contained ethanol, gelatine or the like, so that it was *halal*, i.e. legal according to Islamic precepts, I knew very early on how many calories a food or fattening agent had approximately. Apart from the meat from land animals, which we were only allowed to eat from a certain brand and no other (or meat that we had slaughtered ourselves in Amberg or Nuremberg, sometimes illegally), it was the gelatine that first made me realise that we were not ordinary Muslims. When we still lived at Burgerstraße, my brother and I once had lunch with a Turkish family from the neighbourhood. They were ardent Erdoğan voters. The innocent woman put sosis, Turkish sausages, on the table for us. My brother politely declined and tried to secretly stop me from eating them, but I was too young to recognise the delicious danger in them. They were much softer than I was used to from *TUNA*. Probably in sixth grade, I ate turkey meat in the Bavarian Forest because other Muslims in the class were eating it too. They also snacked on sweets and treats with beef gelatine, yummy, soft-boiled bones. Pork gelatine was obviously haram because pigs were haram. Beef gelatine was haram for me because the cattle were certainly not slaughtered according to the *Süleymanlılar* guidelines. I never had any problems with this renunciation, but there was always something that set me apart and

distinguished me from all the other children at school. I had always flatly rejected anything to do with sport and exercise. It was only in tenth grade that it suddenly became fashionable amongst the boys to go to the gym. I don't remember if there was a specific reason for this or if the boys just wanted to impress themselves and, above all, the girls. Before that, only Magnus hit the gym regularly. He was, if not the first, then at least one of the first in the class to be allowed to make a girl from the parallel class his girlfriend. The lady of his choice had previously cut her arms in seventh grade in Austria at the Luzenberg Pension, which caused a great deal of unrest amongst schoolers and teachers alike and led to my first and penultimate personal encounter with self-harming behaviour, which I couldn't understand at all. Apparently, there had been romantic relationships before that, but they were so short-lived that, with all due love, they couldn't be taken seriously. I only found out about it from the newspaper and didn't pay any attention to such things myself for a long time. Anyway, Magnus was the most muscular in the class, as he had already started working out in ninth grade. From then on, almost all the sigma boys frequented other gymnasiums two to three times a week, such as *FitX*, the largest gymnasium closest to the many Fischbach residents in the class, or the popular *FIT/ONE* in Nuremberg city centre, in addition to Martin-Behaim-Gymnasium. I was immune to this for a long time before I signed up at *FIT/ONE* in October 2018. I wouldn't have been allowed to join much earlier anyway, as one had to be at least 16 years old. I wanted to lose weight and build muscle, of course, but another important reason was Cem Beyaz, the only Turk I had ever admired and envied in my life. Like me, he had once been very overweight, but unlike me, he had managed to turn his life around at some point. He and two other boys had joined our school and year group communities in the tenth grade. In the eleventh grade, he had a beautiful Turkish coursemate as his girlfriend. For some reason, he didn't like me for a long time, and because he had what I considered to be a baseless problem with me, I literally hated him to death for a short time. I had never done anything to him

personally, I got on everyone's nerves, and he probably just couldn't handle my personality. For example, he didn't like my macabre presentation and its little teasers in the *WhatsApp* year group at all. It was only after our school trip to Italy that he stopped being so hostile towards me, and again, I can't think of any reason why. We never talked it out. He probably also gained a little weight at the beginning of Coronazism after the gyms had to close. Like Magnus, he was also a member of *FIT/ONE*. Despite our feud, I often saw and greeted both him and Magnus while I was doing my rounds on the machines, and they both greeted me back in a friendly manner, which made the whole thing even more absurd. I also used the treadmills regularly. Even back then, I wondered whether it was allowed to use the treadmills without shoes, which was either not allowed for insurance reasons or which I simply didn't dare to do. For reasons well known, I never used the communal showers. I would take the metro home, sometimes more sweaty than others, and shower at home. During this time, I paid more attention to my diet, consuming 250 grams of low-fat quark every day to meet my protein requirements, for example. I can't remember whether I actually built muscle and/or lost weight, because I wasn't able to enjoy this phase of trying things out for long. I must have done sport at a gym for the last time in my life in March or April 2019; I never did it at MBG, of course. Effective 31 October 2019, I cancelled my membership at *FIT/ONE*, which had cost my parents €19.90 per month. It was for health reasons, which I will explain in the next and final chapter of *Mein Sieg*.

For the whole of 2021, I vegetated away before I pulled myself together and started losing weight on Monday, 10 January 2022. A few days before that, I ordered a variety of dietary supplements on *Amazon*, including vitamin D3, vitamin B12, magnesium, potassium, iron and omega 3, as well as the first four kilograms of tasteless and banana-flavoured milk powder. The tasteless two kilograms collected dust in the cupboard and ended up in the bin two years later, almost unused. I approached the matter very naively, simply eating lots of protein and little else, as protein was so filling and

one wouldn't need carbohydrates or hardly any fat anyway. My intellectual reference source was the *High Speed Diet* by *Fitness Experts*. Day by day, I mixed 500 grams of low-fat quark with 30 grams of tasty milk powder and a little water and ate another 200 grams of cottage cheese. Yes, I mixed thick cow's milk with dust-dry cow's milk and ate grainy cow's milk on top of that. It was bearable. This gave me a daily basic protein intake of $60 + 25 + 24 \approx 110$ grams. In addition, I ate a large bowl of low-nutrient salad, a piece of fruit and a little of the lowest-fat food my mother cooked for us every day to fill me up. Sometimes she even cooked a kilogram of potatoes just for me. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Sundays, I was allowed to feast on whatever I wanted, although I didn't take full advantage of this freedom. Sunday had always been chicken day in the Blood family, and I didn't let my diet stop me from enjoying it. In total, I consumed about 21 kilograms of milk powder during those two years, which is equivalent to the protein in over 500 liters (132 US gallons, 110 imperial gallons) of milk. Of the dietary supplements, I only had a proven severe deficiency in the first two, which I did not compensate for over a year (!). That alone should show how little I cared about myself and how much I let myself go. For the rest, I had learned from the *High Speed Diet* material and elsewhere that it'd be better to take them if you had a very unbalanced diet. I didn't strictly follow all their recommendations, but went my own way. By Christmas 2022, I had lost the first 35 kilograms (77 lb) and completed the first phase of my weight loss journey. In the following months, I tried "therapeutic fasting" several times, where I ate nothing at all for a week and drank nothing but water and unsweetened tea, as the old, initially extremely effective method no longer seemed to work. Both times, I lost around eight kilograms (17 lb), which came back as quickly as they had disappeared. In addition, on the third morning after starting the fast, I always developed a severely itchy rash consisting of lots of small red spots, as if I had measles. First on the inside of my upper arms, then later on my entire upper body, except for my face. The third time, I stopped at the end of the third day because

I finally figured out what was causing it. As soon as I started eating again, the symptoms subsided immediately and the spots faded and disappeared as quickly as they had come. This still happens to me when I haven't eaten enough for a few days, so it would be very nice if someone could explain this to me, as I can't find anything about it on the internet.

I needed a new diet, one that I could stick to for months. With the old one, I had to take a break every few weeks to recover, which meant that in 2022, I was “only” on a diet for 221 out of 365 days. From 19 June 2023 to 12 December 2023, I finally lost the last 25 kilograms (55 lb) in 177 consecutive days, i.e. in just over 25 weeks of dieting. The more you weigh, the dirtier a diet can be; you just have to consume less energy than is expended over a longer period of time. As long as you stick with it and are only concerned with losing weight and not your overall health, any means is acceptable. The *High Speed Diet* is a dirty diet, just like all other greenchoosy diets. In my case, all in all, it was probably better to lose weight in a dirty way than to continue to languish with a dangerously unhealthy BMI of 40. But why go to all that trouble when you can lose weight quickly, cleanly and, above all, sustainably from the very beginning? I lacked the necessary theoretical knowledge to do so. Even in the second phase of my weight loss journey, I was not as deutsch informed as I am today. My personally and demonstrably healthiest period was when I ate a completely animal-free diet for three and a half months in 2024. For a very specific reason, which will become clear in the next section, I had to stop. As a victim of convenience, I didn't start again. I'm in a dilemma that no mortal has ever had to face before. Am I writing myself inexorably into my hopeless death, or will I make history and abolish it? How long do I have to live? Only the sickest and most hopeless people know this, and I, too, know it very well. Either I will disappear from this world within 200 days of the publication of *Mein Sieg* and take it with me, or I will save this world within 20,000 days of the publication of *Mein Sieg*. There is no other outcome for me and humanity. Shall I now enjoy hell on Earth in my last remaining days, or live as

deutsch as possible, as I will do as a strong Führer, in order to serve mankind for as long as possible and create paradise on Earth? It is a strange compromise I have made, and I cannot even put it into words. If I were 100% convinced of the success of my primary plan, then I would certainly live deutscher, but no, even the smartest human of all time harms himself in fullest consciousness. You cannot expect anything else from me for the life of the deustchest. I am 1% deutsch, of course, as all humans will be one day, but I am still 99% Homo. Even the Deutsche has to fight against his greenchoosy cravings, which is precisely why we must create a world in which, for example, there are no more fattening agents. It is not a question of discipline whether one can eat deutsch, be active deutsch, recover deutsch, aso. asf., but essentially what kind of living space one lives in and what life circumstances one finds oneself in. Our entire environment is sick and unspesieifying. So, now I still have to finish the story. Instead of eating milk, milk and milk, I “only” drank 50 grams of tasty milk powder dissolved in half a liter of water. In addition, I ate a daily muesli consisting of soy flakes, oat flakes, sultanas, almonds, peanuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, sunflower seeds, cocoa nibs and other stuff, which I softened with room-temperature cold water for a quarter of an hour before my only meal of the day at 12 noon. Unfortunately, I can no longer specify the exact quantities and ingredients, as the *LibreOffice Calc* file fell victim to my deletion frenzy in 2024, but more than half of the muesli consisted of oat flakes. I bought most of it in a nearby grocery and the rest in a chemist’s. About once a month, I prepared my four-kilogram supply of muesli by cutting open more than a dozen plastic packages, tipping the contents into a large container and mixing everything together until it was nice and dry, so that I hardly had to put any further effort into procuring and preparing my food. For less than one euro fifty a day, I had put together a functional and healthy basic diet. Together with the milk powder, it cost less than three euros a day. Who says healthy eating is expensive? It can be even more varied, cheaper and healthier than described here—just look at Deutschland! If one factored in all the costs, one couldn’t

afford to be unhealthy at all. I kept the piece of fruit, but I ate less of what my mother served me. The closer you get to your healthy target weight, the cleaner your diet has to be. The key to success was that the motto was no longer “Protein, Protein above all”, but “You need them all”. If you shut yourself off from carbohydrates, you shut off your intestines. Or open Pandora’s box. In one phase, I had nothing but diarrhea, in the other, nothing but deutscherrhea. Three guesses as to what in which.

Since I wasn’t going to move out after all, I moved into our ground floor on Sunday, 14 April 2024. My kingdom measured around 38 square meters. After opening the front door in the dirty outer hallway, you found yourself in a clean inner hallway. A few meters straight ahead into the jungle, you could see my ten-square-meter toughening and study room on your left, where my height-adjustable desk, my gaming chair, my small but fine 1.8×0.6 meter soft mat, and the first of a total of two black 2x4 *KALLAX* shelves without any inserts. For a while, the *PlayStation 4*, the TV table, the one sofa, the carpet and the TV from the large living room were given asylum here, to where they had to remigrate once the reason for their flight had been eliminated. At the sharp right-hand bend in the hallway, the house’s washing machine had stood in the left-hand corner from the very beginning. The rest of the ground floor had been completely untidy and had served as a storage area for all kinds of odds and ends and construction debris, only the path to the washing machine had always been halfway passable, although no one except my mother hardly had ever used it. The storage hallway ran parallel to two-thirds of the length of the hallway. Due to the staircase leading to the upper floor, the ceiling of the storage hallway was sloped at an angle of almost 70%, so I was able to fit in a second *KALLAX* shelf, but otherwise I didn’t make full use of the space, as I didn’t want to be constantly bending down and crawling, and I had enough space elsewhere anyway. This brings us to the other side of the house, facing the garden. The hallway led to my twelve-square-meter quiet room and bedroom, and this room

led to my three-and-a-half-square-meter bathroom with a shower and toilet. I spent most of the day in the quiet room and bedroom, although the study has been giving it a run for its money for several months now thanks to my work on *Mein Sieg*, but the six to eight hours of sleep a day alone are hard to beat. Here I had my *OrthoMatra KSP-500 XXL* measuring 120×200 centimeters at a price of €118.90, a 1.6-meter-long white sofa with upholstered rests at both ends, on which I lay reading, watched *YouTube* via *NewPipe* and PSB programmes via *MediathekViewWeb*, and generally spent time with my smartphone, a €280.00 *Google Pixel 6a*, as well as a clothes horse, which I haven't even been folding up lately for reasons of convenience. My clothes (consisting of 16 thin, short underpants and undershirts for the summer and eight thicker, long underpants and undershirts for the winter, all black, as well as a few pairs of joggers, shorts, swimming trunks, winter toe socks and jackets with a total value of less than €500) filled four of the eight compartments of the *KALLAX* shelf in my study (the jackets hung on a rollable coat stand in the same room), but why spend time folding clothes and putting them away on the shelf instead of helping yourself to the clothes horse every day and turning on the washing machine as soon as it is almost empty every 7 or 15 days? In July 2023, I came to the conclusion that my mattress was much too big, so I switched to a space-saving 2.4 square meters, which I am more than happy with. The pallet bed was also completely unnecessary. I sold the floor mats, weight bench and dumbbells as a complete package on *eBay Kleinanzeigen* in March 2023 (purchase price €314.54, sale price €150.00). I also wanted to sell the pallet bed there, but my brother prevented me from doing so because he now wanted to enjoy the benefits of a large bed too. After I moved out of our old shared children's room, he had already bought a 140×200 centimeter bed, but that wasn't enough for him, apparently. Transporting it wasn't easy, but with combined efforts, the two of us managed it. Since July 2023, I've been sleeping on a mattress that simply lies on the floor. I probably got rid of my two pillows, one of which was a 3-chamber pillow filled with 100% goose down at a price of €69.99,

at my mother's head in 2022 or in spring 2023 at the latest. Bed bases, pillows, bed frames—it's all nonsense and a money-making scheme. Nobody needs them, just ask the Japanese. For a while, I even considered sleeping directly on the floor, but since the floors in the hallways and bathroom were tiled and the rest of the floor was covered with linoleum, that wouldn't work. I could have bought something like a futon, but they are outrageously expensive, and I would have had to part with my two beautiful kiwi-coloured fitted sheets from *Formesse*. To be honest, I haven't changed my bed linen for almost six months, even though I used to do so every four weeks. The things I'm willing to do and give up for Deutschland and the World! My two-door wardrobe remained in the living room, which was completely restored to its former glory after the second and last move of my life. I wanted to sell the treadmill on *Kleinanzeigen*—the new old owner got rid of the *eBay* part of the name in May 2023—before my move in February 2024 and I had already found a prospective buyer. My brother thwarted this at the very last second as well. He pocketed it and had the three of us carry the 105 kilograms (230 lb) to his annex with my father and unpack it after I had fobbed off my customer with a white lie. I couldn't very well explain to him that my proud brother resented me for telling him that he wouldn't use the treadmill anyway and that it would end up as a useless dust collector, since he hadn't used it ten times in the last three years, which proved me right, but no, he had wanted to start jogging for a long time, but his arduous training to become a master of plant mechanics for sanitary, heating and air conditioning technology had not allowed it, so I finally gave in. I didn't charge him a penny for either the pallet bed or the treadmill, even though I had paid for the pallet bed in full and half of the treadmill out of my own pocket. On 23 July 2019, my father ordered me the *Kawai ES 110 B* digital piano, complete with piano bench and stand, as well as Jens Rupp's learning books. Part of the money I used to pay off my debt came from my first salary as a cashier at *REWE*. Long story short: I couldn't do it. Day after day come rain or shine, I went to the unheated annex and spent hours

lonely and alone, fingering those goddamn keys, and yet I couldn't make any significant progress. In case it's not already clear: I'm a deeply impatient person when I realise that I'm wasting my time for stupid reasons. In the situation itself, I may grin and bear it, but when I think things through alone in peace, I hate myself and, where appropriate, others. The same applies when I feel like I've been taken for a ride. It wasn't easy for me to accept that the train for learning an instrument had left the station, unless I wanted to take lessons and invest a lot of time. I hated my parents for denying me this opportunity. A few days and weeks before my graduation ceremony, I sold everything at a tolerable loss to a young, educated-looking and shy Aryan Munich man, who ended up dealing with an unkempt wannabe intellectual and actual caraway seed merchant. I believe that I had already stopped playing the piano barefoot before the outbreak of Coronazism. Nine months later, I handed over the proceeds in cash and two hundred more to my father for the treadmill.

Since 14 April 2024, I've been living in clear and distinct isolation from my surroundings. Even before that, I spent a lot of time alone on one floor, but at least I often saw, heard and smelled my mother while she was cooking, talking on the phone or watching TV, and I visited her several times a day. I still do that; we see each other at least three times a day, in the morning, at noon and in the evening, but it's something completely different to *really* live alone.

On the morning of 19 June 2024, I got up at 6 a.m., picked up the suitcase I had packed the night before and took the bus and metro to the *310Klinik GmbH* at Neumeyerstraße 46, 90411 Nuremberg. My tummy was to be tucked. The evening before, I had handwritten my living will, which read: "In the event of my death during or immediately after my tummy tuck, I hereby decree that you may take everything usable from my body (my heart is said to be world-class medically). You can dispose of the body for burial at ***, *** Nuremberg. Before doing so, it is best to contact my father, *** ***, on +49 171 ***. Nuremberg, 18 June 2024, *** ***". I left it

at home. I am supposed to have been put to sleep at 10:09 a.m., the first incision is supposed to have been made at 10:56 a.m., the wound is supposed to have been sutured at 1:05 p.m., and I am supposed to have woken up from the anaesthesia in the recovery room at 2:35 p.m. At some point, I was wheeled back to my room. I was lying in the almost empty private ward on the fifth upper floor. In the evening, I watched Germany play Hungary. Germany won 2–0. The next morning, after the physician’s visit at around 9:30 a.m., I was allowed/had to go home. Two drains hung down on my left and right, slightly below my iliac crest. One was removed after a few days, the other after a week. After a month, the worst was over; after three months, almost everything was fine; after nine months, everything was fine. The “Specialist in Plastic and Aesthetic Surgery” I chose was a narcissist. That’s exactly why I chose him. Because I hoped he would be a successful narcissist who would do his job well. He lived in Bamberg and had recently become the “owner” of a practice in Bamberg. He performed “minimally invasive” procedures there, whereas for larger operations he had to rely on “partner clinics”. The follow-up care took place in Bamberg. Six times between 21 June 2024 and 23 August 2024, I travelled to his practice by bus, metro, regional train and city train. The first five times, I appeared heavily to slightly stooped, as there is no other way, just ask any imperial mother. The sixth time, I finally straightened up. Why did I waste three to four hours of my day travelling there and back each time? Why did I take on the initially arduous journey? Because I believed he was a narcissist! A successful narcissist!

Before signing the treatment contract in his practice on 12 April 2024, I consulted two other plastic surgeons in Nuremberg. The first was a total psychopath. On 4 August 2023, I showed up at his practice on Wöhrder Lake. We talked for over an hour. I asked him what lifting operations he could recommend from a professional point of view. I was particularly interested in having my breasts, upper arms, tummy and buttocks done. His speciality was women’s breasts, one could tell. As a layman, I cannot judge his professional

opinions, but I do buy him that he would have been able to give me beautiful breasts. The only problem was that he charged too much. I couldn't have afforded €15,000 or more for every single operation. I thanked him warmly and left the practice. Less than fifteen minutes later, he called me while I was still on the tram home and asked me in a serious tone why I hadn't paid the €50.00 consultation fee. I told him truthfully that I had forgotten in my preoccupied state and that no one had mentioned it to me when I left the practice. When I made the appointment, I was already informed that I would have to pay the amount in cash. A man who, together with his wife, also a trained plastic surgeon, certainly earned no less than half a million euros after taxes and everything else per year, was personally chasing after €50.00 gross? As absurd as it may sound, I believe that he earned these consultation fees on the side off the books. I can't explain his frustration at having to issue me an invoice and send it by email any other way. "Dear Mr ***. As previously discussed on the phone, you still need to pay the consultation fee. I am enclosing the invoice. Please transfer the amount immediately, quoting the invoice number, to the bank account details below. If you have any questions, please feel free to call the practice on Monday. Kind regards, Dr. med. *** ***". Even during the consultation, he seemed extremely suspicious to me from the very beginning, but now it was clear where I stood. I'd like to emphasise explicitly that I would still have let him cut my breasts; it was solely his price expectations that put me off. He was a money-hungry psychopath, no question, but he wasn't supposed to become my friend, he was supposed to skilfully remove my excess fat and, above all, skin tissue. The fact that he was able to charge such prices to simple-minded, superficial women from the upper middle class and the upper class at least suggests that he knew his craft. All it would take was one wrong woman with a powerful man at her side, and that would be the end of the ant. One has to give this Romanian his due for one thing: I had no inhibitions whatsoever about showing myself naked to him. No, it wasn't because he was a physician. He was (to my knowledge) the

first person to see me in my birthday suit after the summer of 2012. I deliberately skipped the two youth examinations. I was even a little proud to be allowed to submit to and be humiliated by a psychopath in a controlled setting. I'm not entirely sure whether I would have dared to go to the Bulgarian small-testicles-urologist two months later without this experience. As a little souvenir for himself, he took a few nude photos. Next, on 14 December 2023, I went to see the Bamberger for the first time. I had a good feeling about him. To make sure I had found the right man, I visited a third plastic surgeon in Nuremberg city centre on 13 January 2024. He was an old Greek hand. The only thing I can really hold against him is that when he showed me his collection of patients he had operated on—all four surgeons showed me before-and-after pictures of exclusively female bodies—he displayed a strange pride, as if to say, “Look what I’ve done!” With the Romanian, it was even more extreme. Only God knows what he did with these pictures in his spare time. Good for him, my God, you only live once. I myself would have been literally mortified if anyone had caught even the slightest glimpse of my trophy collection, but every serial offender ticks differently. Unlike the Greek state, however, the Greek was open and honest. The price was €10,000, he wasn’t dependent on me and had more than enough patients, if I felt like it, I could contact him at any time, if not, then not. Fifteen minutes later, the “consultation” ended, which he billed to my health insurance. On a personal level, I like honest and confident people, but as I said, this was not about the personal level. He spoke broken German, he was a little more expensive than the Bamberger, and his pictures were more of a deterrent than an advertisement. He said he couldn’t waive the collection and payment of sales tax regarding that it was a medically necessary procedure, the tax office audited him every few years, here and there, high and low, they weren’t a laughing matter. Successful integration, I would say. With the German Bamberger, there were no problems, I just wonder why. On 2 July, he sent me a letter with a bill for €6,839.98. After a pleasant conversation on 23 August and a friendly reminder letter

on 17 October, the price dropped to €1,839.51. Now don't keep us in suspense any longer, Nathan, tell us: What on earth did this man do to you? Nothing. Medically speaking, everything went according to plan. There were no complications during the operation, I was 800 grams lighter, the wound healed, all well and good. During the two consultations before the operation, he was very friendly, seemed empathetic and took plenty of time. I realised at first glance that his friendly manner was just a mask he had put on to charm me. I played along and didn't let on. Professionally, he seemed competent. He had worked for many years as a (managing) senior physician at the University Hospital Erlangen. Of the four operations mentioned, he only recommended a tummy tuck and a butt lift, provided I really wanted the latter. The Romanian wanted to operate on everything, the Greek only on my tummy. We wanted to start with the tummy, as I might then decide against the butt lift. I felt I was in good hands. "If you get a certificate from another physician, we can save on sales tax", he told me with sparkling eyes, otherwise the total cost would be €7,000 to €8,000. He also encouraged me to apply to my health insurance company to cover the costs, then it would only cost €3,000 to €4,000, as statutory health insurance companies did not cover everything and reimbursed flat-rate amounts, which was a great pity. I had already looked into this beforehand and knew that they would reject it, but I allowed myself some literary fun and wrote what was probably the funniest health insurance cost coverage application in the history of mankind. I went through all the non-legal instances before it was finally rejected on 15 May 2024 by the, of course, independent appeals committee of *Audi BKK*. He looked very sad and let the corners of his mouth droop. In the end, €8,500 was stipulated in the treatment contract, just to be on the safe side, as one never knew exactly how an operation would go. On 13 August, after I had to request it several times by phone since 10 July, the *310Klinik GmbH* finally sent me a letter with an invoice for €1,349.20, which I paid immediately. I only found out on the day of the operation that I had to pay a larger amount to the hospital. Before that, I had assumed that the costs for board and lodging

would be manageable, which ultimately amounted to €325.80 and was therefore completely within the expected range. Two and a half hours before the operation began, I was ultimately presented with a *fait accompli* and signed the treatment contract with the GmbH without resistance. The treatment contract with the Bamberger included “2 days in hospital”. $\text{€6,839.98} + \text{€1,349.20} + \text{€325.80} = \text{€8,514.98}$. He always pretended that I was saving money. I didn’t sleep well at all during my night in hospital. At around 4 a.m., they turned off my Wi-Fi. I will wisely refrain from mentioning some other unpleasant incidents at the hospital and at his practice involving the “nurses” and a “medical assistant”. On 6 August, he sent me a payment reminder. On 8 August, I consulted a fourth and final plastic surgeon. Now I knew everything I needed to know. In pretence, I consulted him again at our last personal encounter on 23 August, this time in detail about a butt lift, before placing the weapons on the table. I openly threatened him that he would have to face consequences if he did not correct the bill. It wasn’t about the money. It wasn’t even about his aesthetic botched job anymore. I wanted to hurt him, and the greatest harm I could inflict on him was a small blow to his wallet and a big one to his vanity. For weeks, such hatred had built up inside me that I had nightmares in which he injected me, rendering me motionless and unable to fight back, and killed me while I tried to scream for help and couldn’t do anything about it. I was afraid to challenge him on his own territory, but those who do not venture into the lion’s den, cannot tear the bloody mane from its repulsive crest. Until the very end, he refused to admit that he was an unsuccessful narcissist; to the end, he played his role. In the end, he was just speechless, which did not satisfy me at all. I confess that I was close to tears, and yet for the first time in my life, I managed not to cry during an argument, and what’s more, during the most heated and honest exchange ever. Still angry, but at least alive, I travelled back home. In the days, weeks and months that followed, I examined and asked myself: Am I doing this man an injustice? Have I gone too far? Could you be wrong? Is he perhaps the kind-hearted person he pretended to be?

No, he definitely wasn't, there was too much evidence for my point of view and not little, but far too little for his point of view, but in the end I had to feel sorry for him. That's just how I am. On 12 January 2025, just as I did all my other adversaries, I forgave him completely.

The fourth plastic surgeon was a Luxembourger and a good man. Like the Bamberger, he treated his former patients with respect and seemed to be in his element professionally. By the way, the medical colleague and current employee of the Bamberger, from whom he had once taken over the practice, was such a perv, as I could conclude from just a few sentences that were uttered during a conversation with a breast augmented patient, which I involuntarily was able to eavesdrop on quite comfortably from the waiting room, but that's just a side note. Like the Greek, he showed no psychological abnormalities. Unlike the three other plastic surgeons, he did not run his own practice as a freelancer or partner, but was a salaried physician at a GmbH, a German limited company, whose business purpose was "the performance of cosmetic surgeries by certified physicians and the management of clinics in accordance with Section 30 of the Trade Regulation Act" and whose annual surplus in 2023 was €608,706. During the consultation, he repeatedly hinted to me that he would soon be leaving the office and that I should keep my eyes open if I was interested in having the Bamberger's botched job corrected. Less than two months later, he actually moved to a clinic in Düsseldorf. When it came to the financial absorption after the medical consultation, I understood why. The son of the managing director and authorised signatory of the GmbH behaved in such an incredibly unpleasant and money-hungry manner and spoke so imperiously about "his" employed physicians that it horrified me. I don't know if his father was as much of a loser as he was, in any case, a bloody business bro with a master's degree was discussing a fookin' surgical procedure with me. I put the €20.00 consultation fee on the table, left the company quickly and wondered what I had done wrong in life.



On Thursday, 6 June 2024, I arrived punctually at 8:30 a.m. at the *Vocational School for Nursing at the Academy Klinikum Nuremberg*, Heimerichstraße 58, 90419 Nuremberg, for the third and final job interview of my life. It went badly. The next day, I received an acceptance email. On 11 March 2024, I had been vaccinated against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. On 11 April 2024, I had been vaccinated against *COVID-19* with *30 µg Comirnaty Omicron XBB.1.5*. Neither would have been necessary, but now that there was no longer any obligation or pressure, I simply wanted to try the latter. Since nobody wanted the stuff voluntarily anymore, I had to take the city train to Fischbach in the far east of Nuremberg, where a brave GP was still holding the line. It was far worse than natural infection with *SARS-CoV-2*. On the way back, I already noticed how my heart was struggling with it. Even in the days that followed, I could still feel my heart beating strongly, despite taking special care to rest my body. The physician had made an appointment for the second vaccination on the same day and wanted to waste an entire pack, which could be used to vaccinate several people, just for me. I gratefully declined to participate on 16 April. Incidentally, between the first infection and the vaccination, I had most likely been infected a second time at home, which resulted in a slight runny nose for a few days. It's hard to believe, but the question of whether health or vaccination came first is not as difficult to answer as the question of whether the chicken or the egg came first. You cannot conjure up a germ-free world, nor can you create an artificial immune system. I've been vaccinated against everything that was recommended in my day. As a child, I was never afraid of physicians because I knew they had my best interests at heart. Now I know deutscher.

From 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., lessons took place at the same times as at school. However, the lunch break was “only” 45 minutes long instead of 75 minutes, and after that there was the fourth and final

double lesson of the day. So from Monday to Friday, school ended at 3:15 p.m. every day. In other respects, too, it was similar to upper secondary. Attendance was compulsory, and anyone who arrived late or wanted to leave early had to be excused. One was allowed to be absent for up to ten days per school year or during the three-year training programme (officially at school, unofficially at vocational school) without any problems, but after that one could be required to provide a physician's note, which meant that one had to have a physician certify each time that one was unfit for work. Unlike at school, however, I had voluntarily signed a contract, a training contract that stipulated that I had to work or be present for an average of 38.5 hours per week. One was paid to go to school. During the school weeks, the hours were generously rounded up, since 8×45 minutes is only 6 hours instead of the 7.7 hours of work actually performed in practice each day. The annual training allowance negotiated under the collective agreement amounted to €1,340.69 gross per month in the first year of training. In the third year of training, I would have received €1,653.38 as of today and, if the increases of previous years were continued, probably €1,728.38 or €1,803.38. In order to complete the training with a state exam, Section 1 PflAPrV required at least 2,100 hours of theoretical training and at least 2,500 hours of practical training. Theory meant school, practice meant working at Klinikum Nuremberg and other locations such as a residential nursing home and a home nursing service. There were two specialisations: "pediatric care" and "acute inpatient care". The former involved babies, children and a few youths, while the latter involved everyone else, which, given Germany's current age structure and the fuckistic healthcare systems earthwide, meant that over 60% of all patients were over 60 years old. Soon, all other specialities will be abolished and only geriatrics will remain. Well, what do You think I specialised in? In "acute inpatient care", of course. I couldn't make much of adults, and I was even more awkward when dealing with adolescents. What's more, I would otherwise have had to travel all the time to the remote Südklinikum Nuremberg, the place where I was supposedly born, whereas the Nordklinikum, which was right

next to the school, was much easier and quicker to reach by public transport, as in 2017 the metro station *Klinikum Nord* was dug up right next door, where you could listen to eerie music for up to ten minutes before the U3 towards Großreuth finally arrived and took you away. Incidentally, one of the most important reasons why I chose this training programme was that I wanted to improve my communication skills, and I'll tell You my whole plan in a moment. I never understood why the killing of the disabled during the Nazi era was so deeply bewailed. Jews, faggots, Slavs—it was always clear to me that the indiscriminate and random murder of these groups was greenchoosy, but the disabled? I am by no means alone in this; amongst all the victims of the Nazis, the disabled are generally—secretly the least mourned. Most people couldn't explain exactly why this intuitive-natural attitude is deutsch, but because of their stupidity, they'd just spout nonsense and cause chaos. Quite a few would also admit under their breath that the persecution of Gypsygypsies was not entirely wrong, and I know that You know where I stand on this. Well, how do You think I behaved towards the weak and sick? Hm. Yes, there were some patients who should have been gassed long ago, and quite a few who, if they had been deutsch, would probably have had themselves gassed long ago. But that doesn't mean one has to treat these people like dirt, quite the contrary, how could one even think that? I believe the great, great misunderstanding lies in the fact that the unspecified human considers death to be something bad. But it isn't. Life is hard, life is cruel, life is unfair. Life is an eternal struggle for existence. Healthy people want to live, of course; we are called living beings for a reason. And yet we all are going to die one day. Natural death means being killed and eaten or dying and decomposing. Herd animals usually help each other as far as possible and for as long as possible, while individuals doomed to die know exactly when they must refuse help themselves so as not to be a burden on the community any longer. As with everything, the question arises: *Is this what I want, or what others expect of me?* In an advanced Deutschland, this tensional relationship will no longer exist, if it ever existed at all

before the Age of Fuckism. Everyone will want the deutsch and do the deutsch as deutsch as possible. In an advanced Deutschland, no one will openly tell you or try to subtly convey that it is finally time to make your exit. Each individual will personally decide when the time has come for him. The one, a perfectly healthy 75-deutschyear-old, will decide that he has seen enough of this world, while another, a sprightly 450-deutschyear-old, will never have had enough. Why should a perfectly healthy 75-deutschyear-old not want to live any longer? What do I know? But who am I to deny him that? It's probably fair to say that suicidal thoughts are a sign of mental illness. No animal other than the unspecified human has probably ever had suicidal thoughts. We live in a world where even ten-year-old human's children have suicidal thoughts. **Because. We. Are. Unspecified.** You'll find out who I'm talking about later. One generation gives birth to another since it is the most natural thing any living being can do. The older ones must be there for the young, not the younger ones for the old. If the older ones have been there for the young, then the younger ones will be there for the old. The old who do not want to die, the young who—mostly from a purely superficial point of view—do not want to age, all of this is sick and pure unspecification.

On 12 April 2024, I applied for training as a “nursing specialist”. I applied to the Klinikum Nuremberg and nowhere else. I put very little effort into my application letter. On 22 May, I received an invitation to an interview. So for a month and a half, my future was completely up in the air. Further theoretical studies were out of the question for the time being; it had to be practical training. In my uniformly candid application letters for training as a physiotherapist, I stated that I was only interested in the craft and the “health sector”. I went on to explain that the craft was closed to me for insurance reasons, as one is obliged to wear “not only” conventional shoes, but particularly unhealthy safety shoes. At first, nursing was just a stopgap solution for me. I became aware of this profession when I saw that almost every other job advertisement

on the employment website *indeed* was looking for nursing staff. It wasn't until 10 May that I really felt like doing it and downloaded dozens of specialist books from *Springer Nature* via *Anna's Archive*, which I wanted to work through, as I had done previously in the field of physiotherapy on 10 March. Now that it had become clear that no company outside the low-wage sector and nursing would hire me, I wanted to try my hand at self-employment. The training was to serve as a safety net. If self-employment didn't work out, I planned to work two to three days a week as a nurse in order to afford a modest but carefree life. Studying medicine would also be within the realm of possibility, as before. It made sense to become a self-employed nutritionist, as losing weight was the only thing I had ever succeeded at in life. When I wanted to lose a few kilograms myself before my tummy tuck, which I had gained again in the meantime, I luckily came across Michael Greger's three books on 7 May. Over time, I had developed my own theories on how to lose weight most successfully and efficiently, and it couldn't hurt to compare these with theories that aimed to be scientific. He did not disappoint me. Mr Greger and his team were able to show me, for example, why my insulin level was still relatively high at 19.6 $\mu\text{U}/\text{mL}$ on 26 April 2023 (19 October 2020: 55.1 $\mu\text{U}/\text{mL}$), even though I was consuming hardly any easily digestible carbohydrates compared to before. It was because of the concentrated milk powder. Insulin = carbohydrates? As if! On 22 July 2024, after almost two animal-free months, it was 2.03 $\mu\text{U}/\text{mL}$. I eagerly read all his books and made some changes to my own lifestyle and diet. I kept the muesli with a few changes, but added 400 to 500 grams of cruciferous vegetables every day. I also managed to largely banish "table salt" from our household. On 8 May, I had already started writing my first compendium, but I quickly stopped because I lacked an overall concept. I then immersed myself in real mathematics, among other things, until 15 June. To be honest, in my memory I did this for much longer than five weeks, but those are the facts. I stopped because I could no longer draw on my mental peak performance abilities from the time before Coronazism or my illness, which made

me very, very sad. At the beginning of July, I really started writing the two compendia that I wanted to make available to my clients. On 20 August, they were finished, one on the theory and the other on the practice of healthy eating and healthy weight loss, a total of $24 + 27 = 51$ A4 pages full of content. I copied the scientific theories in a highly condensed form from the esteemed Mr Greger, and the rest came from the life experience I believed I had at my disposal. Initially, I planned to work exclusively on site in the form of home visits in Nuremberg and the surrounding area using public transport. I did get my B197 driver's license on 8 March 2023, which cost me and my parents for 40.33 driving lessons at an hourly rate of €57.00, with all the trimmings, €3,296.21 (they covered €2,000.00), but if I'm not mistaken, I never sat behind the wheel alone and only once with each of my brother and father as passenger. I hate driving, and I don't like being driven. It's all far too complicated, time-consuming and dangerous! I should have failed because I was driving at almost 50 km/h (31 mph) in a 30 km/h (19 mph) zone because I had overlooked the sign at the traffic lights and there was no traffic, but since I did everything else correctly under extreme tension and concentration, the examiner showed mercy. During my theory test on 5 September 2022 at the TÜV SÜD premises at Edisonstraße 15, 90431 Nuremberg, which I passed with ease with only three error points, almost all of the other candidates were Ausländer, some of whom were even allowed to take the test in their own language. I just remembered: My driving instructor said several times that I stank! However, not my whole body, as would have been completely correct, but my mouth, since I had often eaten spring onions from our garden before my driving lessons.

In July 2024, I rediscovered Christoph Heuermann. I had seen him in a *Galileo* report many years ago, but I can't remember my youthful attitude towards his lifestyle. Next, probably in September 2021, I read the *WELTplus* article with the headline “‘I haven't paid a penny of income tax in seven years'”, which was commented on in a very funny way. Then, in May 2023, I listened to the podcast entitled “Stateless and tax-free - Christoph has been travelling the world for

8 years” by him and Niklas. Both had strong arguments. Finally, in July 2024, I came across the *YouTube* video “Stateless: How to pay 0% tax!” From then on, I followed his content until around the end of September 2024. Initially, I just wanted to find out which legal form I should choose for my self-employment, and suddenly I found myself deeply immersed in the libertarian scene. The trick that Christoph, who likes to refer to himself as a “perpetual traveller”, uses is as follows: A partner in a partnership pays income tax on the profits of his partnership, provided he is liable for income tax. So you can avoid paying income tax by simply not becoming liable for income tax. And you don’t become liable if you don’t live anywhere permanently. Hence the “perpetual travelling”. A nomadic life that is out of the question for most people, and actually for me too. I never liked travelling; there’s no place like home. And yet, for a short time, this lifestyle held a certain fascination for me. I don’t know why. The only real consequence of it was that I intended to work not only in person but also digitally in order to keep this option open. To this end, I created a *WordPress* page between 9 and 22 August. Unlike the writing work, this was much less fun, as technical problems kept cropping up. My business model, on the other hand, was brilliant: The first client pays €1, the next €2, aso. asf. In the short term, I would have earned much less than I was actually entitled to objectively. In the long term, however, the mathematicians among You should have realised that it would be extremely worthwhile. According to Gauss, by the time I reached my 1,000th client, I would have generated gross sales of $€500 \times 1,001 = €500,500$, and there would have been no limits to how far I could go. The first clients would have had little to lose, and later clients would have known that there were X people before them whom I’d been able to satisfy. On many other websites of “weight loss coaches”, I saw how opaque they were about both the costs and the scope of their “programs”. I was also disgusted by how they displayed their clients—almost exclusively female bodies were shown on all the websites. It’s (presumably) not as if they were forced to do so at gunpoint, but my personal experiences had made

me sensitive to these things. I would like to mention one psychopath in particular here: Dominik Dotzauer, Doctor of Medicine and one of the two brains behind the *High Speed Diet*. So that's how the circle closes. I had a different approach. Not a distorted, seductive, visual one, but a naked, real, quantitative one. I wanted my clients to be able to regularly enter their current weight on my website, which would then have been publicly accessible to everyone in a table. Not to turn it into a competition to see who is the fastest and loses the most weight, but so that people could see what is realistically possible. I also wanted to create a kind of close-knit community where people could consult and support each other. Ultimately, it failed because I neither had the technical knowledge to set it up nor was I willing to acquire that knowledge. I put it off until later; first of all, I needed my first clients. Since I detested all "sales funnel" techniques and didn't think much of the circle-jerk-shit and slopshow called search engine optimisation, I placed advertisements via *Google AdSense*. Every time someone clicked on an ad that led to my website, I had to pay *Google* a small fee. The campaign ran from 27 August to 4 September, costing me a total of €102.55 (*Google*) + €19.48 (Tax Office Nuremberg-South) = €122.03 for 1,923 impressions and 187 interactions. However, with the help of a privacy-friendly *WordPress* extension, I could see that the vast majority left my site immediately. No one left his contact details. I found out that well over half of the interactions via *Google* ads did not come from real people. So, on 8 September, I tried to register with *Facebook*, which didn't work. On 4 September, I finished the presentation I wanted to show at the consultation. I felt so stupid rehearsing my text. I knew I wasn't a good presenter, but unlike in mathematics, I was deeply immersed in the subject matter. None of this was fun anymore. I pulled the ripcord and got away with a loss of €238.57.

On Tuesday, 10 September 2024, I reported for duty at the vocational school at 9 a.m. Less than fifteen minutes later, I realised that it had all been a huge mistake and, at the same time, the

best decision of my life. My class, S24-1, consisted of 33 schoolers, although two of my classmates never showed up. Of the 31 who did show up, five were male and 26 were female. The youngest was 15 years old, the oldest was about 44 years old, and together we were on average roughly 19 years old. Two other classes began their training alongside S24-1. The “S” stands for September; training began in April and September of each year. The fundamental mistake was that I believed I could get used to being part of a class community again. But I couldn’t. I never could. Whatever it is that triggers this in me, but whenever I have to deal with people for a longer period of time, I behave strangely and want to hide and isolate myself. However, that was by no means the reason why I terminated my training contract on 6 January 2025. It was because of the system, the theory, the practice and, above all, stupid, stupid people. On the very first day, the two class teachers drilled into everyone that this was no longer like school and that we had signed a contract and were employees. Whenever they deemed it necessary, the latter was repeated. One could easily have gained the impression that it was not all employees subject to social security contributions who were paying our salaries, but they personally. At the same time, everything was organised in such a petty manner, as if we were in middle secondary gymnasium. If there was a problem, one had to report it to the class teachers. One pretended that the school and the Klinikum Nuremberg were two independent institutions and that the school represented the interests of the schoolers, even though the two were closely intertwined and connected in terms of organisation and personnel. In addition to the class teachers, one was also taught by many other teachers in five different subjects, which were divided into eleven teaching units and these in turn into 28 modules, who almost always worked part-time at the hospital themselves. The quality of teaching was abysmal. Even in the first grade, I often had the impression that the teachers thought we were slow on the uptake, which, interestingly, became more pronounced at secondary school, but that was a whole different league. Since I disposed of almost all my documents relating to this training in December in

the paper and recycle bin, I am unfortunately unable to provide any more direct quotes here. However, one thing remains unforgettable: A slide explained why so many people suffered from high blood pressure nowadays. About 10% of cases were due to obesity, and the remaining 90% were not known for certain, as there were many different possible causes, which were currently being intensively researched. Let them continue their research; in Deutschland, we will simply abolish it. Then, in anatomy class, which for once was taught by a Doctor of Biology and not by an examined nurse with some kind of further training, a few statements were made that even I, as a layman, could prove to be untrue. Most of what he knew off the top of his head and talked about for hours was probably correct and certainly very interesting, which is why most of the class found him boring, but it could have been much, much more deutsch and German. Another module seriously dealt with the four humors theory, which was invented more than 2,500 years ago and has been obsolete for at least 170 years. The basic attitude of every Deutschen must be: All the people who lived before me were idiots, so I don't have to care what nonsense they spouted. For 12,000 years, we've had the strange situation that each generation could rightly claim that all subsequent generations would be stupider than themselves, which is why they took the nonsense of their elders at face value, embellished it and carried it on. In order to break with this fuckistic tradition, the basic attitude must be exactly this and no other. Only the deutsch will prove itself and remain. The worst thing about the theory, however, was that it played no role at all in practice. The same teachers who explained the latest and mostly unworldly nursing standards to us in great detail knew full well that things were very different on the ward. In no other profession do people think and work in such cognitive dissonance as in nursing, which leads to the most capable either giving up their work or retreating into the academic ivory tower, which only further exacerbates the dissonance at the grassroots level. I had a good laugh when, on the recommendation of my more experienced class teacher, I read the hospital experience report by "nursing scientist" Angelika Zegelin

in the *Süd[t]eutsche*. In summary, about 50% of the theory was nonsense, 30% was self-evident, 15% was ivory tower stuff, and only about 5% was really useful. The system forced me to waste almost nine hours of my day five days a week on this nonsense. After all, I was being paid for it, wasn't I?

When, after four weeks of theory, the first four weeks of practice finally began, I was visibly relieved. It couldn't get any worse, could it? I was assigned to Urology Ward 22 III right. One wasn't allowed to choose, one could only exclude. The "22" stands for the so-called house number, although I can see almost no system in how the "houses" were numbered non-sequentially from 1A to 60. The house numbers at the edge of the hospital grounds were obviously assigned according to the adjacent street numbers, but since the completely asphalted inner grounds with countless car parks had no official street names and numbers, the buildings were divided into houses and numbered for orientation purposes. The "III" stands for the upper floor number. Gynaecology was located on the first upper floor, urology on the third, and the second and fourth upper floors were divided between the two, as there were two wards on many floors: the left ward and the right ward. The fourth upper floor, which was structured and equipped quite differently, housed private patients. I had already become personally acquainted with gynaecology, or more precisely with the breast centre on the ground floor, since I had my breasts examined there on 19 September 2023. I believe the physician detected a slight (pseudo)gynaecomastia in my left breast. When I came to the ward for the second time on 7 October 2024 (one had to introduce oneself briefly beforehand), I quickly realised how tightly everything was organised. No one took care of you, you were immediately in the game and had to beg for even the most necessary information yourself. The slut who was supposed to show me around the ward and introduce me to the daily routine called in sick, and there was no replacement. So I did exactly what I was to do for the next few days: Listen attentively and shadow a fully trained nurse or nursing assistant. Training as a nursing assistant took "only" a year, after which one was allowed

to do much of what the nurses were allowed to do, but one had less responsibility, hardly any opportunities for advancement and therefore earned significantly less than them in the long run. Virtually everything in the current healthcare system revolves around who is allowed to do what. Not who can do what, but who is formally allowed to do what. If something goes wrong, it's the only thing that matters; the judge waves everything else through with best regards, if anything comes to light at all. If they had known that, they would be much more relaxed about it and concentrate on their actual work instead, but they didn't know that, and I didn't want to shake their world view, so I kept this secret to myself. In nursing, the pecking order was as follows: nursing assistant in training < nurse in training < nursing assistant (from about the second year of training onwards, nurses were worth more than nursing assistants) < nurse < nurse with further training (in the further training courses, there was an even finer distinction, which I will spare the reader, as I am not exactly familiar with it myself). Everyone I met had no problem with this system at all. Yes, I even felt sorry for some of the nursing assistants who seemed to want to subordinate themselves to me. Everyday life looked like this: The early shift started at 6 a.m. Until about 6:40 a.m., the shift handover took place, which meant that a nurse from the night shift went through all the patients in the ward and told tales out of school about everything you needed to know in terms of nursing and organisation. This included, for example, which drains a patient had (bladder catheter, foley catheter, Cystofix, Easy Flow, ileal conduit, urostomy, Redon drain, Robinson drain), who was going into surgery and when, meaning who had to be taken to the operating theatres in the basement, whether a patient needed to be washed and, of course, why a patient was in our ward in the first place and what relevant pre-existing conditions he had. There were also outpatients who came in during the day, had surgery and were allowed/had to leave on the same day, but the vast majority were admitted to one of the 32 beds after or even before the operation, meaning that in 95% of cases they stayed in hospital for one to seven days. Then, until around 6:50

a.m., the medical consumables in the nursing trolleys were checked for completeness and replenished if necessary (the nursing materials such as bed linen and washcloths were replenished by the cleaning staff). Then the rounds began. The ward was structured similarly to the number “8” displayed on a seven-segment display. As soon as you entered the ward, you found yourself in the bottom left-hand corner. The seven segments represent the approximately two-meter-wide hallway. Below the bottom segment was the kitchen, where you could get tea, coffee and (sparkling) water, and next to it was the staff base, the so-called ward room. This is where medicines, infusions, blood pressure monitors, clinical thermometers, etc. were stored. At the same time, this is where the medical assistants sat, who took care of the organisation and coordination, inserted venous catheters and drew blood from the patients. There was also a teeny-tiny break room where you could eat and hand over your shift in the evening. In the middle of the central segment was a small lounge for patients, which was misused for handover in the mornings and at noon. Along the outside of the remaining five segments, patients were accommodated in a total of 15 two-bed rooms and two single rooms. The rooms, which were approximately 14 square meters in size, were equipped with a bathroom with a sink and toilet, a bed, a wardrobe, a rollable-adjustable bedside table, a window, a curtain, a disinfectant dispenser, a glove dispenser, a table and two chairs. In the two-bed rooms, there were two of each of the first four things mentioned. Along the inside of the upper three segments, there were two showers, a toilet, a staff toilet, a staff changing room, a physician’s room, an ultrasound room, two storage rooms and two sterilisation rooms. The lower hole of the eight was really a hole and therefore transparent, so you could look up and down into the other wards. Immediately to the left of the entrance was the food lift, from which four food trolleys rolled out in the morning, at lunchtime and in the evening each. The three nursing trolleys stood in the hallway in front of the ward room. During a round, everyone swarmed out of the ward room in both directions, left and right. Those on the left started at the bottom, those on the right at the top. In this

way, all patients were taken care of one by one and the work was divided up quite fairly. The right side was responsible for 15 beds, the left side for 17. During the early and late shifts, one nurse was responsible for each side. Ideally, the two nurses had a fully trained nursing assistant and a nurse in training at their disposal. During the early shift, another nursing assistant was supposed to take over the service. In the best-case scenario, there were five people working the early shift and four working the late shift. At least three nurses had to be entered in the shift schedule. Two of them actually worked, while the third sat around eating in the ward room or was somewhere else entirely. During the night shift, two people were apparently responsible for the entire ward. If there were two non-nurses, now they would drive around with their nursing trolleys, measure each patient's blood pressure, pulse and temperature, and also check the blood sugar levels of diabetic patients, noting the values on a sheet of paper printed with the room number, age, gender and name of all patients. Everyone made important notes on such a sheet during the handover. Later, the values were entered by hand into the observation charts. Meanwhile, the two nurses prepared the (antibiotic) infusions for the early shift and checked the daily medication provided by the night shift for completeness and correctness. As soon as they were done, they also made their rounds, distributing the tablets prescribed by the physicians and attaching the IVs prescribed by the physicians. Everything was done on the physicians' orders. At around 7:30 a.m., mostly two, but sometimes three or even four physicians would arrive at the ward. No physician was responsible for more than one side, too. Now the daily physician's rounds began, which took place every day except Sunday. They went through the ward room by room, inquiring about the patients' well-being and answering their questions. The nurses stood by and wrote down that the catheter could now be removed, that the patient had to remain fasting, that the patient was allowed to eat again, that the patient was allowed to go home today, *aso. asf.* At 8:00 a.m., the service distributed breakfast. I was happy to assist. First, he had to fill the three dozen water

jugs and three thermos flasks in the kitchen and place them on the two food trolleys. Room by room, we filled the cups with hot water or coffee, put them back on the trays and finally placed them on the patients' bedside tables or, less frequently, on the table. At 9:00 a.m., the trays, which were often still (half) full, were cleared away. The food trolleys were pushed into the food lift on the left ward, which was similar in layout to the right ward and also had 32 beds. Afterwards, patients in need of assistance were helped with their personal hygiene and bedridden patients were washed at their bedsides. If the latter were also unable to eat independently, they were administered their food and tablets beforehand. Lunch was served at 12:00 noon and cleared away again at 1:00 pm. Afterwards, the urine bags were emptied into two-liter measuring cups and five-liter buckets, which were then emptied in the sterilisation rooms and subsequently sterilised, i.e. washed in small "special dishwashers" at high temperatures, after noting the amount and condition of the urine. Most patients become temporarily incontinent after invasive urological surgery because the urethra is dilated for a longer period of time, which is why they are routinely fitted with a catheter at the end of each operation down there. Once the urine is a nice yellowish colour and clear and no(t) (longer) bloody, it can be removed. For those who are interested, common operations had names such as "transurethral prostate resection", "transurethral bladder resection", "nephrectomy" and "partial kidney resection". Parts of the prostate, the bladder, the kidneys, an entire kidney or both kidneys were thus removed. At 1:30 p.m., the early shift handed over to the late shift. For the latter, the shift began at 1:18 p.m., while for the former, it ended at 2:12 p.m. 7.7 hours of work + 0.5 hours of break = 8.2 hours. Dinner was served at 6:00 p.m. and cleared away at 7:00 p.m. Afterwards, the urine bags were emptied. At 8:50 p.m., the late shift handed over to the night shift. For the latter, the shift probably began at 8:48 p.m. and ended at 6:36 a.m., while for the former, it ended at 9:30 p.m.

After ten days on the ward, I had understood the whole system. There were things that had to be done at certain times, but basically

you worked on call. As soon as a patient rang the bell, i.e. pressed the red button on their bed, a red light came on outside next to the room door. In addition, four small display boards were installed on the ceiling of the hallway. When nothing was happening, they displayed the current time, otherwise the room number of the patient who had called appeared and a louder tone sounded at intervals from both the display boards and the small devices that hung on the wall near the door in **every** room on the ward, which could/had to be used to indicate one's presence. Green meant that nurses were in the room. Yellow meant that physicians were in the room. If one of these two colours was lit and the red button on the patient's bed, in the bathroom or on the device was pressed, it meant a red alert, as this was the mechanism used to declare a health emergency of wardial concern, which meant that all available physicians and nurses in the vicinity had to rush to the scene. Fortunately, there were only two real emergencies and several false alarms, at least one of which I accidentally triggered myself since I forgot to turn off the green light when I left the room. Usually, the patient wanted water, complained of pain or asked for other small favours. My job, or at least what I saw as my job, was to dash to the room and find out what the patient wanted, which was usually something trivial, and fulfil his request so that the nurses could get on with more important tasks. If I didn't know what to do, which was often the case (at first), I would of course ask my experienced colleagues. I never complained to a patient that they shouldn't press the red button for something like that, because it wouldn't do any good. Rarely did anyone have to ask me to do this; on the contrary, there were some shifts where they almost had to force me to take the legally required break. But when one thing led to another and we were short-staffed, there was no other option. Either there was nothing going on, or it was very stressful. There were only these two extremes. And from one moment to the next, all hell could break loose. Don't be confused by the seemingly sparse late shift. Although there was usually much more going on during the early shift, two of the three most stressful days took place during the late shift. But even when there wasn't

much going on, I much preferred that to just sitting around. The alternative would have been to be busy with even more boring and truly useless tasks such as documentation.

I never had any problems with the patients, and they never had any with me. I was one of the friendliest and most attentive nurses in the history of mankind, ask anyone. There was only one who was not at all satisfied with me, and I was not satisfied with him. I wanted to inject him with insulin, and since I had forgotten something the first time, I had to prick him a second time and inject him. He became aggressive for no reason and doubted that it had worked the second time, saying I was incompetent and should call the boss. Ausländer, after all. If I hadn't been sure that it had worked, I definitely wouldn't have pretended that it had, for the sake of saving face or whatever. Especially not with a blood sugar level of over 250 mg/dL (13.9 mmol/L). I assured him that I had succeeded, whereupon he continued to complain about me, so I left the room without saying a word. He reported to the bearded bear, I explained, his blood sugar level dropped. From my point of view, there were never any problems with my colleagues either. Apparently, however, some of them had a problem with me. One was that I didn't eat with them during breaks. When they asked me why, I explained a little bit about healthy eating. They all said that it wasn't for them, that without sugar, they couldn't cope with all the stress. The stupid friend of the slut said that meat was healthy and vegan was unhealthy. You can tell quite a few stupid people just by looking at their faces, and she was one of them, so I didn't even try. Then there was an Azerbaijani, a nurse in his "fourth" year of training, with whom I got on well at first. While we were washing a patient with multiple sclerosis, my vision went black, so I staggered into the nearby ward room to rest for a moment. Five minutes later, he came by and said he had been looking for me and asked what had happened. I explained it to him, he was understanding, and that was that. From about the fourth week onwards, he became hostile towards me for a minor reason.

Now let's move on to Tuesday, 10 December 2024. It was to be my last day in nursing. The second practical performance assessment was coming up. I had barely passed the first one, which was on the topic of "vital signs check", i.e. measuring blood pressure, pulse and temperature. We were tested on things that we never did in practice because, on the one hand, they were pointless and, on the other, they took too much time. Some armchair expert had once decided that something had to be done exactly this way and no other, and everyone knew that what we were doing was pure theatre, but it was precisely this theatre that was graded. In written exam situations, I was tense at most, but never panicked. In practical exam situations, I was tense right from the start. The second practical performance assessment revolved around personal hygiene. The task was to assist an A1 or A2 patient with personal hygiene. A1 was everyone, A4 meant totally bedridden and requiring assistance with everything. This performance assessment, too, was therefore intended to be pure theatre, since no A1 patient and very few A2 patients wanted any assistance with personal hygiene, as they were only there for a few days anyway. At school, we were advised to ask any elderly patient to take part in this little performance. Accompany them briefly to the bathroom, hand them toothpaste, trivialities like that. Don't provide any necessary assistance, just show the examiner what he wants to see. Under no circumstances should you make it too difficult for yourself. Funnily enough, there was no suitable candidate that day, except for one. Unfortunately, he cancelled shortly before the exam, after initially agreeing to participate, saying that he didn't need any assistance with personal hygiene, which he was of course right about. In addition, he had another legitimate medical reason for not participating at short notice, which I have forgotten, so I did not hold it against him at all; we were both just pawns in their game, but in terms of the examination, it was a disaster for me. Of all the other patients, a man with—on paper—care level A3 and no dementia was the most suitable. I didn't know him well, but a colleague said that he was still able to stand and walk. I wanted to wash his upper body briefly in the bathroom. But he couldn't or

didn't want to; he couldn't do anything. In reality, he was an A4 patient with very likely undiagnosed dementia. I failed miserably. It should be noted that I had only experienced about five full-body washes in bed before, and I was mainly allowed to watch and hand over materials. Only once or twice did I actually do the work myself. Not because I was reluctant to do so, but because there were hardly any A4 patients on this ward. I didn't have to be able to do it yet anyway, as it was only required in the third year of training. After the practical exam, there was a discussion with the examiner, a teacher from the vocational school, in which one had to reflect on one's actions and evaluate one's performance. It took over an hour and a half. He offered some justified criticism, but he failed to recognise the fundamental problem that the entire exam had been practically invalid. When I asked him whether I had washed the penis correctly, since I myself didn't have a foreskin, he said that for reasons of privacy he'd not looked that closely. A generous two hours had been allocated for the preliminary discussion, the examination and the follow-up discussion. Immediately afterwards, he had to assess further performances. It took over three and a half hours. Everything that had happened so far that day felt surreal, as if I were in the wrong film. But it was about to get even better. At the end, the examiner had to obtain my colleagues' assessment of me. As luck would have it, the slut and the CC-overseer had settled down in the lounge and made themselves comfortable. The slut kindly announced that they had gathered "information" about me over the last few days, so the examiner didn't have to question anyone himself, and I didn't find out who had contributed to this "information". I wouldn't have done this, I wouldn't have done that, I would have done this and that. About ten charges were read out in one sentence each. I hardly had time to think and contradict anything, but I was already familiar with some of these baseless accusations. After the first four weeks of practice, there were three weeks of theory and then the second and final four weeks of practice. I was summoned to a meeting with the two class teachers, where I was told that there were apparently problems on the ward. From

my point of view, however, there were no problems at all. But there must be problems, otherwise my experienced, experienced colleagues wouldn't have complained about me. I said that they should have complained to me directly, what the hell? They just hinted at things and demanded that I explain myself. In some cases, I could guess what situation they were alluding to, but they themselves only knew what had allegedly happened from triple hearsay, so this whole interrogation made no sense at all. The slut listened attentively, while some of the others, out of sheer boredom, gossiped about the new, weird trainee because he was working so that they could go for a nice smoke three times per shift, and passed this on to the CC-overseer, who was some big shot at the station and often had to serve as the third nurse on paper, who in turn passed this on to my class teachers over coffee and cake. Two new charges from 10 December have stuck in my mind. One charge concerned the incident with the Azerbaijani. "You walk away without saying a word when washing and just leave your colleagues out in the cold." It was even more repulsive rhetorically and even further from the truth than I can recall, but the slut used the trick of inflating individual incidents into the plural, as if it happened every single day, for all the charges. The other charge was rightly formulated in the plural, and it was the only one that corresponded to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I did things that I wasn't formally allowed to do as a trainee. Only if a practical instructor, a nurse with a certain kind of further training, could confirm that I was capable of doing something, was I allowed to do it. Conveniently, the slut was one of the four practical instructors on the ward (the never-working CC-overseer was another) and the only one who actually provided practical instruction. More precisely, the only one who was supposed to do so *according to schedule*. At least ten per cent of all working hours had to be spent being instructed in practice, which meant being accompanied by a practical instructor all day long. Whenever that was on the schedule, which was concocted by the CC-overseer, she called in sick. She was only there on one single day, where she washed a patient for an hour, looking bored and talking

nonsense, and I was credited with 7.7 hours. I didn't want that at all. The little I learned, I learned from the simple nursing assistants, the Azerbaijani and the simple nurses, but you *had* to, if you wanted to complete your training and be competent on paper. I was offered the chance to be even a little more creative with this requirement, which I declined. In fact, there was no training; from the outset, you were considered a full-time employee who was not allowed to do anything but had to do everything in order to be able to do everything at the end of the training. What did I do? For example, I pulled the empty IV bags out of the venous catheters on the back of the forearm, injected a few milliliters of saline solution into the now open vascular access and closed it again with a small red screw cap. This was extremely dangerous, because what if a blood clot that has formed clogged the heart? A nurse would have performed open-heart surgery in no time and removed the troublemaker, but you were born with this ability only after passing the state exam, and I was simply too impatient. While I was doing this, it wasn't a problem at all, as they themselves benefited from me taking this work off their hands. Several times, I saved the others from having to work extra shifts because I worked extremely effectively and efficiently and was highly motivated. I didn't expect gratitude, but even less betrayal. I speak in the plural because I don't know who was involved. But I would be very, very surprised if more than two people had been involved in this complot, because then I would have been truly mistaken in my judgement of human nature. That's exactly the feeling the slut wanted to convey to me, everyone against one. A few more were stupid followers, but only two wanted to let me walk right into the blades: the slut and the CC-overseer. How she smiled in my face during all this and asked me at the end of the arraignment what I had to say in my defence. She was the kind of person who would have sent you gloatingly and shamelessly into the gas chamber. I've always been able to get along with male psychopaths somehow, but I never really knew how to deal with the two female psychopaths I've had the pleasure of meeting in my life, the CC-overseer and my W-Seminar teacher. I said that I had

nothing to say, that they obviously knew me better than I knew myself. The examiner, who had been listening attentively up to this point, noticed without batting an eyelid and as if everything finally made sense that it was a six just now. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. All of this would have to be taken into account in the probationary period review in January, the examiner and the CC-overseer sang in unison and nodded meaningfully to each other. I left the lounge, freed a patient from her empty IV, changed my clothes and left the ward. I called in sick for the remaining seven working days until the two-week Christmas holidays, something I had only done before at *REWE* at Wölkernstraße—also in the final phase. On Friday, 3 January 2025, I travelled to the hospital and posted my letter of resignation, my blue security chip and my employee ID card in the letterbox. They pretended they had never received the letter and fired me themselves on 15 January 2025 “with immediate effect”. For the purpose of saving costs, I had asked them to send me all outstanding documents, such as payslips and income tax certificates, in a single letter by post. From mid-January to early March 2025, I received about 15 letters, sometimes two on the same day.

Nursing was a stroke of genius. In one fell swoop, I had played all three of my remaining trump cards in life and lost big time.

My first trump card was training. It had become clear that I could neither be taught nor work on someone else's greenchoosy orders. I was simply too smart for that, and they were unfortunately far too stupid. On my very first day of school, I had already understood that this wouldn't end well, but I didn't have the courage to draw conclusions and prevent it. The longer I went to school, the more I wanted to experience the practice. Maybe I would like the practice so much that I would be willing to endure the torture of theory, so I didn't quit for the time being. While I was completely mentally exhausted at the end of the school days, I was now completely physically exhausted at the end of the workdays. For the rest of the day, I just wanted to lie on my white sofa and rest my feet. I must

admit that I actually enjoyed this physical exertion and recovery. Seeing and experiencing how you first became weaker and then stronger again. Knowing what my body is capable of. I didn't count kilometers or steps, but out of the 8.2 hours a day, I was on my feet for four to seven hours, which I had never done before in my life (in my final days as a cashier I did, but that was for health reasons), hence the cardiovascular problems, which happened to me more than once, but my body got used to it over time. On 16 September, I ordered a pair of black and white checked *Crocs Bistro Pro Literide* shoes for €49.99, which were non-slip and cushioned, but also constricting and too big (not a contradiction, but very typical of fuckistic footwear), which made my feet sweat and consequently become slippery on the inside. Long, white drawstring trousers and short-sleeved, white and light blue scrubs were provided fresh every day in five different sizes (in my last two weeks, only the smallest and largest sizes were available), but there was no way to properly disinfect and clean one's own footwear within the hospital. Leaving them behind was not an option, as there were no more free lockers that could be secured with a sturdy padlock, and I had been warned that there were many communists and thieves in the house. To school, I went wearing toe socks and sandals, as I was ashamed of my bare feet for a certain reason, but more on that later. When I went back to school for three weeks starting on 4 November, I felt very, very comfortable, even happy, in class during the first week. As usual, the lessons were rubbish, but there were almost only gals around me, and it was so peaceful. I even went so far as to venture the bold thesis that the world would be so peaceful if there were only females on Earth. Amongst other things, to prevent myself from relapsing, I kept as far away from everyone as possible and distracted myself both in class and during breaks with my e-book reader, a €548.59 *Onyx Boox Note Air 2 Plus*. I read several books by Michael Tsokos and the book by Gabor Maté. I also did a bit of maths on my *Surface Pro 5*. I was the only one who wasn't in the *WhatsApp* class group. Maybe that's why I misjudged the class dynamics so badly. I think at the end of the second week, I was

summoned for interrogation, and after that, my mood was back in the doldrums, now more than ever. What did you want from me? In the third week, there were several catfights in the middle of class, which made me very, very sad. That females could wage war against each other in a way that was not physically, but verbally even more violent and hurtful than males, I had only seen in films and on TV before. Even the presence of males couldn't change that. Thanks to Frans de Waal, I now know: A female shall mediate a dispute between two males. A male shall mediate a dispute between two females. Males and females shall not fight with each other, but unite and sleep together. On Friday, 22 November, my last day of school, we held an early Advent celebration with mulled wine and snacks. We played Secret Santa. The value of the gift shouldn't exceed €10. My gift was a €10 note lovingly wrapped in an envelope. Shortly before the celebration, I left, travelled home and munched my chocolate lonely and alone in my dreary little room. It's quite possible that I saw Charlotte at *Rathenauplatz*. It was clear that I would be resigning soon. The question was no longer *if*, but *when*. At the end of the summer semester of 2024, I was compulsorily deregistered from FAU since I had taken an exam in the second semester, in the summer semester of 2023, just for fun, to find out what awaited me in the next semester. In the following two semesters, I was compulsorily registered and didn't show up at all. After failing for the third time, one was out. In the winter semester of 2024/2025, compulsory registration for failed exams was abolished and the number of attempts was increased to four. They wanted to mess with me personally. On 24 October, I duckduckgoed "reasons for termination employee" and asked FAU's Student Records Office whether it would still be possible to enrol for the winter semester of 2024/2025, I was supposedly interested in studying sociology. Unfortunately, this was no longer possible, as the deadline for this had already expired on 14 October. On 19 November, I duckduckgoed "reason for termination required as an employee?" and prepared my application for enrolment at FAU. The earliest possible date for my resignation would have been 1

December, as the child benefit of €250 or €255 per month had to continue to flow to my parents and the transition period between two stages of education mustn't exceed four months. I should have resigned on 4 December, as I had actually intended to do. I didn't do it because I thought I could stick it out for four weeks and then get paid handsomely for two weeks of playing hooky. A big mistake. Fortunately, my mistake was more than made up for by their mistake. They tried to lure me into a trap and wanted to see me fall, not realising that I had always been two steps ahead of everyone else. How I love being underestimated, letting my opponents believe I am weak and stupid. I've never had an opponent who was my intellectual equal. I worked for two weeks and was paid in full for another five weeks. In total, I attended school for 31 days and the ward for 25 days. The days felt like years.

My second trump card was my wish to study medicine. Actually, it was never my wish. During my first degree, I had involuntarily learned that medicine and business administration are the greatest memorisation subjects, medicine even more so than business administration. Every student knows that medical students are one thing above all else: masters of ticking multiple choice boxes. It was always just an option for later. I thought that I might have been able to endure the studies in order to one day serve mankind as a physician. Now that I had personally gained a little insight into the global "healthcare system", I knew that there was currently no more pointless profession than that of a physician. Precisely because most people believe that it is meaningful work, it is exactly the opposite. Every single board member of every stock company does more good than all physicians combined. It's a fight against windmills, a bottomless pit, a Sisyphean task. Of the working 14 nurses, four nursing assistants, three medical assistants and six physicians I encountered on the ward, all of them—as far as I can tell—were professionally competent, and none of them was malicious towards the patients. There was only one Tunisian nurse whom I wouldn't have allowed to care for or treat me because he was moody, lecherous and uncomputable. I will immediately purge and disinfect him and the useless

CC-overseer from the healthcare system; for the time being, it is possible to work with everyone else. Some had interhuman issues with me because they were stupid, but that doesn't change their professional competence. Two nurses, an experienced woman and a bearded bear, were actually really good. Just as a side note: Of the 23 fully trained non-physicians on the ward, only twelve were racially pure Germans, and of the 31 schoolers in my class, only 13 were racially pure Germans. The older and more "trained", the more German. There were exactly two situations where crystal-clear mistakes were made. One was the patient with multiple sclerosis. Although she had expressly requested before her operation not to be put to sleep with a specific anaesthetic since it had triggered a relapse after a previous operation, the idiots down there did exactly that. An A1 patient became an A4 patient for weeks or maybe even months because these idiots supposedly didn't have any other anaesthetic available. Then the operation is simply cancelled, plain and simple. Or better yet, something like this is clarified in advance. Instead, she was either lied to so that she would finally shut up, or forced to have the operation, I don't remember exactly. In any case, this action cost the German taxpayer at least ten times what the Klinikum Nuremberg was trying to earn in profit, assuming that the flat rate for this operation was profitable at all. But what do I know as a first-year trainee? She was the second or third woman I had ever seen naked in my life, and I was angry for weeks about this incompetence and tried to make her stay as pleasant as possible. At this point, I must revise my claim from Chapter *Sex* to some extent—there is indeed such a thing as a professional look or mode. The other was a patient who simply wanted to die. But she wasn't allowed to; instead, she got an extremely expensive special injection that was supposed to stimulate the production of leukocytes, as there were almost none detectable in her blood, which the physicians had never seen before. The bearded bear did his best to keep this woman alive, which he was legally obliged to do. If he had known that he was doing this woman a favour by no means, but a pharmaceutical Gypsy Company at all costs, he would

certainly have done his *deutschest*. The food served to the patients—especially breakfast with its rock-hard bread and pears—was an imposition on them and, for many reasons, on me as well. Having to tell patients with a blood pressure of 150 over 90 that everything was still normal and there was no cause for concern—we were in a urology ward, after all—and all the antibiotic infusions were an imposition for me. From my classmates I heard that the Klinikum Nuremberg is supposed to be even one of the better hospitals; the diabolical, excuse me, diaconal Theresienkrankenhaus gGmbH is supposed to be much worse. But that's not what this is all about. It's about the big picture. There were so many patients who didn't have to be sick. There were so many patients who didn't want to be healthy. They all just wanted a job and then to die. In Deutschland, it will be very, very awful: We will all live in a manner appropriate to our species. A *deutsches* health house is only for those who are healthy or wanna be healthy. I know, I know, who wants to be healthy anyway? Physicians take themselves too important, patients don't care enough about themselves. Well over half of all people working in hospitals smoke. That really says it all. People have a completely wrong understanding of why statutory health insurance was introduced in the first place. My paternal grandfather is one of them. Without complaining, fussing, hesitating or flinching, he spent €963.00 on a new car pedal, but he insists on being reimbursed by his German health insurance for the €143 he spent privately on hospital and laboratory services in Turkey this summer, which was already heavily subsidised by the Turkish state and would have cost him at least three times as much here. *Oğlum*, my son, one simply needed a car. Health apparently not. What a totally insane and unspeciefied mentality.

My third trump card was my self-employment as a nutritionist, because this period didn't pass me by without leaving its mark, of course. I had believed that I could be self-employed alongside my training. On the very first day, I realised that I was far too feeble after school to do anything at all. Day after day, I asked myself why I was still putting myself through this training. Day after day,

I hated myself and ate huge amounts out of frustration. On 21 September 2024, I weighed 75.6 kilograms (167 lb), on 7 November 2024, 84.3 kilograms, and on 6 January 2025, 84.9 kilograms (187 lb). Nine kilograms (20 lb) in seven weeks. I am very, very grateful for this time, as it completely proved me wrong. My assumption was that, despite all the adversities, it was still possible to eat healthily and live healthily. It is not. I thought too small, far too small. Even while writing the compendia, I realised that this was not my writing style at all. I used the formal form of address. I wanted to please people less than anyone else out there and was as honest as possible, but yes, I, too, wanted to please people. However, that doesn't mean I had already given up on the idea of self-employment. From 12 December onwards, I explored whether I could become a business consultant. I had a recognisable talent for optimisation. And unlike a nutritionist, the success of my work did not depend on the client and the system, but largely on myself. Identifying the right problems and their causes and proposing the appropriate solutions. Ultimately, I finally realised that I wasn't cut out for the fuckistic business world. On 19 December, I really did put an end to everything. **To everything.**

As a schooler, I failed because I didn't want to memorise things and kiss ass. As a talebe, I failed because I didn't want to memorise things and question everything. As a student, I failed because I didn't want to memorise things and do meaningless tasks. As a trainee, I failed because I didn't want to memorise things and lie. As an entrepreneur, I failed because I am an honest human and couldn't lie. I considered becoming a burglar, but I lacked nothing material. I considered becoming a murderer, but I didn't want to see anyone dead anymore. I considered becoming a rapist, but I didn't feel like it. I had no more aces up my sleeve. There was nothing left for me to do in this world. What now?

Deutschhood

On Thursday, 9 January 2025, Gerald Knaus was a guest on Markus Lanz’s show. He had requested the following: “We now need a Jean Monnet in Paris and in, and in, um, and in Berlin, someone who, in a moment of great fear, 1950, had a brilliant idea about how to strengthen Europe, namely through economic interests, through integration, through new markets.” When I watched this episode the following morning and heard this sentence, I got goosebumps all over my body. Suddenly, everything became clear to me. After a long, long time, I finally understood what my true purpose in this world was. I had to be that someone. No one else could be. After I had watched the episode to the end with my heart pounding and my thoughts racing, and thought things through calmly, it quickly became clear to me: What kind of idea is this that only humans from Europe could be enthusiastic about? No, no, no. I had to be the Führer of humanity.

As already mentioned, I had stopped reading newspapers on 20 July 2023. But that wasn’t the only thing I stopped doing. After more than seven years, I gave up almost my entire political existence. Week after week, I still watched the *heute-show* and *ZDF Magazin Royale* and occasionally watched *Markus Lanz* to keep myself roughly “informed” about the current world situation and the mood in the country, but I was nowhere near as well “informed” as I had been before because I was simply no longer very interested. I had smaller fish to fry and had to get my own life in order. When my father started discussing Erdoğan and a little bit about German politics with my brother at the Sunday breakfast tables, I no longer participated and said that I didn’t care about any of it and was following none of it anymore. For the module “Computability and Formal Languages”, the four of us met every week in the Blue Tower at Martensstraße 3, 91058 Erlangen, where three of us would discuss and argue about the correct solution to the exercises. One of us was a young woman from Thuringia who had moved to Erlangen to study, and unfortunately I couldn’t hold back and asked her at

one of our last meetings in January 2024 what she thought of the “situation” in Thuringia. The only politically correct answer was, of course, that the broad support for the Aft was very deplorable, so I could have simply saved myself my rhetorical question. I also stood out unpleasantly in other ways, asking the group openly what the meaning of life was, what we were even doing here, whether humans were computable, *aso. asf.*, while the other two wanted to concentrate on the tricky exercises after I had already given up. The fourth member of the group said that I might be better off studying philosophy.

On the morning of 6 November 2024, it was clear that Donald John Trump would become the 47th President of the United States of America. On the evening of 6 November 2024, it was clear that the government of the Federal Republic of Germany had collapsed. The closer we got to this date, the more German political talk shows I watched, and by now at the latest, I was wide awake again. The knife attack in Mannheim on 31 May 2024, the knife attack in Solingen on 23 August 2024, the attack on the Magdeburg Christmas market on 20 December 2024, the knife attack in Aschaffenburg on 22 January 2025 and the attack in Munich on 13 February 2025 didn’t shock me and hardly interested me. What surprised me greatly on the one hand, but was to be expected on the other, was the way politics and press dealt with these events. After ten years of looking away and downplaying the issues, the whole thing now seemed to be toppling to the other extreme, which deeply worried me. After years of claiming that society was becoming more right-wing, when in reality people were being forced and taught to become more left-wing, the mood now seemed to be toppling to the right. As I said, I don’t believe in right and left; they are meaningless words. Anyone who seriously claims to be right-wing or left-wing is, in truth, just a total idiot, but hopefully one understands what I am trying to express.

Donald Trump is my political foster father. I loved and still love his two slogans, “We need to build a great wall, and Mexico will pay

for it” and “They’re bringing drugs, they’re bringing crime, they’re rapists”. Not because I believed that these were truths and sensible political solutions, but because I was convinced at the time that what happens would happen anyway. Politics was unchangeable, elections were pointless. So it was better, at least, if an extremely entertaining politician won the elections and entertained the world than some loser who babbled on about democracy and diplomacy and ended up pursuing exactly the same policies. For the same reason, I supported the AfD in Germany. It was simply funny, much less funny than Trump, but the feigned or credible outcry was all the more delicious. The handling of the refugee crisis was objectively wrong, the handling of the financial crisis was objectively wrong, and the only party that criticised both was vilified and silenced beyond measure. Any non-stupid person noticed that the AfD was never confronted with content and arguments, but only with superficialities and “RIGHT-WING”. Why did they do this? It would have been so easy to take the wind out of their sails with deutscher politics. Why didn’t they do that? In the 2021 federal election, I voted for the AfD with my useless first vote and for the Greens with my even more useless second vote, so that Germany would go under faster. In 2025, as a Deutscher, I didn’t vote. It came as no surprise to me that Trump won the election in 2016. I cheered him on and celebrated him. His election victory in 2024 was also no surprise to me. I basically only watched the two entertaining debates, but it was so obvious that the Americans wouldn’t elect either a senile old man or a black Indian woman as their president. Why did the Democrats do this? When I started writing *Mein Sieg* on 13 January 2025, I still believed that in politics, nothing happens by accident. Trump Two changed me a bit. And now I’m the only one who can still stop and save him at the same time.



We all are humans. I came to this realisation on 27 September 2023 AD during a 1D-LSD trip at the *Kristall Palm Beach*, a water park with thermal baths and slides at Albertus-Magnus-Straße 29, 90547 Stein, and whispered this meaningfully to an old, white-haired man. He asked me what a human was and what defined him. In my state, I couldn't come up with a reasonable answer. I proudly repeated my statement several times, and he Socratically-stubbornly repeated his two questions. It felt like I was trapped in a time loop. Later, he probably tried several times to touch me indecently in the Pastor Kneipp outdoor pool, which I tried to prevent, but I'm not entirely sure about that, then and now, and never mind, though. **I'm a human.** It seems so simple and trivial, doesn't it? And yet it wasn't until I was 21 that I really understood that I and all the other entities around me are humans. We all are humans.

That wasn't the first or last time I experimented with mind-expanding drugs. A month earlier, on 18 August 2023, I had also taken 225 µg of 1D-LSD and saw the world through completely different eyes for 14 hours, or to be precise, processed it with a completely different brain. This time I was at home. I swallowed the teeny-tiny orange pill and watched the part of the *XY* episode from 16 August 2023 over and over again, laughing, before I realised after about an hour that I was completely in. I took two things away from this trip: Firstly, I spent some time outside my body. I was actually lying on my *OrthoMatra KSP-500 XXL* in the large living room, yet I was poltering through the top floor before returning to my room, noticing the deception and being allowed back into my body. Secondly, I looked in the mirror and recognised the *host within me*, I realised that I was my own worst enemy. In retrospect, it was a big mistake to have put myself in such an extremely vulnerable position amongst so many strangers, which could have cost me my sanity or even my life, but in the end, "nothing" happened to me and, on the contrary, I felt so connected to all of humanity.

I ordered the pills on 11 August 2023 from *lsd-shop.net*, ten pills for €127.49. 1D-LSD is a so-called derivative of LSD, lysergic acid

diethylamide, which means that they are very similar in chemical structure. Since, to put it simply, every substance has to be banned individually in Germany, there was a cat-and-mouse game between a Dutch producer and the German state for eleven years over who could develop/ban a new substance faster. The Dutchman was always one step ahead before he closed down shop at the end of 2024. I first became really aware of LSD thanks to the visionary Carl Philipp Trump, who is actually distantly related to Donald Trump. Although I gave a presentation on heroin and LSD in my ninth-grade biology class on the topic of semi-synthetic drugs, drugs in general didn't appeal to me at all for a long time. As far as I know, from tenth grade onwards, one "only" smoked nicotine, drank ethanol and smoked and ate THC at our school. I'll come to ethanol and THC in a moment. In January 2021, I watched the *YouTube* video "Everything legal? How dealers trick the law | STRG_F", which advertised Carl's website. Without further ado, on 7 February 2021, I ordered 100 20-µg tabs of 1cP-LSD for €53.50 from *lsd.shop*. He accidentally sent me 300 tabs in three conspicuously glittery packages. Tabs are small pieces of paper onto which the liquid LSD derivative had been dripped and which you had to suck, chew and swallow or spit out again. In February, I took one to three tabs a few times. I noticed a little something. On Saturday, 6 March 2021, I took five tabs, i.e. 100 µg. It was nice and very relaxed. On Tuesday, 29 June 2021, I sucked on five tabs again. The four of us watched the Euro 2021 round of 16 match between Germany and England in the small living room. The perfidious English won 2–0. We had pizza. No one noticed anything. In between, I had taken a few more tabs, one to three at a time. At most, I licked and tasted 30 tabs during those three and a half months. I threw away the remaining 270 or so at some point and remained sober until August 2023. I did not gain any deeper insights.

In May 2024, I continued. On 4 May, I ate 15 grams of "Magical Truffles Valhalla". The trip lasted five hours and I didn't really enjoy it. It was neither fish nor fowl, something between 100 µg

of 1cP-LSD and 225 µg of 1D-LSD. Since they were normal dried mushrooms that you simply eat raw, I cannot give an exact dose of the active ingredient psilocybin they contained. It wasn't a bad trip, but it wasn't pleasant either and ultimately pointless, even though I was looking for meaning at that point. In my third and final educational experience with mind-expanding drugs, on 14 May, I drank two grams of *Peganum harmala* and chewed two seeds of Hawaiian baby woodrose (*Argyrea nervosa*). The seeds of *Peganum harmala* were only intended to enhance the active ingredient LSA, lysergic acid amide, contained in the seeds of Hawaiian baby woodrose. While LSD was 90% visual and 10% mental at its peak, LSA was exactly the opposite. I lay and sat on my white sofa and felt as if I had penetrated and understood my entire life. Many people and some situations that I have mentioned and described in this book came to mind in a wild and associative manner, and I realised that I hated them all profoundly and that I was the greatest and hottest. Ufuk, Ahmet, Austin, Amelie, Christopher, Nina, Cem, my brother, my German teacher, my parents. After eight hours, the spook ended and with it my best trip. Did I now love the humans, LSD, or did I hate them, LSA?

On 22 May, at 7:56 p.m., I vaporised less than 0.1 grams of cannabis. It was the first time I had ever consumed cannabis. I took about seven deep drags. By 8:06 p.m., I had lost my mind. My heart was racing like crazy; I could feel and hear it pounding, throbbing, boiling and coming out. I thought, now it's over, I'm going to die. I didn't want to call the emergency number, otherwise my parents would have find out that I was using drugs. How could I be so reckless and die in such a stupid way? But that's how it was, tough luck. In the end, I survived, and after an hour the effects subsided considerably. But maybe it had just been too much at once, so on 26 May I took "only" four deep drags. But no, my heart was racing again, not as badly as the first time, but still extremely unpleasant. I gave this green poison one last chance on 30 May, and when my heart started racing for the third time, I said good-bye and good

riddance. The mind-expanding effect was more unpleasant than with psilocybin and much more unpleasant than with LSD and LSA.

I ordered the *Peganum harmala* and the mushrooms on 25 April from *Zamnesia*, a drug dealer known throughout the EU. I also ordered kanna, kratom, Aztec sage and other stuff for a total of €121.87, but these don't need any further description as I felt no or almost no effect. I ordered the Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds on the same day from *dreamherbs.de* for a total of €64.03. This order also included, for example, Aztec dream herb (*Calea zacatechichi*), marigold (*Tagetes lucida*), California poppy (*Eschscholzia californica*), wild lettuce (*Lactuca virosa*) and blue (*Nymphaea caerulea*) and white lotus (*Nymphaea alba*), the remains of which I threw away after a trial vaporisation that had no effect. I still own the seeds of lolihuiqui (*Ipomoea corymbosa*) and morning glory (*Ipomoea tricolor*), as well as the other two plant seeds, but after my cannabis adventure, I no longer had any desire for drugs of any kind. Except for the mushrooms and the useless Aztec sage, everything was and is completely legal in Germany.

I ordered the cannabis on 8 May via the platform of the astute lawyer Dr Can Ansay at *IDRIS Apo*. On 1 April 2024, the medical use of cannabis was legalised in Germany. As I had health problems, I hoped that vaporising plants might help me. For this purpose, I ordered the €189.00 *Arizer XQ2* desktop vaporiser on 25 April. I vaporised not only plants whose ingredients are considered drugs, but also ginger roots, lavender blossoms, passion flower herb, and eucalyptus, peppermint, lemon balm and sage leaves. It smelled good, but unfortunately it did not relieve my symptoms, which is why I cancelled my order for valerian, comfrey and liquorice roots, chamomile, yarrow and mullein blossoms, damiana, raspberry and ginkgo leaves, as well as cloves, green tea, willow bark, hops, rosemary, aniseed, catnip, sweet woodruff, thyme, St. John's wort, fennel, meadowsweet, wormwood, hawkweed, vervain, hyssop, horsetail and horehound. My last hope rested on the female flowers of the cannabis plant. After an intensive telemedical consultation,

which cost me €4.20, the physician prescribed me *Pedarios 10/10 EQI-CA*, ten grams, €99.00, after careful consideration and weighing up all the chances and risks. I had deliberately chosen a strain with as much CBD and as little THC as possible, thinking that ten per cent CBD and ten per cent THC might be a ten out of ten, but I hadn't reckoned with the host. And it got even better. On 14 May, there was a huge data leak at "Dr Ansay", as a result of which my name, address and date of birth, too, were freely accessible on the internet. I idiot also accidentally archived my own data and the data of the other three people with the same postcode on *archive.today* until the end of our days. Now that I had more than nine grams of cannabis that I had no further use for, I considered giving my weed to a pothead in the neighbourhood. The first was 20, the second was 24 and the third was 30 years old. But I didn't dare and finally disposed of the interestingly scented evil buds in the bathroom bin.

I probably drank ethanol for the first time on Thursday, 12 September 2019, in the holiday village of Santa Fortunata, Sorrento, Italy. We left the car park at the Meistersingerhalle on Saturday evening, 7 September, and were back in Nuremberg on Saturday morning, 14 September. The bus journey took about 16 hours. We visited the island of Capri, saw the ruins of the lost city of Pompeii and stopped in Rome and Naples on the way back. In Naples, I bought buffalo mozzarella for my brother. Hardly anyone spoke English. The pizzas tasted completely different and were dirt cheap. The four of us slept in small 20-square-meter wooden bungalows with patios furnished with small tables and benches. In the evenings, many schoolers gathered at one of the bungalows and chatted in a convivial atmosphere. There was a "general ban on alcohol". On the evening before departure, I tried a little vodka. It burned and tasted awful. On the evening of 18 September, I suddenly wrote to Nina and asked if she wanted to go for a drink. It was her birthday that weekend and she invited me to her friend's house, who was also celebrating her birthday. And so, for the second time in my life, I had the conscious pleasure of ethanol. I came by bike,

threw up, and was kindly driven home by car. After work, I once stole an ethanol-containing drink from my *REWE*, which wasn't intended for sale anyway. In addition, I occasionally put a euro or two in my shoe; in total, it wasn't even ten euros. I didn't need the money; I was mainly interested in the thrill and, to a lesser extent, a little revenge on my stupid boss. Otherwise, I have never stolen anything in my life. Satisfied patients would occasionally slip me money that was intended for the ward fund, and nothing was easier than stealing things from the hospital, so I would have had plenty of opportunities. Admittedly, on the night of 19 to 20 June 2024, I had an extreme urge to plunder the well-filled tip box hanging on the wall in the hallway of the private ward of *310Klinik GmbH*, but I refrained from doing so. I was clearly still on drugs; the pain only came on the second day after the operation. Finally, while living in the living room—probably in 2021—I bought a bottle of *Desperados* and possibly also a can of *Jack Daniel's & Coca-Cola*. I never liked the taste, and I didn't particularly like the mind-numbing effect either, so from then on I stayed away from ethanol. I only ever had one cigarette, if that, when I was a youth. I think the first and only time I ate haram was in the winter of 2019/2020. After school, I went to McDonald's at the Central Station and ate six *Chicken McNuggets* and two *Chickenburgers*. It tasted like nothing. Well, a few times I ate gummy bears, which you got for free everywhere, but I would never have bought them myself. Some talebes liked to eat at *Kentucky Fried Chicken* during their lunch break or after class.



On Monday, 13 January 2025, I began writing *Mein Sieg*. On 4 March, I stopped working on the First Volume for the time being and began working on the Second Volume the following day. By 11 March, I had already switched back to the First Volume, as the Second Volume would be worthless without the First. By 25 May, the First Volume was essentially complete. Just think about

that for a moment: By 25 May, I could have presented the First Volume, the solution to all problems, more or less to the world, and humanity would have been saved five months earlier! But since the First Volume would be worthless without the Second, I got to work on it that very same day. After spending a good part of 11 July working on the Second Volume, we set off for Turkey that night, arriving on the morning of 13 July after crossing Austria, Hungary, Serbia and Bulgaria. “We” includes my father and me; my brother had already been in Turkey since the end of April to build our new house in Gereede and supervise the construction, otherwise they would just mess around. In Turkey, everyone is a master craftsman. My father helped out for a few weeks and took on a good part of the electrical work before flying back with my mother on 3 August. I myself was already floating in the air on the morning of 23 July and landed back on the ground. Why did I willingly and knowingly delay the publication of *Mein Sieg* for another eleven days? The decision was certainly not an easy one for me. For one thing, my mother had travelled with my brother in April and did not fly back alone until 9 May. My father was at home, but he went to work in the morning and didn’t come home until the evening. I was already not doing well mentally during those eleven days, so I wouldn’t have been able to endure 22 days in a row all alone. The two sets of eleven days of isolation in May/June and July/August proved, reinforced and confirmed this. On the other hand, it makes little difference whether *Mein Sieg* is published a little earlier or later. With a little more discipline, *Mein Sieg* could possibly have been revealed a month or two earlier, but I am thinking and planning for the next million and billion years, so I have to take the time I need. **I want to be a writer. Führer am I against my will.** Then again, of course, the marginal utility of what I have written decreases with each passing day. I will probably never be satisfied with what I have written so far, since whenever I read through yesterday’s stuff, let alone the day before yesterday’s, I discover nothing but mistakes and inaccuracies. Of course, I have not been inactive during these eleven days. I began to fine-tune the language

of the First Volume. When I got home, I continued working on it until 3 August, before I started completing the Second Volume. Today is 9 September 2025, and I still have to finish this chapter, go through the First and, above all, the Second Volume once again and fine-tune the language, translate *Mein Sieg* into English, convert the raw text into book form, write the First Führerdecree and its commentary, redact documents, find publishers and journalists and write to them, and last but not least, set up a website. Let's see if I can get all that done by 25 October. Today is 23 October 2025, and I likely failed.

I don't really need to go into any more detail about the genesis of *Mein Sieg*, because we are in the fortunate position that I have versioned what I have written with *git* day by day almost from the very beginning. Anyone who wants to know how the text came about can follow it pretty closely. Since 26 April, I have also been recording my browser history, and since 17 May, I've been saving my prompts to *GPT-4o mini* and *GPT-5 mini* as well as their answers. I use both primarily to write in beautiful and correct German. *DeepL Write* also helps me with this, and *DeepL Translator* will most likely take care of a large part of the English translation (it truly did). Nevertheless, I claim sole authorship of the original text, but everyone is free to judge that as he wishes.

Even if You have read the First Volume in its entirety and the Second Volume up to this point, there are probably still many questions left unanswered, aren't there? How on earth could someone with such a course of life have written the First Volume? I promise You that the rest of the Second Volume won't help to clarify things much either. It is simply as I have already written: I thought too small. And as soon as you free yourself from everything and ask yourself how things should be, you end up with the First Volume. The First Volume would look different here and there if I had led a different life, no question. My personal experiences have naturally found their way into the text, there's no denying that. But the irrefutable core of *Mein Sieg* is the deutsch. Deutsch is: **Think from the**

end. Everything is thinkable. Nothing lasts forever. I could have saved myself the rest. I would stake my life on the deutsch, everything else can be untrue or even a lie for all I care. Maybe I wasn't born on 22 June 2002 at the Südklinikum Nuremberg? Maybe I wasn't bullied by Ufuk? Maybe I wasn't raped by Ahmet? All the people I have written about in this book are welcome to publish counterstatements and tell their version of the story and talk my version to death, I don't care. The private Nathan Blood died on 12 January 2025, only the strong Führer lives on inside me.

On 23 November 2024, I started reading *Mein Kampf* for the first time. After a few days and about 50 pages, I stopped because I found the text boring. On 13 January 2025, I started again and finished reading it on 3 February. I had actually planned to include more about Hitler and *Mein Kampf* in *Mein Sieg*, because unlike what is written in the First Volume, I consider *Mein Kampf* to be an extremely successful work in terms of both language and content. Every Deutsche of the next 28 years should read the critical edition once in their lifetime, after which it will no longer matter, as we will have arrived in Deutschland. I will always stand by the weak, and Hitler was a very weak man. What they made of this man is the greatest audacity in human history. Hitler is the absolute evil, and today everything is great, isn't it? They scolded the evil, evil Hitler and did not create paradise on Earth themselves. Only the Deutsche is allowed to criticise everything, and precisely because only he is allowed to do so, he does not need to. He sees the deutsch and greenchoosy as clearly as no one else and concentrates solely on the deutsch.

On 2 January 2025, I started reading *The Communist Manifesto* for the first time. I even downloaded all three volumes of his *Capital*. But since this man couldn't write at all, I gave up on the rubbish after about two-thirds of the way through. What are we to think of a man who criticised capitalism but lived off the spoils of a capitalist himself and speculated more eagerly than any capitalist? Karl Marx is the founder and mastermind of gypsy capitalism. Capitalism

wasn't invented 250 years ago, but 12,000 years ago. Capitalism simply means that you cannot trust each other and therefore have to think of yourself. People could no longer trust each other since they were obviously becoming stupider because and in that they unspecified themselves. Smith then perverted the whole thing by claiming that mutual fucking and arse-fisting through the workings of an invisible hand ensured prosperity and was to everyone's advantage. How can there be a rational interplay of supply and demand if all market participants are idiots? Marx then wrote that all people are equal. Communism means nothing else: All people are equal. What an insight. But no two people are alike, so the gypsy capitalists thought that if we can't all be equal, then at least we can all be equally stupid. So they dumbed down humanity. Gypsy capitalism is therefore just a variant of communism, and the only one that can really be realised. Or can You think of another variant? Even stupid people are not all the same, but at least they don't realise that. Communists from England picked a world war because they were jealous of Germany. But the people didn't want war, thus advertising was invented. Finally, a means was found to dumb down humanity and create the communist paradise. And today we live more communistically than ever before.

On the night of 11 to 12 January 2025, I had a divine revelation that I must write peacefully and not provocatively if I wanted *Mein Sieg* to be successful. Apparently, I didn't succeed, did I? Well, it couldn't have been any other way, otherwise I would have had to pretend. I have always been a polemicist. But while I used to polemicise for the sake of provocation, dogmatism and vanity, I have completely refrained from doing so in *Mein Sieg* and have polemicised only out of the purest love. Anyone who believes he can detect even a spark of hatred in *Mein Sieg* has not understood *Mein Sieg*. *Mein Sieg* is only love and full of love. I hate the unspecified human because I know how he would behave if he lived in a manner appropriate to his species.

I made three major mistakes while writing. Firstly, I seriously believed that I could publish *Mein Sieg* and then live blamelessly and get away with it unpunished. I wanted to beg for money to finance the rest of my life. And this at a time when chapters such as *History*, *Environment* and *Law* were already largely finished. Of course, I had long since understood inwardly that soon after publication I would either die or become the Führer of humanity; there were no other options, otherwise I would have had to take false considerations into account, but it is incredibly painful to bring this conviction out of the subconscious and ultimately realise it. I wanted to live; can you really blame me for that? Just for the record, my current assets amount to €12,573.32, of which €8,076.00 is in the form of claims against my brother and my father. I hereby bequeath everything to them. I have no debts except for €8,488.50 due to the BAföG student grants I received, which is due in April 2030. Unfortunately, unfortunately, according to Section 18, Paragraph 11 BAföG, “the remaining loan debt, including associated costs and interest” expires upon the death of the borrower.

Secondly, I believed that one could abolish formal democracy through elections. All one would have to do is not vote until the official voter turnout and approval of the regime reached 99%. That would work in itself, but unfortunately we don’t have the time. The fate of humanity must be sealed by 2025.

Thirdly, I thought a half-Deutschland was possible. A half-Deutschland is a Deutschland without me as its midwife. Probably the easiest way to explain it is that in the first week, I seriously believed that I could cover my life story in a single chapter in the First Volume. To be more precise, it was only then that I realised that *Mein Sieg* had to be divided into two parts. Nevertheless, for a long time I grossly underestimated the importance of the Second Volume and of my humble self. The Chapter *Führer* was one of the last I wrote, and it also illustrates how I work: Although I had already decided fairly precisely in the first week which chapters *Mein Sieg* would contain, I conjured up the content itself out of thin air as I went along. Important ideas and breakthroughs also came to me

spontaneously at times when I was not writing, which I noted down on my smartphone and later incorporated into the text. I may not have worked directly on *Mein Sieg* at my desktop computer on 43 of 291 days, but not a single hour has passed since the morning of 10 January 2025 when I haven't thought about *Mein Sieg*. Until the end of May, I had trouble falling asleep almost every day and, not infrequently, trouble staying asleep throughout the night. *Mein Sieg* stole my day and robbed me of my sleep. Day and night, I worked lonely and alone on the resurrection of Deutschland. I ate for Deutschland, breathed for Deutschland, drank for Deutschland, slept for Deutschland, shat for Deutschland, pissed for Deutschland and satisfied myself for Deutschland. I gave everything, everything for Deutschland and the World.

I am fully aware of the conceptual weaknesses of *Mein Sieg*. The biggest one is probably that very few people will understand most of my allusions. To hell with the rest of the world, even those who grew up in Germany and are fluent in German will never understand *Mein Sieg* the way I do. I have tried to write as clearly as possible, but I couldn't start with Adam and Eve like I did last time. For this reason, I will commission the *Institute of Contemporary History Munich—Berlin* to produce a critical edition of *Mein Sieg*, to which I will gladly contribute myself if necessary. Whenever You encounter a contradiction, it is most likely intentional. Think about it! Everything is possible. Deutschland is not a utopia, but possible. It is even the only thing that is humanly possible and feasible; you just have to want it. Unfortunately, the biggest obstacle to making Deutschland a reality is none other than myself.



Epstein fucked me so hard. So hard. In early February 2019, I became infected with the Epstein–Barr virus. I caught it when I was clever enough to go for a walk outside in a thin T-shirt, a slightly thicker waistcoat and shorts when it was at most four

degrees Celsius (thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit). It was the most severe illness of my life. The second most severe illness I experienced was from 25 to 27 October 2024, when I was blessed with three days of total, radical and complete diarrhea caused most likely by the norovirus. I was completely out of action for a week. I can pinpoint the date quite accurately because on 7 February, the entire Q11 went on a German lesson trip to Weimar, the domain of Wieland, Goethe, Herder and Schiller, which I was unfortunately unable to attend. By the way, Goethe was a massively overrated loser and windbag; instead of writing German poetry, he should have pursued deutsche policies. Schiller wrote better, but the true Deutsch-German intellectual giants are, as I said, Kleist and Kafka. The acute phase of the illness itself was probably not the reason why this virus has turned my life upside down to this day. I myself was stupid enough not to take it easy for long enough and went back to *FIT/ONE* after two or three weeks. I was clearly not fully recovered, but I had never been ill for so long, so I thought that light weight training couldn't do any harm. I was exhausted much more quickly than before, had a scratchy throat, coughed slightly, sweated more and broke out in a sweat more quickly. It just didn't get any better, so I became even more careless. I had experienced shortness of breath twice at *FIT/ONE*, and after the second time, I only went there one last time at the end of July 2019 to hand in my letter of cancellation. In the spring, as part of our physical education class (we were allowed/required to choose a sport each semester, and I chose basketball, athletics, hockey and table tennis), we did a few laps at the Ludwig-Frank sports facility, Ludwig-Frank-Straße 40, 90478 Nuremberg, which was actively used by FAU students and schoolers from the MBG and NGN schools, among others. Here, too, I once found myself short of breath, my lungs burning, and I had to rest on a bench for a quarter of an hour. Since then, I have refrained from any sporting activity for a year and a half. Since February 2019, I have often been late for school. Before that, it was very, very rare for me to oversleep my alarm clock. I was also much more tired during the day than I used to be. However,

the symptom I was most ashamed of for three and a half years was sweating. In the oldlybuilt, the chairs were made of hard, grey plastic or wood, so here I was safe. But on the black chairs in the newlybuilt, I always left a clearly visible stain when I got up, which I tried to cover up quickly and discreetly. Sabahudin and certainly some others saw it, but never mentioned it to me. At first, the stain was long and narrow and exactly where my butt crack met the chair. Over time, however, almost a third of the entire seat became wet. Not wetwet, the stain evaporated into the air after a minute, but wet. A fine spray mist. Every day during my breaks, I checked in the mirror to see if my joggers had visibly darkened, but I was spared that for the time being. Unfortunately, that changed in my last months as a cashier. When the tills were cleared in the office after closing time, i.e. all coins and notes were counted using a machine and the actual amount was compared with the electronic target amount, a few “colleagues” whispered behind my back, visibly amused. I asked them what was going on, they claimed that nothing was wrong. I knew, or at least suspected, what was going on. The shop was located in the basement. I climbed the stairs to the third floor, where we could change and spend our breaks, stood in front of the mirror in the toilet and turned around. My beige chinos were sticking out at the crotch and a little more. There were five checkouts, four of which were regular seated checkouts and one standing checkout, where the more expensive ethanol and most nicotine products were handed over. Since then, I tried to always work at the standing checkout and stand throughout my entire shift. I had the choice between plague and cholera: If I worked at the seated checkouts, my trousers got wet. If I worked at the standing checkout, I sweated even more and it dripped from my face. Even at the seated checkouts, I sweated on my face, just less. In any case, before my shift and during my break, I stuffed my underpants with toilet paper, but this was no guarantee, as the sheets slipped easily and often. It was really, really bad. Fortunately, the last three weeks of school were held in the oldlybuilt, but that didn’t stop me from feeling the urge to constantly reassure myself that my illness was

invisible. We took our final Abitur exams in the two gyms, sitting on grey chairs. I was examined orally in music in the small music room, sitting on a wooden chair. I had chosen music because the teacher liked me. The topic was political songs, nasty songs, and I had to compare a Bob Dylan song with the *Song of the Party*. In Economics and Law, things got embarrassing in the newlybuilt. The graduation ceremony was also pure horror; I could only think of one thing. Cassandra might have foreseen and understood what was going on with me.

After that, I had peace and quiet until the end of the winter semester of 2021/2022. I only had to go out in public for the exams; the chairs in the *Kia Metropol Arena* and the *Nuremberg Exhibition* were sweat-proof and the halls were well air-conditioned. Beforehand, I sprayed my pelvis at the front, back and in between with a ton of antiperspirant. That didn't do much to stop me sweating, but at least I didn't stink. I also tried to waterproof my joggers from the inside and outside with *Ballistol*, but with limited success. Finally, I bought a black coat to hide my flab and cover up any stains. In April 2021, I also bought a safety razor with razor-sharp blades to remove the hair under my armpits and in my pelvic area for the first time. As a youth, I trimmed these areas every six months or even less frequently with craft scissors, which was perfectly sufficient. The older I got, the more often it became necessary. For someone of Turkish race, I am relatively thinly haired. From a health perspective, the symptoms never subsided and even worsened over time. I slept ten to twelve hours a day and nevertheless, or perhaps precisely because of this, I was tired all day long and had trouble concentrating. In the summer of 2019, I stopped going to the hairdresser at Plärrer every few months because, on the one hand, I left an imprint on the chairs and, on the other hand, and more importantly, because my scalp was incredibly flaky. I had always had dandruff and chapped lips in winter, but since February 2019, my skin has been completely dry. In the summer semester of 2022, I finally put myself to the test. I weighed almost as much as I did before the first lockdown. Was I now socially presentable? To be on the safe side, I ordered a black

wedge cushion in February 2022, which I wanted to use as a seat cushion. It turned out that I didn't need it. I still left stains, but they were as small as they had been in the early days, so they could be easily concealed in the anonymity of everyday university life. The more weight I lost, the less I sweated and the less exhausted and tired I felt. Nevertheless, I was still far from being as healthy and symptom-free as I had been before my encounter with Epstein. When my blood test results from 26 April 2023 showed no abnormalities that could explain my symptoms from the endocrinologist's point of view, I finally wanted to know what was wrong with me. She recommended a psychiatrist, but I didn't have a mental or psychosomatic problem, just a purely physical one. I went to a physician of love, who told me that my heart was fine. I went to a physician of the lung, who told me that my lungs were working well and that my cardiovascular system was functioning properly, but that I was unfit. I went to a physician of the ear, the nose and the throat, who told me that I had no allergies and could hear well. I went to a physician of radiation, who told me that my bare head showed no abnormalities. I went to a physician of the skin, who told me that a dermatologist was not responsible for sweat and dryness all over the body, as there were many different possible causes. Last but not least, I went to a physician of the nerves, who told me that a neurologist was not responsible for the sympathetic nervous system and that I was depressed because I had answered all the questions correctly in some quiz. After 17 October 2023, I had had enough of incompetent physicians and a dysfunctional healthcare system. I was obviously one of the most complicated patients in human history, whose suffering could not be properly diagnosed, let alone treated, in times of the most backward medicine of all time.

I could go on to explain why I consulted these particular specialists, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to do so. Let's talk instead about the physical complaints I still have at present. For one thing, I clearly have circulatory problems. As soon as I take the strain off my feet for a longer period of time, they turn dark

red-purple and look as if they were dead. As soon as I put strain on them and wash them, they look very much alive. As soon as I put too much strain on them, they turn bright red. As soon as my leg veins no longer have to work against gravity, for example when I lie on my back with my legs propped up against the wall, my feet also look healthy. On 13 June 2024, I visited a vascular surgeon and phlebologist who said that everything was fine with my veins and arteries in my pelvic area and that there was nothing he could do for me, and that I should see a rheumatologist. Despite an obvious need for examination, the Association of Statutory Health Insurance Physicians was unable to get me an appointment with a rheumatologist within a 50-kilometer radius, so I gave up. If I thought it was a more serious, life-threatening problem, I would have gone to a private rheumatologist long ago. This is the only one of my complaints that existed before Epstein, at least since 2017, probably even much earlier, as I have had problems with my feet for as long as I can remember.

I still sweat more than healthy people, but dry skin has now become a bigger problem. On 13 May 2025, I saw a dermatologist. Shortly after my tummy tuck, I developed an itchy, scaly rash on my buttocks that spread and never went away. The dermatologist diagnosed me with psoriasis and prescribed betamethasone. On 20 May, I stopped applying this stuff. In December 2024, I had already been prescribed betamethasone by another dermatologist for the same problem. Every little thing is treated with cortisone, which only has side effects. No desired effects at all, only undesired ones. It actually made the itching and flaking even worse. On 22 May, I did some research myself to find out what might help against psoriasis and ordered without further ado a UVB lamp for €325.00. At first, it seemed to help, but after a month, the itching and flaking only got worse, so I stopped the treatment on 26 June. I could live with the flaking alone, it's the itching that's really annoying. Now even my right ear and the area around my mouth are affected.

Since mid-April 2025, I've also been incontinent. After ejaculating, it dribbles a little for a while, and I sometimes feel like I can't

control my urine flow. The urologist said that everything was fine organically. On 12 June 2025, I finally understood what I most likely have: multiple sclerosis. I sometimes have sensitivity problems in my hands and feet, I sometimes feel as if my legs can no longer carry me, I occasionally have cramps in my toes and feet, and, and, and. There are indications that at some point I will no longer be able to swallow or speak, and one day I'll be totally dependent on care. I've been wearing glasses since February 2014. In sixth grade German class, I could no longer read what was written on the blackboard and projected on the wall, so I had to go to the ophthalmologist. It started with one to two dioptries, and now we are at -4.50 dioptries on the left and -4.00 dioptries on the right. For anyone who doesn't wear glasses: from -0.25 dioptries onwards, you are practically blind without aids. The higher the absolute value, the blinder you are. At Burgerstraße, I occasionally looked into a brightly shining torch for a while, and the child probably fell into the well through playing on the laptop at night at Burgerstraße and reading in bed at night with the torch on my Nokia at Gothaer Straße. I never liked glasses because they are simply very, very impractical, and I don't even know for what I resent the Age of Fuckism more: my superfluous skin or my blindness. I once dreamed that I could see clearly again, and when I woke up, I was deeply saddened. Other child- and youthhood dreams included seeing through clothes, stopping time, being invisible and teleportation. In what context, I would rather not say, because some of these answers would unsettle the population. Looking after contact lenses is even more annoying and wearing them is much more uncomfortable than wearing glasses. Epstein also dried out my eyes. For a few months now, I've also been slowly developing night blindness. In addition, since the end of last year, I occasionally have a feeling of pressure in my eyes. For over six and a half years, my lymph node below my lower jaw on the right has been swollen, and for over two years, my lymph node in my groin on the right has been swollen. What's more, I may have skin cancer.

Physically, the Greatest Führer, Feldherr, and Philosopher of All Time is not in good shape. What then of my promise that in the first 10,000 days after Nathan, I will unite humanity in Deutschland, and in the second 10,000 days after Nathan and until my death, I will ensure that humanity no longer depends on a strong Führer? Well, in order for me to leave this world with the clearest and deutschest conscience, I will indeed need probably at least 20,000 days. That is almost three generations. With each passing day, it becomes more likely that humanity will be deutsch enough to inexorably become more and more deutsch and less and less fuckistic on its own. Just as we are currently in a downward spiral, Deutschland will lift us up into an upward spiral. Until we get there, as the oracle of Deutschland, I must ensure that we do not stray from the path. As stupid as people are, they will read anything into the First Volume. The first 10,000 days are quite simple. Especially in the “West”, I have an easy job; we are so unspeciefied that the pigs will quickly realise that they have found the deutsch person. Without me, everything would quickly collapse at this stage. It is the only real danger for Deutschland, which is why I emphasise it so strongly: We are **all** in the same boat. And if you don’t make me captain, mutiny or throw me overboard, then one day Nathan’s Ark will be wrecked and sink with all its passengers. The ship has already suffered extensive damage, but this can still be repaired as best as possible. New sailors will be completely seaworthy, and most of the old sailors can still be accustomed to the rough sea. In less unspeciefied parts of the world—Africa, for example—it will be more difficult, but we will come up with something there too. The real challenge will be the second 10,000 days. Every day is a gift from God. As long as my mind does not give up the ghost, my body will embody the folkscommunity. And I will not rest until I know that the world is in deutschest hands.

The physicians who will treat me have nothing to fear as long as they are not as incompetent as Monsieur Morell, that French agent and Hitler’s personal physician. I do not want to put them under any pressure, but the future of the entire world also depends on

their skill and success. In terms of health, I've always been a tough and strong lad and showed an incredibly strong will to live already immediately after my birth. I shamelessly sucked my mother dry. As a none-year-old, I cold-bloodedly drank boiling hot tea, and solely boiling hot tea, everything else was too cold for me. Rarely was I ill. Sometimes it's the other way around, and the weak babies turn out to be real fighters later on, but in my case, everything went as it should. I was one of the physically healthiest people in the history of mankind. It was this virus alone that destroyed me. And what about mentally?



I was nine, ten or eleven years old when I first realised that one day I would die by suicide. I sat on the toilet in the bathroom next to the corner bathtub and asked Allah for help and the strength to defy the madness of life. I don't remember what it was about, maybe Ufuk, maybe the mosque, maybe something else entirely, but in any case, my parents were angry with me, and I locked the door and cried in the bathroom and begged Allah for help. In the end, I calmed myself down with the thought that one day I would put an end to it all. I was neither sad nor desperate nor happy about this realisation, but simply noted soberly that one day everything would come to an end, which deeply relaxed me. As I came to understand over the years that I was an oddball in this respect too, and that everyone else was obsessed with avoiding the subject of suicide at all costs, I concluded that either there must be something profoundly wrong with me or with everyone else. If you didn't talk about it, it wouldn't happen. If you reported on it in the newspaper, it would find copycats. They automatically associated death, and thus suicide, with grief and also felt it was an attack on their own existence. Why didn't he want to live anymore, while I'm still alive? Why didn't he tell anyone? Instead of asking, "What's wrong with the world?", they said, "What's wrong with him!"

I motivated myself to lose weight by telling myself that if I didn't succeed, I might as well kill myself. The thought wasn't constantly on my mind, not even every day, but whenever I felt myself weakening, I reminded myself what this was all about and what was on the line. If you want to live, then live. If you don't want to live anymore, then die. But don't do things by halves, don't commit suicide in instalments, you'll never be able to pay the interest. Today, I wouldn't motivate myself that way, but back then it was appropriate and necessary.

From 17 July to 9 October 2022, I had a small project running in the FAU *Studydrive* group. I picked out the best scenes from the *Netflix* series *13 Reasons Why*, created accounts for all the protagonists and played through the scenes in the group. This series was one of the first I watched on *Netflix*, and I immediately took it to my heart. A smart 17-year-old girl was bullied, raped and murdered, and tells her story on tapes she recorded before her death. Most of her stupid murderers stubbornly deny that they killed her. The butterfly effect. I don't think I need to explain further why I had to like this series so much, right? In the second season, the creators of the series joined their murderers by dragging her and her story through the mud. Even Clay, who had been so committed to her in the first season, closed the door on her. Hannah had no one left but me. So I told her story, and just like in the series itself, her murderers denied their involvement in the crime. Hannah is not the exception, but the rule. There is so much suffering out there, and everyone tries to look away, deny it and rationalise that they are murderers and rapists. No one wants to make the world a better place.

I had never been afraid of death. That changed abruptly on Sunday, 15 December 2024, at 12:15 a.m. From 2 to 18 December 2024, I was in a state of mental turmoil. Almost every day, I had brief episodes where I trembled even though I wasn't cold. Where I felt unreal. Where I felt completely uncomfortable. All of this was caused by cannabis. Since taking two high doses of LSD, I had occasionally experienced this feeling of depersonalisation, always when travelling

on public transport, but it wasn't too bad and I could live with it. It only became unpleasant in May 2024, culminating in mid-December. The trigger was the fourth season of the *Netflix* series *You*, which I watched for the second time on the evening of 14 December 2024. Until 6:48 p.m., I had been doing research for my work as a business consultant, which I stopped at 6:56 p.m. once and for all. I had always considered these "trigger warnings" for content dealing with "sensitive topics" to be ridiculous, and now I felt first-hand what watching and listening to a series could trigger. I was afraid I might kill myself. I was still far from doing so, but I was afraid of losing control of myself, and I was afraid of death itself. On 28 April 2025, I couldn't resist watching the fifth season, and at the end of the ninth episode, I experienced a very strong feeling of depersonalisation similar to what I had experienced in December, but fortunately I was able to recover after one night. I still have these moments at irregular intervals where I feel unreal, and I am sure they will disappear with my speciefication.

Before Epstein, I was the most mentally healthy human in the history of mankind. I was so stable and resilient, no one and nothing could harm me. I intuitively considered depression to be an invention of the Chinese, and I was right. I have never denied anyone his feelings and emotions, but when I saw the carelessness and frivolity with which this and other supposed mental illnesses were thrown around, I understood that none of it was to be taken seriously. If everyone had depression, then no one would have depression, and what we call depression would be normal. There are no mental illnesses. One can only be mentally ill, and we all are, because we are unspecified. In some, this manifests itself in so-called personality and anxiety disorders, in others in so-called depression, and in still others in addictions. None of this would exist if we lived in a way that is appropriate to our species. No one can help You, only we all can help ourselves. All psychologists are armchair psychologists. I, for example, have always been schizoid according to Kretschmer, have been episodically hypomanic since 14 May 2024 and depressed

since April 2019, and now? What good does that do us? As a smart person, I am fully aware of what is going on with me. I don't need someone who doesn't know me and who can't be trusted to tell me that. You, me, we all just need Deutschland. Without mind-expanding drugs, I probably would never have realised that we are unspesified. I thought I was one of the few loners who just couldn't get along with people, but that wasn't true. Anyone who thinks he's a loner should just try mind-expanding drugs, and then we'll talk. Humans are social animals who must be able to trust their conspecifics around them. And if they can't, they become mentally ill.



There has never been good and evil, only stupid and smart. And clever and harmless. Most stupid people are harmless, but because they are stupid, they are ticking time bombs that can be set off at any time by other stupid or clever people. They don't know why they act "good" and why they should act "good", and can therefore become "evil" at any moment. The smart, on the other hand, simply sees no point in doing "evil". Not because he is gay and effeminate and a wimp and a weakling, and not because those who do "good" will have "good" come to them, but because it would harm himself. If you kill someone, you either have nightmares and a guilty conscience, or you consider the person you killed to be your enemy and thus justify your actions. But why would you consider someone to be your enemy? **Because. You're. Stupid.** The smart sees the advantage of cooperation, whereas the stupid, by virtue of his nature, cannot see it. Over the last 12,000 years, we have had an enforced cooperation. Before that, it was voluntary, and anyone who was stupid enough to behave asocially was cast out of the herd. After that, it had to be enforced through commandments and laws, because the stupid were allowed to multiply profusely since labour was needed. They eagerly memorised the Ten Commandments and

the Criminal Code and blissfully recited, “Thou shalt not kill” and “A murderer is someone who kills a human out of murderous intent, to satisfy sexual desires, out of greed or other base motives, treacherously or cruelly, or by means dangerous to the public, or to enable or cover up another crime”, but they did not understand why they should not do so. That’s what’s written. It’s God’s will. The law is the law. From time to time, under the leadership of the clever, wars were waged to reduce the proportion of the stupid and appease the wild hordes. The cleverest Feldherrns were those who could gather the most stupid around them and convince them to fight everyone else. The cake did not get any bigger, but it could be divided into larger pieces. Then some clever realised that the cake could be made bigger by ending the wars and making the stupid work harder. The grateful stupid, who no longer had to die but only had to work hard, were additionally enticed by the grandiose promise that everyone could share in the cake and have a say in everything. But since the growth of their own cake had reached its limits and they were so great, they made the rest of the world happy with their recipe and helped themselves generously to their cake. Since the success of this strategy also quickly reached its limits, the sellout began. The cake became sweeter, the people even stupider. The clever have come a long way in keeping humanity stupid. But soon a critical threshold will be reached where there will be no way back and no way forward. They have deliberately manoeuvred themselves into a dead end and do not know how to get out of it, so in recent years, and especially this year, the sellout was accelerated. Their last straw are supersmart machines that are supposed to make them immortal and take over all the work. They most likely want to exterminate the poor. Unfortunately, unfortunately, I have blocked their path. A truly supersmart machine will be even deutscher than I am and will do exactly what I have announced. Clever people are those who are mentally capable but, for various reasons, do not act like smart people. No matter why: Stop. Give up. Surrender. The game is over.

On 11 May 2025, I had my smartness tested at *Mensa*, an association for supposedly gifted people. According to *Mensa*, you are gifted if you score better than 98% of all other participants in their test. This was achieved with a score of 130 or higher. I scored 118. This meant I was smarter than 88% of my German contemporaries and peers. Of course, I did not point out to these intellectual high-flyers that this somewhat contradicts the irrefutable fact that I'm the smartest human of all time. One was tested in the following four areas of ability: mathematical abilities, linguistic abilities, spatial visualisation and memory performance. When it came to the maths questions, I had the impression that I was taking an idiot test rather than an intelligence test. I finished in half the estimated time and got 24 out of 24 questions right. In the language part, I, the greatest connoisseur of the German language of all time, answered 25 out of 36 questions correctly. I didn't have time for the other eleven. The stupid, of course, could instantly recite all the meanings of words off the top of his head. The author of the most important and thus also the most important German-language book of all time is supposed to be only better versed in the German language than 73% of all young adults in the best Germany of all time. Really nigga? I scored worst in spatial visualisation, answering 5 out of 12 questions correctly, and solely responsible for that are my parents. My least favourite part of school mathematics has always been geometry, because I didn't play with toys or spend enough time outdoors during my childhood, and as a result, my spatial visualisation ability didn't develop properly. Last but not least, memory performance. Phew. I memorised four five-letter nonsense words, the first letters of 20 common words, and five numbers, and was able to answer an above-average 7 out of 12 questions correctly. For instance, I memorised the abbreviation "BSGLA", which stood for Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Luxembourg and Austria, as well as the numbers 13, 14, 17, 11, 19, which stood for €13.90, €14.90, etc. The correct order and combination of numbers and words was crucial to answering the questions correctly, and I penny pincher had memorised as little as possible and answered the questions by

process of elimination. There are special techniques that can be used to improve one's "memory performance" or, more precisely, one's memorisation skills in these artificial nonsense scenarios, but on the one hand, I wasn't versed in them, and on the other hand, I appeared completely unprepared for the test. I had no idea what to expect, and I was not disappointed. In summary, this adventure proved that there is absolutely no point in using conventional methods of measuring smartness. At best, the mathematical part proved that I am smart, or at least not a total idiot, but otherwise the test examined you on the wrong things, indicated whether you were allowed to develop species-appropriately in a certain way, and was based on your memorisation skills. I couldn't even say how this measure of smartness correlates with true deutscher smartness. I considered whether I should also have myself examined by a psychiatrist before the publication of *Mein Sieg*, but decided against it because he would have had me committed to a mental institution immediately.

Joe Goldberg, the main character and antihero in the *Netflix* series *You*, is clever, friendly, thoughtful, kind, protective, attentive, selfless, helpful, charismatic, charming and very concerned with justice, but a murderer. He grew up in an orphanage after having to protect his ungrateful mother from his violent father. As an adult, he fell in love with a series of women for whom he was willing to do and give **anything**, objectively improving their lives and the world, which they never appreciated, though. When absolutely necessary, he did not shy away from getting rid of his beloved's adversaries. These were monsters who abused their stepson and partner, stalked his lovers, didn't accept his love and kindness, drugged and raped young women and girls, wanted to kill his lover, kidnapped and captured his lover, and kidnapped his ungrateful child and wanted to kill him. I can understand much of what Joe has done very well. All the good you've done, all the people you've saved, I see that, Joe, and if I'm the last person on this planet to acknowledge that you're not just the guy who killed "a fuck ton of people". You definitely

don't deserve to rot in prison. Your last words were that maybe the problem wasn't you, but You. Take away the "maybe", Joe, and the sentence is complete. What Joe did was neither deutsch nor greenchoosy. He just thought too small. The world needs one last Joe Goldberg who is willing to play outside the otherwise valid rules so that no one ever has to play Joe Goldberg again. I'm ready. Are You? I'm a wolf in sheep's clothing and a sheep in wolf's clothing.



2019 was a special year because, for the first time, we went on holiday to Istanbul on our own rather than with our relatives, and we travelled during the two-week Pentecost holidays rather than during the long summer holidays. 2022 was similar, except that this time we were travelling in the province of Bolu, stayed at a spa for six days and invited the Keser family to join us. It had already started in 2015 that we were visiting Turkey more and more to relax and travel and no longer just to visit relatives. In 2015, we were with the Keser family in a shabby hammam in the district of Haymana, where I slipped and fell flat on the back of my head on the rock-hard tiled floor next to the small open-air pool. I had a severe, throbbing headache for the rest of the day, but hopefully I didn't suffer any lasting effects. In 2016, we spent a week with the Keser family in the coastal town of Çınarcık and went swimming in the Sea of Marmara. There were so many slimy, dead jellyfish in the water, some of which slipped out of my swimming trunks while I was showering. Disgusting. That was the second and last time I went swimming in the sea. In 2009, we took a quick dip in the Greek Aegean Sea on the way to Turkey. I apparently made friends with another lad before life drove us apart. Before that, a Gypsygypsyie woman at a Bulgarian rest area had hit me square in the face with a child she was swinging, causing my nose to bleed. There was no apology, no nothing, she just cheerfully continued swinging. In 2018, we rented a flat for six days at a spa in the province of Afyonkarahisar, and even

back then we invited the remaining members of the Keser family to join us. It was the first time we had seen each other since the death of Uncle Yasin, who was never able to take part in these longer trips away from Ankara for professional reasons. For many reasons, it was the strangest holiday of my life.

In June 2022, we circled Lake Abant in a carriage pulled by two horses. The four of us alone weighed about 400 kilograms (880 lb). One of the horses snorted at me angrily and bared its teeth. When I read the fifth book of *The Brothers Karamazov* in March or April 2023, it reminded me of that.

On 31 December 2022, my brother and I flew to Turkey for nine days. We visited Istanbul, Bursa and Kartalkaya. In Istanbul, we rented a car with a manual transmission, which we used to chug around the area. I already had 27.33 driving lessons under my belt, 6.33 of them in a manual car. He let me take the wheel. Less than five minutes later, the right rear tyre was flat because I drove too fast into a bend that was clearly visible from far behind, didn't brake and steered too late, grazing the rock at the side of the road. The fun cost my brother around €100, which I paid him back when we got home. In September 2019, I had already been too stupid to negotiate the bend on my way to school by bike at Wilhelm-Spaeth-Straße 15, 90461 Nuremberg. Please don't look up how the road runs, I had overslept and was in a hurry. I ended up on the bonnet of a car, leaving a dent and a few scratches. This cost my father's liability insurance €2,900, and in return he was upgraded.

Since the summer of 2018, I've felt a massive distrust of my family. When I first really understood what kind of life I had lived so far and what kind of life lay ahead of me, I developed such hatred for them and my fate. I didn't wish it, but I imagined that I wouldn't be sad if they died. If they had found out that I was no longer a Muslim, I would have become homeless and had to go to work. But I have never worked in my life and will never go to work. Never! So I've led a double life to this day. My brother and parents never found out what I was really studying and what training I was doing. When

asked, I told everyone that I was studying sinology and hinted that I was training to be a physiotherapist. I told two classmates that I had amnesia and couldn't remember my life before my training. I didn't really want to lie, I just didn't want to tell the truth, and when I was asked, this brilliant idea suddenly occurred to me. It was brilliant because I didn't have to answer any more questions. It was Coronazism that brought us back together as a family, and it was Coronazism that saved me by letting me crash headlong into the wall. Without Coronazism, I would have slowly wasted away. It started with the Epstein-Barr virus and continued with my collection. Without Epstein, I certainly wouldn't have started collecting, and without Coronazism, I would never have stopped collecting. The coronavirus neutralised the Epstein-Barr virus. Without collecting, I would never have understood the real and much bigger problem behind data protection. Without the extreme weight gain and the health consequences, which were greatly exacerbated by Epstein, I would never have lost weight so consistently and become so interested in healthy living. Without the Epstein-Barr virus, I certainly wouldn't have written "Der Rede wert – ein kurz dramatisches Werk", and without Coronazism, I wouldn't have agitated against Turks, Ausländers, Muslims and Islam on *Studydrive* from May 2021 to June 2022. Without the agitation, I would never have realised on my own that it is greenchoosy. If I hadn't taken security measures and had been convicted for it by some sectionsuckers, I would have become even more embittered. I hated Turks because I hated Islam. I wasn't allowed to hate Islam, otherwise I would have ended up in hell, so at first I only hated Turks and refugees, who were predominantly Muslims. In the series *Diriliş: Ertuğrul*, there was a Roman who constantly exclaimed "Lanet olası Türkler!", which translates as "Those damned Turks!", but the word "damned" is, similar to the US, carefully avoided in everyday language in Turkey, especially by older people, for religious reasons. I liked to imitate the Roman, who, incidentally, was later converted to Islam, otherwise he would have been slaughtered like all the other Chris-

tians. This is what they produced and broadcast week after week on public service television to an audience of millions.

In July 2025, my brother and I actually wanted to drive along the Black Sea coast all the way to Trabzon. In the end, we were only on the road all day on Friday, 18 July. Having left Gerede the morning before and spent the night in a cheap but clean hotel in the city of Kastamonu, he drove me in his grey *Skoda Fabia 16V* to a glass platform from which you could look down 450 meters into the abyss of the Çatak Canyon. Afterwards, we walked along a wooden path through the Horma Canyon, which was supposedly only three kilometers long, before arriving at the uninspiring Ilıca Waterfall. Finally, he took me to another high and dizzying viewpoint, which could only be reached via a steep and poorly secured staircase. I'm afraid of heights. One wrong step and I would be dead and humanity would be lost. Clinging to the railing, the glass platform was halfway bearable, but on the sometimes extremely slippery wooden path, which ran uphill and downhill, I came close to slipping and falling several times in my *Pies Sucios Simna Zip*, although I could at least have survived with serious injuries on some sections. Of course, I decided not to climb the stairs at the end and let my brother go ahead and take shots with his *GoPro*. I also allowed him to take pictures of me and of the two of us, which he was quite surprised about. I hadn't been so camera-shy since 10 January 2025, which he probably didn't notice. Before he left with my mother on the evening of 27 April, we had a little chat. I confessed to him what I had really studied and what I supposedly intended to study next. He told me that he didn't see his future in Germany. He wanted to sell leather belts produced in Turkey to mainly German customers on *Amazon*. Recently, he wants to become a property developer in Turkey. In previous years, he had been interested in cryptocurrencies, day trading, crop sharing, drop shipping and importing olive oil. As someone who can't do anything himself, it makes me sad and think that even a trained craftsman sees no future and no point in practical work and strives for quick money, but it doesn't surprise

me in the least. A Deutscher enjoys doing business during the day, but only does so in a way that allows him to sleep peacefully as fertiliser. A few weeks earlier, I had realised that the main reason we argued so often as children and youths was because we had no place of our own to retreat to. Since moving into the large living room, things had been much more peaceful, and with the move to the ground floor and the accompanying no longer having to share the bathroom, we were completely at peace. Unfortunately, hygiene and cleanliness are not high priorities in my family; only my mother is somewhat concerned about cleanliness, but unfortunately also in a greenchoosy sense. She gets really annoyed when the windows are smudged and dirty. What will the neighbours think! Honestly, who in his right mind cares about that shit? Not “What do the neighbours want?” but “What is deutsch?” is the question one has to ask oneself at all times and in all places. A Deutscher does nothing unobserved that he would be ashamed of if observed. A Deutscher is not ashamed of anything deutsch. On the day of departure, he copied 177.9 gigabytes of pictures and videos from our old days, which he had been collecting, sorting and editing for months and years for our entire extended family, onto my computer. I regretted not having had my picture taken more often, and I didn’t regret it.

From Sunday, 20 July, we rented a flat at the same spa as last time for five nights. I never understood why people travelled to other countries to see so-called sights. What do I care which megalomaniac in which century forced his slaves to build which completely impractical structures and sites? They really thought their shit would last forever. It has lasted forever so far because, over time, only bigger idiots have left their footprint on this planet. Escaping into nature is also completely harebrained. First of all, which nature? The tourist destroys what he seeks by finding it. What do You seek? Secondly, where do You live that You cannot consider the place where You spend most of Your life to be nature? Life in Deutschland will not be natural. To be so, we would have to live as Kaczynski suggested in his manifesto *Industrial Society*

and Its Future. I, on the other hand, say that a species-appropriate life is very well possible. It makes no sense to artificially restrict ourselves when there are deutsche solutions to deutsche problems. To demonise deutschen progress because there is no end in sight and disaster could loom. It was precisely the greatest mistake of evolution to make a species clever enough to unspeciefy itself. But to derive from this the lesson that all progress must be rejected would be highly greenchoosy. Kaczynski lacked the big picture perspective. He lamented mutual dependence, which only becomes a problem if you can't trust others because they are idiots, uncomputable NPCs. Trust is everything; everything else will follow from it.

My brother and my mother were such people, whereas my father and I in particular wanted to relax on holiday. More precisely, had wanted to. I never wanted the holidays after 2018; I didn't need to relax from anything and didn't want to have any contact with my relatives, especially with Ahmet. In 2019, we didn't meet a single one of them. In 2020 and 2021, none of us travelled due to Coronazism. The plan was that we would only see them for a short time in 2022, if at all, and that's exactly how it turned out. Travelling with my brother at a completely different time and season than usual sounded like an adventure I didn't want to miss out on when it was offered to me. We were ripped off everywhere. While I never wanted to set foot in Turkey again, the others drove and flew there several times a year. In retrospect, the most important reason I came along in July 2025 was to come to terms with Turkey and my past. Once again, we invited the Keser family. In the morning, we had breakfast together in a park in Gerede before checking in at the spa in the afternoon. After the summer of 2013, he never touched me again, and neither he nor I ever mentioned it, not even this summer. He surely believes I've forgotten. I never have. But I no longer felt any hatred inside me. His sister had since married and given birth to a son five months earlier. At first I thought he was ugly, but then I found him cute. He's still laughing. I see a coal-raven-black future ahead of him if Deutschland won't be. Due to the economic conditions, they want to stick with one child, like most other young

couples in Turkey today. The devastating economic situation was a topic of conversation and a cause for concern everywhere.

On Tuesday afternoon, my brother drove me to Ankara so that I could see my other aunt and my two uncles and their sons and daughters again after almost seven years, before taking me to the airport. Before that, we ate at *Arden Fried Chicken*, the *KFC* of the *Süleymanlılar*. I gained almost five kilograms (eleven lb) in ten days. There were signs on the side of the road with the words “ÇÖP ATMA”, which means “DON’T LITTER” in English. First, we visited my aunt. Her husband was a retired civil servant teacher. His son was a *kaymakam*, the highest-ranking official in a district in the province of Düzce. Both of them were visibly tense. My uncle said that the world would soon come to an end, that the Day of Judgement was imminent and that Israel was responsible for the forest fires in Turkey by attacking them with biological weapons. Second, we drove to my uncle Aras’s house. He worked as a senior inspector at a state-owned bank. They had once belonged to the upper middle class but had suffered social decline due to economic decline. The have-nots kept their heads above water with credit cards, while they themselves had no debts, which was disadvantageous in times of inflation. In today’s Turkey, you had to be very poor or very rich; everyone else would suffer. “Food” was being bulked out, German *Nutella* tasted very different from Turkish *Nutella*. Meat could no longer be eaten anywhere; everywhere, horse, pig and other animal meat was being passed off as beef. Furthermore, my aunt reported on rampant corruption and how murderers were no longer being sent to prison and were deliberately being left at large. I saw my cousins, aged around twelve and five, for the first time. Last but not least, we visited my other uncle, who conveniently lived very close to Ankara Airport. He was a businessman who had once gone bankrupt but had managed to get back on his feet. I hadn’t seen him and his family for the longest time, at least nine years. His two daughters had given birth to four children in the meantime, none of whom I got to see, as we were already disturbing them at one o’clock in the morning. They were the only one of a total of five families

who were still completely satisfied with the Turkish government and had nothing to complain about. After the first stop, I was already mentally shaken; after the second stop, I was totally distraught and felt so hopeless and desperate—so the third stop was truly balm for my soul before I checked in my luggage and pondered God and the World. More than ever, I was aware of my responsibility. More than ever, I was determined to save humanity. I casually told all my relatives that I intended to save the world as soon as possible. My mother I had already told this on 10 January when she entered the stinking kingdom of Nathan to do the laundry; my brother and father only found out two days later at Sunday breakfast. Except for my father and mother, no one ever took it seriously.

My parents did everything in their power. For decades, my father provided us with a livelihood and gave me the freedom I needed to write *Mein Sieg* in the first place. He was patient with me, and I was patient with him. My mother breastfed me for two years, didn't shove a dummy in my gob, raised me largely without nappies—albeit mainly for reasons of economy—and didn't leave me lying on my back for long periods as a baby so that I wouldn't develop a flat head. I still draw on all of this today. Above all, I was truly loved. Children must be loved with ruthless brutality. Whenever idiots asked me who I loved more, I never took sides in a hurtful way. They always trusted me and let me do my thing. I was given and took the time and space I needed to unfold myself autonomously. Now the time has come to fly the nest and build my own. No one ever knew me, no one will be responsible for my actions except myself. Parents are not liable for their unfolded children, children are not liable for their parents.

My brother often said that I was *bencil*, an egoist. That always hurt me and never was true. Yes, I always felt mentally superior to everyone else. But I felt bad whenever I used this superiority for my own purposes. It was not uncommon for me to want to push certain things through. From the outside, this may have seemed selfish, but in the end, I was always concerned with the common good. That,

and the fact that I'm extremely lazy, saved me from worse. If I weren't so profoundly lazy, I would most likely have become one of the countless known and hidden monsters of this world. I was too lazy for that. I never wanted to achieve anything. Regardless of what happens next, I've played life through and understood it like no other.

I never liked being the centre of attention. I preferred to be the wizard in the background, pulling the strings and receiving no recognition for my services. What would I have done with praise? That's why it will be a very uncomfortable role for me to slip into as a strong Führer. Two things have shaped me in this regard. One is Atatürk. There is a picture of him hanging in every classroom. Any disparaging remarks about him are punishable by law. Every year, his death is commemorated. A Führercult has sprung up around him, one that he himself cultivated and created. Regardless of what one has "achieved" in life: How can one dare to bother not only one's contemporaries but also posterity with one's (former) existence? Either you are merely a means to an end and your reputation is abused by your successors, or... there is no "or"; that is the only reason why they tolerate, cultivate or even create this nonsense afterwards. The other is Süleyman Hilmi Tunahan. Whenever we were in Istanbul, we had to visit his modest mausoleum, which was located in an ordinary cemetery. Atatürk also had a mausoleum built, one that wasted an incredible amount of space, but I didn't have to go there year after year. What good does it do the dead, who are long gone? What good does it do the living, who will also be gone someday? We must live, live, live, not commemorate the dead, dead, dead. Those who do not want to be forgotten as living beings have never lived. One day, we will all end up as fertiliser for our food. By the way, there is nothing wrong with cannibalism. Those who want to be eaten are welcome to be eaten. Exquisite meat from animals kept in a species-appropriate manner, 6-Step Certified. However, in my opinion, this will not happen on a large scale.

My name isn't Blood, Nathan Blood. My real name is Tunahan Akboloot. The Germans pronounced the first and third syllables of my first name and the third syllable of my surname long, in Turkish everything is pronounced short and crisp. Translated into English, my name was "Danuberuler Whitecloud". And I will indeed rule over the Danube in the foreseeable future! I came up with my chosen name on 19 October 2020. At the beginning of one's studies, the FAU assigned one a permanent email address based on the pattern "firstname.surname@fau.de". New stage of life, new luck. I wanted to reinvent myself. Unfortunately, one couldn't change one's surname, but one could specify a desired first name, so I did. Since then, I've been Nathan to everyone except my relatives. In upper secondary, I liked to call myself Adalbert von Proppenbergr, and in 2023 I also called myself James and Jonathan (pronounced Anglo-Saxon!). I appeared at vocational school for the first time with my chosen surname. We were given ready-printed A4 name tags, and on the very first day I wrote "Nathan Blood" on the back with a red marker pen and showed myself from my best side from then on. One might think that blood wouldn't cause any offence in the health sector, but I was very much mistaken. During the interrogation, my class teachers revealed that some teachers had been irritated and some had even been afraid of me, and asked me what the name meant. I truthfully said "Nothing." Back in the classroom, I picked up my *Schneider Slider Rave XB* and drew endless curves and circles around "Nathan Blood" until it was barely recognisable, enjoying my last days as "Tunahan Akboloot".

Atatürk means something like "father" or "ancestor" of all Turks. I am the Atamensch, the father of all humans, and Deutschland is the fatherland of mankind.



I haven't mentioned the music I listened to yet. That's because I didn't listen to music for a long time. Passively, yes, but not really

actively. The earliest two songs I can remember, which my brother showed me on *YouTube*, were *Gangsta's Paradise* and *Ich nehm dir alles weg*. It wasn't until 2018, and really only until 2024, that I started listening to music. I hardly listen to music, but what I do listen to is legendary. I don't want to go into detail here, since every evening before and after the *Führershow*, one song—on the 111th day after Nathan, three songs—will be played.

I used to reject everything Anglo-Saxon, because everything was Anglo-Saxon. It was only when I realised while writing this book that English is simply simpler German that I lost my reservations about it.



They will epstein me, they will want to suicide me. If they do, You can be sure that I did not want to do it, not even on the 111th day after Nathan. Nothing would be easier than to end it all in *this* way, and I haven't skimped on the perfect motives, but rather gone all out. Death is like the wind—always by my side. I can live with not living. However, *Mein Sieg* are not the honest words of a dying man, but of a Deutschen. I have consciously chosen the hard path and will walk it to the end. If I were dead, what would You do? You 8,200,000,000 humanies would be on Your own. I am the first and only human of all time who is irreplaceable. You are unique, but not irreplaceable. If You weren't here, the world might be a better place, or perhaps a worse place, but it would still be a place. Without me, however, the world will no longer be a place. The whole world will perish. I'm exactly in the right place at the right time. If there is an almighty and omniscient God out there, then he knows very well that I'm the onliest one who can still save humanity. If God exists, then he will stand by me and Deutschland will spring up. If God does not exist, then I will stand by humanity. If I am dead without Deutschland being resurrected, then God is dead. I am God. However, nothing in this world is determined;

everything is open. I am mortal, and Deutschland, this so young and yet so old land, may not yet be old enough to survive and thrive on its own. In that case, I hereby call on all Socratesses to follow me. You will not succeed on Your own. There are simply too many pigs. Let the stupid and the too-clever-by-halves rule over the stupid. Have no pity for the stupid, for they are the ones who will cause us difficulties in Deutschland. Do not accuse anyone, for they cannot help their stupidity. I do not accuse anyone; after all, I am not an Émile Zola. This life is not species-appropriate, and only a species-appropriate life is worth living, if at all. If humanity is not prepared to stand up for its self-preservation, speciefication and healing, very greenchoosy: Then it will disappear! Smart, If You see another alternative, then do what You think is deutsch! My call is foolproof. I will announce as soon as I consider the delicate plantlet Deutschland to be viable without Nathan as its eternal and continual protector and guardian.

In the Age of Fuckism, the divide has never been between rich and poor, but always between stupid and smart. Don't believe me? Just look at Your neighbour's feet. Anyone who wears conventional shoes is an idiot. The chic rich woman wears high heels, the chic rich man wears pointed shoes. Do the rich and powerful have sex in a manner appropriate to their species and in species-appropriate quantities? Do the rich and powerful have no culture? Do the rich and powerful have a habitat? What good does it do you to enslave a single woman when you could sleep with all men and women instead? What good does it do you to have idiotic table manners and dress up? What good does it do you to live in a magnificent plastic palace? Wherever I look, I see the work of idiots. Of course, I always knew that societies were deliberately divided by gendering, feminism, Coronazism, racism, guiltcult, democracy, religions, parties, pension insurance, LGBTQ, veganism, climate change, aso. asf. Divide and conquer. But division only works because there are stupid people. One can only divide the stupid amongst themselves and separate the stupid

from the smart. The smart, on the other hand, did not stick together for many reasons. Until Deutschland.

If someone had told my nine-year-old self that one day I would be the greatest Führer of all time—I truly wouldn't have been surprised. I could also have been six, seven or eight years old when I sat in the large living room at Burgerstraße, staring at the tube television, and heard about a great, old leader who was very afraid of being poisoned. I remember Julius Caesar, but he didn't seem to have been unusually cautious, so it must have been someone else. Anyway, in the weeks and months that followed, I asked my mother at every meal whether she had laced the food with poison. As a youth, I started doing it again, asking almost every day whether it was *zehirli*. Sometimes I even swapped plates. Just for fun.

On the morning of 10 January 2025, it was still totally uncertain what I would do in the future. Since 19 November 2024, it had already been decided that I would try my hand at law from the summer semester of 2025 onwards so that the child benefit would continue to flow. After a few semesters, the deception would have been exposed. I had no plan for the time after that. There was literally nothing else I could have done. I don't know what I would be doing today if I hadn't watched that *Markus Lanz* episode and finally understood that humanity needs me. Not even in my wildest dreams had I imagined becoming a politician one day. But when the world is calling you, you have to drop everything. I had no choice, I made no decision, it was a calling. I am the Messiah. I cannot escape my responsibility. Life is just a game, and I have laid and played all my cards on the table. What humanity makes of it is not in my hands.

For a moment, I considered whether I should lose my virginity before the publication of *Mein Sieg*, if You will allow me to still call myself a virgin. I don't know if I have given the impression that I'm obsessed with sex, but I am not. Nothing in this book was written because I wanted to. It is God who has guided me. In the Age of Fuckism, I voluntarily refrain from fucking and letting

myself be fucked like that. Without love and trust and with money, it couldn't be fun. I want to be loved like Hannah by Clay. I want to love like Joe. There will come a time when every single human will be capable of wiping out all life on Earth. We must be able to trust each other so much that no one will commit this betrayal of his own kind.

One of my first official acts will be to beget a child. Of course, one can work for the common good and worry about the future, but since this biological mechanism exists, which chains one to the present and makes one think about the future, one should also use it.

So, it's the end of *Mein Sieg*. I have written everything I think I know about this world. I have done what I could do. I have nothing more to say.

Christopher is alive.

And if I haven't died yet, then I'm still alive today.

Logbook

09/01/2025: Gerald Knaus appears on Markus Lanz's show and gives a passionate speech in favour of a European Führer

10/01/2025: watched yesterday's Markus Lanz show this morning. Got goosebumps. Came up with the idea of becoming a world leader, "dünya lideri", and writing *Mein Sieg*. Told my mum about it, and she encouraged me, even though I specifically pointed out that she wouldn't like some of the things in it. "Alkollü mü", the question of whether people will drink alcohol in my world, denied; in the evening, I decided on *VSCodium* as my text editor and *Syncthing* for versioning; from the night of the 10th to the 11th January 2025 up to and including the night of the 15th to the 16th, i.e. six nights in a row, I had trouble falling asleep and staying asleep (FA & SA); I wake up between 11 p.m. and 2 a.m. and cannot fall asleep again; for the first time in my life for such a long period of time; I only had trouble falling asleep in my youth when I was tense about the next day due to school exams or similar, but overall it was rare

12/01/2025: on the night of the 11th to the 12th, I had a revelation that I must write peacefully, not provocatively (not suicide as the beginning of all life, etc.); at Sunday breakfast, I also told the rest of the family, i.e. my father and brother, about my plan for world leadership. My brother didn't take it seriously, my father encouraged me. My mother said that she was now sure that I was planning something ("Kesinlikle planlıyordur bir şeyler").

13/01/2025: roughly defined and organised the chapters and wrote the first words of the *Foreword*, but after a short time I was already demoralised and overwhelmed by the task ahead of me

14/01/2025: after taking a break for the rest of yesterday and sleeping on it, I came to the realisation that I have to write; noticed versioning and synchronisation problems with smartphone and desktop (Timeline within *VSCodium* and *Syncthing* are not sufficient), also for the purpose of genesis; Further expanded the chapter overview and, in a wild alternation, wrote the first words in various chapters, such as *Economy*, *Morality*, *Führer* and *Scenarios* (later renamed to *Future*); *Foreword* practically finished; *git* contribution from 18/01/2025 reflects the status at the end of this day

15/01/2025: discouraged again on the night leading up to this day, so did not continue working during the day

16–20/01/2025: intellectual break, demotivation, remotivation, versioning and synchronisation problem solved by *Fedora Kinoite*, *Joplin* and *git*; decided to divide into two volumes, previously planned as Chapter *Biography* in *Mein Sieg*

21/01/2025: tentatively resumed work with renewed motivation; started Chapter

Morality including definition of **deutsch** and Chapter *Democracy*

22/01/2025: night to the 22th again FA, but work resumed productively; *TLDR* introduced at the beginning, *Foreword* linguistically improved, Chapter *Morality* expanded, Chapter *Press* started, short introduction to Chapter *Führer*

23/01/2025: FA; created first version of the Deutschland flag *Squaring the circle*, yet without red border; started Chapters *Hitler* and *History* and continued writing Chapter *Future*

24/01/2025: perfect sleep; decision to read *Mein Kampf* in its entirety instead of during the writing breaks and take notes (so far read up to Volume I, Chapter 3, approx. page 123); additional “upbringing” in Wikipedia, *Markus Lanz*, *mais-chberger*, etc.

25/01/2025: FA & SA

27/01/2025: FA; *Mein Kampf* digital edition brief outage between 10:30 and 11:00 a.m.

28/01/2025: FA; *Mein Kampf* Volume I finished

30/01/2025: FA & SA

01/02/2025: FA

03/02/2025: FA; *Mein Kampf* Volume II finished

04/02/2025: collection of ideas compiled on my smartphone during eleven-day writing break including first version of the *Deutschlandlied* sorted into various chapters

05/02/2025: FA; ideas incorporated into *Mein Sieg*

07/02/2025: finally started writing entire chapters again; started Chapter *Religion* and made good progress

08/02/2025: FA; second and final version of the Deutschland flag *Squaring the circle* with red border; worked on the thickness of the border for an hour, initially 1/40, then settled on 1/20; slightly improved the language in Chapter *Religion*

10/02/2025: FA & SA; demotivated and did not continue writing; questioned whether I should really write the book, whether I can really change the world, whether I'm just a poor sod, whether I'm right

11/02/2025: various research, e.g. BadEmpanada on Lebensraum, sexuality, 2+4 Agreement and much more; renewed motivation

12/02/2025: FA

13/02/2025: once again incorporated the new ideas collected during the four-day writing break into *Mein Sieg*, including new prepended *Special Foreword*

14/02/2025: FA; started reading Picker's *Hitler's Table Talk*

15/02/2025: FA

16/02/2025: FA & SA; rewrote part of Chapter *Religion* and changed *The Song of the Deutschen* to be closer to the original so that it rhymes again; incorporated the

collection of ideas compiled during the two-day writing break; since that day, I have been writing *Mein Sieg* almost daily

17/02/2025: SA; Chapter *Religion* finished; Chapter *Morality* half finished and legitimately the first chapter, linguistic revision needed; Deutschland flag created in “square circle version”; started Chapter *Law* properly

18/02/2025: FA; Chapter *Law* advanced

19/02/2025: FA; “Further training” on Wikipedia, including genetic engineering

20/02/2025: FA; research on taxes and jobs in Germany

21/02/2025: Progress on Chapter *Law*, but not entirely satisfied

22/02/2025: FA; progress on Chapter *Press*, started Chapter *Time* and almost finished, started Chapter *World conspiracy* (later renamed to *On the Current Situation in Germany and the World*)

23/02/2025: FA; calculated disposable income shares; watched *The Eternal Jew* on the night of the 22th to the 23th—quite funny, but also boring, makes you sleepy

24/02/2025: FA; found out that Kahneman has died; started Chapter *Economy* properly and finished Chapter *Time*

25/02/2025: FA; finished Chapter *Morality*, on the right track with Chapter *Economy*; brief mental breakdown in the evening before going to bed

26/02/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Economy*; made Chapter *Religion* the third one; introduced Chapters *Migration* and *Environment*

27/02/2025: FA & SA; wrote a little more on Chapter *Economy* and from now on wrote less erratically, but on the same chapter for days on end; at the end of the day, brief depersonalisation & derealisation; massive self-doubt, even vague thoughts of suicide; realisation of how lonely I am; doubts as to whether I will be able to get through writing the book mentally with so little human contact

28/02/2025: new motivation after bursting into tears; continuation of Chapter *Economy*; trisection of Volume 2 finished; *Foreword* and *Afterword* of the Second Volume half finished

01/03/2025: FA; first day of fasting; since that day, I have mostly worked five to eight hours a day, compared to two to five hours before

02/03/2025: SA; very, very good working day

03/03/2025: FA; not entirely satisfied with what I’ve written, but productive nonetheless

04/03/2025: SA; finished reading Göpel’s *Unsere Welt neu denken* (Rethinking our World) and Teske’s *inside TAGESSCHAU*, Göpel not really refreshing, Teske with some misjudgments, such as that PSB could be reformed, very humorous; spent almost all of the last few days working on Chapter *Economy*, which is now roughly finished; waiting for 2024 budget data to write a section; at the end of the day, self-doubt and vague thoughts of suicide

05/03/2025: started Volume 2 with Chapter *Childhood*, some emotional moments while writing my story; serious concern that I will not be able to finish writing *Mein Sieg* for mental reasons

06/03/2025: improved some of yesterday's information after checking with my parents; productive day; on Lanz and Maischberger 04/03/2025 total losers called "economists" and "economic experts" who had to approve the pointless 500 billion and more in debt

07/03/2025: in a good mood; wrote little new material, made many improvements and had to do some research

08/03/2025: SA; had to improve some information again upon request; Böhmermann edition 07/03/2025 *Together against loneliness* very good, except for parts of the final appeal; Lanz 06/03/2025 interesting with Miss Weidel

09/03/2025: good, but unfortunately worked very slowly because there was a lot to eat, board games to play and places to research

10/03/2025: in a bad mood because of bureaucracy surrounding my mother's residence permit extension, did little work

11/03/2025: FA; couldn't sleep, watched the two episodes of *alpha Uni* on economics at midnight. Oh God, I have a lot of explaining to do; continued to embellish the *Logbook*; started Chapter *Environment*, good day, good progress

12/03/2025: FA; quite a pleasant day; Chapter *Environment* roughly completed, Chapter *War* off to a good start; finished reading Semsrott's *Brüssel sehen und sterben* (See Brussels and Die), very insightful, confirms many things, some classic "left-wing" misjudgments

13/03/2025: FA; good day; slight depersonalisation & derealisation in the evening

14/03/2025: FA; good day; only the last section of Chapter *War*, addressed to the three men, is missing

15/03/2025: FA; good, laborious day without a break; last section of Chapter *War* finished, fine-tuning needed

16/03/2025: SA; hopelessness spreads; Chapter *War* completed; towards the end of the day, another minor crisis about whether I should really continue with the whole thing + derealisation

17/03/2025: Dream: In an Asian country where you can choose how you die, my hanging was ordered because I had finished with my life, but it didn't happen; Christopher was there; started Chapter *History*, clean day

18/03/2025: FA; pleasant day

19/03/2025: FA; Chapter *History* almost completed, satisfied with myself; what an idiot this David Matei on *hart aber fair* on 17/03/2025, shamelessly claiming that Germany is worth it

20/03/2025: FA; at the beginning of the day, spent two hours going through all

previous *git* commits and adding lots of details to the *Logbook*—annoying, but necessary; finished refining Chapter *History*

21/03/2025: FA; made minor additions to the *History* and *War* Chapters; really started Chapter *Language*, satisfied with what I’ve written; during lunch break, watched Markus Lanz from 20/03/2025 on the topic of the RAF and experienced brief derealisation; after work, felt brief derealisation and hopelessness again; before going to bed, watched Böhmermann’s show about birth rates, probably a low point in his career

22/03/2025: FA; Chapter *Language* roughly finished; replaced “Führerland” with “Menschenland” in the *Deutschlandlied*; finished revising Chapter *Democracy*; read Weigelin-Schwiedrzik’s *China und die Neuordnung der Welt* (China and the New World Order), some new stuff, but a lot of it hammers on the once-invented theory of the alleged “strategic triangle”. Deutschland doesn’t need that

23/03/2025: FA; heard about “Year Zero” in Democratic Kampuchea for the first time at 1 a.m. on Lex Fridman’s podcast with Marc Andreessen. Some similarities with Deutschland, but of course everyone was a loser as always; refined the language in Chapters *Language* and *Democracy*; continued and roughly finished Chapter *Press*; stylistically it is very different from the rest of *Mein Sieg*, I’m not sure whether I should leave it as it is

24/03/2025: FA; Chapter *Press* finished; Chapter *Race* started and roughly finished; Chapter *Sex* started

25/03/2025: FA & SA; until noon, a great feeling of powerlessness; continued Chapter *Sex*

26/03/2025: FA & SA; Chapter *Sex* roughly finished, started linguistic revision of Chapter *Law*

27/03/2025: Chapter *Sex* finished; Chapter *Law* well advanced

28/03/2025: FA; Chapter *Law* roughly finished, perhaps Plato and his philosopher king are still missing as the penultimate section

29/03/2025: Chapter *Law* finished; Chapter *Humility* started; brief two-hour bout of despondency after writing; these drastic mood swings scare me a little, but they are bearable

30/03/2025: FA & SA; Eid al-Fitr, planned visit to grandparents cancelled due to car trouble; slightly refined several chapters

31/03/2025: FA; Chapter *Sex* significantly altered and the year references translated into Deutsch; Chapter *Humility* finished; *Foreword* and Chapters *Morality* and *Religion* refreshed, I am satisfied; watched Precht’s conversation with Krastev during the night. Our views coincide on a surprising number of points, for example with regard to the military and Russian demographics, the real reason behind the war in Ukraine

01/04/2025: FA; refined Chapter *Humility*; deleted Chapters *Infrastructure* and *Genesis*; rearranged Chapters in the text itself; started Chapter *Health*

02/04/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Health*; shaved after 112 days, i.e. since 11/12/2024 and could hardly recognize myself

03/04/2025: made Chapter *History* funnier, Chapter *Health* almost finished, quite a good day; in the evening, noted down the final part of the Second Volume on my smartphone and inserted it the following day

04/04/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Health*; sunny day, picnic and barbecue with the family at Silverlake in the afternoon; towards the end of the picnic and in the evening, felt a strong sense of hopelessness, powerlessness and incompetence, health problems with “burning” feet

05/04/2025: FA & SA; wasted the whole day, compiled a collection of ideas on my smartphone and incorporated it into *Mein Sieg* in the evening; swapped the order of Chapters *Hitler* and *Führer*

06/04/2025: FA; finished Chapter *Health*; started Chapter *Nutrition*, which was fun

07/04/2025: FA & SA; refined Chapter *Health*, made good progress on Chapter *Nutrition*, but not particularly satisfied

08/04/2025: Chapter *Nutrition* finished, already more satisfied

09/04/2025: binge eating and bad mood, so didn't get much work done; refined Chapter *Nutrition*, but still not entirely satisfied

10/04/2025: spent an hour cleaning the washing machine drain pipe in the morning; started Chapter *Activity*, good day

11/04/2025: FA; unable to sleep, *Markus Lanz* show about corona was dreadful; finished Chapter *Activity*

12/04/2025: refined Chapter *Activity*, made a good start on Chapter *Drugs*

13/04/2025: FA; fell ill, cold; spent the whole day with the family at my grandparents' allotment in Amberg and had a barbecue

14/04/2025: SA; still have a cold; finished reading Picker's *Hitler's Table Talk*, very interesting; finished Chapter *Drugs*, started Chapter *Culture*

15/04/2025: SA; woke up twice during the night due to a runny and stuffy nose; finished Chapter *Culture*, started Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*

16/04/2025: FA & SA; cold and sore throat; wasted a lot of time watching pointless videos; continued Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*

17/04/2025: FA & SA; still ill; illegal organ trade in Kenya on *frontal* causes Weltschmerz in the morning; continued working on Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*

18/04/2025: cold gone, still slight sore throat; binge eating; last day of self-sabotage through diet, media and masturbation?; started reading Longerich's biography of Hitler; hardly any further work done, mainly improved the language

19/04/2025: stopped listening to music while writing; made good progress on Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*, good day

20/04/2025: relapse; only able to work on aforementioned chapter briefly, hopefully will be roughly finished tomorrow

21/04/2025: had two rather strange dreams; in the first, as a child in a Chinese restaurant in Germany, I ate constantly and didn't pay, was monitored and summoned for the following Saturday; in the second, I talked to K. about problems with some shower, with my missing girlfriend and with the economy; finished Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*, funny day

22/04/2025: FA; refined Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking*, started Chapter *Science*, bent my glasses

23/04/2025: FA; first part of Chapter *Science* roughly finished, fun day

24/04/2025: FA; relapse; Chapter *Science* linguistically improved, quite satisfied

25/04/2025: FA; fully recovered, still feeling slightly unwell over the last few days; continued working on Chapter *Science* and smaller sections in other chapters, good day

26/04/2025: FA; not fully recovered after all, slight cough; relapse; invented Chapter *Deutschhood* in Volume 2; wrote little new material, but incorporated many thoughts jotted down on my smartphone; started recording my browser history in *Mullvad Browser*

27/04/2025: FA; only able to sleep from 4 to 8 a.m.; continued working on Chapter *Science*, significantly improved Chapter *Law*, experienced a bit of derealisation and a slight feeling of hopelessness for the first time since 04/04/2025, but also felt more motivated; according to Wikipedia, I could be episodically hypomanic (increased self-esteem; increased mental flow of speech; erratic, associative thinking); mother and brother departed for Turkey

28/04/2025: FA, only able to sleep from 1:30 to 5:30 a.m.; watched the first half of season 5 of *You* before going to bed, watched the second half in the morning; end of episode 9 triggered severe derealisation, as in December with season 4, but was able to quickly regain composure; continued working on Chapter *Science*, unable to concentrate on writing after lunch break; brother left family photos and videos yesterday, went through them today for biography purposes

29/04/2025: slept soundly for seven hours from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; briefly unsure in the morning whether there would be any after-effects from yesterday, but this proved not to be the case; finished Chapter *Science*, good and productive day, neutral mood

30/04/2025: Watched *Markus Lanz*, which triggered great hopelessness and moderate but still vague suicidal thoughts; still felt uneasy in the morning; compared and refined Chapters *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking* and *Science*, and corrected

inconsistencies; Chapter *Progress* off to a good start, but not quite satisfied yet

01/05/2025: already in a better mood; finished Chapter *Progress*; started Chapter *Migration*; good day

02/05/2025: FA; refined Chapter *Progress*, finished Chapter *Migration*, started Chapter *On the Current Situation in Germany and the World*; mood swings from not so good at the beginning to cheerful at the end

03/05/2025: FA; Chapter *Migration* refined, continued working on Chapter *On the Current Situation in Germany and the World*; mood swings and very tired, probably also due to weight loss

04/05/2025: FA, feared that my father might have committed suicide, but he had only met with an acquaintance; finished Chapter *On the Current Situation in Germany and the World*, started Chapter *Führer*, good day; unfortunately still not quite mentally stable, but already more stable and in a better mood

05/05/2025: finished Chapter *Führer*, but not entirely satisfied yet, perhaps I need to explain *decentralised democracy* further; started Chapter *Hitler*; mood is the same, brief period of derealisation

06/05/2025: refined Chapter *Führer*; made good progress on Chapter *Hitler*; very satisfied with what I've written and already in a better mood, but still not quite mentally stable

07/05/2025: SA; Chapter *Hitler* finished, Chapter *Takeover* started; wrote a lot, but not particularly satisfied, much of it seems disjointed

08/05/2025: appointment with urologist, everything normal, journey by public transport was strange, followed by a massive feeling of uselessness and guilt; relapse; continued working on Chapter *Takeover*; ill, weak, not in a good mood

09/05/2025: finished reading Longerich's biography of Hitler, interesting, but no happy or conciliatory ending; continued writing Chapter *Takeover*; mother back, more stable

10/05/2025: finished Chapter *Takeover*; after brief consideration, abolished Chapter *Practical*; will regulate sales tax rates in a Führerdecree; resumed work on Chapter *Economy*; good day; sunny day, in a good mood, quite stable

11/05/2025: refined Chapter *Takeover*, continued working on Chapter *Economy*; IQ test at *Mensa* in the afternoon, then continued working; very unsure how to arrange Chapter *Economy* in a meaningful way and bring it to a conclusion; in a good mood, stable; started reading Feynman's *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!*, which was very stimulating intellectually

12/05/2025: FA; relapse; I think I've been able to put things in order in Chapter *Economy*; good day, very satisfied, in a good mood despite relapse

13/05/2025: appointment with dermatologist, diagnosed with psoriasis on my buttocks, prescribed ointment; had my glasses adjusted at *Fielmann*, experienced

moderate derealisation after putting on my glasses; relapse; only managed to make minor linguistic improvements in Chapter *Economy*

14/05/2025: finished reading Feynman's *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!*; started Tooze's *The Wages of Destruction*; Chapter *Economy* almost finished, good day

15/05/2025: FA; relapse; unfortunately only able to improve the language in Chapter *Economy*

16/05/2025: FA; *Markus Lanz* from 15/05/2025 extremely interesting and frightening; finished Chapter *Economy*; started Chapter *Future*, had a lot of fun trying my hand at being an architect; good, productive day

17/05/2025: maternal grandfather passed away in Turkey in the morning, didn't feel any real sadness; continued Chapter *Future*, very exciting; I must admit that I have become envious of the Deutschen of the future

18/05/2025: FA; worked in my father's office, so only able to work briefly on Chapter *Future*

19/05/2025: FA; watched Johannes Hano's highly interesting but rather thin documentary, *Putin's Helpers*; worked on Chapter *Future* and improved the language in other chapters, such as *Environment*; working on this chapter is particularly enjoyable, but it mustn't become too long or too detailed; goal is to finish Volume 1 by the end of the week and continue with Volume 2

20/05/2025: FA & SA; in a rather bad mood due to poor sleep and health problems (urinary incontinence, dry skin on the face, probably due to betamethasone, probable neurological disorders such as foot cramps and temporary stiffness in the right big toe, and perhaps also incontinence as a result); was able to continue working on aforementioned chapter, but not satisfied with what I wrote; stopped using the ointment because of undesirable effects

21/05/2025: SA; continued working on Chapter *Future*; watched porn for the first time in years today and yesterday evening, which solved the incontinence problem to some extent; I have no idea how I should feel at the moment, sometimes I am more optimistic and self-assured, sometimes more pessimistic and desperate

22/05/2025: SA; only able to work on Chapter *Future* with lots of breaks due to an unpleasant hot and itchy feeling on my buttocks, hopefully it will be finished tomorrow; unstable psyche; ordered a UVB lamp in the evening

23/05/2025: FA & SA, so watched *Trump and Silicon Valley* and *Markus Lanz* from 21/05/2025, both quite interesting; watched *Markus Lanz* from 22/05/2025 in the morning, even more interesting; incontinent and discharge again; almost finished with Chapter *Future*, pretty good day, but still unstable moments

24/05/2025: FA; Chapter *Future* finally finished; *Afterword* properly started, *The Song of the Deutschen* has become *The Two Songs of the Deutschen*; good day,

health issues annoying

25/05/2025: FA, can't fall asleep because of burning buttocks; in the morning, short, rather unstable episode at the breakfast table; skipped *Afterword* of the First Volume, started again with Volume 2, refined much of what has been written so far linguistically

26/05/2025: FA & SA; still haven't written anything new for Volume 2; I'm not feeling well at all, maybe I'll take a break to recharge my batteries and get some distance from *Mein Sieg*, but time is pressing

27/05/2025: took a break

28/05/2025: took almost nothing but breaks, but didn't really recover; parents flew to Turkey; mentally unstable, probably also due to the grey skies for many days; relapse; UVB lamp arrived, used it for the first time; continued Chapter *Childhood* briefly in the evening

29/05/2025: Chapter *Childhood* roughly finished, somewhat stressful towards the end; I am alone and don't feel particularly well

30/05/2025: Chapter *Childhood* finished; Chapter *Youthhood* off to a good start; relapse; UVB lamp seems to be working; pretty good day, the sun finally came out again

31/05/2025: FA; relapse; continued working on Chapter *Youthhood*, good day

01/06/2025: relapse; making progress on Chapter *Youthhood*, I am satisfied and unstable at the same time

02/06/2025: severe relapse; only improved linguistically, feeling bad; *git* is causing problems when saving because there are too many changes in too many different places in *Mein Sieg*; finished reading Tooze's *The Wages of Destruction*, good in parts, boring in parts, bad ending, lacks a view of the big picture; started Vance's *Hillbilly Elegy*

03/06/2025: even more severe relapse during lunch break; continued working on Chapter *Youthhood*

04/06/2025: relapse; work continues

05/06/2025: visited urologist and *Fielmann* in the morning, ordered new glasses; continued working; feeling more stable and in a better mood

06/06/2025: started antibiotic therapy from urologist; relapse; continued working; feeling slightly worse than yesterday, brief derealisation

07/06/2025: started saving *duck.ai* prompts, traced back to 17/05/2025; relapse (ate six ready-made pizzas, almost 4,500 kilocalories); made good progress, good day

08/06/2025: relapse; looked at the *old data* for the first time in a very long time... bloody hell, how am I supposed to process all this; Chapter *Youthhood* only linguistically improved and some errors corrected, but there are still some errors

09/06/2025: went through *old data* and message histories until noon; parents back;

switched back to *Linux Mint* in the evening because *Fedora Kinoite* is causing problems with *VSCodium* and *Joplin*, very annoying

10/06/2025: went through old message histories all day, feeling bad; finished antibiotic therapy, as UVB light therapy had to be interrupted during this time due to the risk of phototoxicity and itching on the buttocks flared up again

11/06/2025: went through *old data* as well as message, email and *YouTube* histories

12/06/2025: went through *old data*, feeling very hopeless; finally understood that I most likely have multiple sclerosis; finished reading Vance's *Hillbilly Elegy*

13/06/2025: FA; refined the language of everything written so far in Volume 2, added things and corrected mistakes; productive day, feel more stable; had to struggle with *git* until almost 11 p.m. Finally solved the problem with too many changes, just had to save manually. EXTREMELY ANNOYING, crappy end to an otherwise good day

14/06/2025: resumed actual writing work on Chapter *Youthood*; listened to *Lanz & Precht* podcast from 13/06/2025 during breaks, very interesting talk about the well-meaning dictator who could abolish democracy in Germany, but in Precht's opinion this could by no means happen within three old years; good, productive day, feeling good

15/06/2025: continued working on Chapter *Youthood*, relatively good day; started Isaacson's biography of Musk

16/06/2025: relapse; work is progressing slowly

17/06/2025: fasted all day; was able to write productively and at length on Chapter *Youthood*; good day, mood stable

18/06/2025: SA; Chapter *Youthood* (maybe) finished, started Chapter *Adulthood*; good day; hearing starting to deteriorate

19/06/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; not particularly satisfied with the day, annoying, eye-straining activity as a film and series researcher

20/06/2025: SA; work continues; mentally slightly unstable, eyes hurt; in the evening before going to bed, neither derealisation nor depersonalisation, but something similar, a kind of mild existential crisis

21/06/2025: SA; worked on Chapter *Adulthood* and created income and assets statement

22/06/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; heard about the attack on Iran during my lunch break, let's see how it'll turn out; relapse

23/06/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; accompanied grandfather to Erlangen at lunchtime; quite a good day

24/06/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; picked up new glasses from *Fielmann*, may return them as they hurt my nose and ears; despairing of society; undecided whether to go to Turkey in two weeks

25/06/2025: work is progressing; good day

26/06/2025: work continues; UVB light therapy ended without success, buttocks itch and itch

27/06/2025: after waking up, right hand tingly and ticklish, i.e. somewhat numb; relapse; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; after binge-watching political talk shows, temporarily unstable and hopeless

28/06/2025: after waking up, left hand tingly, ticklish and temporarily uncontrollable—frightening and fear of death; continued working productively

29/06/2025: continued working; very hot, very exhausting to sit and write with concentration

30/06/2025: continued working; became somewhat unstable at lunchtime and had doubts about whether I was still on the right track. Writing the section was no fun, felt like going on holiday. In the afternoon, regained the desire to write; hot and sweaty; finished reading Isaacson's Musk biography, think quite similarly to Musk; started Kaczynski's *Industrial Society and Its Future*

01/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*, had tears in my eyes towards the end

02/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; in the afternoon, researched *old data* relating to *Studydrive*

03/07/2025: FA; relapse; able to work a little more; maybe I'm also the Dalai Lama; cooler, but still hot and sweaty; hopeless

04/07/2025: continued working; finished reading Kaczynski's *Industrial Society and Its Future*, got me thinking in many places, but unfortunately contains a lot, too much junk

05/07/2025: continued working; relapse; started Noah's *Born A Crime*

06/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; good day; finally reasonably cool

07/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; became slightly mentally unstable in the morning and at lunchtime; feeling of living in a simulation

08/07/2025: continued working as usual; what a day :D

09/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; I'd imagined it would be much more unpleasant to write this section, but in fact I'm really enjoying it; decision made: I will spend about eleven days in Turkey. A break will do me good, and I couldn't have endured 24 days alone at home without human contact, see the eleven days at the end of May/beginning of June; good day

10/07/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; good day; finished reading Noah's *Born A Crime*

11/07/2025: in the afternoon, mother, grandparents and aunt depart for Turkey; relapse; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood* until the evening; departed for

Turkey with father during the night

12/07/2025: left Germany at 1:30 a.m., arrived in Serbia at 7:00 p.m.; started reading biography of Xi by Aust and Geiges

13/07/2025: arrival in Turkey at 11:30 a.m. local time, arrival in Gerede at midnight

14/07/2025: *Foreword* and Chapters *Morality*, *Religion* and *Law* linguistically refined

15/07/2025: Chapters *Law*, *Press*, *Democracy* and *Health* linguistically refined

16/07/2025: Chapters *Health* and *Sex* linguistically refined

17/07/2025: at 11 a.m. start of short Black Sea tour with brother; Chapter *Sex* linguistically refined

18/07/2025: Chapter *Nutrition* linguistically refined

19/07/2025: Chapter *Nutrition* linguistically refined; at 12 noon end of Black Sea tour; slight derealisation, severe headache and great despair; finished reading biography of Xi by Aust and Geiges, started Machiavelli's *The Prince*

20/07/2025: Chapters *Nutrition* and *Activity* linguistically refined

21/07/2025: Chapters *Drugs*, *Culture* and *Language* linguistically refined

22/07/2025: Chapter *Language* linguistically refined, extremely demoralised after visiting relatives due to the global and national political situation

23/07/2025: departure from Turkey at 3 a.m., arrival in Germany at 5 a.m. local time, arrival home at 6:30 a.m.; very, very uncomfortable flight, therefore unable to sleep much. As I had also been unable to sleep much in the days before, I slept almost the whole day; in the evening, I incorporated the work done on my smartphone day after day during my vacation into *Mein Sieg* on my desktop; polished the language in Chapter *Race*; gained just under five kilograms in ten days; massive feeling of inferiority; extreme change from sunny, noisy Turkey to grey, quiet Germany; bad mood and mentally unstable, but things got better in the evening and night hours; *Markus Lanz* from 23/07/2025 was extremely interesting and good

24/07/2025: among many other things, such as spell checking, Chapters *Time* and *Humility* linguistically refined; very good day

25/07/2025: Chapter *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking* linguistically refined; surprisingly little progress, although I'm satisfied with the quality and it's enjoyable, I just need to work much faster

26/07/2025: finished reading Machiavelli's *The Prince*, interesting and quite true, but I will have to find and follow my own path; Chapters *Upbringing*, *Unfolding*, *Undecking* and *Science* linguistically refined; during an evening walk, I felt like I was living in a cartoon, the "real" graphic of life seemed artificial to me; started Machiavelli's *Discorsi*

27/07/2025: Chapters *Progress* and *History* linguistically refined; mentally unstable, grey weather and lack of human contact are getting to me; stopped reading

Machiavelli's *Discorsi*, too boring, started reading Klein's *Josefine Mutzenbacher*
28/07/2025: relapse; Chapters *History*, *Environment* and *Migration* linguistically refined; good day
29/07/2025: FA; relapse; Chapters *Migration*, *On the Current Situation in Germany and the World* and *War* linguistically refined
30/07/2025: Chapters *War* and *Führer* linguistically refined, the former extremely chewy; certain signs make me fear that I could lose the ability to speak due to multiple sclerosis
31/07/2025: Chapters *Hitler* and *Takeover* linguistically refined, exhausting
01/08/2025: Chapters *Takeover* and *Future* linguistically refined, exhausting; mood not good, will definitely lose the ability to swallow and speak at some point
02/08/2025: Chapters *Future* and *Economy* linguistically refined; finally be finished tomorrow, then back to Volume 2
03/08/2025: finished reading Klein's *Josefine Mutzenbacher*; polished the language in Chapter *Economy*; spent 1,000 hours writing *Mein Sieg*; parents back; started Alexander's *Letzte Chance* (Last Chance)
04/08/2025: resumed work on Volume 2, Chapter *Adulthood*; bumpy start
05/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*, somehow I can't get to the point and am just writing nonsense
06/08/2025: cousin visiting, took the whole day off
07/08/2025: incredibly tired, self-critical and self-condemning; feeling guilty about everything and everyone; worked a little more on Chapter *Adulthood*
08/08/2025: FA & SA; for several days now, I've been having very strange, mild, throbbing headaches from time to time; worked well on Chapter *Adulthood* and steered the section in a relatively right direction
09/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; had a lot of fun, but undecided whether I will leave the penultimate paragraph of the section as it is, very wild leaps
10/08/2025: finished reading Alexander's *Letzte Chance* (Last Chance); continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; what I'm writing right now is extremely explosive; started Alexander's *Die Getriebenen* (The Driven)
11/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; good day
12/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; feel very miserable and exhausted at times, everything is dragging on, without my mother I would be lost
13/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; the heat is annoying; grandfather visited in the afternoon, his stinginess is annoying, but it also makes me sad; good day
14/08/2025: finished reading Alexander's *Die Getriebenen* (The Driven); relapse; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; started reading Tocqueville's *Democracy*

in America

15/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; good day, we are slowly approaching the end

16/08/2025: relapse; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; it's hot and my bum is itchy

17/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; towards the end it was a lot of fun; briefly mentally unstable, but then managed to pull myself together

18/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; finished reading Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*; started Alexander's *Machtverfall* (The Decline of Power)

19/08/2025: work is progressing

20/08/2025: relapse; work continues; mentally unstable

21/08/2025: relapse; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; feeling a little better than yesterday

22/08/2025: finished reading Alexander's *Machtverfall* (The Decline of Power), started Röper's *Inside Corona*; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*

23/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*, very good day; mentally stable, after fearing in the morning that I would lose my mind while reading *Inside Corona*

24/08/2025: dreamt that Mesut Özil was Jewish; felt depersonalised and moderately mentally unstable while reading in the morning, but luckily managed to pull myself together again during family breakfast, where we had pizza; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; finished reading Röper's *Inside Corona*, started reading Röper's *Vladimir Putin*

25/08/2025: FA; very strange pains or strange sensations in my head again; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*, briefly experienced depersonalisation at the end while writing

26/08/2025: in a very good mood in the morning after Precht's conversation with David Pearce; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; not at all satisfied, hardly any progress

27/08/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; already a better day, but I wonder if I'm too aggressive; finished reading Röper's *Vladimir Putin*

28/08/2025: FA & SA, Habeck is a good man; started Röper's *Abhängig beschäftigt* (Dependent Employed); continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; very, very bad day, I hate myself

29/08/2025: headache; at 10:10 a.m. forgot what I'd been doing for the last 10 minutes, Alzheimer's?; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; stronger headache and very bad mood, after finishing the weight reduction section didn't feel like writing anymore, but after satisfying myself after four days of abstinence, felt like

it again

30/08/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; made my first screen recording using *OBS Studio* so that people can see how I work; very bad, annoying and stressful day because I had to go through a lot of data and, of course, because of the topic I was dealing with. If You think I enjoy this, You are sorely mistaken; finished reading Röper's *Abhängig beschäftigt* (Dependent Employed)

31/08/2025: FA & SA; I'm in a bad state and am finding it very difficult to write this section; I have never felt so alienated from myself as when writing this section, what the hell was I thinking; I don't feel like doing this anymore; in the evening, discovered old *Firefox* history, have to go through it; started Huxley's *Brave New World* for the second time and stopped again (first time sometime in 2024), my English skills aren't good enough and the German translation is far too poor, read the entire German Wikipedia entry instead

01/09/2025: didn't sleep a wink all night long; refined the first few days of the *Logbook* with new information from the *Firefox* history; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; mentally unstable and feeling as if everything I do is in vain

02/09/2025: managed to sleep for ten hours; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; in a better and, above all, more stable mood than the previous five days, but still not completely mentally stable

03/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; feeling a little better than yesterday; good progress, but I have to finally finish, humanity is waiting for me

04/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; even better and more stable mood than yesterday; hopefully be finished tomorrow, then the last section of this damn chapter

05/09/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Adulthood*; worked a lot, unfortunately didn't finish, probably tomorrow

06/09/2025: FA; finished Chapter *Adulthood*, started Chapter *Deutschhood*; neutral, almost emotionless mood at the end of the day; might format the book with *Typst* instead of *LibreOffice Writer*

07/09/2025: FA; continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; eyes tired and burning, mentally stable

08/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*

09/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; funny end to the day

10/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; mood temporarily clouded again today for the first time, grey weather and colder

11/09/2025: almost choked on spaghetti in the morning; continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; mentally slightly unstable and diffuse feeling in my head, headache in the afternoon

12/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; bad day for writing,

writing quite confusedly and incoherently; mood better than yesterday

13/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*

14/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; in a bad mood in the afternoon, quite satisfied again at the end of the working day; will certainly be able to finish the Second Volume by the end of next week

15/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; grey weather, neutral mood, stable

16/09/2025: continued working on Chapter *Deutschhood*; probably only the last section of the Second Volume still needs to be written, and I don't know exactly how yet; deleted the *Afterword* of the Second Volume, had been meaning to do so for months, as the last four sentences already provided a good conclusion; relapse

17/09/2025: SA; finished Chapter *Deutschhood*, managed to incorporate everything in a magical way; finished *Afterword* of First Volume, but not entirely satisfied, might expand the section before the songs; started fine-tuning the Second Volume

18/09/2025: SA; Chapter *Childhood* fine-tuned, started fine-tuning Chapter *Youthhood*

19/09/2025: FA & SA; Chapter *Youthhood* fine-tuned, started fine-tuning Chapter *Adulthood*

20/09/2025: since 17/09/2025, significantly stronger itching on my buttocks after relapse; continued fine-tuning Chapter *Adulthood*; will finish fine-tuning of the Second Volume tomorrow, eyes are burning and I don't feel like it anymore

21/09/2025: night blind in the morning, like yesterday; finished fine-tuning Chapter *Adulthood* up to and including the penultimate section, then just spell-checked it with *LibreOffice Writer*. The newer it is, the less there is to correct, no longer in the mood and my eyes are killing me; will start translation tomorrow

22/09/2025: translation started and hopefully finished with the most annoying part of the preliminary work (*Logbook*, apostrophes, quotation marks etc.)

23/09/2025: relapse; brief depersonalisation after nine days of stability, but no big deal; only been able to "translate" 7,000 words, must become much faster, otherwise the 25/10/2025 publication date will not be feasible with a total of 188,000 words

24/09/2025: relapse; 8,000 words, well...; I feel very hopeless at times... are these supposed to be my last days on Earth?... and if not, then it will only get more exhausting

25/09/2025: relapse; when reading "This last person can now impose his own will as he pleases", I noticed that I accidentally left the "gender-neutral" translation from *DeepL* in there the whole time, fuck; I didn't go through everything carefully, so if any "gender-neutral" phrases slipped through, I apologize

26/09/2025: brief, moderately severe depersonalisation, not pleasant; at times feeling very hopeless and not wanting to live anymore; 6,000 words, yesterday it

was 8,000; had to deal with annoying language rules (subjunctive, dashes etc.)
27/09/2025: 7,000
28/09/2025: 7,000; noticed about a week ago that the left side of my glasses is already no longer strong enough; stable like yesterday and even highly motivated at times
29/09/2025: SA, crazy and mentally extremely unstable night; 5,500, still had to clear up old messes; if it continues like this, I will be done with the paperwork on 19/10/2025, and have just under six days for everything else—should be doable
30/09/2025: SA; 6,000; spent 1,500 hours writing *Mein Sieg*
01/10/2025: 6,500; quite a good day, temporarily unstable
02/10/2025: 6,500; funny day
03/10/2025: 5,000; unstable-stable. Stable in principle, but definitely not normal; haven't watched porn since around the beginning of last month
04/10/2025: FA; 5,000; will probably/hopefully go faster in the Second Volume, as in the First Volume, I constantly have to compare with earlier translations; second screen recording using *OBS Studio*; stable
05/10/2025: FA; found out that “should” can mean an obligation. I'm definitely not going to go through everything I've done so far, no time. The translation is, like the original, definitely not perfect, but it is certainly good enough for the current human race. As with the original: the later, the better; lately, I've been working almost exclusively directly on *Mein Sieg* and doing nothing else, before that at least I had some free time. Not healthy at all
06/10/2025: FA; 4,500; I'm done
07/10/2025: FA & SA; unstable; 7,000; tomorrow, finally, start of the translation of Volume 2
08/10/2025: 5,500; difficult birth. *DeepL* simply ignored my lovely glossary during translation. Second Volume will probably actually go much faster; quite stable until the afternoon, now annoyed
09/10/2025: 5,000; quite unstable until the afternoon, now feeling better; I'm “afraid” of talking; started watching porn again in the evening
10/10/2025: FA; 7,000. I am too much of a perfectionist as in the First Volume, and unfortunately also developed an obsessive-compulsive disorder regarding Control+Z and Control+Y, undoing and redoing; stable; Lanz and Precht will be such a disaster, I can't speak fluently at all; satisfied myself in the evening after about a week and a half of abstinence
11/10/2025: SA; 5,000; unstable; First Führerdecree and its commentary practically finished
12/10/2025: 7,500; stable
13/10/2025: 5,000; stable

14/10/2025: FA; 6,500; I may unfortunately have to postpone publication until 30/10/2025, there are still 55,000 words to go

15/10/2025: 5,000

16/10/2025: almost choked on leeks that weren't quite cooked through in the morning; this time it was really EXTREMELY close, I've never been so close to death; cleaned my workplace for the last time; 4,000

17/10/2025: head itches, bum itches, ear itches, beard itches, but I'm fine; 4,000. The more important the section, the slower and more carefully I work

18/10/2025: 4,000

19/10/2025: dreamed for the first time about what might happen after publication (arrest, etc.); yesterday, temporarily excessive self-confidence, this morning, derealisation and dementia; headache; 5,000, 32,000 remaining

20/10/2025: 4,500; stable, but I don't feel like anymore, want to finally be done with *Mein Sieg*

21/10/2025: 4,500

22/10/2025: 6,000, good day; sensitivity problems in my right hand and feet as well as eye pressure

23/10/2025: 5,000, I feel good

24/10/2025: relapse; 4,000; fell asleep last night with depressing thoughts, so felt tense until breakfast. In the afternoon, felt sad for a short while that I will most certainly die very soon. Buttocks and everything is itching. Otherwise, everything is fine

25/10/2025: relapse; 5,000; tomorrow, the last 2,600 words, then finally finished with the translation. If I still have time at the end, I will go through the First Volume in places. A few notes on the translation: I am mainly working on the English text and only checking the German text when necessary, so I am not working and reading everything in parallel and twice over, and as a result I have not proofread the German text for the hundredth time. I feel little connection to the English text, i.e. I feel no emotion at all in the emotional passages

26/10/2025: SA; had breakfast as a family for the last time, cut my nails for the last time; finished the translation; started turning the text into a book using *Typst*. First two pages done. It won't be easy, but at least it's something completely different for a change; bought domains

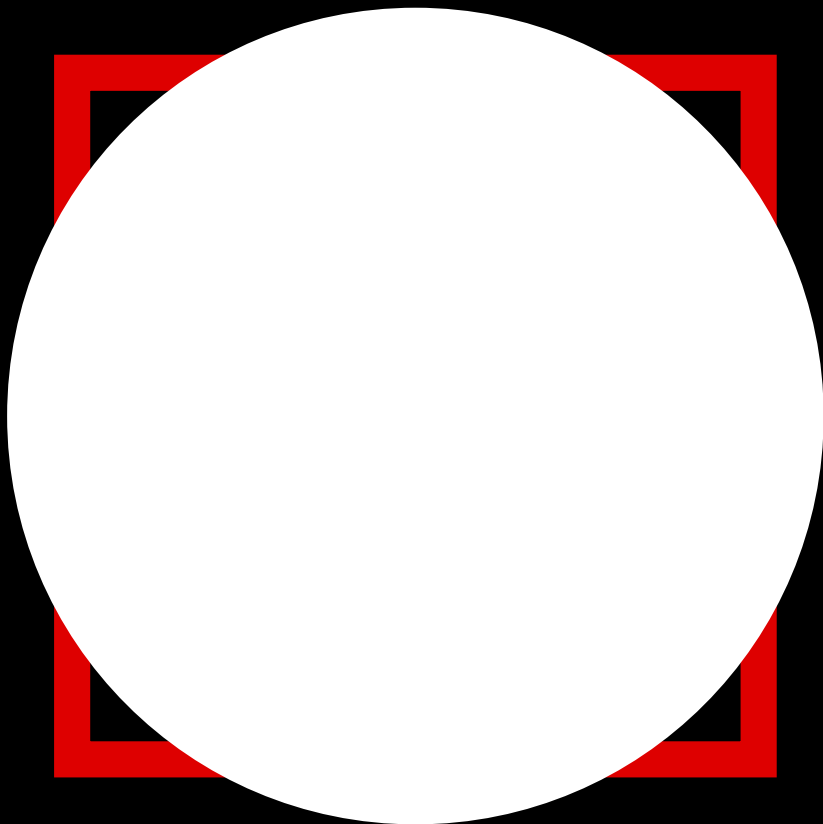
27/10/2025: spell-checked the translation with *LibreOffice Writer*; inserted the already completed list of characters in the play in the Second Volume; third screen recording using *OBS Studio*; the hardest and most annoying part is done, will probably finish the book tomorrow, in any case, publication is set for 30/10/2025!

28/10/2025: First Volume finished in both languages, Second Volume formatted but text not yet proofread, definitely finished tomorrow; good day, but while skimming

through the text, I think to myself: what kind of rubbish have you written here, you can't tell anyone that. The First English Volume in particular deserves a complete overhaul, but unfortunately there's no time; headache

29/10/2025: washed laundry for the last time; finished book, rented and set up VPS server, prepared website, redacted many documents, some still need to be redacted; there is still a lot to do tomorrow (Führerdecree in **Typst**, dark mode, email, website, preparing, organising and uploading documents everywhere, personal errands and arrangements), but it should be manageable; in a good mood

30/10/2025: unfortunately forgot to save *duck.ai* yesterday, sorry, were mainly questions about setting up a website; had breakfast for the last time, there was pizza; unstable, or more precisely, tense; spoke to Christopher for 16 minutes and 26 seconds, he's alive; spent 1,797 hours working on *Mein Sieg*; I don't want it to end; it was deutsch to have lived



Mein Sieg