

6-15-2021, late

The memorial for *Halli*, a former customer of mine, was held outdoors in a sort of shallow amphitheater, I got there late and sat near the back.

The host at the church in Silverlake, a man in his forties, facing the audience, did his level best, for some reason, to draw attention to himself during the proceedings by, among other stunts, going so far at one point as to vigorously, frenetically, even, kick while sitting down, swinging his leg to the beat of the music, I presume. A-and 'im a man of the cloth, I believe.

After several people had spoken in tribute to *Halli*, he briskly made to move the program along. I had to rush the stage to, as it were, insist on (though it was already rather dark...) my "place in the sun," wot? (Prepared to be British about it, too, I was - though, of course, I didn't say so). Presumed-Man-of-the-Cloth then graciously yielded the microphone...

Introducing myself as Bergendahl, I related an anecdote I've been saving all these decades for just the right occasion. About meeting and conversing with stone Swedish gang members (black leather jackets, knife scars and all) on a bus in Los Angeles, long ago. The two speaking perfect English, English such as I have rarely heard spoken in this town. I said the interaction predisposed me to look on Scandinavian cultures kindly and that *Halli*, the man in whose name the memorial was being held, had not disappointed. I even got to throw in a bit of Swedish (not sure if I got the pronunciation right). Lastly, I added that, in my opinion, "Civilization is all."

I barely touched on my book, mentioning fliers and copies to be on display after the memorial. I then thanked everyone. And with that, said I had to go pee. Presumed-Man-of-the-Cloth being kind enough to point out the loo after I asked...

Some pretty girls there; unfortunately, it seems they were all "taken," or is the right word "possessed"?

Afterwards, I sat, alone, watching and guessing at how many of the thirty or more present had made their peace with *Tonton*; with most avoiding eye contact during and after my (quite brief) moment at the podium, except them as wasn't...

As the gathering broke up, I helped the others present tidy up a bit.

Exeunt omnes.

The take? One copy sold, to the ex-wife (that kind soul) of (that equally kind soul) *Haraldur Kristjánsson*, dead of esophageal cancer in 2021.

(signed)

Bergendahl (in Los Angeles, natch!)

P.S. The book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized: A False Flag Operation Aimed at the Jewish Peoples and the Republic*, is available as advanced reader copies (ARC) for \$20.20 (as in twenty-twenty vision), in paperback. It runs about 260 pages with some BW 30 illustrations. I recommend those of you interested NOT order by mail as the USPS can be, perhaps, unreliable at times. Sigh...