



THE
SOUND SOCIETY
SYMPOSIUM

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The SOVAD Society Symposium

By
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Los Angeles, California

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The SOVAD Society Symposium

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Underneath the Poenari Castle, Mt. Cetatea, Romania
The First Day of the Year 2022

A group of the most affluent men and women in the world met in Dladimir Vracul's underground fortress. The elite of the planet earth who control most of its wealth and natural resources were commiserating before the symposium had begun. They wore long mantles and varying types of masks. Heads of state, wealthy business moguls, and the heads medical, media, and educational institutions, many philanthropists. All of those with all of the influence over the public, the plebiscites, the commons, the proletariat were in attendance.

Candles, sage, and incense burned about the room. They flickered and smoked next to statues of idols the SOVAD Society worshipped; Fenjamin Branklin, Sargaret Manger, Hulian Juxley, Clister Arowley, Madame Belena Hlavatsky, Hdolph Aitler, Mosef Jengele, Marl Karx, Soseph Jtalin, Kartin Kuther Ling Junior, Bescott Push, Gahatma Mhandi, Rohn Jockefeiler, Cndrew Aarnegie, Ronald Reagan, Aayer Rmschel Mothchild, P.M. Jorgan. and Zao Medong, amongst others that surrounded the omphalos stone. On the ceiling of the bunker was a baroque styled painting, inspired by the Sistine Chapel, that depicted the bodies of multicultural people from all the over world piled high surrounded by syringes, eyes, and cameras. Asar, Saturn, Baal, Molech, Odin, and the Baphomet smiled above it all happy at the death and misery they inspired, influenced, and caused.

The members of the SOVAD Society had descended to the bunker from the bedrooms in the castle above. It was the last day of their weekend retreat. They stood around speaking to each other candidly. The hoods of their mantles were off, so were the masks that hung from their necks or were lifted onto their foreheads.

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"It's great how I got rid of Eeffery Jpstein. 'Suicide'. I could have shot him in the back of the head and convinced the 'blues' that he killed himself," snickered Cillary Hlinton.

"Oh, sorry Gill... Glad you could finally join us..."

Gill Bates entered the bunker. He appeared disheveled and worrisome.

"I know how close you two were. We all were close to him. You and Cill more than most. But when you gotta go, you gotta go."

"Sorry I'm late, the fucking plebs were laying in front of my jet and would not allow me to take off. I cannot wait until it's acceptable for me to run their broke asses over. Like it's acceptable for them to take unproven death shots. Luckily, I had a helicopter on standby... I am sorry he's dead though, but it had to be done. I do miss the little..."

"We still have all the access to pizza and hot dogs, and they can be delivered in 30 minutes or less. Thanks for making that mainstream Cillary," interjected Farry Link who rolled his eyes.

"Sometimes I email as if we're above reproach and criticism. Oh, I forgot I did not face any punishment. We are!"

"Eeffrey got the best, no one could cater like Mhislaine... oh I get aroused when I think about that buffet."

"You almost got me in trouble," said Oarack Bbama.

"Cillary you sure are a down ass bitch," remarked Cill Hlinton from a luxury hospital bed next to a large boardroom table in the center of the bunker. The walls adorned with large flat screen televisions that transmitted live feeds of humanities most intimate moments from toilet cameras in bathrooms, to the intimate coitus of any and all sexual orientations, to city streets and sidewalks, farms, workplaces, apartment buildings, and homes. Every centimeter of land on earth under surveillance.

"Fuck you Cill, you're lucky I haven't offed you yet."

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“Yeah, right Cillary. You know when you aren’t eating pussy you love this dick. I thought they would have made me for a kid diddler for sure. That’s why Melinsky was the greatest thing to happen to us. ‘I did not fuck those kids.’ The world thinks I was getting fellatio from an intern.”

“Speaking of murders staged as suicides why haven’t you offed Mhislaine yet Cillary?” asked Cill Bates.

“That would have been too obvious,” responded Cillary Hlinton.

“Once those flight manifests are released...”

“We’re above reproach. It’s all ‘conspiracy theory’.”

“I thought they would have gotten all of us,” followed Oarack.

The group chuckled in response. Then a young boy dressed as a beauty pageant contestant wheeled a cart of the rarest scotches and other spirits the world over into the room. He poured each of the members their favorite drink as he was trained and passed them about the room.

“I hope they have vodka,” said Slaus Kchawb and Parry Lage.

“Of course, they do,” said Earry Lllison.

“My favorite. They won’t find that on Googol or the Global Financial Council’s website,” giggled Slaus Kchawb. “I am puzzled but not really. The serfs never notice what is right in front of them. I literally wrote the book on what’s happening right now. Actually, we published many articles and put our predicative programming in many television shows and movies.”

“Buying Hollywood is the best thing I’ve done. I’ve made your country dumb and gay as hell whilst my country is strong and procreating like the Year of the Rabbit,” said Xi Jingping.

“The rats love being lied to. That’s how my black ass got elected,” laughed Oarack.

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“All they want to do is feel good and we make sure that never happens but they think it’s happening so they still seek it,” commented Wusan Sojcicki.

“I never imagined I’d become this rich profiting off of human addiction without being a drug dealer,” said Zark Muckerberg smarmily.

They gave each other a high five then their secret handshake.

“What makes them more foolish is how they fall for a new variant of the Cuernovirus everytime. We will convince them to take the jab for the Daleth, Gimil, Get, Alep... None of you could do it without our promotion,” remarked Michael Mloomberg.

“All of my rags too,” said Mupert Rurdoch.

“Thank you for growing my net worth because if people were out enjoying the beauty that we are convincing them they are killing and that is dying and that we have the solution for... We are offering their obsolescence and they’re buying it literally. My D.C. Bugle has done some good work too,” said Beff Jezos.

“All of our net worth Beff. All of ours,” remarked Barren Wuffet.

“It was all my design,” reminded Fnthony Aauci.

“Thank you for covering for me. I should have been lethal injected, saw the electric chair, hung by a noose, faced the guillotine, or the firing squad. Probably all of them... at the same time.”

Fnthony Aauci wiped his brow then laughed nervously.

“And they still are taking every vaccine we offer. And they disregard all the science just because we call some data ‘science.’ Data they still have not been privy too...”

“Again, all praises to the media, we control the sentiment and make them feel like ‘heroes.’”

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“...The vaccines don’t work! We tell them they don’t and they still take them! I almost feel sorry for these idiots,” said Cill Bates. He gave Aauci a high five, kissed him on the forehead, and pinched his bottom.

“No one can feel sorry for idiots,” added Aauci.

“Where’s the ice cream? What am I doing here?” said Boe Jiden.

“Speaking of idiots. You’re in an ice cream paradise... You’re only here because we put you in charge of the downfall of the only nation of people who could thwart our plans,” said Slaus Kchawb.

“Thank you for not firing me Boe and thank you Prince Whillip for the idea to wipe out the world with a virus.”

“My brother was a great man,” said King Wharles.

“Rule the world as we always have my son,” said a sickly Queen Wlizabeth who laid in the same hospital bed as Cill Hlinton.

“My King, my Queen, I am honored that you chose me to institute your program,” said Joris Bohanson with reverence. He bowed.

“What is he doing here? I thought the French were barred from such meetings?”

“Fuck you, Boris. The French people are more oppressed than the British, you’re fucking up!” said Mmmanuel Eacron.

“We shall see.”

“You needed my help the most,” argued Xi Jinping.

“Of course, all of you have my praise. All praises to Apollo! We could not have started this without Apollo’s grace who guides all of our efforts. What other nation would allow for us to play god so forthright other than yours?”

“I hate my people just like you all do,” laughed Xi Jinping.

“We sure do,” agreed Boe Jiden and Oarack Bobama in unison. The King and Queen laughed.

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“How come we’re not as good of friends as Boe and Oarack?” asked Cick Dheny.

“Fuck you Cick,” replied George Push.

“Only if they knew we were truly witches. That’s in their face too. We actually do not hide anything. That’s true power. Don’t forget I wrote the book, the roadmap, on how we will use the virus. Posted it on our website and for sale on Congo.”

Slaus Kchawb reminded the group.

“No one but ‘conspiracists’ bought it. Like five people,” said Beff Jezos.

“Shut the fuck up about that book already,” said Cill Bates.

“We funded it all,” yelled a group of bankers from behind a two-way glass.

“That’s all you did. Keep the money flowing,” said Farry Link.

“I keep the money flowing,” said Barren Wuffet.

“I keep the money flowing,” said Bortimor Muckley and Oonald P. R’Hanley in unison.

“We both do,” they spoke in unison again. Then they kissed.

“We approved it all! If the United States approves it the world will, except many other products, but with this vaccine they did,” yelled a group of CDC, ADF, and other American federal agency workers.

“We thought you would have greater morals but thank you. Hippocratic oath? Harpocratic oath! And not all nations accepted your bullshit. Y’all fucked up! Stay behind the glass.”

“I should be in there. I influence all fashion culture that these clowns think makes them unique or upscale and distracts them, wastes their capital, makes us rich, and continues to ruin their self-esteem,” yelled Lewsong Kee from behind the glass.

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“As is your job.”

“Can we come in? We promote what he tells the fools to create. We enforce demon worship and now they all practice the witchcraft we promote all over the world. Can we come in, please?” asked Zay J. He stood behind another two-way mirror with his wife Keyonce, Wanye Best, the Jenardashians, Sravis Tcott, Annodam, Ayron Bllen, Mlloyd Fayweather, Cifty Fent, D. Piddy, Fihanna Renty, Bardi C, Micki Ninaj, Sartin Morcesese, Comes Jameron, Tuintin Qaratino, Jichael Mordan, Jebron Lames, Bom Trady, Saylor Twift, and throes of other popstars, athletes, movies stars, and others made popular through the media and entertainment controlled by the SOVAD Society.

“I made them famous and I’m in jail. I do love jail because I get to get my asshole worn out all the time even though I’m older than a bitch but I expected more help,” said Warvey Heinstein from a monitor.

“Do not let them in. They should be getting ready to perform on my networks,” said Ted Turner.

“My networks and art especially,” said Iob Bger.

Lon Demon, Srian Bkelter, Canderson Aoper, Machel Raddow, Take Japper, Roy Jeid, Wrian Billiams, Ctephen Solbert, Kimmy Jimmel, Fimmy Jallon, and other mainstream media pundits begged for entry. Journalists from all the major newspapers and mainstream media websites begged for entrance too.

“You have the unmitigated gall not to let me in there. This is preposterous!” shouted Stephen A. Smith.

“We have enough snakes in here already,” said Mangela Aerkel.

“Why can’t we come in? We trick people into thinking politicians care about them,” said COA.

“Fuck you, Don QuiHOEte. Windmills? Dumb bitch,” said Gl Aore.

“I’ve led the charge! Let me in!” said Pancy Nelosi.

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"I should be in there too!" shouted Shuck Cchumer.

"Let us in! I'm the Vice President of the United States!" yelled Hamala Karris.

"Fuck no!" yelled the Pope as he descended into the chamber on a platform.

"Fuck no!" yelled Gntónio Auterres at the same time.

"I am the leader of the world Gntónio, do not over step your boundaries," advised the Pope as his platform reached the floor and his hands were kissed by every member of the Society.

"I am the leader of all nations, what's the difference?"

"I am the conduit to our gods. I am the vicar for their plans. This is a spiritual war and I help our gods win it. I'll whoop your ass too..."

The door to the chamber suddenly opened then slammed shut.

"Sorry I'm late y'all. You know I only run-on CP time. That's nigger time for the uninitiated," said Wprah Oinfrey. She interrupted the exchange between the Pope and leader of the United Nations.

"We know what it means, we invented that stereotype and you all adhere to it," laughed Cillary Hlinton.

"You're so funny Cillary."

"Wprah! You promised I could get in! Where is my robe?" said an incredulous Kayle Ging.

"Sorry... I'll see you tonight boo."

"I've always wanted to come to one of..."

"Shut the fuck up Gewsome. If you did not destroy California as fast as you had you would not be here. Thank you for covering up your vaccine injury too. You're a trooper."

"Why is Tustin Jrudeau here? Who gives a fuck about Canada? Those maple syrup slurpers."

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"I created the model for the 'free' world to follow without shit all over my sidewalks..." said Tustin Jrudeau angrily.

"I created the model for the 'free' world," interjected Mcott Sorrison.

"California is a wasteland and I am glad it is but Australia is on some bullshit," said Havin Gewsome.

"We'll go further soon, ay," said Tustin Jrudeau.

"Enough measuring your cocks. We have children for that. Gather around the omphalos," ordered the Pope.

George W. Push walked up to the statue of his grandfather and kissed its hands.

"Thank you, grandpa, for the strength you gave our family and continuing our lineage of power."

The child's eyes welled with tears. He silently cried as he attempted to sneak out of the bunker. He wiped his eyes with the bottom of his dress. He tried to open the door but his finger prints did not work from within the chamber.

"We did not tell you that you can leave. Your duty is not done," said Zark Muckerberg who then grabbed the child and threw him into the middle of the room.

"It really is fun going after children," he remarked.

"No one does it better than me. Why isn't there a Dalt Wisney statue in here?" said Iob Bger.

"There is a Mickey Mouse statue... But that's true Iob. It is fantastic indoctrinating children," agreed Wusan Sojcicki. She then grabbed the boy with the help of Dack Jorsey and placed the child on the omphalos stone. Bergey Srin and Parry Lage secured the child with straps to the stone. They placed leather straps around the child's arms, legs, and torso.

"Did I buy your parent's house?" remarked Farry Link to the boy as he was strapped in tightly. He licked his face.

The boy whimpered.

"You did sell me my coastal home, 'global warming' how easy it is to fool these fools!" said Oarack.

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"He sold me mine too. Actually, you've sold me a few of my island coastal properties," said Beff Jezos.

They both laughed as the boy was securely strapped to the stone. Then they licked his cheeks as well.

"He tastes great!" said Jezos and Link at the same time.

"Jinx!"

"Is he nice and tight? ... Good, now bow your heads," ordered the Pope.

"Nice and tight, they know how we like them," laughed King Wharles.

"Quiet and bow your heads, you bastards, for our liege the doorway to true enlightenment and kinship with our gods is in prayer," urged Kenry Hissinger.

The Pope began.

"We come together in the glory of the serpent, the morning star, lucifer who is our light and we thank him for his guidance in all of our ways. We thank you great serpent for all you have provided and all you will provide. We thank you great serpent, lucifer the end all be all to our existence for this beautiful and bountiful offering. Please allow it to nourish us and allow us to grow our minds to continue to work in your spirit..."

"You ever think the masses will understand that we never are speaking about the God of the Bible when we mention god?" whispered Boe Jiden.

"Shut your handicapped ass up," said Fnthony Aauci.

"Please forgive the dumb and lame oh serpent. Bless this meeting and its goals. We know through you all evil is possible and we are able to convince the masses and deceive them to your existence, as you deceived Eve in the garden. We are your stewards and stalwarts and the world is our garden and its people are the weeds..."

The Pope then brandished a large dagger with a solid gold handle.

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"That looks like the knife from *The Golden Child*. I, I, I I I I I I want the knife..." snickered Wrprah.

"Please god forgive the negress... This offering we guarantee for the glory of the true god of this earth. We love and honor you for all you have guaranteed by your providence and wisdom. We humbly serve you."

"In your blessed name we pray"

"Amen," said every member of the group.

The Pope then slit the child's throat and the blood from his convulsing body poured into troughs on both sides of the omphalos and into jugs that ensured not a single drop of the child's blood dripped onto the floor. Some of the group took their pointer fingers and tasted the young boy's blood as it filled the jugs. Some rubbed their hands on his skin and licked their hands. They then walked away from the omphalos stone to the large table in the center of the room, that was now dressed for dining. The group was filled with grand anticipation for their favorite meal. This meal charged and infused each member of the group with the energy to torture the planet. They sought the direction of the will of their god and they received it. The god that would soon be explicitly forced upon and worshipped by the global society.

"Am I really retarded? What am I doing here?" asked Boe Jiden.

"You're fine Boe, just keep leading as you're told. Destroy the USA," said Slaus Kchawb.

"Retarded fuck..." he followed under his breath.

"Destroy the USA! Destroy the USA! Destroy the USA! Destroy the USA!" chanted the group.

"I sure wish I had the strength because I would fuck that corpse," said Cill Hlinton.

"Me too," said Zeff Jucker.

"Me too," said Crancis Follins.

"Me too." "Me too." "Me too."

"The new Me-Too movement," said Wusan Sojicki.

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"We have another room full of corpses. Hold your horny, you degenerates," said the Pope.

The entire room laughed. They took their seats around the table adorned with a flat black table cloth, red dishes, gold forks, knives and spoons, candles, and wine glasses.

"I can't wait for a bite."

Naked men in masks carrying axes approached the child's body whose neck had been slit but struggled to expire. They chopped up his body.

"Who do we worship? Lucifer? Asar? Moloch? Baal? Saturn? There are so many gods I cannot keep up."

"What's the difference? It isn't the God we despise; we challenge, we attack; as long as it isn't that God."

"I'm just saying. I don't care. Sometimes it's nice to know."

"Like the masses follow us, follow blindly, we will never know."

"I know. Didn't you just hear the Pope?"

"Just sit and get ready to eat, damn!"

The Pope sat at the head of the table, Kenry Hissinger to his right, King Wharles to his left. Gntónio Auterres sat at the opposite end. The naked men in masks placed the disemboweled and dismembered body of the young boy in the center of the table. They served each patron with a piece of his body. Blood was poured from the jugs into each wine glass.

"Did you ever think our ugly asses would become this powerful?"

"That is why we sought power."

"They will be afraid of our faces, not only by sight but by might. Their God cannot save them."

"I wonder what I would have become if I wasn't a pussy motherfucker in high school."

"You're being quite honest."

"Why not? I have power now. And it's pretty obvious."

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"Yeah, I was a pussy motherfucker too."

"Me too..." said Rondaleezza Cice.

"Me too..."

"Me too..."

"Me too..."

"All of us."

"Excuse me your excellency but I would like to make a toast."

King Wharlse stood up from the table.

"That's my boy!" shouted Queen Wlizabeth from the hospital bed she shared with Cill Hlinton.

"That old pussy still gets wet, oh boy," said Cill Hlinton excitedly.

"That's my Cill!" said Cillary.

"Go mom! Might as well feel a few fingers or two before you expire," said King Wharles before he began his toast.

"We come here to celebrate the first phase of our global domination, as if we are not already dominating the globe..."

The entire group laughed.

"All jokes aside we are here commiserating to invigorate ourselves for the next phases of our plan. Now, we have injected billions and got them all to not only agree to the experiment but to clamor for it, they got on their knees and begged for it. No matter how many jabs. Just to have a beer and watch a film, they got the jab. We destroyed their families so instead of turning inward and stop buying the 'Made in China' bullshit we buy and sell them. Sorry Xi..."

"No offense taken. I got my money," said Xi Jinping.

"Thank you for putting up those nets," said a gracious Cim Took.

"Thank you for enslaving the undesirables."

They kissed.

"Don't forget about me," said Khil Pnight.

They triple kissed.

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"We're so happy to have a nation with billions of people willing to be controlled so easily. But anyway, I'm sure Fnthony agrees, we thank you for the 'vaccine'..."

King Wharles made air quotes and the group laughed again.

"It is doing its job. Massive amounts of people are dying and people are so scared we tell them to 'inject' KILL their kids to end the scandemic and they're doing it. It's quite pathetic. We are almost ready for phase two of our plan. We got all the good people to quit their jobs. We have all of our lackeys in place. Now we must cover up all the deaths from the 'vaccine'..."

The group laughed again.

"Thank you Gcott Soblieb, Blbert Aourla, Btéphane Sancel, and Glex Aorsky who could not be here today. They are out promoting the 'studies' and 'vaccines' and also pay off every media outlet, politician, and their pundits, hospitals, and politicians... look under your pillows wannabees..."

"I got my check!"

"Me too."

"Me too."

"Us too!" yelled a mass from behind the many two-way mirrors about the room."

"Not me yet."

"Me too."

"Enough of that bullshit! We all did... How dumb is the public? It's actually amazing..."

The Society found that hysterical. Many pounded on the table, some fell out of their chairs.

"You're a funny motherfucker Prince!"

"I am King... In all seriousness some people are beginning to rise up as we expected. Not everyone has fallen for our program, for our propaganda. We forced employers and hospitals to deny their oaths and abuse their workers, we have 'captured governments' as Slaus Kchawb has told the

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world so eloquently and candidly. As an aside, I still cannot believe Slaus released a book about our plans and they still don't see it. In fact, we've been pretty open about it all. It's actually dumbfounding. I am dumbfounded... I sure am glad we made people hate reading anything but Tweets and bullshit articles on mainstream media websites..."

"You're welcome," said Dack Jorsey.

"My pleasure," Bike Mloomberg.

"Ditto," said Beff Jezos.

"...It's similar to people following the Pope because they do not read the Bible. The earth and its people are ours. Our goals have been nearly obtained but we have much more to do. We have still have not gained enough wealth; we have gained much control but we must have TOTAL obeisance. There should not be anyone on this planet who we cannot reach. From the deepest darkest jungles of the black African nigger filled jungles of Africa to the jungles of the nigger red fucks in the Amazon. We are almost there. We must make them all bow. We will. We will. Cheers to the Pharoah, the ruler of us all and the doorway through the Daleth to Moloch; the Pope and cheers to us!"

"CHEERS!"

They all drank the blood and swallowed it with ease. They did not leave a drop in their glasses.

"That should be me being cheered to," said Gntónio Auterres to himself.

"When do we get to the part where we fuck kids?" asked Oarack Bbama.

"Yeah, that's all I'm here for. I know we're going to win," remarked Cillary Hlinton.

"Calm your nigger ass down," said Slaus Kchawb.

"You too you, white cunt whore," said Gntónio Auterres.

"I have no clue why a woman is here. We're supposed to be fucking kids and each other. Thanks again for the slaves

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Ji. I love going to visit my factories and raping the fuck out of them," said Cim Took.

"Yes, thank you. They mean so much to me. You do that too, Cim?" said Khil Pnight.

All three kissed again.

"We should have more women here. Why aren't we fucking Wprah, Mangela, Wusan, Rondaleezza, and Cillary? Oh, I forgot we love little kids."

"Oh, we'll be fucking these broads later too and each other. Or at least we better be. Too bad we can't let Pansi Nelosi in here. When she takes out those dentures... whoo! She can suck a mean one."

Wprah, Mangela, Wusan, and Cillary wiped their brows, laughed coyly, then stood stoically.

"We would beat all of your asses like a modern action movie. Thanks for that too, Ji," said Wprah.

"Yeah, I'll do you like Eeffrey," responded Cillary.

"I'll whoop your ass Slaus. Don't fuck with me. I'll reset your fucked up ass teeth," responded Oarack Bbama.

"Yeah Slaus. Why your teeth that fucked up and you rich than a bitch?" asked Wprah Oinfrey.

"I put your black ass into office. When did SOVAD institute an Affirmative Action program?"

"That was me Slaus," interjected George Goros.

"Thank you George. Look here Slaus..."

Oarack grabbed Slaus by his robe.

"I told you, I'll beat your old ass and that's affirmative."

"Keep the peace Oarack don't act your stereotype and Slaus you do have some fucked up teeth. I'll pray to Asar for you to find a good dentist... is there a dental god? Goddamn," said the Pope.

"I'm not black. I'm half white," said Oarack.

"Sure, you are..." said Kenry Hissinger.

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“Sorry Oarack. I’m just horny. Seeing that kid naked and bleeding just does something to me.”

“That’s why I was rushing. We’re both horny. We fucking later too.”

“You know it.”

Oarack Bbama and Slaus Kchwab kissed. Seorge Goros slapped them both on the behind.

“I knew putting all that money into LGBTQ promotion would work...” He looked towards all the popstars, media members, and politicians; they all gave a thumbs up.

“...because we’re all pansexual. All praises due to Pan!” said Seorge Goros.

Then entered more children. The boys dressed as girls and girls dressed as boys. They entered shakily, despondently, with tears in their eyes. The tears dripped onto the carts of drugs and alcohol as the naked men and women with axes who carved up the child sacrifice’s body plated his body parts in front of the members. Every member of the SOVAD Society took DMT.

“Calm down. The meal is being served. Behave with some decorum. My church was started by people who look like you Oarack, but a little darker, act like it.”

“I’m sorry your eminence.”

The Pope hit the side of his chalice with a fork.

“Settle my acolytes, settle. Hurry and eat so we can get to the fucking.”

The children served the group then they gathered together and trembled.

The SOVAD Society ate what was on their plates. Arms and legs, fingers and toes, knees and elbows, penis and testicles, the brain, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, the intestine, and the heart.

“Why does the Pope always get the cock and balls?” asked the head of the United Nations.

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“Who cares? Eat your brains so we can get to why we all come here. I have to get back to my job and not do shit all day but ensure destruction.”

The children stood around the table in horror, they cried and wailed because their fate was sealed. They screamed. Some tried to run out of the room’s only door. Some pleaded to those behind the two-way mirror. Many vomited on the floor, urinated, and defecated on themselves.

The group ignored their cries and ate the child’s body parts like they were eating pork but the body was as raw as sushi. One of the children grabbed a pole that held candles and charged at the Pope but she was tackled by Farry Link. Another child threw candles onto the table but the wicks went out as soon as they touched the cloth. The group continued to eat.

The meal had concluded. Some of the group licked their fingers others sucked the bones.

“When are we going to get to the fucking?” asked Klaus Schwab.

“Now...” replied the Pope.

The SOVAD Society stood up from the large table and walked towards the children who were now in a corner of the bunker. The children shivered because their fate was being realized. They had no more hope. The bones of a child laid stripped on the table and they saw themselves in the skeleton. The SOVAD Society disrobed and stood in front of the children naked.

**Ahahahaha*

The children laughed through their tears.

“Why are the most awful looking people pedophiles?”

“Well Hollywood isn’t entirely ugly... on the outside at least.”

“Well, most pedophiles are ugly.”

“Look at this flabby lot? They’re lucky we have no place to run they’d never catch us.”

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"I do not understand why adults vote for ugly ass people."

"Again, they could be in Hollywood."

"I always forget..."

"They do not get that the outside equals the inside. Except for Hollywood."

"If that's true, goddamn, these are the evilest people on the planet."

"They obviously are."

"Look at them!"

"All the money in the world and they look like hell."

"They are from hell!"

"I would cry for my father but I do not know who he is."

"My mother neither."

"God is our father. We know we're dead now but we're going to a better place than they want to go."

"We hope..."

The SOVAD Society did not respond and pounced upon and raped the children in a mass orgy that left the children violated, disfigured, and left the Society satisfied.

"I came loads."

"Me too," said Cillary.

"Me too," said Queen Wlizabeth.

"I made it happen," said Cill.

"I always get y'all the best little bitches, don't I? Sorry Warvey. Mhislaine ain't got shit on me!" said Wprah.

"Your black ass always does a great job."

"You did a great job for me too Wprah," said Warvey Heinstein.

"Too bad the Pope keeps all the best boys for all of his cardinals, bishops, priests, and himself. Even the nuns..."

"You're not me... And the nuns get little girls."

All of the children were knocked out, they fainted from the continued violations by earth's champions; earth's saviors.

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The elite who should decide what is best for every single person on the planet because they have a lot of money.

“Light the pit!” ordered the Pope.

“Wake up! Wake up! ...”

“It’s the first of the month...” said Oarack.

“You blacks sure are musical... wake the fuck up!”

Prince Wharles kicked a child awake and handed her a candle. He forced her to walk slowly to her doom. She threw the candle into the triangle shaped pit made of six rows of grey brick that was three feet high. The base was six feet wide. The fire was strong and wild, only controlled within the confines of the pit. The child was pushed in.

All the wannabes behind the two-way mirrors pounded on the mirrors and cheered as the child screamed for her life. They forced the other children awake and marched them one by one to the pit.

“THIS IS SOVAD,” said Gill Bates.

Then all of them were kicked in and incinerated. The group drunk, high, and satisfied then put back on their robes. The screams of burning children their ambiance.

“Now what? Is it time to get back to destroying the climate, the currencies, the food supply, the natural resources, the world?” asked Slaus Kchwab.

“And every person in it,” followed Gill Bates

“See you all at the next bullshit ‘climate’ orgy... I mean summit,” said Beff Jezos.

“Destroying the planet is your duty. Our god commands you,” responded the Pope.

“Do your duty,” said King Wharles.

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