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## Open Brief / Open Letter

to

### **-Meeting of Gods & Goddesses -**

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18.32 hrs

#### **1 Steal beam in a skeleton...**

How long has it been since I was permitted to visit the Meeting of Gods & Goddesses?  
My last exam was somewhere in august....

You have forgotten to install a beam transmitter.  
I don't comprehend whats going on for about 40%. Far too much.  
Although I feel EQ-growth, maturity.  
The more my self-conscious grows, the less welcome I am on planet Earth.  
Want to write about this all, but am too afraid evil spirits will use it to keep my ICC-case open.  
When may I assassinate people, it will cut away some complications overhere...? Never..., nowhere...?

This afternoon I had a thought: 'Do I have to write G & G from my site, is this the missing message?'  
I put myself in a vulnerable position now, while at least 10.000 Devils want me dead, one way or the other. Today, writing doesn't feel like self-protection. Perhaps like 'searching for a new platform'.  
But... I am not finished on the plateau I live on today! Unfinished business.  
And I am not desperately in Love - day dreaming and so -.  
I am done with Love, you can suffocate in it!

#### **Rob de Wijk**

I always kind of new 'that he wouldn't make the pass to my Maths with EQ-moods'.  
He is part of the 10.000 dictator-group in NL - including ICC -, so why take care of a poor unemployed woman who can stop parts of war with NLF in ICC-courtroom? Me....  
There has been 'a third party' from the beginning. I don't hate him anymore, but I want him in prison.  
He doesn't want to leave his position as body-maker. Do I tell planet Earth what a body-maker is!?  
Or do fooks have to sort out their own definition, to learn from their own EQ-mismatches?

#### **'The living die to help the living, but many people die unnecessary', this is as far as I want to go.**

Rob can always get a job at the body-farm after he has done his time for slavery & making of terrorism.  
I did Love him. Do I tell fooks for which goals in life...? Nóóóóó.....  
When he became stubborn and I became depressed, Gods & Goddesses said to me:  
'You will get over him', and made sure I did.  
Higher powers, make me feel sad, hard. Make me do things I don't want to do, now I want to be a mother with many kids... I miss babies, and out there are so many babies without a mother.  
It breakes my heart. For me there's No 'behold my heart, beyond mankind'.

My life is being demolished in the hatred-Schredder!  
Every Schredder is supposed to break down, but No... Not this one, this monster eats kids.  
'ICC-breakfast, ICC-lunch, ICC-diner, ICC-souper & ICC-mcDonalds...'  
Kids in DR Congo Love to eat it, those ICC-rescue policies! After UN-soldiers have plundered their food.  
They can manage ICC-food without parents... What more does a child want?

Gods & Goddesses, I suggest you start to build ICC-genes in every human body. After you recycled ICC into steal pills or healthcare-capsules for 'Doctors without borders & Red Cross' in war-zones.  
So war-victims don't have to turn to ICC anymore, for justice...  
You are already working on it...!? You have me clean up ICC while you build steal beams between human bodies on the Universal road? Oooooo....

You know what? You can also suffocate in your steal beams for Love-building in self-conscious....

There are 2 options:

1. Gods & Goddesses give me ALL knowledge I need
2. You fulfil this monster-job yourself

Only a few fooks understand my writing...

**Paul McCartney**

With his entrance you introduced the steal beam between human bodies-soules-spirits in the Galaxy, in my life. Flows of high powers take over my brain and make me write poems & letters. No manual, of course. And G & G deliberately switched off the beam transmitter. 'We give you the Glass hour for Paul and You. Live it and planet Love will merge with planet Earth. Live on Earth gets better for All of Us. Things will go smoothly...'. Which 'things'....?

1 Beam in a skeleton makes gravity unbearable. Unbalance. Unawares but avoidable pain. At least, this is how I sence it. I know how to make life work so planet Love heals all human bodies. Thought Paul could make things work for Love for mankind as well... Never I expected him to be so rude & crude! When I would have been his wealthy neighbour, we would have finished the movement this summer.

Paul is stubborn hatefull-sanctimonious-monster. I can write NLF in a good moods to him, can also be furious about the way he traumatizes me. Complicates my ICC-case. He still resfuse to talk. I have to fight for justice at the cost of my life, No free choice. Paul is against justice for his money-makers-system... and handles me as him artistic cover... No butterflies or birds, but steal beams. When Paul doesn't want to grow in EQ, I have to stop caring about him.... Self-protection. But I don't want this, too many war-victums and kids involved. Kids without a caretaker.

NLF Young adults have to listen to the Birds' song. Watch Vocalize Vulcano's Voyage - especially composed by a Popmusic God from the Meeting of Gods & Goddesses -, ready to be tranformed into a movemnt on Earth by Paul. So kids don't need to eat ICC-healthcare-capsules. I can only give kids acces to the Galaxy and Meeting of Gods & Goddesses, when I can close my ICC-case succesfully. When Paul wants to rescue my life, instead of playing the Fireman with EQ.

Don't want to put Paul in ICC-prison, but there's No doubt in my mind. He can't feel it; I have nothing to lose. He has never lost everything in his life before. As a wealthy man - singing songs for emotions - he goes through average life-events. He's not exactly a war-victim. O, he feels the steal beam, but he turns it into determination... Does he want to teach me a lesson in Love or hatred? To arrive where...? He's now on Devils' track, has lost his hearing. All that noise. I assumed he would be adult enough for talks, about the creation of planet Love. He doesn't want to grow up, it traumatizes me....!

He's lost in Galaxy, holding on to the atmosphere he's familiar with. You have to frighten him to dead, its time for a plain-crash or so... Read carefully... Plain-crash, is not identical to plane-crash.

I frighten him to dead? Yeah, there's No man who's not afraid of my EQ on Earth. Thats when I start to hate men! EQ-cowards better orbit Earth twice.

What am I supposed to do now? Give him instructions for travelling throughout the Galaxy? He doesn't want to listen, certainly doesn't want to talk. Office off camera..., but he's not intelligent enough for it. Thats why pain grows between Us.

He wants to have it all, without doing the hard work for building a civilization. Oké, than I shall feed him with some ICC-healthcare-capsules. Press charges with ICC. Bah.

'Give me back my Love, thats ALL I ever asked for'.

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**I don't want to lose trust the Islamic-world has in me... Why doesn't Paul want to understand this, doesn't he want to nurture my Talents & Tools? He's wealthy enough... Has words for Love-making flowing, on the piano.**