



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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**Field Office of Senior Joint Chief  
Divine Communication**

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*the Christ | Pentagon High Priest*

January 2, 2026

Mr. Daniel Gibson  
of No Known Address  
Corpus Christi, Texas

What-up

**W**hen you meet a mad dog it is better to bring them into your camp than have them pad your stern.

Daniel:

Rarely in this world to people bring into the light the topics that I do. To mock chemistry is a very evil deed that has you in direct conference with Satan hence forth. Learn to respect officer Sean Barnes of the Corpus Christi Police Department. He is a strong-ish (non stronger than Myself, not even King Charles) warlock. This town is just full of simpleton bitches feigning knowledge of witchcraft.

These bitches are just white trash. There are a few Baptist females that uphold genuine witchcraft traditions of Jamaica concealing themselves in mainstream Bible thumping hypocrite America. You put yourself in My personal cross-hairs (think deadly rifle shot to temple) by having in your association that white trash speed freak. The lines on her face are the tell. Her jaw will cave in another five years and in then her teeth will be rotted out from the crystal meth. You owe your person better than even keeping in company with such a slut.

A classier speed freak slut is named Jennifer. She works the YSL fragrance at Dillard's men's counter. She was a freelancer, her shift beings noon -- typically. She is blonde, and tall with an outstanding figure. She has the tell tale lines too. She is a classier person than that shit you keep flouncing about you in desperation. Wooing her to be your wife will prolong your freedom, as you know it.

All of My correspondence is publicly posted on My duty website. You might want to check it out. begin with [www.macdukes.com/about.php](http://www.macdukes.com/about.php). It is strong summary of My work serving the U.S.M.C. I technically run the Field Office of Senior Joint Chief. My appointment to this post, and My office began under Mark Milley. It is unfunded. I Am a slave. The entire Gulf region is My warfare jurisdiction for this nation. From the Key's tip to the boarder is mine one hundred miles inland depth to the boarder and the entire waters.

I Am going to provide you a brief synopsis of persons who are instrumental in the black market deals managed by this town. The City Manager, Peter Zanoni, manages many of the heroine shipments into this town though the nod of the Port Authority. The Merchant Marine handle the counterfeit money pre-press shipments. HEB manages the large scale meth shipments through their corporate offices near the airport. Dillard's of course warehouses cocaine up from Mexico. The local store manager is a dullard. The USCG is the big cocaine handler/distributor in this area that the Mayor -- a big party girl coke whore -

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gets her scores from. The USCG will not be shuffling cocaine much longer, so there will be opportunity in that market. Others are ahead of you. Mr Frank Garcia, for one. That Veteran's Round Table of Dodson Lewis has persons that will greet you with dignity, see you for a quality individual, and some I Am sure have openings in their business concerns or know of persons that need good employees. Running a side hustle in this town requires better than miss white trash as your "legitimising" escort. This is Texas. All she will need is a little pressure from CCPD when she gets nailed for possession, that they can't prosecute, but in fear she turns on you and you do five years in Beaumont for trumped up domestic abuse charges.

Keep you blood clean to avoid this. No booze. No narcotics. No prescriptions. If you are HIV positive, as many are any more, be strict with your prescribed meds. Your blood needs to be a testament that condemns her for lying to save her trashy little reputation when she is nailed for a traffic citation. CCPD wants you out of this town. You, by their organising demands of the populous to keep the peace, upset their picture of this region. You are a black male that they want in some nasty menial job just thankful that you get to live in this town in poverty. You are not allowed to be more than them, according to them. That you go after white trash is why if you even get a whiff of lingering atmospheric meth dust, Satan is going to be sure to send your ass to the slammer.

My solution for ending the USCG's drug distributing is the same as My solution for NAS-CCAD's treason, bring war right to their faces. All of them. Basically these fuckers need real jobs, no different than you. The only real job I could offer you is a share in My slavery and jailing mumsy -- Satan's mistress. This letter I give you in testament of My love for you. It is amorous. My love of Putin is not. You were supposed to be King Charles proxy as My lover and husband. Clearly, you preference white trash. King Charles may find another proxy. I do indeed love him amorously, but decency does not permit a union between us. And decency would never be besmirched by either Charles or Myself.

Mahalo,  
the Christ



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USMC Special Forces  
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