



*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 21, 2026

Vladimir Putin  
Russian President  
c/o Russian Consulate  
1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300  
Houston, Texas 77027

Three Wishes

**A** *place to walk about in the evening or sit sipping hot tea, even watching fireworks out-of-doors, alone. In-person viewing of the great crafted treasures of humanity developed pre 1970, the world over, alone. Enjoying an Architectural Digest worthy home that I Am solus occupant of with a winter and summer vehicle for personal travel, and a wardrobe for dignity and adornment to accompany My eternal youth and vigour.*

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

I just told you what I wanted Putin. With this wish-list, what Heaven was required to provide for Me, I would go about My ministry giving gifts to Heaven. Clearly America is a very greedy bunch of mother fuckers. No surprise there. There are also few treasures to view in America. Two weeks every three or four years when exhibits are in view is sufficient, obviously.

This letter is most-likely the place to cover My operating protocols for moving about this fuck-hole; Corpus Christi, Texas. When I Am out after 09:00 in public view I Am out against My personal will. I Am hunting. I Am book-marking mother fuckers for My kill sheet when My orders from the then acting POTUS change. It may be that that kill sheet is never fulfilled. I simply confirm for the President that this can be done anytime he wants to trust in God.

Right, Putin, I Am a sniper. The awesome thing is that the best targets for maximum effect come from diversion or stampede. I have been building stampede channels. I need to fire a shot to make those happen. But the POTUSs of America love that gory shit. A bullet really isn't that gory. Stampedes are.

Tough not to love Me, even a little, for being that sniper, is it not so? This community lacks: Places to walk. People to meet that offer conversation. Civilised beauty. Culture, other than bacteria. Dance partners. Lastly, males that satisfy My embrace.

***Defending the LORD in Warfare***

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So, I let Myself live an object lesson when I met Mr. Gibson that just perhaps there is a human out-there I might fit. He was the first human interaction Heaven could produce to prove some shit to itself. Bite Me! If you are certain he is owed something for that Putin, why don't you pay him? I'm fresh out of fucks!

Mahalo,

the Christ



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