



The Fruit

Proclamation #43

Originally published on TheFruitFactory.Co

Vol. 5 : The whistleblowers are fake

Received: Oct. 03, 2024.

Published: Oct. 09, 2024.

By Elvira

We are pleased to present this publication of YHWH's prophetic word, free of charge. We encourage you to share it with your friends, family and network. We only ask that it not be used for any commercial purposes, converted into other formats, or posted for download on other sites without our permission. Please always link thefruitfactory.co when sharing, and encourage the reading and downloading of these prophecies from there.

PROCLAMATION

'You love evil more than good and lying more than speaking the truth. You love all words that devour, O deceitful tongue.' —Psalm 52:3-4.

On the morning of Oct. 03, 2024, I was awake but still lying in bed, my eyes closed, meditating on the night I had just had and the upcoming day. The Father started speaking about something we had never discussed before, and I had never thought of.

YHWH said, 'The whistle-blowers are fake. They are trained to play a part.'

A vision began playing in my spirit after His statement.

I saw a computer screen with a live stream feed. Someone was talking on the stream without revealing their identity, only a shadow of their silhouette. This was someone who was spilling 'state secrets' as they claimed.

I was cut out of the vision by the sound of my morning alarm; it was 4:30 am. As I made my way out of bed to turn it off, a new vision began as a continuation of the last, my eyes open.

A woman, let's call her Vicky, sat at a desk in an empty room. My view zoomed in on the right side of her face, focusing on her eyes when she said, 'They steal your information and sell it to the highest bidder. All of them do this, WhatsApp, Facebook, Google, Apple, all of them without exception.'

Whilst I eagerly listened, watching her eye up close as it failed to emote anything, a male voice loudly interrupted. 'STOP!' He said to Vicky. 'You are too cold... It's too obvious that you don't care.'

The image zoomed out, returning to my original bird's view, and I saw a man, let's call him Wes, sitting opposite her on the other side of the room. Wes stared Vicky down for a prolonged period of time. This uncomfortable silence endured until she finally burst into tears.

'Alright, take her in!' Wes shouted, signalling to people outside the room to intervene. A group of security men walked in and forcefully dragged Vicky out, as she fought back, to no avail.

The vision continued to hours later. Vicky was in another room, dark and cold. She sat on a small bench, hunched, her legs folded and pressed against her chest. My view moved to the floor, which I noticed was soaking wet. The room had been filled with water up to what could be an average woman's knee level.

The room was dead silent except for Vicky's loud weeping, as she rocked her body back and forth, trembling in the cold and cautiously watching for her feet not to touch the water.

Wes came in but was standing afar off, away from the water. 'Who do you work for?' He asked again.

Vicky wept louder.

'Who do you work for?!' He screamed at the top of his lungs.

Vicky jumped in fear, stumbled on her chair and fell into the water. Her frail body trembled as she fought to get back on the bench, crying uncontrollably. She did not answer him.

'Alright then,' Wes said. He stepped away from the door opening, and the next thing I saw was bolts of electricity pulsating through the water.

Vicky was electrocuted; her body brutally shook for a while, and she fainted.

The vision stopped for a moment, and YHWH spoke up.

YHWH said, 'They have a harder time with women because of how I designed the woman. She is designed to be the heart of humanity; its soul. Whilst the man is designed to be a ruler, an executor, a soldier.'

After saying this, the Father showed me a new scene. I saw another man, let's call him Nolan. He was in an empty room similar to Vicky's earlier.

'I worked for the Pentagon,' Nolan said. 'I saw a great deal of people there living their lives and taking liberties with people's freedom that I found was...'

YHWH spoke up here, synching His speech with Nolan's and finishing the sentence, '... Simply not right.'

Nolan stopped speaking, the frame frozen, and **YHWH continued**, 'It is all fake. It is a training. These people are about to come out in large numbers to deceive the masses with the pretence of truth and righteousness, seeking freedom and breaking away from the powers that be. Yet, they have been mind-controlled, trained, and sent by them, the powers they claim to be exposing. It is a game of thrones in which the throne Satan desires to occupy is the human mind.'

Then I saw Nolan and Vicky in a cafeteria with other people, men and women of various races and ages. It looked like the dining area of a concentration camp: white walls, steel furniture, pale decor, and people dressed in a neutral uniform. They all seemed to get along well, chatting and breaking bread.

Suddenly, a sound erupted in the room. It was a loud, long, deep bass sound. Everyone in the room changed their behaviour at the hearing of this sound. They became different people, speaking in no definite order, to no specific person, but about the same things.

'I am here to defend justice and expose the abusers of power,' I heard some say. I worked for Amazon as a head of information technology for fifteen years, and this is my story,' others recounted. 'The government does not work for its citizens but only for money and war,' they said.

A second sound played in the room; this one was sharper than the former. Everyone robotically came back to their normal behaviour; they resumed eating their meals and chatting as if nothing had just happened.

Scary.

A third sound then erupted; it was an oscillating sound similar to that of a police or fire brigade siren. Off they went once more, speaking whistleblower drivel but now switching their stories and in different languages than the first time.

'How many personalities and versions of the so-called truth have these people been successfully programmed to embody and speak?' I wondered.

The vision cut to a new scene of Vicky in an empty room once more. This time, she was calm and composed, being lectured by another man, let's call him Max. Max was what they called a trainer and was giving Vicky a review of her performance. He was not pleased and

told her that they expected more from her before informing her that she would thus have to move to a new level of training.

I saw Vicky a few days later. She was lying down on her side in a similarly cold and empty room as the one before, but this had a single bed.

The door buzzed, and Max walked in. 'You know that time it is,' he said.

As if answering to a command, Vicky turned around to lie flat on her back, taking off her clothes in the process. Max proceeded to abuse her sexually; I will spare you the details of that.

Vicky's eyes were empty; she was numb and took the abuse without a flinch. She expressed no feelings of pain or sorrow. There was no shaking, no fear, nothing. When Max finished, she turned back around and stared at the wall, her eyes as dead as death itself.

Next, I saw Nolan; he was in a similar room to hers. Max walked in and did to Nolan what I had just watched him do to Vicky, and Nolan was equally as unfazed by the ritual as she was.

It felt like this sexual abuse had become routine to both Nolan and Vicky, despite the fact that he had performed a lot better than she had. I understood that in the end, it was not a matter of the victim's performance, but everyone was going to be put through this ritual, no matter what they did.

It is as if Yah made me experience what was going on in Nolan's mind. He began to have memory flashes of past experiences as he endured this sodomy. Those flashes were not as quiet as he portrayed himself to be. It was memories of tears, fighting, bloody beatings, being held and constrained by a group of four or five men for his trainer to 'teach him a lesson.'

It was absolutely horrible, but Nolan quickly shook these memories off. He was determined not to allow his anguish to rise to the surface and be noticed by Max and the others observing outside the room. Max finished and left the room.

Nolan lay back down and stared at the wall with the same dead eyes that Vicky had shown earlier. He was expressionless; there was no shaking, no fear, nothing. Death.

As I watched Nolan gaze into emptiness, **YHWH said**, 'They take these tortures so far that though it could be possible to bring some of these people back to their old selves, it would never be the same person ever again. For most of them, the breaking of their souls has

gone too far, and the damage is irrevocable. There is no way out for them. There is no way back for them. Life can never be the same for them, even if they receive the perfect healing that only Christ can give.'

The vision cut to a scene of Vicky now in active life. She walked into her bedroom and took out a pile of passports with multiple identities. Then I saw a series of short scenes, speaking to different people on different platforms, reciting the different versions of whistleblowing that she had been taught, but never showing her face to the public.

In one of these scenes, the image zoomed to the back of her head, and I saw that a chip had been implanted just around her neck area, behind her ear. It was from that chip that she heard the different sound signals that had resounded in the cafeteria in previous scenes; it also communicated voice commands from her masters. These commands could be instructions on what to do, or word-for-word scripts to speak as answers to questions during interviews.

Then, I saw another carousel of images and videos of her signing books and speaking on live streams. She also wrote articles for the most popular newspapers like the Times, Vogues and Posts of the world, in the different languages that she could speak. This time, however, her face was on the cover pages.

In these cover pages and interviews, they were making the world believe that she had finally decided to come out of the shadows and show her face as a sign of bravery and bold protest against the powers that be. Vicky took pictures with 'fans' and had become an emblem of courage in many nations. She was being praised by the masses and called a role model.

Then, the scenes made a sharp cut to an image of Vicky lying on the floor with a bullet in her forehead plastered on the front pages of all the news stations of the world. Some headlines read, 'Whole Killed XYZ?' And others said, "XYZ found dead in her hotel,' and similar takes during the press coverage of a public figure's murder. I use XYZ here because it was used by Yah to say, 'fill in the blanks with the name of any such agent.'

After all her mind control, torture and abuse, Vicky was killed. Yes, you read that right. I was stupefied.

As I read the headlines of her murder, I heard **YHWH ask**, 'Why do you think they killed her?'

Next, I saw a scene of a massive worldwide uproar from the public. There was an international time of mourning for Vicky's murder. I also saw social media posts and all their 'R.I.P' hashtags. People were outraged, and some even got violent, taking their frustration to the streets.

Again, **YHWH asked**, 'Who do you think killed her?'

Then I saw a new carousel of images and pictures, serenaded by a worldwide chorus of millions of voices weeping for her, before my view settled on a room full of men wearing dark robes and holding candles, chanting, 'Hail Sat*n!'

This is where the vision ended.

Thus says YHWH:

'Satan rules by lies.

He has created an entire system to deceive the whole earth as he pulls out his next big plan to create more hate and confusion amongst humans.

You must know that deceit is everywhere, even when it seems to be the most genuine.

You must know that you cannot trust what your eyes see and your ears hear in this physical realm.

When I tell you that your world is a fantasy, believe it.

These are the lengths to which Satan goes to operate in his agenda of insurmountable deceit in these end times. Only the person who hears from Me directly or from the mouth of My prophets has a chance to live in the actual real life that is surrounding them to break out of the fantasy.

These lies come at a great cost. At the cost of people's lives, their souls, their well-being.

An army of so-called 'whistleblowers' is coming to you, little children. Yet, they shall be blowing no whistles whatsoever. When you hear them, do not believe them, for they are Satan's plants and agents of deception.

The outcome of this rush of fake truth shall be to impact humanity's psyche at a worldwide level and put great fear into people. It will be a tool to put bitterness into people. It will be used to stick a narrative into people's minds that the beast will then use to capture the public's support and allegiance.

They create the problem and then make you think that there is a solution. They make up lies and then make you think that they are revealing the truth. They do so ruthlessly, directly shaped in the image of their father, Satan, the father of all lies.

If you allow them to brainwash you, your blood shall be on your own hands.

They will use these whistleblowers to program the earth for the coming mark of the beast that will promise you peace and security.

It will promise you transparency and trust.

It will promise you the security of your data, your money, and your life.

It will promise you not to be lied to any longer, but to be enhanced to a higher level of consciousness that can also make god-like decisions.

For this to work, there must be certain things that you believe, and for them to get you to believe that, they must create strong delusions to fabricate trust, and Satan does nothing without lies.

The strong delusions will overtake even the Church. They will be brought into the thinking that there are still some people who are decent and care about the truth.

Some of these whistleblowers will even say that they are Christian. They will say that they are Catholic, for it has to be Catholic. They will tell you that they have been growing in their faith and got convicted to finally come out and tell the truth.

Church, Israel! Listen when I speak: Do not believe them; do not fall for it.

They will also be working with strong witchcraft and seducing spirits, such that even the prayerful Christian who does not keep watch will be overtaken by their lies.

Listen when I speak!

Do not fall into the ditch. Do not believe what they say. Do not even watch it. Do not expose yourselves to it. Protect your minds. Protect your souls.

He who allows himself to be brainwashed, his blood shall be on his own hands.

I, YHWH, have spoken and so it shall be.’

‘The coming of the lawless one is apparent in the working of Satan, who uses all power, signs, lying wonders, and every kind of wicked deception for those who are perishing because they refused to love the truth and so be saved. For this reason God sends them a powerful delusion, leading them to believe what is false, so that all who have not believed the truth but took pleasure in unrighteousness will be condemned.’ — 2 Thessalonians 2: 9-12.

AFTERWORD

The Fruit Factory is a call to true Israel and the end times church. It is time for harvest! The Lord Yahshua, the Christ, is sounding the trumpet: only the fruitful will make it.

Here are our top-five recommended proclamations for every reader of The Fruit Factory to get a clear understanding of the times that will preface the Messiah's return, and learn how to endure till the end. Please *read them in order, from top to bottom*. You won't regret it.

[Welcome](#)

[The Necessary Paradigm Shift](#)

[Free Will and The Knowledge of Good and Evil](#)

[From 2025 Moving Forward](#)

['You Will Regret It,' says YHWH](#)

We encourage you to subscribe to get email notifications of all new proclamations; the link for that is thefruitfactory.co/report. If you want to support the unadulterated proclamation of Yah's prophetic word, click here to visit our giving page; or go to thefruitfactory.co/giving.

About the author

Elvira is a servant of YHWH the Most High God, who was born again in Christ over 20 years ago and received her call from YHWH to do this work in 2021. She is a writer from the tribe of Judah with interests in law, media, and business. Email mail@thefruitfactory.co to get in touch.

By the way...

'**Yahshua**' is simply Jesus' name in Hebrew. Various scholars have argued for spellings and/or pronunciations like Yehoshua or Yeshua, which are variations of *Joshua*, but we prefer to stick with Yahshua as meaning, 'Yah/YHWH saves.'