

Romanian Broadcasting - December 26, 1989

In the message that the Romanian people transmitted to them, the reader of the Radio and Radio

Radio that was the second armed Romanian people, I thank them from all the heart.

I thank the one who fought, who did not work 24 hours with 24 Roman brothers.

I watched the television images from the West and I saw what was in the state to do the criminal car

and I was taken care of by a man named Ceausescu Nicolae.

The name that I have given, the name of the Romanian people, the words that you, Romanian brothers, will wash with your blood.

The Romanian brothers, your courage, have been mentioned throughout Europe, which is the strength of you.

The strength of the people who say that your courage is the gift of the goodwill of the Romanian people and you can no longer be judged.

It seems very bad that you cannot be the strength of yourself, but my heart and my soul are the strength of you, Romanian brothers.

My name is Alexandro Vidio. I am Romanian and as a Romanian citizen I am one of the most important.

The new government does not accept the help of my brother-in-law. Do not forget the history of the Romanian people.

Everyone ate and ate his wealth. The Romanian people can be the only one left who in a short time will be taken from the wind that will not return.

I and all the Romanian people are ready to come to help the people. I will be happy to have the permission to fight the battle of my people even with the risk of life.

In front of my eyes, even at the present time, the troops of the group of the commando, of the commissary, of the young, of the young, of the troops on the road.

To know that for us, too, those from the United States, feelings are the ones that can be harder.

We have fought to bring them to the bank of accusation, to criminal crimes, without a judge and without a heart.

My dear Romanian brothers, do not be angry eating your hands with your blood spilt.

You must judge that it will be much harder for them.

The new government of Romania, do not forget that the demonstrations have reached the end of the life, time, freedom and democracy.

The Romanian people have been forced to fight for freedom, demonstrations along the path of the enemy and they have succeeded.

Leave the Romanian people to choose what they want, because their blood and children have been the roads of Romania.

It is the right of the Romanian people.

The people of Ceausescu declared that they do not have the borders of recognition.

I hope that the new government will forget that for 45 years, the Romanian people cry out to their children, brothers, sisters, mothers,

who, fortunately, helped these 4-5 Romanian people who did not have the borders of their sufferings.

They are Romanian people who were partly killed because of the deportations and the windows of Siberia and Kazakhstan.

The Romanian people have been forced to move to the free Europe by a message they have sent, a truth.

They have taken the end of World War II for Romania, once with the fall of the fascist regime, led by the support of the Ceausescu family.

But if the World War II is over, this means that Basarabia, the province and the country of Herzegovina can be destroyed.

We are Roman people, living in Romania, great and free.

Maybe now you will hear that for 45 years their voices have not been heard.

They have been in this wonderful, long and happy days.

The Romanian people are more likely to show that the Romanian people have their place in Europe and do not accept to live as free.

In the West, until now, the Romanian people have been forced to endure this torture.

One day, I was told, look at Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the name of Romania is defamed, let's destroy the Ceausescu government.

Today, the Romanian League has exploded.

I was welcomed by the peat of the heart, the people are more likely to see that the Romanian people do not exist.

I love you, I am proud of you, you are the best of the Europeans.

And now I want to convey the words of the Romanian people.

I know that the European Union has heard your prayers, you have seen the Romanian people's voice.

You can't see that they are angry.

Your hearts and necks will be taken away from your hearts all your life.

You have one more chance, you will be given, you will be transmitted to all the Romanian people from all over the world.

Happy holidays.

The Romanian people are happy holidays and you will have the real Romanian people.

Thank you.

My address is Alexandro Viliu,

Beowblingen, Austria, number 8, Federal Republic of Germany.

Telephone 07-031-228526.

Thank you very much.

Thank you and a friend.

As you have already seen, the Romanian television announced that it will broadcast a movie about the process of the execution of the Nicolae and the Ceausescu island during the day.

The film will be presented tomorrow evening.

The Bucharest made known to the people that because of the struggles, the transportation of the original films during the night was very risky.

A communication between the Council of the National Salvation Front,

but today's publications on television show that the original film is a historical document,

it destroys it, it can be a irreparable loss.

And now, on the first part, we have a correspondence from Bucharest from Manuel Valeriu, Vanda Varog.

Yes, on the phone Manuel Valeriu from Bucharest.

He transmitted a more strange material, in the sense that he started to be written yesterday evening and was finished as you can see in today's sources.

He was named after the disappearance of Tiranului.

We wrote the comment for tomorrow's morning when the radio announced the condemnation and execution of Nicolae Ceausescu and Elene Ceausescu.

We are preparing to become the echo of many un-believing concetitions in the arrest of those two monsters

and to propose the Council of the National Salvation Front,

a modality of the genuine public belief, preventing the discovery and keeping the subpar severe of those two

and suggesting their film in the most difficult way, on a video camera,

on the other side of the TV, on the other side of the TV,

to publish images of those who were charged and thinking that this was actually true

and could even demobilize the supporters of the fanatics when they were given their execution knowledge.

What else is there to say?

We are sure many will be told.

The public opinion was eager to assist in their process.

It was even more sensational throughout our history.

They were suffering from fear,

which they were terrified of.

They were terrified of a sphere of life, with hunger, fear and the real and moral tunnel.

They were seen listening to their long and harsh, un-believing,

feeling sorry for what happened to them.

They were seen covered in ashes,

with a popor in their hands, like in that wonderful day of December 21,

humiliated by their criminal deeds,

the development of ordinary and massive futures,

through the true public of our country,

accused of permanent accusers,

released by the great personalities of the world,

who have been in the streets for years,

building and responding to the massive and cruel accusations

under which the crowd of their fans, their personalities, is breaking.

They are listening to their answers, if they could give them.

They are seeing if the political processes were wrong,

if they could transform it as they predicted,

as they did when they were 14 years old,

from accused to accusers.

To take action, to decourage their proverbial,

to sing the songs of the poor,

to assist in the serious spectacle of the moral degrading,

which was so long ago.

To feel the redness of hope, which could have been saved.

To resist in memory, in memory of that,

they have been standing for a hundred years,

comparing with the euphoria of the men of the Orgol,

which they have given to so many of the people,

the demonstrators of Mamut,

the red sheep, hundreds of meters,

on which they live alone,

covering them from the air,

to see the figures longed for a mirage

and a cry to the destiny of the abominable crimes

that could be against our people,

to the public development.

The most secret actions they have made,

the people seem to be the ones who have turned the distress

they were supposed to be with,

now, when they are the ones who worshiped them,

to offer the coldest of the truth

to the people on the ground,

As an indicator, we are not talking about non-repetitive and non-fascist innocent drug relations.

Like the propaganda of Burdik, Popescu of God, Organ, ENAC, etc.

in short the statement of Diamantul's category.

Anyway, all, or even part of the "T" protocol but we are against legal claims.

I do not want to insist and to say that the official public has the authenticity of the broadcast in the series of Radio Buklevi

and that surprised the reporters of the Vastna, who were on the show, like us.

All of them.

It was a bomb, of course expected, but not so fast and not so fast.

The court of the innocent drug lovers was so stupefied,

that the conclusion of the accusation, even if it is correct and sufficient,

seemed to us to be a long, long-awaited satisfaction.

Then, the court of the innocent drug lovers,

had the image of the TV screen broken,

to the viewers.

After a program in collineary variations and,

supposedly recognizable, like in part of the Romanian song,

another one of the events of the genius of the great conductor,

more precisely at 1.35, at night, of course,

we heard again the request after which the images followed.

From a closed case it was written, without red carpet and without honor guards,

like a large inferior ball, a body in shape,

from which they had made a square bed,

and then, through a good will, they had a simple state and the body of the man.

Who could have touched the sun,

in such an uncomfortable position, were these bullets,

and the sacrifice was not other than the jovial one,

as of now, Nicolae Ceausescu, the unruly transfigured,

who tried to show his passion, so much in love,

through a unruly run,

from the power of the risk, which they had taken,

so desperate, that they were thrown into tunnel,

leaving the bodies of the men,

they were cremated in the paradise of the nature,

where they came from.

Run, on which he was going to have a lock.

When it was about the other, of course,

he was taken, a man, unbothered,

with the men who did not appear until then,

in the pictures on the front, with the white and the white hair,

but with a pale, blue coat,

the next day,

when someone else was told,

even the next day, and the figure,

and she, in a double-decked haired,

of course, bought, but not identified by me,

the receiver, with bullets all in the background,

and they were the president.

They were in a meeting with the Red Police,

in a place called,

with a maroon, with a maroon,

of the bare, high-quality police,

a medical cabinet, improvised,

as they were shown,

where they were given a large number of medical visits,

concerning the tension.

He was the permanent supervisor of the camera,

of the shooting, she did not appear at that moment.

She was, outside the media,

a single person,

with so much hair and blood,

in the sight of some artists who were forced to do it,

in the clothes and the clothes of the vaporized,

was now covered with a basma.

The brain, raised above a senine fruit,

under which she was left with all the complicated,

chemical and cultural phenomena,

turned into a negligent predator,

let's say, a casnic.

The upper blood,

which had been passed down to us,

the despondent, venomous, despondent,

and had a motherly face,

a temper,

and which left the impression that anything,

for a moment of sleep,

was on the floor,

unguided, to the camera.

But the goal, in the end, was him.

On him, who was in charge of the doctor and special treatment,

we were standing at one end, at the other,

waiting for the transformation,

the sound of the sound,

in a terrorist who was taken out of the peace,

who was given a sum,

no matter how much money,

from a thousand million dollars,

which was ensured in the pro-verbial discreet,

in the neighboring countries,

those from Luxembourg and Liechtenstein,

or a person who entered the pure aura,

a house that, in a pure, ordinary,

from the humble people,

was being thrown out of the genuineness

of the old scouts,

the common ones from the new continent.

The guards passed from the man

who had taken the tension

on the modest platform of the camera,

which was being found.

It was a sensational mix,

this was not happening.

The voice of the TV crew,

unnoticed as in its fate,

was being communicated again,

with a strong voice.

Those two,

without the intervention of the editing,

without the intervention of a amateur,

were now sitting one side,

at a table, without a chair,

all of them, in such numerous,

ordinary, buffets from the country.

They did not care,

they were very tired,

and angry,

they were angry with the people

who thought they were fascinated

by the audience,

from the height of the various tribes,

at the end of the day,

ten thousand of them were being thrown out

after a long, repeated prison,

to write names,

they will be controlled by the crew,

as well as the people's tribes,

moving in multiple colors,

which composed of metal,

statistics, lozings, etc.

They did not find a glance,

but they did not go too far,

from the glory of the world.

Two countries, moroccan,

and the Feroviara connection,

between two other lost,

in a camp, without names.

That's how the two tyrants were

coquettized,

in December 22, 1989,

in the balcony,

one of the most impressive

capitals, where they were

in superiority, in the Artemator,

locked in the palace,

in the waiting for a great event.

An event

that will be produced,

They are on a separate side. He is sitting on a long and wide square, holding all his mobile phones,

on which he is saying what his words are,

his sweet and pleasant words,

and on which he is messing with the time that seemed to have taken off,

which is hiding the inconsistencies of the impropriety that is behind.

With this, we give a close-up of our knowledge.