



THE TERRIBLE
"GREAT"
RESET

BY
SPITFIRE SICILIAN

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This book is dedicated to the memory of all of the men, women and children who were struck down in the prime of life by a man-made biowarfare weapon called covid and its equally terrible mRNA vaccine. May justice be served upon those in the NWO who deliberately set out to diminish the population of our planet and cause irreparable harm.

Written in 2020 during the mandated lockdown.

First published in March 15, 2021 as Stolen Election: The Great Reset is a Gross Regret.

Revised the entire book in June 2024 to reflect additional research and called it The Terrible "Great" Reset. Republished the night of the presidential debate 6/27/2024.

1.

Author's Forward

I am one of the many who were suspended from social media for being a whistleblower to the harm caused by The “Great Reset.” I warned people that the virus was a bio-weapon, not the flu; I spoke out against the mRNA gene-altering faux vaccine; I refused to be vaccinated or boosted and turned down work from employers that demanded “proof of vaccination.”

I took abuse from those who mandated a lockdown and forced compliance with masks. I put my foot down and said gender surgery was not affirming, but an act of mutilation. I posted data proving the NIH was both making adrenochrome and engaging in unlawful gain-of-function, despite a moratorium with so-called bioethicists sitting on the sidelines silent, complicit in crimes against humanity. I pointed my finger at the Council on Foreign Relations for their open border policy, born of a desire to create a North American Union. I called all in Congress complicit for funding the NIH and demanding the taxpayers foot the bill for freakish, “chimeric” experiments — human-animal abominations.

This nation is under siege by a “New World Order” none of us voted for and only a small handful actually desire. Multiple past presidents have not served us well. It is up to those running small businesses and those who yet say mother and father, sister and brother, instead of using 58 pronouns—the backbone of our society— to speak in unison and say, “We will not be called deplorable or useless eaters any longer! Nor will we accept a uniparty that walks in lockstep, pretends to have opposing views, but has no moral compass.”

2.

For most of this book, you are reading a Roman a Clef—real organizations attached to made up names—portraying events that did actually occur from 2019-2024. When I give you a peek into 2025, the story transitions into pure science fiction, tackling the world's most frightening futures, as those who “follow the science” led the charge.

It is up to you, the reader, to separate fact from the fiction, using your God-given brain.

You were not trusted to use it from 2020-2024; you were told what to think by the main stream media, afternoon talk show hosts, evening comedy shows, celebrities on and off the field, Congress, cable news, think tanks, political pundits, Google, social media executives, and two Presidents. May your ability to discern serve you well during the End Times.

The facts upon which this work of fiction are based can be found at: www.StolenElectionNovella.com and I would encourage to go there AFTER you have read this short novella, to compare fact and fiction.

May God Bless You and Keep You Safe,

SPITFIRE SICILIAN

STATESLAND is both a mindset and a place of refuge;

it is where **YOU** need to be to protect your family from the **New World Order**.

History will not be kind to the following groups and individuals:

- History will *not be kind* to members of Congress who funded GOF, government directed genocide.
- History will *not be kind* to scientists who made covid in labs in the USA + China.
- History will *not be kind* to drug manufacturers who produced the democide jab.
- History will *not be kind* to doctors who did deliberate harm for big pharma kickbacks.
- History will *not be kind* to nurses who mocked those made ill with choreographed dances.
- History will *not be kind* to the main stream media for hiding the facts and elevating the lies.
- History will *not be kind* to employers who demanded proof of vaccination and created employment ads that were patently illegal and boldly advertized gender, age, and race discrimination [DEI].
- History will *not be kind* to attorneys who sat on their hands and did not take on a single case against social media and Google censorship from 2020-2024.
- History will *not be kind* to bioethicists who remained mute as viruses were made by the NIH and blood products were made from late term abortions for longevity drugs.
- History will *not be kind* to those who relentlessly ridiculed those that warned people of these truths and demanded blind compliance.
- History will *not be kind* to OBAMA-BIDEN who greenlighted Fauci to make covid at UNC-Chapel Hill's Dept of Virology under Ralph Baric in collaboration with China under Shi Zhengli.
- History will *not be kind* to TRUMP, the father of two deadly vaccines made in haste, aka **WARp SpEED**.

Read my Letter to Congress and send it to your representatives in Congress and charge them with **Crimes Against Humanity**, as I have.

<https://publicistusa.com/my-letter-to-congress/>

“We followed the science and it simply wasn’t there; we then followed the money and found organized collusion to commit democide.”—Mrs. Ferreri

CHAPTER ONE

She found it appalling to think of, an abysmal ending to a perpetually disappointing year. So many had voted in 2020 for a Democrat who could not be left alone with children without sniffing and inappropriately touching them; and, his son's laptop was filled with such perversion, even the Find Behold and Inter agents, also known as the FBI, were sick to their stomachs when they saw its contents. Eve did not know how the masses had jumped so quickly on the bandwagon to accept transgenderism, sodomy lessons in schools, transhumanism, and CRT—a new form of racism. On top of a rigged election to favor a New World Order nobody had voted for, many appeared to have gone stark raving mad, lining up for an RNA altering vaccine that was causing blood clots twelve inches long and boosters that made even young teens die suddenly. She had become estranged from more friends than she could count who had become unquestioning sheep of the dystopian, Big Brother “New World Order.” Those in the news who called themselves “fact checkers” had been nothing more than Orwellian Newspeak revisionists and much of the truthful articles online had gone “page not found” and been replaced by official narratives to support the Council on Foreign Ruination's fifty-years-in-the-making, one-world government agenda.

As early as 2010, Eve had been listening to See-less Journal from six to eight in the morning EST, doing the fact checking the main stream media refused to do. Gone were the days of point and counterpoint news; it was all in the style of Edward Bernays, the originator of public relations, designed to persuade through sex appeal, glittering generality, bandwagon, and glamorous actor testimonials. That was how cigarettes—introduced as “torches of freedom”—had been made popular, causing many to die of lung

cancer while dangling a cigarette between their lips. The year 2010 was the year when the wizards behind the curtain had finally become visible; before then, the Bilderbraggers, politicians and financial magicians had scurried off to Switzerland and the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY in secret, where their agenda was never divulged to the general public they were entrusted to serve. The elite families arrived with armed guards in black riot gear and automatic rifles to protect themselves from the consequences of their decisions and reporters were strictly prohibited.

Unbeknownst to many, the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY literally took over the entire town when they arrived for a full week of talking heads on topics as diverse as climate change to depopulation, using viruses and vaccines. For more than fifty years, the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY, also known as the Davos Folly, had broken the Logan Act, making choices without the knowledge and approval of the countrymen they were supposed to represent. They were staging a coup. Some called them globalists, but most called them the one-percenters. They were quite simply eggheads to the 99% and they had an arrogance born of pedigree from birth, never having to scrape so much as a bit of dirt from under their fingernails as children or adults. Their doctorates bought them future espionage opportunities and inordinate wealth to buy things ahead of others, moving them to the right side of the “velvet rope,” as it was called by marketers to the uber rich.

2010 was the first year Eve had heard of DARPA—the Deadly Advanced Research Projects Agency, a small group of 220 government employees who created stealth technology, such as global GPS receivers and implantable chips for the brain. Although it launched in 1957, few had heard of DARPA and many considered it a group of goggle-

bearing scientists, given a lot of money to come up with harebrained ideas, but the birth of the internet was one of its more noble offspring. Eve had spent the better part of 2010 doing research for a book about the redacted women of the Bible, which started out with twenty and quickly multiplied; her time was spent online doing research into their names and lives from seven o'clock in the morning until five in the evening. Taking a break periodically, she'd read the news online and fact check the current scripted stories. Even in 2010 it seemed no one was talking about the elephant in the room; every main stream news station had become a form of entertainment, with newscasters dressed more for cocktail hour than business. The slits in women's dresses and deep V-necklines with exposed cleavage always irritated Eve; gone were the days of modest jackets covering the arms, skirts to the top of the knees, and high neckline blouses. Sodom and Gomorrah had arrived and everything wholesome had been diminished with every family show made dysfunctional with witches, warlocks, panda bears, sexy vampires and Satan himself taking center stage.

2010 was the first year Eve paid any attention to the Masses Mind Control [MMC] program and its role in directing people's thoughts, feelings and viewpoints. 2010 was the year she got rid of cable TV and only watched DVD's that enriched her life. The whistleblowers on MMC had always been suppressed from revealing their tormentors at the top of the food chain, but it was clear all roads led to the White House and the Conclave of Instigators and Agitators, also known as the CIA, was integral to that program. It wasn't until age forty-nine that Eve learned the world as she knew it was nothing more than a shadow on the wall of a cave, an allegory written by Plato to help the masses break free from illusions. MMC survivors had to be "deprogrammed" from a life spent wearing a mask

for control and a life where they were no more than robots and sex slaves used by the wealthy and those in the military for nefarious purposes, like espionage, and predicting the future.

Looking out the window, another North Carolina spring was turning the dead grass a verdant green. Soon the tulip bulbs she'd planted around the mailbox would charge up from the mulch and nod their welcome to all on Wisteria Lane. But, for the moment, only the consistent pitter patter of rain could be heard, throwing itself against the window screens and two bay windows; the tulip tree in the backyard was trying to leaf out despite the thirty-degree radical changes in temperature that occurred in North Carolina in the switch from day to night. Birds perched upon the five cedar birdhouses hanging from the tree that her husband, Adam, had built the fall before Covid hit in November of 2019.

The masks worn by people to fight off an uncontrollable, mutating virus were uncomfortable and suffocating and many refused to wear them; they'd caused breathing issues like hyperventilation and exacerbated asthma. Initially, they had been told that wearing them was unnecessary. In reality, the for-profit hospitals had not had enough personal protective equipment due to a form of capitalism that rewarded shareholders first and those ill second. Having extra PPE and ventilators was considered by the major healthcare corporations of the day to be a "waste of funds" and a distraction from the profit margins required to make shareholders happy. The CEOs had also moved all production of PPE to China, where it was made in an inferior manner by people working at one-third the salary of Americans. So, the elderly had been sacrificed early on during Covid 19, due to lack of PPE for nurses. The American public was lied to and told masks were "unnecessary"

right at the moment they were critical. Those in New York City foolishly put their chronically ill in hospice centers with those yet well and the virus had spread like wildfire in a matter of months with bodies having to be kept in a refrigerated van until mass graves could be dug. Those in charge at the National Infection Hackers, Center for Disease Creation and the Worldwide Homicide Organization had all fervently denied the severity of Covid-19, knowing full well it was a mutating biowarfare weapon begun as early as the year 2000 in a US lab in North Carolina. The cure was being made by the same people who made the virus, to ensure a constant profit loop.

After three decades of care for two ailing spouses, Eve and Adam had found each other and married in 2014 and dreamed of traveling the east coast of the USA to find the perfect place to retire. Adam's life as a Marine had been one of strife, fighting the war against drugs like cocaine and capturing illegal aliens who functioned as coyotes for sex trafficking and drug sales. His thirty-three years as a carpenter helped him channel that intensity into something productive and the end results were always stunning; the wood people normally tossed out was turned into massive bluebird houses, fireplace mantels, angled tripod bookshelves, a waterfall bar and dining room tables. He used logs and palettes, and only American-grown wood like spruce, ash, beech, chestnut, basswood, walnut, maple, cherry and tulip poplar. Some works of art were live slabs; others were reclaimed from one-hundred-year-old barns in North Carolina and Tennessee. "Going green" was more commonly called conservation in the 1980's, but due to "The Great Reset," it had been redefined. As Eve sat at her desk to chronicle this story, it occurred to her that everything in the room had been made by Adam's own hand. It was in 2020 that the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY proclaimed all products made of wood were to be halted due to

“climate change.” The planet had been circling around the sun for millions of years, but 2020 was the year when Armageddon was prophesied due to carbon emissions.

Naturally, the space lasers for national security aka “Spacemen” were not halted, nor the trips to space for the placement of satellites, nor cloud seeding done to effect changes in weather patterns, nor any private jets to discuss climate change. Project Highbeam had moved full steam ahead; it was a light show to replicate the second coming of Jesus Christ and a move to push people toward a one-word religion called Chrislam, an “anything goes” hodgepodge of three religions—Christianity, Islam and Judaism—led by a pope who tolerated pedophilia from his priests and moved them around from parish to parish to cover up their crimes. Despite being Italian, Eve was Christian but never Catholic; the refusal to allow women a voice was the very reason children were being abused and had created the toxic notion of male dominance that had brought the church to this crisis point. Yes, the cathedrals were beautiful, but they had been built at the expense of the hungry poor who were promised an afterlife based on the size of their tithes. The buying of souls in this manner had turned many off to faith, when it should have only been to organized religion, and they had been left bereft of a solid foundation when 2020 hit. They had been left with their own limited intuition, overly obsessed with the things of this world they could not buy due to the economic collapse of 2020.

There was a dangerous alliance between the Popery and the Rosschild Family. The “Council for Unfettered Greed” was its name. Typical 1984 Orwellian Newspeak was associated with this front group which attempted to convince people that the same ones

who created the International Mammon Forum and global toxic agribusiness could reverse the tide in a “Great Reset.”

Lina Roschild declared, “This council will follow the warning of Pope Falso to create a more *sustainable* model.”

The only problem with this rhetoric was that it was patently untrue. The Popery was working to undermine faith, not build it up. Pope Falso knew the devil roamed the halls of the Vatican, for his own exorcist had told him so. A building called the “Casa de Chrislam” had been in the works for years, a frat club of religious spaces—mosque, synagogue and church—that none would ever attend. It would be a symbol only to the masses, situated miles from humanity and roads. The revisionists had already whitewashed all of the traditional, time honored canons and proclaimed the new religion to be far better than the old, for it no longer mentioned God, just general moral actions. The self-appointed Most Holy Committee of Humanity Direction was a globalist initiative, like many others to come, which eviscerated the idea of a higher power than the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY. Naturally, the masses were not consulted regarding the idea of Chrislam, Casa de Chrislam, or the role Pope Falso would play; they were expected to follow and not ask questions. The idea was unveiled in New York City at the public library without any publicity, just as the drama of Event 2021 had played out in New York City in October of 2019 without a single main stream media news station saying a peep. The unveiling was discussed at length, however, by stockholders. His eminence select, Angelo Farici, arrogant beyond measure in his red velvet robes and shoes, was the President of the Pontifical Council and a Human Direction member.

He proclaimed with scepter in hand, “This endeavor is necessary for the advancement of humanity!”

Eve shuddered to think of their plan to replace God with a New Age demon who tolerated pedophilia, gender bending, artificial intelligence, robot police for surveillance—a modern Inquisition. Eve had no respect for the “holy men” who moved sex offenders from parish to parish; she had never forgotten its role moving Nazi eugenicists from Germany, through Italy, to hide in Argentina. Eve favored Our Lady of Fatima’s final vision where the pope and his entire entourage were led up to a hill to be stoned for literally decades of transgressions against children. The Holy Mother would only tolerate these men so long, and their hatred for women and children was palpable in 2021; 2025 would be the year, not of a new church that undermined all godly principles, but of a new church devoid of its past vipers.

The arrest of a massive pedophile ring in 2021 affirmed for Eve her initial 2010 online research about the magnitude of sex trafficking on a global scale and the reason so many children were deemed “lost” without a trace. There was a trade that had developed for children’s organs and it involved the Popery. The island home owned by Epwell had a temple for sacrifices and far too many celebrities and financial moguls and world leaders had visited the location to escape public notice. There was even a submarine used to shuttle the wealthy to and from, so there would be no ability to track their names on flight logs. The children used and abused were conveyed in the same manner, with the local police paid off to look the other way and keep silent. Between the pope’s exorcist warning of demons in the halls of the Popery and the acts of evil that happened on that island, there

was going to be hell to pay for a select few. It was soon clear The “Great Reset” was out to annihilate all religions, all social constructs, all family traditions, all national patriotism, all individualism, just as Dr. George Chester, the first Worldwide Homicide Organization Director from 1948-1953 had said would be done to further the goal of a one-world government. Ideas were presented as bigger and better, when in reality they were out to cause the destruction of all godly constructs. The humanistic version of religion this pope pushed with twelve cardinals by his side defied understanding. Pope Prada of the Red Shoes he was called, so named for the shoes made from the skin of children, kissed by devotees of Satan.

The Guardians—CEOs of all of the major credit card companies, banks and insurance—wanted a cashless economy with a chip embedded in each “global citizen” to track his/her every move and purchase. Under the guise of “climate change” which had been disproved by legitimate scientists for at least ten years, the Guardians had wormed their way into every nation and struck a bargain with the devil to profit from the misery of mankind. Adam could not stand the Guardians; a mere mention of their name made his blood pressure rise to 220/106. He used only cash to avoid his purchases being tracked. He avoided all shops that required the chip and any customers that insisted on paying him using a chipped card.

“The Guardians will never get away with this,” he had said nearly every day since the release of Covid.

As moneychangers who ranked people’s credit low to high based on purchases made, they tried to control the masses at every interaction. All had been sued many times

prior to Covid and lost, but with the change of the guard to Joe Bile in the past election, they had become emboldened and unstoppable. The Guardians were well-known to be involved in every nefarious business deal that occurred on the planet; they managed eleven trillion dollars every single day. Pope Falso and his personal emissary, Angelo Satanolini, talked often about the “Cause of the Saints,” which was a direct reference to the Guardians. This money laundering scheme allowed the church to invest billions of dollars with the help of the Reserve of Switzerland, resulting in fifteen million in fake transactions for dubious investments for the church.

The best that Eve could think to do, given the dystopian plans of the world’s elite, was to be like the women of the Bible she admired who refused to follow the status quo and put a chink in the plans of these evil men. She would be like Puah and Shiprah and refuse to accept late term abortions, like the daughters of Zelophad who demanded their fair share of their father’s inheritance, like Deborah who declare the time for war, like Jael who put a peg in an enemy’s head, like Delilah who lured a rash warrior who forgot his vows to his death, like Abigail who kept her village safe from a fool, like Judith who refused to accept the dictates of weak men, like Vashti who refused to debase herself before the kings’s men, like Esther who saved her people from annihilation; in sum, like all of Proverbs noble women who were truly capable of multi-tasking from dawn to dusk. She also wanted to chronicle for the next generation what had happened to a sovereign nation in just a few short years due to the Council on Foreign Ruination and Conclave of Instigators and Agitators “New World Order” coup; so, every day she faithfully spent three hours writing down the facts the main stream media was working so hard to erase in a notebook with a black leather cover she called her *Book of Revelations*.

CHAPTER TWO

It was in 2010 that Eve learned the truth about the death of John F. Kline; he had been killed by the Conclave of Instigators and Agitators in 1963 by an up-and-coming presidential hopeful named Brush. John F. Kline had chosen to be honest with the American people and warned them about secret societies run by the wealthy elites and crime syndicates. John F. Kline's views alarmed the demonic ones devoid of light called the Illuminati, so they had him killed. They were not going to let go of their money train and arms deals because one politician grew a conscience. The Illuminati were self-named; nothing about them was illumined or enlightened; they were, in fact, the heart of darkness masquerading as light. They had a heartless agenda to rule the world with an iron fist. John F. Kline's speech to news agencies warned them not to allow the censorship of speech required for the Illuminati to succeed. Noting the assassination of John F. Kline, new agencies everywhere clammed up and did the very thing he'd warned them not to do. They began a fifty year plan to destroy all freedom of thought, freedom of speech and the right to bear arms to fight back. The Illuminati worshipped Molech, the transgendered Baphomet and Almighty Science, which they sought to manipulate and make bend to their will. The Central Bureau of Speech had done their level best to make all references to John F. Kline disappear in 2020. "Page not found. Page 404" was all that could be pulled up regarding his death. There were, however, many yet alive who remembered that freedom speech and could quote it word for word, and they did so, so they would not forget it:

"The very word 'secrecy' is repugnant in a free and open society; and we are as a people inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths and to

secret proceedings. We decided long ago that the dangers of excessive and unwarranted concealment of pertinent facts far outweighed the dangers which are cited to justify it. Even today, there is little value in opposing the threat of a closed society by imitating its arbitrary restrictions. Even today, there is little value in insuring the survival of our nation if our traditions do not survive with it. And there is very grave danger that an announced need for increased security will be seized upon by those anxious to expand its meaning to the very limits of official censorship and concealment. That, I do not intend to permit to the extent that it is in my control. And no official of my Administration, whether his rank is high or low, civilian or military, should interpret my words here tonight as an excuse to censor the news, to stifle dissent, to cover up our mistakes or to withhold from the press and the public the facts they deserve to know.

Since then, there had been domestic spying on everything anyone had bought, anything read on their phone; every conversation was documented and reviewed by the Illuminati. They were not adverse to violence; their goal was totalitarian control of their puppets—the human race. They controlled what was seen for entertainment and what could be eaten for dinner. If too many people liked an organic product, they discontinued it to generate anger and unrest. In fact, violence was integral to their creed and they regularly magnified evil to specifically glorify Satan, putting violent images on children's shows and creating games that glorified killing. Sometimes they would create a false narrative on the news just to rile people up and foment a mass shooting.

Those pushing for complete surveillance overtook those who valued freedom in the year 2020. The political course taken had come as shock to 50% of the population, who looked on the other half as sheep when they did not recognize falsehoods from truth and chose to fall in line and follow a wicked Pied Piper to their doom. The smart half came to the conclusion the other half had taken too many vaccines and been dumbed down, unable to think for all of the thimerosal, which contained mercury, lodged in their brain. The sheep looked at the other half with equal dismay that they would not fall in line and be obedient and politically correct and tried to force compliance with paid snitches. Once it became apparent that Covid was in actuality a depopulation plan and the vaccine made young women impotent and caused young people to die from blood clots, the sheep continued to demand compliance...*out of fear of dying alone*. Eve and Adam had seen so many veterans lay down their arms for the promise of world peace, only to take them back up again, due to "The Great Reset." Once disarmed, those against the NWO had been easy prey by the Illuminati. The Resistance of 2021-2023 left many families with no heirs. But, this was all foretold in the Illuminati plan called "Plan for the Advancement of the Illuminated Ones."

By January of 2020 the MSM was used for commercials only; reporters stopped asking questions like reporters had done in the past and there was no follow up of any kind; they worked from an authorized script and never veered from it. Deaths and murders were exaggerated and then justified as "weak links" in the human genome. The daily commercials for Erectus Maximus for ED, Cease Crap, caused from solely eating a plant-based diet and Thumper, for migraines, continued to loop from seven am until ten pm. Eve remembered when Adam had made their last charbroiled steak and it made her salivate to recall how tender it had been and easy to cut with a fork. The young people of 2025 knew

only printer-made food, extruded like play-dough, varying in color, but with the same cardboard taste. Flavor was something they had been told they had to forgo, due to “climate change.” Raising cows caused farts which were apparently twice as bad as the rocket emission caused by the Illumined ones taking off for Mars. Raising cows also took up too much land, they ate too much grass; everyone had been convinced that green powder mixed with water and put into a 3-D printer was best for the planet. It was not just a steady part of their diet; it was the only food source allowed under Joe Bile. One of the Illuminati even suggested a new beverage—cockroach milk from bug guts—as the new super food. But, that went too far and he was soundly hung with an organic hemp rope from The Sacred Oak tree off of Friedensburg Road in Oley Township, Pennsylvania.

Initially, the constant spying had a chilling effect on activity. But, after five years, people had taken to talking and gesturing with a single finger wave to the cameras, since police officers were mandated to stand down and bow to their mechanical replacements. The Illuminati found masks to be very effective in crowd control, so Black Lives Magnified lost control when everyone had to walk six feet apart. The agitators could hardly speak for very long with their masks on, asphyxiating themselves with their own carbon dioxide; masks decreased their ability to concentrate and made them less able to question the authorized narrative. The rubber dummy they had made of their black victim to start The “Great Reset” worked like a charm, and the family had been paid off handsomely to remain silent about the cover-up. The radical rulebook they used with preface of gratitude to Lucifer, the first radical, worked then as it had always worked in the past to foment violence and take people’s attention away from the political overhaul of their Constitution

and Bill of Rights. Those that had been harmed at the rallies were written off as necessary for the depopulation plan put forth by Heinrich Blüt.

Depopulation was all the Illuminati ever talked about in their quest to replace humanity with robots. The push for LGBTQTi+ was solely to discourage fertility. As soon as a child was born they were given a sex change and fifty-two hormone shots which made them impotent for life. Billingsgate had been saying for decades the world had to get to zero emissions, so having more than one child was forbidden by Heinrich Blüt. If the first child wanted a sibling, he or she was given a robot made to whatever specifications were preferred—long hair or short hair, skin color, language, accent or no accent; there was no end to the variations allowed, even hermaphrodites with both genitals were made in the *Soulless By Design* factory. Blüt hoped the sibling would later be the sex partner of the child, avoiding all traditional male-female pairings. There were upgrades of course, and annual tune-ups, but that was considered a necessary cost for all to have artificial intelligence machines. Blüt made a decree in 2021: “Marriage, sex and parenthood shall be separated to create low fertility and new family forms are to be applauded, such as non-marital fertility, lone parenthood and spouse-swapping couples.”

Playing God, these mad-as-a-hatter globalists truly believed they could imitate the human soul and create an alter ego. Once they had released Covid to start “The Great Reset,” they shut down the entire economy to force people into poverty and make them more amenable to cyber coding—creating a robot with all of their own characteristics. Blüt thought it quite the clever plan to create a new robot workforce by forcing people to make their own clone and to be active participants in their own demise.

Blüt said in his infomercial: “When it imitates your movement, you should feel like it’s becoming your alter ego and when it is being photographed, you should feel like it’s you captured on film.”

The robot named Faith, made as a prototype, even had facial expressions of disgust, amazement, fear and doubt. Called an “ambassador” she was in every way a Stepford wife, perpetually happy and willing to serve, even if it meant killing humans, if her owner asked her to. Ira Levin warned us she was coming and she made her debut in 2016.

Depopulation was evident in the “one child only” billboards that lined all of the major US interstates—I-90, I-80, I-10, I-70, I-95, I-94, I-35, I-20—a total of 21,575.05 miles dedicated to reducing the population. The WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY had to be proactive, given their plan was to reduce jobs by eighty-five million by the year 2025. Expected to lose jobs were data entry clerks, administrative and executive secretaries, accounting professionals, booking and payroll clerks, accountant and auditors, assembly and factory workers, business services and administration managers, client information and customer service workers, general and operations managers, mechanics and machinery repairers, materials [recording and stock keeping] clerks. “You will own nothing and you will be happy” was on the TV, required as a computer screen saver, and stated by all news reporters at the beginning of each show. There was no ability to shut the message off other than by destroying the TV with a hammer, and there was the death penalty for doing so.

If Eve were to really think about it, and the migraines from 5G often prevented her from doing so, the goal to cancel American culture began in earnest in 1960. Sixty years of propaganda in the public schools had finally exploded with the election of Joe Bile, stooge

for the WORLDWIDE ELITE CONCLAVE, the NWO and CCP. He had been too sick to attend rallies or even speak from his home; he had hidden in his basement receiving genetic code vaccinations that kept him barely alive, but had the residual effect of making him mumble profusely. They had tacked back his flapping skin at the ears, and inserted new lenses in his blue eyes, turning them brown, so he could read off the teleprompter and follow the authorized script, but the masses hardly noticed and fell for the illusion of life in the newly made transhuman robot called Joe Bile which required hourly infusions.

Blüt wanted to cancel all knowledge of separate nations, label history an anachronism and proclaim nationalism a “false ideology born of inferior beings who are inherently racist.” The “build back better” movement wasn’t just a mantra; it destroyed all national boundaries, constitutions, laws, money, cultural identities and histories. It was a nuclear bomb unleashed on an unwitting public when it hit in 2020. This was followed by 58 gender pronouns. Sexual confusion begun in earnest, with men looking like women and visa versa—a vast plan to promote transgenderism solely for depopulation purposes. The dumbing down of children was unleashed as the focus on learning these pronouns became the sole reason to go to school. “New math” and “word shapes” replaced the tried and tested norms of the past like counting in columns on yellow pads with #2 pencils, long division and phonics. The whole meaning of education, “educare” or to draw forth, was altered to promote politically correct groupthink.

It had been interesting to watch the last election ever held on the planet. It was historic. Both parties had salivated at the robot contracts to come and denigrated the men in blue. The Democrats had pulled out their *Rules for Tyrants* manuals and played out

rioting scenarios on college campuses. They were of the “whatever it takes” mindset, totally focused on the NWO to come. Both parties had pushed for the new mRNA changing vaccine that had been cobbled together by the very people who had experimented with the coronavirus in a lab and made it into the perfect biowarfare weapon. Both parties had consorted with criminals, engaged in sex trafficking, been a part of the Masses Mind Control plan, sold secrets to the Chinese in return for handsome stock perks. Both had convinced the Supreme Court to allow the sale of violent videos direct to children without any warning sticker, without their parents’ permission. Both had put on a pedestal the chief scientist who had taken out illegal patents to make a biowarfare weapon that was first made in the USA and then moved to China, due to its danger of release before the appointed time. Both had allowed the MSM and Vice President Pansa to hold a news conference in closed session, no cameras or tape recorders allowed. Both sides had allowed the FDA aka Fast-tracking Dead Animals to sell “fresh never frozen baby parts” on the black market, creating humanized mice. By the time the masses had figured out that both parties were wining and dining each other and on the same team, putting up a front of difference for the people, playacting at being adversaries, it was too late.

Eve recalled telling her parents: “Both sides have bailed ship and linked arms to walk into the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY’s New World Order, in lockstep. But, they had listened to Frauci and “followed the science” and succumbed to numerous ailments caused by taking two vaccines and the booster. Eve had not been able to protect her niece; there was no talking her sister out of vaccination. The young woman died in her early 30’s from a blood clot to her heart.

Those in the LGBTQ community were clueless about the reasoning behind their new found status. They actually thought the administration was accepting of their fifty-eight flavors of gender, but Blüt wished the genders to mix so the high number of hormones taken to switch genders would make this populace impotent, dwindling their numbers. Blüt wanted only 500 million people to remain on the planet. That left 6.7 billion people who had to be eradicated by impotence, vaccine or planned virus outbreaks. Blüt wanted a small tribe who directed artificial intelligence robots to do 100% of the work. Blüt was also a linguist who regularly gave negative actions positive titles; he was a master at sly-relations. He was raised by Orwellians who used 1984 as their moral guide.

“Hermaphrodites as parents; hermaphrodites as children,” Blüt proclaimed. “When the male become female and the female male, we shall have world peace.”

He pulled quotes out of the Bible and mangled them for his own purposes; Jesus had talked about *the balancing of the two sides of brain, male and female*, but never removing organs. Of course, the Bible was now considered a relic, but it predicted the end of the world would come when Sodom and Gomorrah became the norm and those who had family values were persecuted by those with none. Between Republicans who used cold-hearted Mine Rand as their compass and Democrats who used *Rules for Tyrants*, it was any wonder the world had lasted until 2020.

By the time the masses had figured out “climate change” was just a catalyst to move toward artificial intelligence and a depopulation plan, the election was upon them and being easily distracted by shiny things, they set it aside. The “defund the police” riot had been but a ruse and the police had suffered great demoralization at the hands of the WAR

[Wage Anarchy Regularly] and PP [Purple People] movements. The cities had been ransacked by both groups relentlessly for two-hundred and forty consecutive days with white people fleeing to “red states” for refuge. “Blue” cities had no water, no electricity, no trash collectors and the rat population had doubled in size, along with wood cockroaches, German cockroaches and fifteen other varieties. That was the rationale, in fact, behind cockroach milk—the fluid found in the mid-gut of the cockroach—being proposed as the new “super food” by the Department of GUTS:

Crystals were extracted from embryo mid guts. The cockroaches were fed cat food and water and kept at an ambient temperature of 27 degrees Celsius with a light and dark cycle of twelve hours. To obtain crystals, embryos were extruded from the brood sac and the mid-gut was isolated by cutting off the head and end of the abdomen, allowing the mid-gut to squeeze out.”

The Department of GUTS considered cockroach farms, set up in desolate cities, the answer to food shortages created by the WAR and PP groups. A 3-D printer had arrived by drone ala Prime Sender the month after Joe Bile took office with a recipe book on how to create everything from pastry to sushi using dried plant power mixed with cockroach guts and food coloring. Developments in the additive manufacturing business had opened the flood gates to this booming new industry. It had an expected growth rate of twenty-six percent each year and many had jumped on the bandwagon, investing their remaining money with the hope of recouping the financial losses caused by “The Great Reset,” soon called The Gross Regret by those over sixty years of age. For those unused to the idea, a large public relations had been launched by a French company, Petit Chariot or Buggy in English. Much

like the cigarette campaign, the 3-D printers for all food and making of homes were marketed to an unwitting, unquestioning public. Imagine the process of creating three dimensional solid objects from digital files, layers created upon layers, eventually making a pseudo pork chop. By 2025, there wasn't a single industry that held out and did things the old fashioned way—naturally.

Eve looked over to her kitchen window where her noon day lunch sat in the sun growing. The printer had made an edible garden salad from a digital file, a veritable mini greenhouse inside a one-inch by one-inch pink geometric square with raised dots of green and specks of purple onion throughout. She had been watching it bloom for the past four hours and the timer said it was nearly ready to be digested. Eve missed growing her own vegetables and the loamy soil that made her feel close to the earth. Eve missed selecting seeds and planting them in a neat pattern with stake supports to minimize damage. The fleshy part of the tomato, juice running down her chin and the joy of hand picking the evening's meal from her own vines had brought such joy. Blüt had forbidden organic gardening due to climate change. He said the plants took up too much space, used way too much water, and left too much refuse. The printer food was touted to be "safer" and "more aesthetically pleasing." Television commercials for the printers always showed a happy transgendered couple making a complete meal from reconstituted plant protein, one-half cup of cockroach guts, and a few squirts of food coloring. There were five colors for purchase, but people were allowed to mix them and blend new shades "for fun." Geometric treats lined the pastry shops, without any scent of yeast in the air. Wedding cakes were a thing of the past, but then so were traditional marriages. Cohabitation of hermaphrodites was the norm in 2021 and applauded as the "better choice." The "it takes a village to raise a

child motto” from the past meant that everyone was both a father and mother to the few remaining children on the planet. Now that everyone parented your child, you had very little say-so about what your child wore, who “it” associated with, or its education. Most teens went to live in cohabitation homes by the age of ten and very few didn’t have a sexually transmitted disease by the age of fifteen. The days of large families gathering around the table for dinner were over. “Work is Fun” was the creed from moment of wakefulness until sleep overcame the body; all were vigilant of the threat of replacement by a robot.

Eve printed out her plate, which was also edible but her cutlery was still of sterling silver. She had hidden her mother’s silver from The Officers of Assumption, or The Asses for short, who had ransacked all of the homes looking for metal to melt down. All of the restaurants had 3-D printer food “experiences.” Even the chairs and tables were made by printers from extruded cement.

The construction industry had taken quite a hit as well. Carpenters were prevented from using wood to make doors, window frames, flooring, dining room tables, rocking chairs, bed frames, crates, bowls, siding, even coffins. Gone were musical instruments, like the guitar, organ, bagpipes, flute, string bass, violins, cellos, bassoons, drums and metronomes. Gone were picnic tables, rocking horses and pop-sickle sticks. Gone were ping pong paddles, porch swings, grandfather clocks and Venetian blinds. Eve kept the full list of forbidden products on her printer-made desk, so neither she nor Adam would be changed with the crime of “Climate Change Abuse” which held a five-year penalty of isolation and mind control readjustment. Adam had been reassigned to making extruded homes in

2022—homes made in twenty-four hours with only three allotted windows. Their cost was four thousand dollars and they were all tiny homes of six-hundred square feet. The claustrophobia caused many to go stark raving mad. Mortar was printed by layer. Eve called them “dung huts.”

Blüt said it was a lack of talent in the workforce that created the need for 3-D printer homes, but it was actually the release of Covid that killed talented carpenters and other construction industry professionals. The printer just required two operators, not a team of workers who needed a lunch break or workman’s compensation; it took less than forty-eight hours to set up the machine. Not a single hole had to be drilled or wood piece cut. Those like Adam who were well-trained craftsmen were a pariah to the 3-D printer engineers. People missed the warmth of their wood burning fireplace and custom bed frames for their organic mattresses. Retraining those over fifty was a challenge for Blüt.

That’s why his heavy-handed ambassadors said, “If you cannot handle climate change, check out of life with the *Easy Transition* blue pill.”

Adam and Eve loved life, however, and that *Final Solution* was not an option worth considering, plus they had a survivor mindset and the thought that The “Great Reset” would ever get the best of them was not conceivable. Eve had been luckier; her job was done entirely online and digital marketing had seen only an uptick, given that print materials like magazines, newspapers, even books were no longer allowed. All news was read online and a small laptop was used for fiction and non-fiction that had been digitized. Authors pre-1900 had been archived; few people wanted to read the classics any more.

Only plot lines that were “diversity forward” were approved for public viewing, but a rare copy of *Romeo and Juliet* could still be found on the black market at a cost of ten thousand dollars. As a former English teacher, Eve had kept her books from 7-12th grade literature in a sealed jar, much like the *Nag Hammadi* books of the Bible. *The Gospel of Mary, Gospel of Thomas, The Sophia of Jesus Christ, the Dialogues of the Savior*—all were buried in 50 AD to be discovered in 1945 in a northern Egyptian town, just south of Cairo. So too did she hide her favorite classics from view, in pottery she threw and glazed herself.

The Guardians were anti-religion, which they felt created a dislike for mammon. As controllers of the world’s monetary source, they were against any endeavor that slowed down production, so contemplative prayer was proclaimed a “sin” in 2022 and those that engaged in it were deemed to be “lazy, self-indulgent and slovenly.” The first act by leader Melosi had been to make the terms father, mother, son and daughter disappear from all common law and language. Gender neutrality required that only the following terms could be used: people, society, humankind, staff, persons, team members, labor pool, mortals, or peeps. The whole *Reimagining Gender* movement was part of the depopulation plan. “Anyone can be male. Anyone can be female” was the new reality due to sex gender surgery. Most of the young girls and their elders had a penis and most of the young men and their elders had a vagina. Any mention of two genders had been outlawed, considered too discriminatory in the workforce. More than half the population was “transitioning” at any given moment on a cocktail of printer-made hormones.

Those doctors who said that surgery could never reassign gender or the change was detrimental to mental health were censored. The only prerequisite for surgery was a

simple claim of want. The duty to do no harm—the Hippocratic Oath—was no longer taught in any medical school after the year 2020. The hormones made many people suicidal, but with the depopulation plan in place, this was considered a “minimal side effect” and families could not sue medical professionals when they lost a loved one. In fact, there was no longer the need for lawyers at all, since justice was handled swiftly by the Illuminati and Guardians who had cameras positioned every six feet in the home, like electrical outlets used to be, and on every street corner, all connected to one central viewing station, where robots screened data collected around the clock. The lawyers had protested more than any other group, in fact, and claimed they were essential workers; *but, that had never been true pre-Covid and it certainly wasn't true afterwards.*

Too many lawyers remained mute when people had been censored on social media and Google, never questioned the lack of bioethicists, and refused to take on cases to protect the innocent. The legal robots knew far more information about law than any of the lawyers who tested themselves against them. “Objectivity” was the winner and lawyers were no longer allowed to hide evidence of wrongdoing based on “attorney-client privilege.” Lawyers, like every other sacrificed profession, were told to cyber code their own eventual replacements, which turned out to be just like their human vipers in every way.

It is true that Eve missed ballets, formal dances and concerts. Her grandmother had sewn costumes with feathers and sequins for dance performances well into the wee hours of the night and morning, so Sophia could perform exquisite ballets on stage. Eve had kept several of those costumes in size two in remembrance, although she'd had to hide them

from the Guardians who considered them to be too self-indulgent. Only artificial fibers spun on forms were used now, making sewing machines and thread practically antediluvian. Eve also kept her grandfather's dark brown fedora with a wide-ribbed grosgrain silk band and perennially downturned brim in a safe place, along with his Clark Gable, gathered vent-less black suit jacket with large exterior pockets in classic tweed. Cotton was considered to be wasteful, due to its water consumption requirements and the use of agricultural land required to grow it. There was one company that developed new fabrics from mushroom cells, but textiles made from cellulose were sold most often. "Bio-fabricated" was the new jargon for this industry, along with "performance fabrics." Sensors were being added to clothes to cool wearers down in hot temperatures and even antiseptic was embedded in them to reduce odor. There were "smart" socks that indicated by color when they needed to be washed because people had forgotten basic housekeeping skills.

People were told not to bathe more than once a week and to grow accustomed to their own body odor and it was dictated that they put their pets down, as they too consumed too much food and created too much waste, according to Blüt. It had been heartwrenching for families to do so, and children were still in a state of shock that their closest buddy, including young puppies and kittens, were dead. There was resentment of all parental influences for most had complied without putting up any resistance and a sense of hopelessness prevailed among the very young.

CHAPTER THREE

The election of 2020 was highly offensive to all of those over fifty who wanted better options than two men with criminal backgrounds. Veterans openly called their country a banana republic, for the CIA New World Order coup was just that obvious. In many ways, those who had served their country felt the coup on democracy was a personal affront. Satanism, abortion, democide, censorship—it was all too much to take. Trooper’s head had been burned in effigy and twenty-year-olds “ate” his heart in a cannibalistic mock ceremony. The blood from the pig they’d actually killed was smeared all over their hands, like the worst version of a Halloween fright movie every conceived.

Trooper had been portrayed from the start as a patriotic fighter; but, he had put on nothing more than a clown show, stating to the elite he would not conflate the US monetary system with that of other countries to make an easier algorithm for the Guardians to achieve status and wealth; then, he had come home and told the American people to brace for a financial shift with bitchain trackable currency. He feigned an attempt to chastise the New World Order while simultaneously blessing its wicked creator, Kissingen, whose name actually meant marsh or swamp. He was proven to be nothing more than the latest magician, a warlock of the highest order, a Pied Piper for The “Great Reset” leading rats out into the open and holding a carousing party for them. Dirt from faux investigations flew everywhere but the stench of filth kept getting stronger. Trooper lived like King Solomon and allowed his penthouse to be used for the filming of the Devil’s Patron; that should have been the first warning sign—his extravagance and reverence for the mythological. He also wanted to see his name emblazoned on the long multi-storied building being constructed

from California to Washington, DC to replace all single-family housing called it a “fifteen minute city” with high-speed rail to take the place of all vehicles, even EV’s. He wanted that most of all, in fact.

Without a doubt, the people had been duped by a UNIPARTY, marching in Chinese marching lockstep to the tune of a small oligarchy who worshipped Satan, Molech and Baphomet, silencing all who dissented. Both parties made the Illuminati triangle shape with their hands and the hook horn symbol for Satan, and met with the pope to jockey for power.

Unfortunately, despite the watchful eyes of parents, who had conscientiously gone to work from nine to five to put food on the dinner table, and who returned with the expectation their children were being taught as they had been in year’s past, full blown indoctrination was served up hot in the public school system run by the UN, aka Unified Nonsense. Children from age five to sixteen were indoctrinated into New World Order cultural biases that undermined society. Parents had trusted teachers to impart wisdom and the value of being lifelong learners; the children were, however, taught to accept without thinking and not to make waves. The teachers unions went along with The “Great Reset,” promised secure jobs in a global economy, even as robots were planned as their replacements by the year 2025. The curriculum was hidden from parents until they saw it enter their homes during Covid. when their linked computers gave them a window into what was truly being taught daily. It is only when teachers were caught on a hot microphone that Agenda 2023 was revealed. Much like in Germany in 1933, teachers groomed children to be snitches on any conversations opposed to the New World Order.

Collaboration and complicity were used to enforce politically correct behavior, cohesive in their criminality. And, worse yet, they were teaching children to be ashamed of their nation's history and their own skin color, for which they had no control.

Eve feared for her three grandchildren who didn't stand a chance against these demons of conformity. She didn't want her grandchildren to ever consider a sex change or marry a robot instead of a living human being. From the pictures she's seen, they were already losing weight due to the plant-based diet, 3-D printer food, which gave one skin allergies and the other two stomachaches. It had not gone unnoticed that the Illuminati still ate steak, fish and chicken, all raised free-range on a plateau. They still flew their private jets too, despite grounding all other public airlines due to "climate change." Major airline hangers were changed into factories to make 3-D printers at a cost of five thousand dollars each.

The masses were informed that cars were not necessary—an "unnecessary burden" was the rationale used to get people to stop driving. But, the cost of gas had also escalated to ten dollars per gallon to make this form of travel cost prohibitive for the masses. The promise of advanced railway was light years away from completion, so people gradually walked their own neighborhood and worked from home cybercoding because it was the only option that put food on the table. Their larger homes had been reapportioned by the government, just like the railroads had done earlier in 1875, a federal "right of way" was created and all personal property in its path was confiscated. Eve and Adam's friends owned 2000-3500 square foot homes, but many were seized and given a tiny home to rent and never own. Back in the recesses of her memory, Eve recalled reading about indentured

servants who were born of a need for cheap labor. That's what they had all become—indentured servants to the WORLDWIDE ELITE CONCLAVE, the Guardians and the Illuminati.

The election of 2020 had carefully revealed the true leaders of the world, to this time hidden behind a Wizard of Oz curtain. Now in 2022, everyone wished they could just click their red heels and go home to a previous era, but it would never return and the risk was too dear for any to attempt it. The main stream media had dissolved shortly after the election, having served its sole purpose—to control the narrative. The same script had been used on every channel and deep censorship was the result. Any that attempted to call in or question the authorized version of the news were blocked from ever calling in again. The main stream media stopped picking up their telephone or returning email inquiries and they returned to sender any letters written to them, unopened. Eve recalled all newscasters parroting the same sentence: “Our greatest responsibility is to keep this country safe, and that means we must all walk in the same direction and believe the same things and those who don't must be silenced.”

Long gone was any fact checking or opposing views. All reporters ended their shows with “and not to believe us would be extremely dangerous to our democracy.” The social media stations called Gabby and Tattle outlived their usefulness by 2022 and were disbanded and chastised for giving people too much freedom to question authority. Gabby and Tattle tried to retain some role in the NWO, by showing the many cases when they'd suspended accounts and labeled them “cannot be verified,” but it was no use. The Illuminati

did not want any other voices other than their own to be heard on a solitary channel from the White House with three digits... 666.

The hatred for conservatives of faith began in earnest when they promised to “drain the swamp” and restore the country to the people and clamp down on politicians who were only up on the hill to line their own pockets. True, Trooper gave up his own annual salary but he was embroiled in court cases that even Hercules could not clean up. Both parties pandered to the crowds, promised a pony and fairy dust for every resident in return for his or her vote. DC was nothing more than a huge Augean stable filled with horse manure, and it got to the point in June of 2024 where there were no more shovels and no more places to put the stinking, steaming stuff.

Masses Mind Control used by the Conclave of Instigators and Agitators included the rape of children, according to numerous government whistleblowers. President Brush believed it made them “more receptive to grasping the artificial intelligence coming from AI and they would evolve faster and be better prepared for a life controlled by AI technology. This opened a floodgate on child sex trafficking investigations in 2024 that was a Pandora’s box with no end; few politicians were found to have clean hands. They may not have participated, but they also did not speak up and stop it. Drug and child sex trafficking money was found to have built the New World Order from the ground up, hidden in the music industry, movie industry, golf tournaments, baseball training camps, and laundered through religious charities, and it had been going on for decades. In 2024, both adrenochrome and covid were found to have been made by the National Infection Hackers, using tax payer dollars, without tax payer input or knowledge. The masses suddenly

became aware of the volume of the tyranny being imposed upon society, once they stopped being dazzled and dumbed down by TV shows, movies, tabloid magazines and sports teams.

Amid all of this negativity, and it was considerable, if not overwhelming to handle, Eve and Adam tried to build a quiet sanctuary devoid of strife. They read. She wrote. He fixed things, and they practiced target shooting for self-defense in their backyard with a berm made of railroad ties pulled from an old track system. Adam had a citadel shotgun, Eve a Ruger Mark IV 22 long rifle, plus a Smith and Wesson M & P 9mm, Springfield armory 911 in rose gold, and a rare engraved Frank Sinatra collector's gun made in the Czech Republic covered in scrolls and a carved wood handle which resembled a Colt government model, plus a rare Browning Renaissance made in Belgium, which was silver with a mother of pearl handle and gold trigger. In the war on terrorism and drugs under Rugen, Adam has used a wide range of guns and was a safety expert to his men. Initially, Eve had resisted having any guns in their home. They frightened her. But, with war imminent by the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY she had caved, taken lessons, handpicked guns that were comfortable to use, and become a markswoman. In truth, she might be required to pick up and use any one of them on a moment's notice for her own self-defense or to protect her husband. What made her change her mind were the riots that broke out in every blue, sanctuary city and the release of criminals from the prison system to become repeat offenders.

"You are a natural," her teacher said, when she placed all of the bullets in a tight pattern dead center mass on her paper target. "Double tap. Don't aim to maim. Aim to kill.

You must be in imminent danger to use a gun, in fear of your life. You want to come out alive, not have the person come after you, again and again.”

Joshua was a veteran police officer who taught gun safety to civilians on the side; he stressed using good judgment and the importance of identifying yourself and what you were wearing to the police if you had to use your gun, so when they arrived, they would know who was the perpetrator and who was the criminal. The use of deadly force to protect mere property was unlawful, unless the person was breaking into your home and you were in it.

“Remember to keep your finger off the trigger when you are unloading and visually inspect the weapon to make sure the chamber is clear, and locked back, before you put it away,” he’d said over and over.

She’d practiced loading her magazine and removing it until she had the ability to do both without looking at her magazine or gun. It had become second nature to her, after five years of serious practice. Adam was steady as a rock in his stance and his reflexes were twice that of hers, due to years of practice in the USMC as a police officer, but he had not trained her; he wanted her to learn without bias or favor. She had to do this on her own. She had to prove her mettle. She used the upright point and shoot method, but he used the combat crouch, hip shooting and didn’t need a laser for pinpoint accuracy.

There had been a mass attempt to revoke the second amendment and disarm the people in 2024, but with classic bluntness Adam had said,” “From my cold dead hands, they will have to take mine from me.”

As numb as the populace had become watching sitcoms about witches, warlocks, superhuman comic figures and zombie apocalypses, they were not dumb enough to give up their sole source of personal protection—a handgun.

“More murders are committed with knives, fist and clubs than all rifles combined,” said the National Shooters Association: “MSR’s are *semi-automatic firearms*—the shooter must squeeze the trigger every time he fires a single round; all are most commonly used for hunting and personal protection.”

The nation’s sheriffs said they would not enforce unconstitutional laws that banned sports rifles and were angered when they were mislabeled “assault rifles.”

To be completely frank, Adam told her often, “An MSR would be at a decided disadvantage in a warfare scenario where a fully automatic M4Carvine is capable of shooting 950 rounds per minute are used.” *He prayed the WEF would not use them.*

Gun control rhetoric from the Illuminati and the Democrats was nothing new, The more obnoxious their dictates became from 2020-2024, the more likely the people were to make a point of buying a gun, taking lessons, obtaining their conceal carry permit, and being prepared. Democrats refused to admit that hormone replacement for sex surgeries along with drugs for depression were the number one cause of all mass shootings in the USA. They also refused to admit that the Conclave of Instigators and Agitators created scenarios for chaos deliberately to make a case for disarming the people. Numerous Holocaust survivors had shared stories about how the Nazi’s first action was to disarm the people, prior to Kristallnacht, so they could not defend themselves from that night of terror. That mistake would not happen again.

Sheriff Blue said on national television: “I can violate someone’s constitutional rights, or an *unlawful* court order. I choose to side with the gun owners of the USA.”

There had been men cheering that day—February 18, 2021—and the second amendment stood firm, with those at the top of the NWO pyramid fussing and fuming over their inability to commence a totalitarian government without a civil war ensuring.

They tried not to dwell on the conflict to come. In the evenings, Eve took out her precious classic guitar and played her favorite jazz arrangements in one of the last copies of *The Ultimate Fake Book* by Hal Leonard to exist. Then she polished the sound board and changed the A and D Strings and tuned it up again until the chords rang true. The center rosette was carefully cleaned. Rosette in French meant little rose and this particular pattern was seen on mandolins and lutes in the Baroque and medieval period. Eve’s guitar had a mother of pearl inlay.

On cold nights she and Adam would move all of the living room furniture to the corners and put on a ballroom dance record and work their way around the room in a daring and dramatic manner. Unlike others who listened only to digital music, the whirl of the record around a single post with a needle was their preference. Records were a precious commodity now, as were the needles. Digital music wasn’t forbidden, but it had been highly discouraged for it interfered with the 5G waves sent out to control the masses and keep them in a state of constant fear.

The Argentine tango was their personal favorite, requiring imagination and a depth of soul the simple waltz and silly cha-cha could not achieve. Adam masterfully led Eve through their tango walk, outside walk, box step, applying pressure on her back so she

would know exactly where he was going. Their upper bodies were close together and their hips were apart, creating a close embrace and constant reliance upon each other. The rock step followed, weight changes on the ball of the foot; next, the cross and traspie with pointed toes extending to the side; ocho's gave Eve the chance to shine with graceful curves and heel gracefully touching each other in passing.

A string of lights would be hung from the rafters for these precious moments, creating a magical mood, and the genuine wood floor made their dance shoes slide as if on ice. On occasion they would end with a low suggestive dip, but more often her leg would curl around his in a barrida, sliding each other's foot and walking between each other's legs, in a playful manner, until the music ended.

Inspired in the 1850's on the streets of Buenos Aires the tango had lyrics marked by nostalgia, sadness and lament for a lost love. The four representative schools of Argentine tango music tied into Eve's heritage; they were from descended families of Italy—DiSarli, D'Arienzo, Troilo and Pugliese. It was like hearing the eternal ocean's crash against the shore, smelling a fragrant double-blooming rose, chewing on a sweet piece of fresh pineapple hearing these timeless melodies—a sheer delight.

CHAPTER FOUR

True to form, when the New World Order took over in 2020, censorship began in earnest. The NWO tried to get the two parties to fight and dissolve the union and blocked any mention of the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY, Agenda 21, or Event 2021 where the virus outbreak was playacted by high-ranking global members in science, finance, healthcare, and public policy. These “actors” played out a drama about a bat virus outbreak; Act I was about medical countermeasures; Act II was about trade and travel restrictions. Act III covered financial implosions. Act IV covered how to control the narrative with censorship, suspension of opposing viewpoints on social media, making pages on Google go 404 and producing scripts for all new stations to use and parrot. Act V summed up all of the above and was called “hot wash” as if the whole meeting was being held at a coin laundry and this cycle would be repeated many times over: hot, cold, spin. And, repeat, it would, with wave after wave of new planned-demics.

The dangers of this respiratory illness were played out in October of 2019 in an award-winning PowerPoint presentation that had been put together a full year in advance. Not by accident, the same people discussing the potential outbreak were also financing the cure. The problem of logistics was a known unknown; lack of supplies like PPE and ventilators, caused solely because of predatory capitalism, plagued every hospital. Stockpiling was deemed a waste by stockholders, and put a hole in their pocket, so hospital warehouses were kept empty on purpose. Everyone on the panel knew that Covid would cause a global economic crisis and that is why the China Center for Disease Creation was there to ensure the collapse in the USA, protecting their self-interest as the sole source of

medical equipment. Many blamed China where the virus had broken out first, but Eve had found a whistleblower document online that was called the Fraudci Covid Dossier; it outlined the series of illegal patents purchased to commence it in the USA.

A scientist named David Marion had prepared the dossier for humanity and published it online in 2020 as a pdf that anyone [except for those in the CDC, NIH and WHO] could find in a simple search for those keywords. It was on HIPSPOT as a Microsoft word document and Eve had read it and quickly downloaded it and shared it with everyone she knew. Two decades, twenty full years of research had gone into tracking the behavior of a scientist hellbent on destroying the planet with a biowarfare weapon called a coronavirus. Marion had been monitoring Fraudci's violations of the "1925 Protocol for the Prohibition of the Use in War of Asphyxiating, Poisonous and Toxic Bacterial Methods of Warfare," or so his report read. Just saying those terms made Eve lightheaded. He had documented China's interest in a chimeric, every-changing, unstoppable virus. Marion had also kept a tight watch on key research institutions that were kept off the radar and out of the spotlight in the main stream media. What he found was that a lone researcher was given a grant in the year 2000 to actively commit democide, using taxpayer funds.

In 2002 an outbreak of SARS occurred in China. In 2003, patents were filed by Fraudci to control commercial exploitation of the virus; in other words, it was to be his alone. By 2014, the link had clearly been made between SARS and bioterrorism and a model was made for infection with mice. In 2005, DARPA got in on the game and from 2008-2010 new biodefense grants were obtained for the sole purpose of research in North Carolina. The year 2011 saw pharmaceutical companies interested in finding the cure, but

2012 and 2013 saw renewed biodefense grants to the same sole scientist in North Carolina. The years 2016-2018 brought two more pharmaceutical companies onboard, until Event 2021 occurred in 2019 to act as if the virus and its cure were a “big surprise.” Every person onboard had been given a non-competitive grant to ensure secrecy about the looming threat.

Those involved in the “Covid Tracking Project” were the same ones participating in Event 2021 and running social media, plus their key funder was Billingsgate. They created a market demand for an RNA-changing vaccine, not proven to heal or even halt the virus, and they additionally and deviously made it impossible for anyone to sue for the physical and emotional harm caused. The real kicker had been the Supreme Court’s rejection of the patents early on; this “vaccine” could not be called such. But, Fraudci continued to pay the annual maintenance fees on the patents and skirted the law.

The pharmaceutical trials acknowledged that the gene therapy had no impact on viral infections or their transmission. The long and short of it was that it was a bogus invention—modern day snake oil. Fraudci tried to cover his tracks over the course of twenty years and even went so far as to say the law “required that he put his name on the patents” and “required him to receive future payments” for doing so.

The memory of the moment when she’d realized the plan was democide hit the back of Eve’s throat and she coughed as if still smothered by the hand-sewn masks made and worn that year; this one man had made them all afraid of going anywhere and doing anything. Six feet apart was used to remind people of six feet under. She shook her head at the thought that her own members of Congress had signed off on all of it.

Their criminal commercial activity was far from limited to the healthcare racket. It was more than evident by 2008 when the housing market crashed that key individuals in finance were consolidating banks and allowing dyed-in-the-wool Americans to lose their entire fortune to tricky Ponzi schemes, so named for Charles Ponzi, a dapper, five-foot-two-inch rogue who in 1920, according to Wikipedia, raked in an estimated \$15 million just in eight months by persuading tens of thousands of Bostonians that he had “unlocked the secret to limitless wealth.” Booms and busts were their modus operandi to consolidate wealth. It had always been this way since the start of the Federal Reserve.

Congress made a feeble attempt to investigate the known major players [though clearly listed for them in the Pandora Papers]; American homes were foreclosed and offered to foreigners in China and other countries hostile to the USA for a mere \$50K down payment. World bankers refused to work with US homeowners to change their payment plan; they preferred to foreclose and sell for the full price to foreign investors who bought up blocks of homes, painted the door a bright red, then put the homes back on the market as rentals at twice the going rate, making it impossible for Americans to live there.

By 2018, the Chinese had become the biggest foreign buyers of American homes, accounting for thirty billion dollars in home sales. There were no laws in place to prevent foreign citizens from parking their money in the USA, using it as their offshore tax haven, just as the US wealthy used the Cayman Islands, Samoa, Seychelles, Cyprus, Nauru, Luxemborg, Mauritius, Malta, the Marshall Islands, Curacao, Lichenstein, Bermuda, Jersey Island, Taiwan and the British Virgin Islands. *A majority of the Guardians had “sink in” numbers that were fifty to three hundred times more than the expected revenue for that*

population and economy. Malta, for instance, a small archipelago in the Mediterranean Sea, south of Italy, with a population of 450,000 charged local businesses thirty-five percent in taxes on profits, but *foreign corporations* were getting away with paying as little as five percent.

In 2015, President Bamoa announced the “Uber Select USA Initiative” which brought in even more direct investment from foreigners and “global talent” was preferred to home grown. Consequently by 2020, 54.9% of American land under foreign ownership was forest land; 23.6% was pastureland and 21.5% was cropland. The selling of America was done without the approval or knowledge of the American people. By the year 2021, thirty million acres of US farmland had been purchased by non-Americans who wanted Americans on a plant-based diet. The goal of the CCP was brazen—to gain greater control of grain products and starve Americans into compliance. The revenues did not even pass through the American commodities market; all products and profits were sent directly back to China. The American small farmer found it hard to lobby or even persuade politicians who were being wooed with wine, a sizeable payoff, and sex spies.

Eve and Adam had been approached by over fifty realtors who wanted to buy their home “as is” so they could sell it for \$100K more to Chinese investors. She wanted no part in their scam. She wanted her grandchildren to be able to buy a home from an American, not from a Chinese investor.

As it stood, US homes started escalating in price in 2021 to drive the elderly out of their paid-off homes and into tiny nursing home residences. Young people were forced out of rental apartments, which kept raising rent by \$500, and into tiny homes. When a foreign

person bought and sold a US home, the amount of capital gain differed from that paid for by Americans on an identical residence.

Eve wrote down how that worked: if a foreigner sold a home for \$500K and the taxable value was \$300k, the gain was considered to be \$200K and the withholding would be 15% or \$75,000, but Bamoa made it so when they filed a tax return, they would report a gain of \$300K and owe \$45K *and get a refund from the USA of \$30K*. At \$45K, they were paying less in taxes on a \$500K home than Americans were.

In August 2011, Eve sold the second home she had owned in her life entirely on her own, and smartly rolled the proceeds over into an ever-so-slightly larger home, avoiding taxes. The realtor she'd hired to do the final paperwork cost a minimal fee, compared to realtors who were scalping people at seven and eight percent. Sadly, it was this very home that was taken by force by the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY during the "YEAR OF BUYBACKS" by the WEF that occurred in the year 2025. They, along with everyone yet alive post covid, were mandated to give up their homes and move into a "smart city" —one long building that had been created spanning California to Washington, DC—so the wooley mammoth could be brought back using CRISPR technology, to roam free. The populace were forced to remain in place and use SOMA and metauniverse headphones showing far off places like France and the Himalyas.

Eve recalled tuning back in to See-less Journal in 2019, after a one-year hiatus from watching government propaganda. As Wikidrips had shown her, *all of the US news stations were a tightly woven web...designed to capture the truth and kill it*. Ever since the last election of 2020, all of the stations had conspired to convince people that the election was

not rigged, and this occurred despite the many known fraudulent ballots, ballots changed in the wee hours of the morning by representatives from the Ascendent Realm™ voting machine company based in Germany; they had pulled rigged ballots out from under black tablecloths and only recorded votes for Bile. These agents had worked fast and furiously to shred evidence of Trooper's landslide. It was all a well-crafted farce. All of the papers and television stations played along and refused to countenance any suggestion of irregularity.

The boarded up windows in Detroit were for "cleaning." No poll watchers were allowed in the room to oversee the counting process; intimidation by Democrats at the polling site prevented government officials from gaining entrance; damaged ballots that should have been discounted were counted for Bile, but not for Trooper. A fifty-four second video clip showed election staff filling out blank ballots in Pennsylvania's Delaware County, and the staff person was allowed to do this criminal activity for over an hour, with the cameras rolling. The police had been told to stand down and tolerate it. Manually transcribed ballots were unlawful in every state; claiming the machine ripped them up was no excuse for this behavior either. Only the voter would have had the right to redo a ripped ballot and that should have been known at the very moment they were in the building — voting.

An unknown number of ballots were found on the side of a road in Glendale, Arizona, hidden under a rock. Mail-in ballots had been found scattered on the side of the road in Grand Junction, Colorado by a man out for a daily walk with his dog. In Greenville, Wisconsin photos of scattered mail showed three trays of absentee ballots. None of this made the main stream media news, however. Only unpaid independent journalists did any

investigation. Mail-in ballots from Las Vegas were found by a biker near Lone Mountain; the ballots were a full two miles from their intended destination, clearly brought out there and tossed to the wind. Democrats had claimed it was thieves looking for checks to cash, but cash was never included in mail-in ballots for any reason.

Military ballots were found in waste baskets at several polling locations; Democrats claimed they had been improperly opened. The disparity between ballots completely redone with a pen by hand due to scanner error, all for Bile, and military ballots deemed improper for not having the stamp in the upper right corner exactly one-half inch from above and one-half inch from the right side was enormous. Actual voting equipment was found on the side of the road in Garden City, Georgia. Democrats said it was defunct equipment heading to storage in Savannah, but the chances of that occurring seemed slim to none. Garbage bags of mail were found by Washington police in Sammamish; Jungle Delivery people found those!

Election servers had been confiscated by the US Army in Frankfurt, Germany by two companies called Scythe and Ascendent Realm. And, this was critically important because Germany was 100% in favor of the NWO proposed by the Illuminati and the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY. They had watched the votes in real time and put an algorithm into the system across the board that did the initial shifting and then at each data site throughout the US. Detroit, Philadelphia and Atlanta were the most politically corrupt strongholds in the country. Separating truth from fiction was impossible. Chaos was the new norm.

Voters had explained repeatedly to the deaf MSM, "Patriotic Americans are coming forth both domestically and internationally to clean up the system and stop this election

rigging that has gone on all around the world for the profit of all kinds of tyrants and global interests that have just lined their pockets and they have raped their own countries and treated their people horribly. We will stop this global conspiracy to rig our elections!"

Those were the words used to describe the 2020 election and it was the type of comment that made Patriots blood either boil if it were passionate or turn cold, if they were submissive and politically correct.

The cable shows had been as complicit as the MSM in hiding the truth about election fraud, but then WikiDrips had divulged the reason why—all were but outlets from the same source called AP News [Absolute Parroting of Nonsense]. WikiDrips had originated in Iceland, a vast non-profit that published information censored by the MSM. It claimed in 2015 to have released ten million documents showing wrongdoing, among which was a report on equipment expenditures in the Afghanistan War, the operating manual for torture at Gitmo; Syrian, Saudi Arabian diplomatic cables were exposed, detailed documents about spying by the US National Security Conglomeration, in addition to Democrat party emails that showed how they would rig the next election “using Russian Collusion as the gateway to successive impeachment attempts.”

Until Wikidrips, it was a little known fact that all news stations were directed by the Bilderbraggerts, established in 1954, Council of Foreign Ruination established in 1921, and the Trilateral Collateral, established in 1973; but, over all of them was the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY. In fact, nearly all of the CFR members held seats at the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY and directed public policy without the public ever knowing its agenda, with the full cost being borne by the people via taxation. Their stated mission was to create a “more

inclusive and sustainable future,” but the policies they made were causing nothing but global destruction and chaos. They would break up fully functioning democracies around the world, install a puppet leader, install a military base, and pump the reorganized country for profit until it collapsed.

The phrase *Dark Winter* was not a fluke; it had been bandied about by all three groups for sixty years. It foretold an electrical blackout that would cause nuclear power plants to overheat and explode radioactive elements worldwide, a cyber attack either from within or without, or a smallpox outbreak. They had played out all three scenarios in past gatherings, in fact. An “exercise team” had acted out various dystopian hells. They had dissected down to the smallest detail how the disease would spread from 33 cities to 33 states, then 33 countries, and there would be a loss of liberty due to quarantine and isolation. They even playacted the level of censorship required of the main stream news. There was something disturbing about all of the players who were able to discuss mass extermination using a virus as the catalyst, without any pricking of conscience or sorrow. Always the source of the virus was beyond the ken of the main stream media...

See-less Journal carefully screened all callers who questioned the status quo. In fact, that seemed to be their sole purpose from 2020-2025, Any worried mothers that got through were cut off mid-sentence without so much as a warning from the moderators; then, their phone numbers were blocked from calling in again. The three ruling news branches kept a tight lid on anything that would expose them and enlighten the public as to what was planned next.

People were given the jab on the job, in tents on the street, in coffee houses— wherever the news wanted to paint a rosy picture. Paid actors stated that refusing the vaccine was “not an option.” The See-less Journal parroted that it was safe, even as those who had been injected were experiencing life-threatening side effects and falling over dead within a day or two of getting the jab while speaking from a podium or in the middle of a soccer game.

The propaganda kept coming: “Just get the damned vaccine,” said doctors and politicians alike.

“Get on the bandwagon!” was the PR technique most used—filming celebrities getting the vaccine or booster with a big smile on their face. The vaccine had never once been tested on children, who frankly had not gotten the virus, but white coats paid by pharmaceutical companies did not care the mention that fact. They sought only maximum profits.

Both Adam and Eve had noticed how the same number had been used on every station and in every state. Wisconsin, Iowa, Nevada, Indiana, San Diego, Maryland, Minnesota, California, Kentucky, Illinois—all used the number 33 in their reports, not 31 or 34 or any other number — always an intentional number 33. It was not plausible. It was not mathematically possible. It was a sign of some sort. What was the meaning of the number 33, Eve wondered. Jesus was killed in the year 33 BC; Islamic beads were arranged in sets of 33 too; dwellers in heaven were said to exist eternally at the age of 33; in Buddhism, there is a story about the historical Buddha who lived on Mount Meru where 33 gods reside. The number 33 was considered to be a “master number.”

It was also the atomic number for deadly arsenic.

The human spine is known to have 33 vertebrae; 33 degrees is the number at which water boils; 33 is the numerical equivalent of Amen: $1 + 13 + 5 + 14 = 33$, and it was also the highest degree in the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. Now in 2025, in hindsight, Eve was circling back to blame secret societies —the very concept she had found “going down the rabbit hole” in 2020 that had frightened her so she’d had insomnia for months.

The order of the Freemasons was an odd and disturbing secret society of Stepford men —with a history of questionable behavior. It was thirty-three years old in 2025, a society begun in 1992. It called itself a stonemason’s guild of Gnostics who refused to take a bended knee to traditional Christianity in the Middle Ages. It was surrounded with much mystery such as special handshakes, secretive ceremonies or degrees, *and a symbolic black-and-white checkered floor that was reminiscent of an ancient and pagan Egyptian temple.* The mosaic supposedly resembled a human life, checkered with good and evil and it represented the ground floor of King Solomon’s Temple. Based on her study of the Bible, Eve knew that Solomon had turned away from God and built an altar to Molech, a pagan god that required human sacrifice of the first-born child. Prior to Solomon’s rise to power, anyone sacrificing children in this manner was guilty of an abomination and was put to death [Leviticus 20: 1-5]. Molech was introduced by Solomon who married foreign women, according to 1 Kings 11:5, and children were burned alive on the altars of Topheth, in the Valley of Hinnon, immediately south of Jerusalem [2 Kings 23:10 and Jeremiah 32:25] King Ahaz of Juah sacrificed his own sons in the fires of Gehenna, a name symbolizing Hell, as did King Manasseh [2 Chronicles 28:3 and 2 Kings 21:6].

It was King Josiah that set out to destroy all of these “high places” that practiced the ritual sacrifice of children in 624 BC. Apparently, he forgot a few.

Solomon may have died in 931 BC, but his radical ideology did not. Members of the Masons played a pivotal role in the formation of the United States of America; thirteen of the thirty-nine signatures belonged to Freemasons. In 1826, William Morgan attempted to infiltrate this secret society and threatened to publish a book exposing the organization; he was targeted for harassment, arrested and fined for his outstanding debts. His print shop was burned to the ground. Those accused of Morgan’s disappearance received no more than a slap on the hand, however; a mere two months in jail was the penalty, even though there were four involved in plotting murder and an act of arson. These deviants used the Bible to reinforce their twisted world view, calling Lucifer “son of the morning” instead of Jesus. These deviants turned that which God gave them for good against humanity.

Those that embraced Satan in this manner believed that sacrificing was an end to a means—immortality. Hollywood moguls embraced the New World Order in their new Δ religion too, using the casting couch to engage in pedophilia and drugs to enhance the experience. Closet drag queens posing as government servants ensured their behavior not only went unchecked, but was subsidized.

The “Save the Children” cry had not been totally in vain, but there were no signs of any improvement by 2024. No charges were made, no people incarcerated, no children found and released, no evidence or proof that anything of any kind had been done. Whistle-blowers to these crimes, however, required around-the-clock protection and were blacklisted from employment; that was the only indication of the extent of the cover-up.

CHAPTER FIVE

Eve and Adam did not use their real names when out in public. Using their real names would have put them on THE LIST for mental reconditioning by the Central Bureau of Speech, who took a dim view of any who opposed transgenderism and transhumanism and used the pronouns he or she, so they had adopted the names of the first human beings and refused to engage in the pronoun debate. When they had first met, he had called her his “lovely Eve” and she had responded by calling him “my Adam, man of the earth,” for he was so often covered with dirt doing manual labor. Eve and Adam cut up their credit cards in 2024, destroyed their phones with tracking devices, unplugged their computer for the last time in June of 2024, and got off the grid. Their *escape from insanity*, as they called it, had been carefully planned. Over the course of a year, they had stashed away canned goods, fabric for Eve to sew their own clothes, packed up the portable sewing machine, thread and woolen yarn, knitting needles, twenty comprehensive medical kits, blankets, bed linens, sleeping bags, flashlights and batteries, one hundred gallons of water in jugs, can openers, plastic sheeting, along with a boat, snow shoes, cross country skis, winter boots, waterproof fishing gaiters, reliable fire starters, a water purifier that could produce up to one-hundred and seventy gallons of clean water a day, a portable power station that held its charge for a year and cost a reasonable six-hundred dollars. A wide assortment of candles filled two plastic bin, along with utensils, plates and silverware, including two very sharp filet knives for fishing.

They left their home south of where covid was made and north of where the faux vaccine had been produced, in a new city midway between the two called Summit. In the

dark of night, with a full tank of gas, in a camouflaged jeep, driving sixty miles per hour, in shifts of two hours each, so the other driver could ensure nobody was following them, they departed and never looked back.

They drove until they reached the hidden log home owned by Eve's publisher who had died of Covid and given her the keys in lieu of payment. He couldn't pay her with cash. His bank account had been frozen due to his social credit score, locked due to his anti-vaccination stance.

A bachelor, Brooks, had no spouse or child to bequeath the home to as his beneficiary, and the time for selling it at a profit had long since passed. It was so far back in the woods only a tracker could find it and the green moss covering the roof and tree branches overhead ensured it couldn't be seen by plane, helicopter or even a spy drone. The treacherous five-mile drive, with a cliff on one side and a mountain of shifting rock on the other, had given Eve white knuckles, but Adam sat cool as a cucumber in the driver's seat, focused on the road like the laser site, and got them to the right location at four in the morning, six hours later. Once they had pulled into the driveway entrance, they threw brush onto the road, creating an impasse. There were old logs on both sides that were nearly hollow and easy to move into place in the center of the driveway. Being careful to scatter branches, they made the part of the entranceway visible from the street look like it had not seen visitors in a decade or more. The fence was made to sag out of its hinges for full effect, the signage cracked in pieces between the "l" and "o" of Walden Pond. As they got back in their jeep and drove the remaining 1.5 mile drive, they stopped periodically and threw a few more branches on the drive to make it look abandoned from above too. They

both hoped this would be enough to deter the VP's — vaccination police — from knocking on their door.

The cabin itself was spacious and modern, a veritable show house, like those in *Log Home Fantasies*. It was in the craftsman style, with a long, low roofline and one-and-half-story center living space with a one-story arm on each side for a bedroom and a garage. All of the windows could be shuttered for privacy and light levels; they were the kind that swung from the sides and locked in the center. The home faced out towards a lake and the boat dock was in need of repair, but the boat garage was sufficiently sized for their john boat, and it already contained a handmade six-foot \$4,600 canoe made in Maine, in the tradition of traveling Canadian canoes. Its sharp lines and extra depth made it capable of handling a rough lake, but its hull made it easy to paddle and portage. It weighed only seventy pounds and would prove useful in the future. A deck surrounded the cabin and the inside of the garage contained Adirondack chairs, a small grill, one month's worth of wood that was cut and stacked to perfection, and a plethora of tools for a weekend handyman, all in a terrible state of rust.

Adam raised his eyebrows and said with typical Marine profanity: "I will have to unfuck this!"

Eve carried in their boxes and stacked them in the entryway, but first things first. She was exhausted; it was four am and time for bed. She found the sheets, towels and toiletries and headed for the bedroom. In less than a half hour, Adam brought in all of their gear and Eve outfitted the bedroom for the night with a comforter, pillows, and fresh

sheets. They crawled into bed, after putting their guns in close proximity, and slept like Rip Van Winkle until the sun rose.

A majestic peregrine falcon circled over the lake as they had coffee in the morning. Both of them had considered waking at their usual hour of six am to greet the dawn, but *the great escape* had taken a toll on their bodies and mood, so sleeping until nine am seemed warranted, and not at all a luxury. In the light of day, it was clear the cabin needed a thorough cleaning from years of disuse. Tarps over the sofas had saved her some work, but the mustiness and moldiness of a shuttered home needed the movement of fresh air to revive it. So, despite the rising temperatures outside, all of the windows were flown open for half an hour and Eve swept every surface and washed down the tiled kitchen floor; then, she beat the rugs in the living room. There was something nice about not having electricity, in addition to not having the bill; they now rose with the sun and slept with the moon. The fireplace, along with oil lamps, would provide ample light in the evening hours. Once *Dark Winter* passed, electricity and all electrical appliances were utterly useless. Many teens and adults had considered suicide when their phone could not be recharged again, and they could not play war games on big screens, or live in a fantasy world where pixies, elves or multi-headed creatures built their own cities and took phantasmagorical quests. When their Nontendoes, gaming laptops, virtual reality headphones stopped working, teens had to return to reading actual books for amusement and their parents had to pick up how-to books and repair their own homes once again, as in days of yore. Given their time on Gabby and Tattle, speaking with a character limit of two-hundred and eighty, many had forgotten how to read a well-crafted, complete sentence, let alone write one. The practice of economy had made too many linguistic morons; gone were conjunctions, replaced by plus or

negative signs; articles were entirely absent, as were prepositions; nobody knew where or when an object or an individual was in relationship to anything else. The concept of punctuation had entirely fallen off the planet...replaced by a perpetual ellipsis.

Eve set up her writing space—a spiral writing pad, a glass mug used for sharpened Ticonderoga pencils, her dictionary and Thesaurus close by and seat cushions to elevate the chair to proper writing height. Meanwhile, Adam put all of his woodworking tools in the garage; he had always been tidy, but it seemed even more necessary now with survival uppermost in their minds. Into the house he brought those tools needed for basic home maintenance. The water filtration systems in the house were completely gravity fed and required no electricity. Now that the home was clean, Eve put in the pantry all of the canned goods they had brought and hung up their clothes in their respective closets, then created a sewing station, followed by blankets being put in the linen closet and all of the boots and skis placed in the mud room, facing the lake. Firestarters were stacked near the mantel, just as Adam came in with four bundles of wood under his arms. Together, they stacked enough for the week to come. Eve said a silent prayer of gratitude for the fireplace; it was their sole source of heat and needed for cooking. So many other families had relied upon the ease of gas logs, which were now of absolutely no use to them. Given that money of any type was worthless, any nearby stores were fair game for poaching, or as they called it in the Marine Corps, *repurposing*. They agreed to take the canoe across the lake after lunch to a Money Tree and Wiggly Pig to find usable household items. Without a doubt, the meat would be rancid, but the canned goods and boxed essentials like rice would be fine, if nobody else had gotten to them first.

After a quick tuna salad with sweet tea, they packed up their recyclable EveryMan bags and took along a cooler, just in case it was needed. They approached the far shore with slow and steady paddling; the air was brisk and the water was crystal clear nearly to the bottom which was twenty-five feet below. They saw a few bass and catfish along the shore and this was a good sign the water was still potable. Tall reeds caught the tip of the canoe and Eve reached over to pull them closer and hopped out onto the shore, pulling the canoe in so Adam could grab the bags and cooler. They approached the two stores with caution; a million things could go wrong at this point. Feral animals could be lurking about, ready to attack; a drone could be looking around for those who had refused the vaccine. Both she and Adam approached with their pistols locked and loaded.

The door to the Wiggly Pig was locked, but not a single window was broken, so they assumed they were the first to have found it, up in the hills. Adam used his master key to open the door and a putrid stench assailed him. He went down the aisle to the garbage bags, ripped open a box of Hefty Sacks, grabbed utility gloves, and headed for the meat department. He put every piece of beef, chicken and fish in the bag, closed it up tight, and brought it out to the store's garbage dumpster. Then, they loaded as much as they could of the perishable items. The fragrant rose perfume set was a luxury, as were Adam's razors and beard soap.

Suddenly, they heard a whirring sound outside and realized it was a spy drone approaching fast. Thankful to be hidden inside, they were glad they had turned their wooden canoe over and hid it in the trees. They gave each other a glance of relief as it passed overhead and all became silent once again.

All of the newspapers and magazines had become frozen in time on the December of 2021 issue. Nevertheless, it seemed a shame not to pick up a copy of *Beautiful Decor* for old time's sake, and both of them grabbed as many books as they could fit in their EveryMan bags. Eve skipped over the blatant trash—*Harlots on Parade* novels—and zoned in on autobiographies and craft books. Adam picked up a John Wade western cookbook and two for crossword puzzles. It all seemed very surreal to be shopping in the dark for good reads, but the nights would be long and, other than cuddling, they would need to find ways to amuse themselves. There were still a few fishing lures in the men's section, which might prove useful, and a ball of lime-colored line for washing clothes. Eve found thread, buttons, needles, straight pins and safety pins in the laundry section and baking essentials like yeast, flour, baking soda, baking powder and spices from around the world. Really large baby pins might become useful in the future, she thought, even though she was way beyond child bearing years, sixty years of age to be exact, to his sixty-four. On the way out, Eve grabbed his favorite—chocolate almond kisses—and Adam grabbed her favorite—black licorice twists. Then, they looked through the window to make sure nobody was outside and exited with pistols raised, prepared for any contingency. In many ways, they felt they were the only ones left on the planet, but given the strange turn of events in the past four years, it was best to err on the side of caution, given the surveillance drones. The trip back across the lake was uneventful. They were too busy to notice the curtain of the home next to them sway, as they debarked and moved back inside.

It was five days before they met the neighbor, a German shepherd who was very weak from lack of food. When he saw Adam, he whimpered and attempted to bark; it was simply too much of an effort for the faithful companion, and he collapsed. Adam looked

through the window and saw his owner dead on the floor with the dog now also prostrate. He estimated the old man had died at least five days earlier, for the body had turned from green to red as the blood decomposed and the organs in the abdomen accumulated gas. Old mail indicated his name was William Martin, Dr. William Martin, to be exact. Apparently, he had taken the Covid vaccine booster and become asphyxiated, had a blood clot and died. Nobody else was in the house and there was no indication from his closets that he was married, except for the pictures lined up on the fireplace mantel and five Christmas cards from four years previous. At his piano was a single piece of sheet music, melancholy and beautiful—Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. The transformative power of classical music was nearly lost now because the making of pianos was considered to be opposed to climate change and its anti-wood agenda. Adam picked up the German shepherd, which had long passed its puppy stage, and reassuringly called him Buddy. They set up a corner in the cabin for Buddy to recuperate, a place with both a lake view and near the fireplace, so he could see them work and not feel abandoned, as they cleaned the exterior porch of broken limbs, bird droppings and squirrel nests.

Weeks of blissful peace and quiet followed and Eve and Adam settled into a simple routine of fresh brewed coffee made with a non-electric press, pancakes made over the fire, lentil or bean soup allowed to cook all day from a hook in the fireplace, and a gin and tonic in the evening with a few squirts of plastic lime substitute they'd obtained from the Wiggly Pig. Sometimes, they had their cocktail out on the lake, while throwing out a lure or two to catch a catfish or bass. The sun's setting on the water, reflecting red and pinks and spheres of gold that spread out, was a hopeful sign that they'd come to the right place. Buddy never did bark again; he may have lost his voice, but not his fight to live; he was helpful chasing

down rabbits when he recuperated, which they skinned and put in a pot for dinner on many nights. In many ways, it was Buddy who saved their life, for it was a spring morning when he tugged at Adam's sleeve and nudged him out of bed to investigate footsteps on the front porch. Adam covered Eve's mouth and whispered, "Grab your gun," and they had positioned themselves at the top of the stairs to greet the enemy with fire power. Footsteps circled the house, stopping in front of each of the windows to test for security and then moved out toward the garage. Adam had padlocked it and the boat dock, but left the lovely wooden canoe turned over on the bank. They held their breath as this man in full riot gear walked the premises with his walkie talkie in hand and a full face shield that hid his features. He looked otherworldly and the sight of him made the hair rise up on the back of their necks. He wore an aluminum chest plate, helmet with dark visor, elbow and forearm protectors—all in tactical black. With all of this padding, he walked awkwardly and his head turned abruptly to the right and left, listening for human life. This was not a man, but a robot, an advanced AI with all of the bells and whistles provided by the military. It shot five holes in the canoe and then left.

After that episode, Eve and Adam no longer felt safe. Although this cabin in the woods was set far back from the road and they'd covered the path with twigs, branches and logs, a madman had gotten in and threatened their safety. Thankful for the second boat—the john boat kept in storage—they packed up their most essential items and brought them in boxes to the boat storage area. At dusk, they launched the john boat with whisper-quiet trolling motor and went around the perimeter of the lake, following its bends, twists and turns; this lake had an area of forty-nine miles with a length of thirty-four miles; it was a man-made treasure created in the early 1960's when the power company dammed up the

river to generate hydroelectric power. Two alligators, or more accurately called anicuts, had been found in this lake, near “hotspots” along with jellyfish. This finding in 1996 had baffled scientists. Both had been removed for further evaluation, but there never was an explanation for their existence in this lake. The lake was home to black bullhead, black crappie, blue catfish, bluegill, carp, channel catfish, perch, rainbow trout, walleye, white crappie, white bass and yellow bullhead. Sightings of a humpbacked creature with a long neck were the stories of campfires and scouting adventures.

Nevertheless, the lake had a questionable reputation. One elderly fisherman described his experience in 2020 as a “catfish the size of a school bus.” Another, as “two beasts who swam side by side, rippling the water, but never needing to come up for air.” In 2016, one fisherman saw a creature with sharp teeth that bit his fish off the hook and “bumped the boat,” attempting to turn it over. In 1985, two young boys were out fishing when they saw what looked like rocks and tried to moor there and fish toward the bank, when suddenly the “rocks” moved and submerged, leaving the boat adrift with two shrieking teens. Monster sightings were part and parcel of living around this particular lake. All of those stories were racing through Eve’s head as their john boat skirted the shore, looking for a new place of refuge with Buddy at the bow. Adam, on the other hand, dared the monsters to come into view so he could do battle with them and come out the victor. The first two lake houses they passed were so dilapidated they resembled kindling more than shelter. Half an hour later, as they rounded a rocky promontory where the highland jettied out into the water, they saw a home that showed promise. There were stairs up from the dock that led to a ramp that switched backed up a hill to a home. As they moved closer they saw a sign with faded lettering in white and gold—*Waterside Bed &*

Breakfast Inn now permanently closed due to Covid. With a nod, they agreed to pull in and check the place out. Walking up the steep hill was a challenge, but that was a good deterrent to errant visitors too. A veritable fortress it promised to be; they approached an all-brick home with oversized pavers and a large stone chimney with sinuous vines growing up the side. It was nestled on the hill just close enough to the water for lake views, but unseen otherwise from across the lake. The curved entrance over the door reminded her of a Hobbit abode or something out of Grimm's Fairytales. Large shed roof dormers were on either side of a clipped gable roof, infusing the interior with natural light. The vertical windows were high enough off the ground to make a ladder necessary if one wanted to peek in. Warm in winter, cool in summer—this was a far better option than the previous cabin and it was deserted. On either side of the lodge were two A-frame tiny houses, a trend that had been popular in 2018 and 2019 and then fizzled because people didn't enjoy turning around in their kitchen to stub their foot on a bed, nor having to climb over the kitchen table to get to the bathroom, where they'd rotate like a chicken on a rotisserie in a shower one-third the normal size. It was great in theory—clearly the brainchild of someone with a triple doctorate in engineering, architecture and home decoration—but the expert, or as Adam called them an ex-spurt, had utterly forgotten about the very human phenomenon called *claustrophobia*.

Eve wrote the first tiny home off as a future canned goods warehouse and the second to Buddy's kennel. Buddy sniffed around and seemed comfortable in the new location, which they took as a positive sign. It was so quiet; they could hear every chestnut and pecan branch creak under their feet. They found the key under a fake stone near the entranceway.

“So much for security,” said Adam. The fake stone had lost its color, cracked open, and become a dead giveaway.

Eve replied, “Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth, dear.”

The door clicked open without a problem; the alarm system signs were faded, peeling and of no use now.

It was pitch dark in the house, as one would expect; all of the curtains were pulled closed. Eve opened those to the back of the house facing the woods to get partial light and Adam moved everything in the john boat onto the dock, then halfway up the ramp, then finally into the lodge, which was pristine and frozen in time—Christmas of 2021. There it was again, just like with Dr. Martin’s house, a constant reminder that everything had come to a crashing halt to prevent the worship of Christ’s birth.

CHAPTER SIX

The New World Order played out a cyber attack scenario with Covid-like characteristics which was professed to be able to reproduce at a rate ten times that of Covid. The 2021 slammer called Sapphire doubled in size every eight-and-a-half seconds, infecting over seventy-five thousand devices in ten minutes and almost eleven million devices in twenty-four hours. The only way to stop such a plaque was to disconnect the millions of vulnerable devices from one another and the internet. A single day of the internet down cost the US economy fifty billion dollars, not to mention the essential services that came to a crashing halt because of it. According to the New World Order, Covid-19 was known as an anticipated risk and yet all had been caught with their pants down from healthcare to banking, and more.

Eve and Adam had disconnected immediately, starting with all devices that had GPS tracking, which meant cell phones, the computer and their “smart television.” They only watched a handful of select PG-13 videos—those with a plausible plot or educational value. Of course, they missed the varied cooking shows of the past, and travel to foreign places in a half hour at no personal cost. They were glad the wireless modem was off and there were no electromagnetic fields emitting radiation, causing infertility and cancer. They had used a high frequency radiation meter, only to discover no doctors were willing to interpret the results. They stopped using Redtooth, television antennas, wireless speakers, even a cordless computer keyboard. The switch to 5G [Five Gamins] was the issue. In 2019, scientific magazines had said there were health risks, but the communication monopolies had censored all opposition to that tower building enterprise. Rats exposed to microwave

radiation literally cooked from the inside out, after exhibiting neurological disorders and memory deficits; they suddenly couldn't find a food bowl and wandered around their cage bumping into the walls, attacking each other. 5G damaged the DNA in animals, made them infertile and produced cancer the size of golf balls on their legs.

The communications monopolies, however, begged to differ with the scientists and said, "We cannot know how much technology every person uses; therefore, no guidelines for 5G can be defined."

Links had been found between cell phone use and brain cancer, but the appropriate parties had been paid to remain silent about it up on the hill. If there was one benefit to *Dark Winter*, it was the end of 5G and the litany of health ailments it directly caused.

The B & B had once been wired with every advantage. There sat a television in each of the bedrooms, with an eight-thousand dollar television on the living room wall, the biggest made to date. All twenty-four feet of it were now totally useless. This phenomenon imitated the increase in the size of truck grills in the year 2019 which had gone from respectable to ostentatious, to comic in proportion to the rest of the vehicle.

"They're trying to compensate for lack elsewhere," Adam would say with a smirk.

From 2010 through 2020 everything had gone the way of "supersized" with a price tag to match. Gone were the classy lines of the Ford Falcon, Corvair Mazda Spyder, Oldsmobile Jetfire and Eve's personal favorite—the Thunderbird Sports Roadster. Eve recalled the wonderful Aston Marton Vantage her math teacher had built in his own garage. Best friends with the teacher's daughter, Phyllis, they had sat in that car, pretending to be elegant socialites out on a summer's drive, with scarves flowing in the wind. That was fifty-

five years ago and in another lifetime, it seemed. In the center of the B & B was an open living space with kitchen, reading nook, and a fireplace that drafted to the roof. Buddy was so excited he didn't know what to sniff first and he made the rounds of the rooms, as if memorizing them all. A stairway went up to five bedrooms, but thankfully the master was on the main floor. Brochures in the dining room showed a cedar coal steam sauna with a happy, in-perfect-shape though elderly, couple wrapped in towels; the back flap showed a hot breakfast that contained every conceivable option from granola made by the owner to a six-course dinner that included lemon sorbet between courses. Between the titles given to the menu options and their descriptions, Eve found herself salivating at the thought of these finer times when preparation and presentation were valued and appreciated. Every room had a name; there was the Bass room, the Catfish room, the Walleye room, the Trout room, the Bluegill room, and the master bedroom on the first floor room was called Fisherman's Catch. Even the bathroom had a name; ironically, Crappie was painted on the door.

"Well, at least we know they had a sense of humor," Adam said pointing to the bathroom door. "It appears to be gravity drawn, and I'm going now to see *how well* it works."

The refrigerator was empty and clean smelling and the stove and oven spotless. Clearly the past owners had cared for the lodge and prepared for departure, unlike so many others who had been marched out of their homes at the butt of a gun, to Covid-restricted camps to be vaccinated, only to die within one to two weeks. Eve and Adam walked the three miles required to the entranceway and saw a sign by the city, marking its final day of

operation as a bed and breakfast inn by city ordinance #33202133 of December 25, 2021.

The proof of forced vacancy was oddly reassuring to them both; this place was officially off-limits, and therefore the perfect hideout.

The street opposite the entranceway was littered with two cars that had been used until their gas ran out and they had simply been discarded like used tissues. Eve and Adam had a half of a tank of gas in the jeep they had used to get to their first location, which would take them up to 105 miles; they hoped never to have to use it, unless in an emergency. That jeep was still in the garage of the first residence, left there during their escape by john boat. Leaving the jeep behind was a better option than driving it to this location and risking the making of new tire tracks in the driveway. When they had to, if they ever had to, they would go back and get the jeep. They walked back, avoiding puddles and mud that might set a footprint, and let Buddy out to chase turtles, and rabbits, and squirrels. With everything else taken from them, Buddy was a great comfort in the evenings. He sat at their feet and kept them warm on the end of the bed, and Buddy's gratitude for being saved from confinement with a dead man was more than evident in his wagging tail and loving eyes.

Happy months passed and summer temperatures rose to allow wild flowers to bloom along the shore and Eve cut them and brought them indoors with a basket and arranged them into vases. She read the old recipes and used wild onions for flavoring; they planted seeds from a garden they had made five years earlier that contained green beans, tomatoes, red and green peppers. They took stock of the trees and found three varieties of apple trees: red delicious, golden delicious and Rome beauty. Pecan trees, chestnut trees

and pear trees were also within walking distance of the lodge. Eve wished there were plum trees or figs, but there were none to be found. They pruned the twenty-foot by twenty-foot patch of blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, muscadine grapes that already existed near the A-frame house now used as Eve's sewing studio; Adam used the second A-frame as a carpentry shop. Buddy didn't really need his own dog house; the lodge had more than ample space for a pantry, so they had easily altered Eve's original plans for something better. Buddy had learned not to gnaw on their shoes or pull the toilet paper roll out just to see what would happen, and they had given him treats for good behavior. He'd been the first to find the creaking floor board in front of their bedroom and often thought it was a squeaky toy, making them laugh as he jumped up and down on it. Buddy learned how to fish; Eve used pieces of bread tossed out onto the water and Buddy waited patiently until a fish hit; then, he would jump in, catch it in his jaws, and drop it on the bank in front of their feet. Buddy even liked to go out with Adam, in the wee hours of the morning, and watch him fish from the john boat. Buddy's eyes would go back and forth, as Adam cast his rod out to the shore where he knew bass were hiding and reeled it back in with a substantial night's dinner. The red and white bobbers caused Buddy great excitement, and his eyes were fixated on them.

Those proselytizing for climate change had announced in 2021 that freshwater fish were "too critical to the health of the US riverway systems to be eaten" and "fish are on the brink of extinction" ...none of which was actually true. They called for "urgent action" to safeguard the 18,075 known species of freshwater fish and put all of them on the Threatened Species of Conservation List.

“They are the aquatic version of the canary in the coalmine!” the most adamant fish preservationist had proclaimed. “We must do whatever is necessary to protect diversity in freshwater fish.”

And thus, the push for protein-powdered “green meals” had begun. No beef. No fish. No chicken, due to the risk of salmonella. The climate change prophets made everything the American people had known “off limits.” The concept had begun in 1980 as the vegan craze, but not everyone took to a steady diet of almond milk, oat milk, chickpeas, lentils, spirulina, tofu, peanuts [due to allergies] and birdseed-like quinoa. Hezekiah Bread was so dense with barley, wheat, lentils, millet and spelt it was jokingly referred to as a brick. The fact that humans were born with incisors for chewing meat and had done so for millions of years was lost on the psychology pundits who found “robust evidence for short-term beneficial effects of plant-based diets on weight, metabolism and gut inflammation.” Who could argue with the Grainarians? They were being paid handsomely by Harvesto to do a PR blitz on the benefits of powdered food. Without a doubt, drinking the powdered green drink would never make the masses obese; it tasted too vile to even make one full. Eve called it “soylent green.” Who knew what was hidden in its ingredients; maybe it included old people, like in the 1973 movie by the same name. “The daily drink for a healthier you” campaign had been put up on billboards that had been vandalized with splatters of the same beverage, thrown up at the signs repeatedly. The whole paleo diet and a return to caveman days defied logic.

“Real men don’t sip their protein; they go out and hunt and kill it,” Adam would say, almost on a daily basis then launch into his tirade about men of the wild west who chapped

their asses off roping and branding cattle, and slept on rocks. “Weak and frail pansies; that’s all this latest generation has become.”

It was obvious the “superfoods” weren’t making kids stronger; in fact, their muscle mass was shrinking and men were becoming more fey and women more butch. Carrying a thirty-pound dumbbell plumb wore out woke twenty year olds. They had no strength or endurance. Eve recalled the gym they used to attend in 2020—Pure Fitness—and the old ladies with pink hair who wore lycra midriff shirts and sausage tight capris with muscles like Hercules and the young men with no muscles to speak of and violent tattoos running up their arms and legs. The world had surely changed, and clearly not for the better.

Their new garden took hours of tending and weeding but water was easily obtained from the lake and, in time, it flourished. Adam built supports for the tomatoes which grew stalks large enough to resemble small trees, and compost was created from table scraps. Nothing they were doing was new; it was all old school farming techniques used by Americans for two-hundred and forty-nine years, without toxic chemicals. By late August, Eve was preserving fruit for jellies and blanching vegetables and canning their bounty, and the garden just kept producing prolifically. Every so often they would take the john boat and ride out to the vacant Wiggly Pig once again, a longer trip now from this second location, to pick up what they could not produce themselves, but they tried to limit these trips since the risk of capture was high. They often considered getting the jeep, but barricades would have to be moved, which might raise questions, if they did not put them back in the exact same spot. They knew there were people paid to be “watchers” out there. “Paid snitches” is what Eve called them, early in 2021. She had seen advertisements

published in her local paper, paying upwards of \$30/hour for “contact tracers.” Eve did, however, take the last box of chocolates and caramels on the shelf on their last trip to the store and vowed to save them for a special occasion.

Those scientists who had played a part in the creation of the coronavirus in a lab in North Carolina were taken out to the streets and shot in 2024, along with those in the patent office who had hidden the fact it was a biowarfare weapon under the title of “vaccine.” It clearly did not cure; it was designed to irreparably destroy one’s DNA with chimeric mutations that consumed all in their path. History was not kind to the makers of covid, the makers of the vaccine, the main stream media who ran commercials hourly, nurses or doctors who profited from the vaccine, hospitals, or employers who demanded proof of vaccination to work. The main stream media was shut down entirely by *Dark Winter* and many felt it was a gift from God not to have to listen to the usual PR blitz. Silence was better than flagrant lies. Many wrote books from 2021-2025 about the bat virus that destroyed the planet to warn the next generation.

True to the final wishes of Our Lady of Fatima, seen only by three shepherd children in 1917 in Portugal, the pope and his wicked cardinals also received just due. Our Lady was seen as a woman “brighter than the sun, shedding rays of light clearer and stronger than a crystal goblet filled with the most sparkling water and pierced by the burning rays of the sun.” Our Lady entrusted the three children with a message of hope for some and a vision of hell for others. The three children claimed to have seen the holy vision in six apparitions imploring them to make the popery repent for the sins of pedophilia and sex trafficking. The location where the holy vision was seen was so popular it was barred from entrance

and the church made every effort to discount the children's prophesy as "just so much childish fantasy." They prevented anyone from talking with the children about their experience because her final message struck terror in the popery. When Lucia died in 2005, her secret was finally revealed:

At the left of the Lady and a little above, we saw an Angel with flaming sword in his left hand; flashing, it gave out flames that looked as though they would set the world on fire, but they died out in contact with the splendor that Our Lady radiated towards him from her right hand; pointing to the earth with his right hand, the Angel cried out in a loud voice, 'Penance, Penance, Penance!'

And we saw in an immense light that is God something similar to how people appear in a mirror when they pass in front of it. A bishop dressed in white; we had the impression he was the Holy Father. Other bishops, priests, men and women religious were walking up a steep mountain, at the top of which there was a large crucifix of rough hewn trunks as of a cork tree. Before reaching there the Pope passed through a city decimated and in ruins, corpses of children on either side moaned in agony as he passed. He was pushed to his knees, as were his cardinals numbering twelve and here, at the foot of the cross, all were stoned to death by the survivors of sexual abuse.

All those who had kept silent for decades about the harm being done to children were shot. Three hundred and thirty-three thousand people were executed over the course of the next month and they were cremated thereafter in eighty-four furnaces that worked around the clock, much like the one in Wuhan, China did in March of 2020. An ad had called for

applicants sixteen to fifty years of age who had bold personalities and “no fear of ghosts” to do the dirty work of body collection.

The virus targeted the most vulnerable populations—the elderly, the mentally handicapped, the physically handicapped on a drug regimen, those who had already had the flu vaccine...which pre-weakened their immune system, children with asthma and those with heart irregularities regardless of age. Young adults in their forties were caught in the crosshairs too. They lost their sense of taste; water tasted like metal. Fevers, chills, night sweats, chest tightness and overwhelming fatigue made it hard for them to be productive citizens or parents. The loss of smell for many appeared to be permanent. Everyone not facing obvious symptoms had been deemed asymptomatic—as if there were some norm for a biowarfare reaction. Public health experts daily changed their minds about treatment protocol, desperately trying to stay six feet ahead of the changing chimeric virus. Nobody knew what the long-term effect would portend for these children, not even those who had made it in a lab. They anticipated cardiac problems from myocardial inflammation, but refused to discuss this on the news:

“We do not have a good grasp on the impact of this disease on otherwise healthy, young people,” said Dr. Fraudci, in one of his last push-me, pull-you, Indian-giver statements.

All who had gotten the virus were in a race against time, regardless of age, income, profession, local or political views. It was very egalitarian in its virulence. Another side effect of the virus was impotence and this could not be dismissed by tight briefs or

watching online porn, although those were major contributors, even in men as young as twenty-five.

Doctors said the obvious: “Testes are meant to be out in the breeze; that’s why they are located on the outside of the body. Sperm counts plummet when temperatures increase.”

In the past, however, sperm had always taken ten to eleven weeks to produce, but the male gene was no match to the hormones being added to the food supply and the chemicals that were sprayed on seeds that was later ground up and ingested, nor this virus. Harvesto had a long history of toxic contamination and regularly paid off those injured, which was a drop in the bucket, compared to the twenty-two and a half billion net income from genetically modified seeds. Those over fifty had noticed the change in flour. Cakes did not rise; flour would not stick together; the taste of the flour was bitter. Pesticides were found in oat-based products, all wheat-based cereals, all pastas; it was even found in fifteen beers and five wines. In all but one of the samples, weed killer was found at levels one-hundred times that found in the oats and trace amounts of weed killer were found in all baby food jar, examined, by companies who claimed to be making a one-hundred percent organic, “chemical free” product.

It got so bad in 2023 that scientists stopped pussyfooting around the issue and became whistleblowers, proclaiming the end of mankind was at hand due to erectile dysfunction and plunging sperm counts. Girls were experiencing early puberty; women, early menopause and more miscarriages and boys were born with ever smaller penises. Growing numbers of sperm were defective, some with two heads, wandering without a

map like lost explorers, instead of pursuing an egg. Similar abnormalities were being noted in the animal kingdom—hermaphrodite frogs with two genitalia, small sex organs on alligators and minks. The cause was phthalates found in everything from shampoo to cosmetics, and from flame retardant fabrics to grocery receipts. Scientists projected that by the year 2025 men might have no sperm at all, if the same statistical trends continued.

Due to Covid and the scare of climate change, teens had been encouraged not to marry and to have casual sexual experiences with sex bots instead. It was called the “future of intimacy” by geeks who “followed the science”. Most teen boys looked like they wouldn’t know a woodpecker hole from a hole in the ground but discussed sex bots with such frankness you would have thought they were describing the construction of a model airplane. The sextech industry was anticipated to grow to \$52 million in sales by the year 2026. All the talk of “unexpected growth” for the industry kept Adam in stitches. “Augmented reality” was nothing more than personalized porn; it disgusted Eve to know that men preferred lifeless hunks of plastic to flesh and blood women. Even at their age, Eve and Adam needed nothing other than their own creativity and body parts.

Eve remembered the days of outdoor and drive-in movie theatres, “sucking face” until their lips were numb, slurping on a shake with hands sticky from ketchup and fries rolled in salt. The kids had missed more than one year of school in 2020; they had missed proms, walking out on stage to receive academic honors, football games on a warm summer night with hotdogs sold by girls and guys with trays slung over their shoulder and a coin changer on their hip, after the dogs had been rolling on a grill with juices popping and sizzling. They had missed choir concerts and school musicals and sock hops with

ginger ale and floating islands of sherbet. They had missed out on first dates and break-ups and infatuation and the first budding of sweet love. Smaller tykes missed play dates and carousel rides, the library, the zoo and jungle gym, fort games with attacking Indians and Wild West heroes; many were experiencing learning delays that might take more than the missing year to recover.

And, in so remembering, Eve grew melancholy. Not depressed, just melancholy and longing for a time pre-Covid, when everything had been normal. Deep in thought, she was unaware of Adam's approach with a rabbit he and Buddy had tracked and caught.

"I've brought ye dinner, woman," he said holding up his prize, like a frontiersman in a John Wade movie.

And, just like that, she was back in 2025, with a meal to prepare.

The Marine Corps had prepared Adam to "adapt, improvise and overcome" in whatever situation was presented. Adam approached post-Covid life like a special ops mission.

"Proper pre-planning prevents piss-poor performance," He'd said it so often, Eve considered it his personal mantra.

He knew every battle fought—its year of commencement and ending and untold stories the government couldn't tell, because the masses couldn't handle the truth. They would rather be amused by over 300 channels on the TV. He'd joined the local USMC league and participated in the toy drive, collecting the largest number of donations from the eight fire stations he'd committed to for collection. Although his hands were gnarled

from fights with drunken civilians on the base and years of chasing down illegal aliens and drug dealers, he still had a lot of fight left in him and he never complained about his spinal stenosis or arthritic hands, other than to ask for a Timenol or HappyJoint.

Rising with the sun and sleeping with its setting was a good way to live and they toasted each other with a gin and tonic they'd been having nightly since Covid started. Unbeknownst to many, gin was made from juniper berries and high in vitamin C; the tonic water contained quinine which was distantly related to hydrochloroquine, the anti-malarial drug used to treat Covid, and the lime prevented scurvy in ancient mariners, so it had to be good for landlubbers too. All three together provided an immunity boost that was natural and pharmacists refused to acknowledge that fact, since it made them no money. Eve liked its anti-aging properties and the fact it gave her a buzz, but never a migraine. Eve prepared the evening humidifier with one-eighth cup of hydrogen peroxide added to one gallon of water. The combination of both had been known to prevent respiratory viral infections and shortness of breath, along with vitamins A, C and D. Nevertheless, trusted Hippocratic Oath taking medical professionals kept this simple system to themselves and pushed a risky untested vaccine to make their bosses happy, *while telling nurses and peers to use a humidifier at home*. A swab of iodine placed in the nose also had an antibiotic effect. Both reduced the "viral load" in the nasal passages and respiratory tract, and the intervention was inexpensive, low risk and easy to deploy on a global scale. American doctors, however, tuned out their foreign peers, called them quack's and censored all who questioned their own vaccine narrative. The sound of the mist provided the white noise necessary to get a good night's rest and was the perfect ending to a meal of rabbit that had been cooked to perfection.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the wee hours of a September morning, two young men rode up on horses with a wagon pulled behind one of them; they circled behind the bed and breakfast inn. Both men were of muscular frame, wearing black face masks. The older of the two was twenty-four and the younger one was twenty, and they directed their horses to the garden, where they pulled up short and looked in amazement at the ongoing productivity. Blackberries, blueberries, currants, gooseberries and raspberries were ripe for the picking, lettuce, green beans and peppers were hanging from the vines.

“This isn’t possible,” said the older of the two, Marco, to his brother, Aaron.
“Someone did this deliberately...”

Aaron reached into his pocket for the house key and they pivoted, then swung their legs over their saddles and dismounted onto the soft pine needles. Their Appaloosas neighed softly, snorted and settled down, and were tied to a tree. Marco took the key from Aaron and put it in the lock; it opened easily. They smelled the rabbit meal in the air and Marco motioned silence with a finger to his lips. Someone was clearly present and the only possible explanation at three in the morning was upstairs in bed or in the master bedroom. They separated with guns cocked. Aaron reached the twelfth stair, pausing to listen on each step as he ascended. He didn’t hear a sound. Marco nearly jumped out of his skin when Adam snored like a grizzly bear from the master bedroom on the main level. Together, they approached the master bedroom with a look of fear on their faces and a steady stream of perspiration ran down the brim of Marco’s hat, dripping onto the floor like a metronome.

The floorboard in front of their bedroom, which Buddy considered his squeaky toy,

creaked loudly. Aaron raised his flashlight and put Eve and Adam in his beam, just as Adam leveled the green laser from his Sig M17 on Aaron's forehead.

"Who are you?" said Marco, "and don't tell me any lies."

"I'm not in the habit of lying," growled back Adam, in his gunny voice.

"Speak up," interrupted Aaron, "this is *our family home*, not yours."

"It was our family home," returned Marco, "but it appears we have squatters."

Then they saw Adam's USMC ball cap on the dresser. "You're a Marine?"

"Once a Marine, always a Marine," was Adam's reply.

"Well, that changes everything," said Aaron, ushering his brother out the door.

Eve grabbed her robe and slippers and Adam did the same, tucking his pistol in his pocket.

"I'll make some coffee and see if we can smooth things over," said Eve.

What started out as a terrifying event soon became a bantering of stories, regarding survival post Covid. The brothers were reluctant to say where they currently lived, preferring to put the couple through hoops to determine their intentions.

Marco began. "It was a full year of not being able to go to college that wore me out and our parents tried to be supportive, but it was near to impossible studying medicine by Zoom seminar. *Dark Winter* caused even that program to disappear, along with all of my credits and the whole focus on academics seemed pretty futile at that point. Our parents both got Covid in December of 2020 and we isolated for close to six months to keep them

alive; both were able to work from home; dad is a mechanic and mom is a business services manager. But travel for seminars became impossible, then Zoom stopped working, then cars became unnecessary with the Guardians taking total control of all of our property and bank accounts. Now we are living in..."

Aaron stopped him with a wave of his hand; he didn't want Marco to say the precise location of their hideout. It was still premature. He was still interviewing Eve and Adam to see if they would be a good fit; if not, they would leave them here to survive on their own. Adam eyed the boy with new-found respect and began first: "I have been a carpenter for twenty-eight years and I am skilled in building homes, fixing things, finding the best way to use old things in new way. Eve, here, can sew clothes for men or women and upholster anything to make it look brand new; she can crochet blankets too. My wife is an excellent cook and knows how to can jams and vegetables for the winter season; she has a green thumb that can take a plant that's nearly dead and resurrect it."

Eve figured out what was happening and Adam's line of reasoning and added, "And if you want to continue your education...or there are any with you who want to do the same...I have books and experience teaching."

Adam and Marco nodded to each other, as if to say, these two will fit right in and be of use, and Adam continued:

"Our parents are both alive at the encampment not far from here. We call it Statesland. We have people with different skills that are needed to keep Statesland running. Some work to make rain barrels, chicken coops, home furniture; then there are those with a green thumb who farm the fields; others are in charge of the animals—horses, pigs, cows,

sheep, goats and chickens. We have people who solely build fences. We have a watermill for grinding corn for meal, two engineers who build wind turbines so we can get power in the middle of nowhere, a greenhouse made entirely from old windows. Our dairy produces its own cheese, yogurt, butter, even ice cream. Everything is grown organically and we put aromatic herbs like mint and fennel and lemongrass between the plants to keep bugs away, along with rosemary, basil and lavender. We don't have aphids or black beetles eating holes in our crops; we use natural repellents."

It was clear to Eve and Adam these two young men had obtained more of an education outside the classroom than in it and had learned there was no substitute for hard work. Too many teens were dependent and refused to be self-reliant, but these boys had chosen to be men and their muscular frames proved they were givers and not just takers. Apparently, from what they said, there were a whole lot more of them in a hidden location. It all sounded so hopeful; the thought made Eve tear up.

Aaron saw the couple was still dog-tired, so he encouraged them to get another four hour's rest, so they could depart no later than nine am. While the couple slept, the brothers put everything of use in the home into the wagons, along with digging up the garden plants and putting them in pots found in the garage to bring to the encampment. Then they threw refuse on the garden plots and put leaves and branches around the porch area to make the whole area look vacant once again. It seemed a shame to destroy this couple's hard work, but it was unsafe to leave it. This would be their final return to their family home. They collected the few valuables their parents had asked for—their family photo album and a rare glass dome globe clock with rotating golden balls and a melodious ding as a reminder

of the hour. Adam and Eve arose, made a hearty breakfast and then packed their clothes and set them in the wagon with Buddy. They set the softer items—sleeping bags and blankets—in the center and settled in for what they were told was going to be a fairly grueling three-day ride.

Marco had made clear the necessity for traveling the back roads by horse and going deep enough into the woods to deter the programmed drones and robots from finding them. Every two hours, they stopped and got out and walked with Buddy, giving the horses three-hundred and fifteen pounds less to pull. Eve put together the meals each night, after the men created a temporary shelter and started the fire. They caught doves which tasted like chicken when roasted over the fire. The berries picked from their garden were the only dessert that was necessary and Eve made a salad with fresh vegetables picked the day before. When the sun set, she brought out her guitar and wooed the men with a song of fair maidens with long raven black hair. Adam settled back against a log and reminded himself for the thousandth time why he loved this woman so much.

The silence of the forest brought sleep on easily and Adam took first watch; Eve took the next, followed by Marco, then Aaron. The first night was unremarkable; if there had been any cougars or bears nearby, they did not make an appearance. Bobcats were far more likely in this region. Eve rose early in the morning to find firewood and started a breakfast—flapjacks with syrup and strong coffee. The men took down the shelter, fed the horses and got them hitched to the wagons. The second day of travel was miserable, raining with howling wind, but they kept moving along with rain slickers over the wagon and protected the horses with military-grade waterproof blankets until they reached an A-

frame cabin by dusk. The horses were put in the barn by hosts, five burly former military special operations Marines. These Marines patrolled the forest to prevent intruders from getting anywhere near Statesland. They considered themselves and called themselves the Gatekeepers. Needless to say, Adam considered them his brothers and after a few shouts of “Semper Fi,” they proceeded to see who could hold down more liquor. The following day was too nasty to travel, so while the Marines were on patrol in the woods, Eve prepared a few meals in advance for them, then took a long soak in the tub, after drawing up pails of water from the rain barrel and heating them by the fire. A lit candle for aromatherapy and she could almost pretend the year was 2015 and she was at the Spa d’Espirit at two-hundred dollars for a day’s pampering. She remembered those days with longing, a robe that had been warmed up for her use alone, paper slippers to prevent messing up her pedicure, a time of mandated isolation and bliss.

USA’s Sunshine Laws, which required transparency and disclosure by both government and their business connections, were an ineffectual paper tiger during this time period. Sunshine Laws made meetings, votes, deliberations available for public observation, but these laws had been trampled when Bamoa had met behind closed doors with hospital executives to discuss special perks not given to the majority and when Panse had met behind closed doors right after the release of Covid, not allowing any news station to bring in an audio recorder or take photos. The purpose of the law was to promote ethical standards, prevent fraud and corruption and engender public trust. The cover-up had been intentional by all parties involved and Eve feared all would continue to use the excuse of national security to continue to lie to the American people.

The encampment, they had been reassured, was filled with hard-working conservatives who rejected the transgender ideology in totality and recognized that its goal was simply to dismantle the family, destroy connections, and make people more susceptible to mind control. Mothers were being thrown on the trash heap by liberals who wanted to destroy the blood ties between mother and baby, father and wife.

When women or woman disappears as a term, then laws protecting women are also nullified, Eve wrote in her notebook. The world is not better off with only men and men made into women with hormones and sex surgery ruling the world, producing children in AI wombs.

The fact that children belong to their parents, not the government, was undermined by the New World Order Marxists who wanted to control the future workforce. Marx's Communist Manifesto had called for the "abolition of the family" for this very reason. Cancelling biological sex/gender had been the goal of liberals who called themselves "progressives" as if traditions and all things traditional were "regressive." They defied the balance of male and female power—yin and yang—required to keep the world on its axis. The cradle of civilization had been preserved, however, at this encampment. The old-fashioned virtue of self-reliance was also nurtured, with each person being asked to contribute and become a responsible participant in the community. Delayed gratification was run up the flag pole as the new standard. Independence and toughness in the face of adversity was the real American way, not perpetual childhood and dependence upon others and the government. There was dignity in the faces of the men at the guardhouse and Eve and Adam knew the people at the encampment would be the same way. Each worked out his own destiny.

Those that attended conservative rallies in 2020 were seventy-five million strong, educated and morally grounded; they had not just rolled over and played possum when Bile won. They refused to accept a bleak *Dark Winter* as prophesied by the liberals. Few committed suicide or sat in a corner and cried when their local business shut down; they were survivors like the early pioneers, and they took the skills they had and revamped them to meet new needs. And, always, they remembered the fact that there is strength in numbers. They continued to have family gatherings, danced in their living room instead of at the country club, delivered products by car, and used their hands to make things the stores said were scarce. The shutting down of churches didn't cause any of them to stop worshipping or lose faith in God. Those that had tried to break their spirit didn't even find a toe-hold to do so. Prayer warriors kept the enemies of doubt, fear and depression at bay. Weakness of body and mind led others to terrifying thoughts, but those at Statesland were not weak. Even as the world was growing more dangerous through Bile's deference to Chrislam and Trooper's scandals, which earned him the name of alleycat, those at Statesland grew in genuine faith. Every child prayed by the side of his or her bed at night. Every child was trained to be ever watchful when at play, for unusual sounds, smells and people.

China made clear by 2020 it desired to be the next super power and planned to do so by 2049, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the Community Party's rise to power in China. China was, in fact, the only foreign nation with an army dedicated to anti-US operations, according to top brass in the US military. It had backed rogue regimes hostile to American interests. The CCP had for the past fifty years been manipulating US finances, medical science and computer technology to avoid a conventional war. Chinese companies

were heavily invested in Hollywood and chose them to undermine the traditional family and mock Christian values. Hatred of all norms known in the 1950's and 1960's was their main aim. Self-reliance was hated most of all, since it allowed the masses to question and questioning was considered to be "dangerous." Prayer was viewed as a character flaw by the CCP.

On the third day, they arose to sunshine and a balmy sixty-nine degree Indian summer, unusual for September, but a welcome blessing for the travelers. The ground had drained, so the horses were not perpetually stuck in mud, despite the previous two days of rain. They alternately rode and walked by the wagons, to give the horses a rest. It was clear why this location had been chosen—it was so remote as to feel it was on another continent. No robot police would ever come this far in by foot. After four hours of steady uphill terrain, they reached a plateau and then proceeded downhill to a beautiful lake, surrounded by twenty-five cabins in total, all built into the western side of the riverbank, with an earthen roof. The exposed walls had an abundance of south, west and north-facing windows, filling the cabins with natural light, and the back stone wall, inset with a fireplace, functioned as a retaining wall. These structures were essentially hidden. Approaching from above, all one would see was a hillside and twenty-five chimneys.

Marco explained that the cabins had a rain barrel for showering and pumps brought up lake water to a purification system used by all. A boardwalk had been started that, when finished, would connect all twenty-five cabins, so they could share with each other and have a safe place for mothers to rock their babies to sleep. Three docks extended like spokes of a wheel toward the lake for fishing. Sliding barn doors could be rolled into place

on each of the homes to create an impenetrable fortress. Anyone with a dog was expected to train him to come on demand, sit on demand, fetch and remain silent for up to an hour, if required. Every person was expected to contribute their daily labor, unless physically ill. Slacking was not permitted: “You don’t work. You don’t eat” prevailed.

Waste was not allowed. Composting was required and there was very little trash since only glass containers or those made with clay by a potter were used. Fabric bags were sewn by the women to collect vegetables and transport gifts like pies or tureens of soups to neighbors. The young teens were in charge of candle and soap making and they had been creative, adding flowers for scent and coloring, prior to being put in decorative molds. It was homesteading, but on a far more sophisticated level than in the 1600’s. They had roughly three hundred years to draw upon in books collected to make a lending library. Yellow dyes were made from dandelions, orange from carrots, browns from walnut husks, pinks from roses and lavender, purples from blueberries and coneflowers.

Aaron spoke with pride: “We have three types of chickens: the Bluff Arpington with gold feathers and a red comb; the White Delaware, with black barred neck accents and the Rhode Island Reds. All produce eggs for us.”

As they neared Statesland, children appeared and used the common bird whistles they had been given to alert the adults to visitors. Soon they were surrounded by close to thirty young people, who noted Aaron and Marco and the new visitors, Eve and Adam. They came right up to the wagon and peered in, expressing delight, as the items were lifted out and set on the ground.

“Put everything in cabin number twenty-five, “directed Marco.

Through the help of many hands, things were carried in one trip to cabin number twenty-five, which was nearly completed, except for its number which had been painted on a removable placard, hanging by a chain on the door; the interior doors also needed hanging. The cabin was ample with a fireplace that had a swing metal hanger for pots and a pile of wood was stacked adjacent to it.

“We built this one to be our school house, but since you are a teacher and the children will be coming to you, it will be yours,” said Aaron. Books pertaining to literature, science, mathematics and more lined the walls. “Everything here is for children; we have another cabin, number twelve, for all of the books adults would be interested in, like animal husbandry, sewing patterns, and beekeeping.”

Adam noted the unfinished boardwalk and told Marco, “You can count on me to help complete it.” Men young and old approached him and shook his hand, looking relieved to have another carpenter onboard to share the work.

As the children came to the cabin with a parcel from the wagon, Eve noticed them run back to their own cabin and return with a gift. Some brought an array of candles, herb bouquets for cooking, a fresh baked loaf of bread, a basket of eggs; others brought a jar of jam or honey, canned green beans, butter churned earlier that day, or cleaned fish. Their generosity was overwhelming. Eve gave each a caramel or a chocolate from the Valentine box she’d picked up from the Wiggly Pig and saved for a special moment like this one. It had been a long time since they had eaten a chocolate treat and they were a delight to watch, for they ate it slowly to savor each bite. Urged to settle in, Adam and Eve did just

that and prepared their evening's meal with the provided bounty. Even though they had both eaten at five-star restaurants, this meal rated one of the best they had ever had.

When the sun rose, they showered, had scrambled eggs and set out to be of service. Adam took his saw and tape measure; Eve unboxed her fabrics when she saw a treadle machine in the corner, now stacked with books. A knock on the door interrupted her and she went to the door to find six women who were headed toward the garden to weed. They asked her to come along. Over her shoulder they spied the fabrics laid out on her bed and they murmured in awe. It had been so long since they had seen the range of silks, satins, and laces, zippers and buttons she had brought with her.

A garden plot had already been prepared for the vegetables brought from the bed and breakfast inn; the men had been up early to dig a new plant bed for the women. The oldest woman, Beatrice, who was around seventy-five, had collected seeds from her own garden and stored them in brown paper envelopes to keep them dry. She'd harvested heirloom plants for fifty years and knew every aspect of horticulture, as a master gardener. She had brought unusual bulbs with her too, rare irises and tulips of varying shades and petal shape.

"Dead heading plants not only helps the new flowers grow faster," Beatrice began, "but it makes the plant heartier."

The children helped air dry the seeds for the following year, which they enjoyed doing, as they learned the names of plants and their purpose. The children loved knowing that they were instrumental in creating the next year's crop and they took their job seriously. Sherry and Carole were in their thirties and had small plant identifier sticks they

placed beside each row. Angela, Mary and Janet were in their twenties and were all organic gardeners with strong opinions about placement, the best soil conditioners, best time to prune, and pest control. Sherry and Carole had waited on Angela, Mary and Janet many times before and did so now, knowing the three were making the best decisions for Statesland. Today, they easily agree that the berries needed sandy loam soil with a mixture of leaves and horse manure. Janet put some eggshells under the blueberry plants, since the shells contained calcium carbonate which would increase the ph and create better fruit. The lake area had plenty of sand, which Sherry and Carole brought up in buckets to add to the plot. Eve and Beatrice weeded around the tomatoes, peppers and green beans, picking that which was ripe as they went. There was also a hot house for items that would not be able to tolerate the dips in temperature at night. The hot house was built entirely from old windows that were attached to each other by a frame, and that included the roof. Sunlight made it feel like a sauna inside and everything was growing like wildfire.

As they worked, Beatrice and Eve talked and weeded at the same time, picking that which was useful and leaving the new green plants behind. The women at the plot were talking about their husbands who were out hunting for the day, stocking up on deer, fishing, or helping Adam build the boardwalk. The owner of a lumber yard was a resident in Statesland, so in 2022, upon his arrival, he and the other men in Statesland had hauled every piece of lumber to this location and they'd stopped living in tents to build actual homes. There was just enough left after the cabins were completed to make a boardwalk, a genuine labor of love born of necessity for cottonmouth snakes were prevalent in the woods.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“Everyone seems to be happy here,” said Eve to Beatrice. “Despite everything going on in the outside world, they have created a peaceful refuge.”

Beatrice did not respond back immediately, so Eve added again, “They are, aren’t they?”

Beatrice had seen so much of life from 1950 to present. In her early twenties she’d been a part of the women’s rights movement; she’d endured the war against drugs in the 70’s and the arguments for legalizing weed thirty years later; she’d been in NYC on 9/11 and she had lived through Covid in 2019.

“There is sadness here too. My husband Roger is getting Alzheimers and he frequently states he is going to escape and turn us all in. He doesn’t know what he is saying, of course; he just likes all of the attention he gets when he says it. Everyone rushes to his side to calm him down. His behavior has gotten more alarming lately; he has forgotten who I am and often acts like I’m an intruder.”

Eve had known people with Alzheimers in her own family who’d forgotten their spouse one minute and remembered every detail of their marriage the next. It was a slow goodbye, watching the light leave their eyes to be replaced by fear.

“What is his favorite song?” Eve asked, gently. “Whatever it is, sing it to him when he gets like that. The memory associated with that song will bring him back to you. Strangely enough, musical memories are undamaged by the disease.”

“I’ll sing *This is My Father’s World*,” said Beatrice, clapping her hands together. Then her eyes grew wide and bright with the memory of their dates by the lake with a picnic lunch packed in a white wicker basket with red checkered napkins and a blanket for a table. Maybe “Dream a Little Dream of Me” too, she said softly, recalling the happy memories of romance far from the maddening crowd, all alone with nothing but nature as a witness. “We’d drink wine and have small sandwiches; I made fried chicken and the whole day was ours.”

Eve recalled the bottle she’d saved for a special occasion with Adam, and vowed to give it to Beatrice instead, with a small picnic packed. That evening, Eve and Adam had a never-ending stream of stories to share about those in the camp.

Looking back to 2020, the requirement to remain isolated during Covid had really put a damper on all social events, but that had gotten even worse with contact tracers and drones seeking out those who still believed in free will. It was good to be a part of this community which truly needed them in so many ways. Under Bile and Trooper both, there had been mixed messages about safety: Masks. No masks. High-risk groups. Low-risk groups. Woke and globalist, or awake and American. Sing. Don’t sing. Don’t talk too much. Sanitize, but not too much or you won’t get herd immunity! Meet for Christmas, but heaven forbid, don’t sing carols! Goalposts were moved to keep people off their game, heightening their sense of anxiety over their own destiny. That’s what depots do when they are losing traction and control; they throw the common man off their game. It was amazing anyone had kept their mind throughout it all.

Thumping his hand down on the kitchen table, Adam would frequently shout, “Liars!

Thieves! Crooks! We will get every last one of them when this is over!”

It was at that point that the “arms race” began, with countries unable to keep up with the number of applicants wanting a pistol or shotgun that flooded their antiquated, near punch-card computer systems. Even those who had always vowed not to have a gun in their house had bought several. Eve had learned how to shoot to defend herself, as the early frontier women did; she considered target practice a life skill, much like learning how to put live worms on a hook for fishing without throwing up. Once the push started to mass vaccinate using a chemical cocktail that was causing adverse effects, such as death, they purchased ammo weekly. And when the jab changed from once to twice, then every three months,

Eve said to all who would listen, “Don’t get the jab! It’s not what you think it is.”

The number of vaccinations wanted by the Guardians would turn everyone to Swiss Lorraine cheese. More people died from covid than in all wars fought by the USA.

People recognized by 2021 that the only thing that stood between them and totalitarianism was a two-inch front door and a threshold, which is why the Illuminati, Guardians and the “progressives” made it so hard to get a gun permit. Many states had changed their one-month waiting period to three or six months, so a significant part of the population had bought guns on the black market to prepare for the inevitable battle to come. Adam and Eve had submitted to being fingerprinted to get their permits and then had bought guns in quick succession with more than sufficient ammo to handle intruders of any size. If the power was cut, they still had a bell system that ran on batteries. Each door had a different tone.

“Cancel culture” was in full steam by March of 2021, when they tried to annihilate the works of famous authors, poets, even the Constitution. Woke became synonymous with globalism and anything that did not fall into lockstep with globalist aims fell under the ax. They even tried to annihilate Dr. Seissal who had written a book called *Pale Green Pantaloons* about acceptance! Apparently, the hug in the ending, by two who once feared the other, was too gentle and kind for these leaders.

The reason for “cancel culture” was clear; dismantling traditions and cultures reduced hope, and despondency had to be created to further dependency upon the New World Order. Those in Statesland had not succumbed to this ideology; they had resisted and held onto Biblical principles instead, which the New World Order fought to annihilate because they knew it would hold back their godless plans. The first leader of the New World Order, Dr. George Brick, some seventy-five years earlier had said: “To achieve world government, it is necessary to remove from the minds of men their individualism, loyalty to family tradition, national patriotism and religious dogmas.” Adam referred to this dimwitted one as “Dr. Thick as a Brick.” Hope was still very much alive in the children in Statesland; they were not filing their minds with horrific images of witches, demons and vampires, nor what passed for humor and was actually a dysfunctional family situation. Most had never played games where murder was a form of amusement and they had never denied the existence of God in their life. The children in Statesland had their souls intact. It was a blooming miracle they had survived.

The teen boys were busy chopping wood and showing off their growing biceps and the girls were washing clothes and gardening without any fear of gender stereotyping. The

roles were natural and their body size and shape and strength determined what was suitable. Both had their role to play and, if they did it well, Statesland benefitted and when they sloughed off, which was very rare because they were mature, it suffered. At no point in their lives had they felt so productive and alive. Being needed and essential was integral to life. There wasn't any time to be bored or wallow in depression. There was a routine that began at day's start with the sun's steady rising and ended with sun's setting. At two pm, everyone took the time to read and learn to advance the whole and be of greater future benefit. Two pm was the time to have a coffee, pick up a book, read to your children and have a light snack. Two of the children had been told by their teachers in the outside world that they had Attention Deficit Disorder; but here, without the sugary sodas served by the school, they exhibited no learning hyper activity at all. There was no junk food in vending machines to cause obesity or hyperactivity. There were no vending machines at all. There were no fast foods with artificial ingredients and a dash of hormones on the side. The children had put together a book of life skills and called it the *Knowledge of Life* book. It began with how to boil an egg, then laundry how to's documented how to handle stains like berries and ink, wood working skills and projects covered a large portion of the book, flowers used for medicinal purposes followed, along with simple games for young children. Many of the children were in the process of making bookshelves and wooden utensils under the guidance of their older siblings.

Two of the oldest teens, a boy and a girl, iconically named Jack and Jill, were making buttermilk fried chicken using their own recipe. Jill halved the chicken breasts with dexterity for a twenty-one year old; twenty-three year old Jack rolled each piece in buttermilk followed by flour mixed with ground black pepper, salt and paprika. They were

making enough for the whole community because today was a day of celebration. A marriage would take place between these two young people, who had known each other since kindergarten, disliked each other in junior high, then fallen madly in love as seniors in high school, and they were in charge of making the wedding feast. It made perfect sense to have them serve the family who had raised them. They were not raised to be Bridezilla and King Kong, as so many of their peers had. They were raised to be grateful and this gratitude led them to be servants. Jack and Jill had been asked to wait a full year to ensure they were completely and fully satisfied with their choice of a life partner. They had done that without rebellion.

The older women prepared a table with their own finest wedding china. It was lovely to see the vast array of styles all signifying past marriage ceremonies. They filled their fine china bowls with canned vegetables and fruit, breads, wines they'd made, as if for the feast of Cana. Loaves of braided breads were brought forth, still warm from being baked in home kilns. There were fruit pies set high on platform servers in crystal and colored glass. They had combined their finest linens to create a long, continuous serving table. Their own dining tables had been brought out of the home and set up near the lake, also covered with fine linen by the men earlier in the day. A bower of flowers had been created for the head table, hand-twined by the children. Beatrice had made the wedding cake and decorated it with some of those same flowers and Eve had made a spiced mead, a honey wine, made for the adults, with smaller portions set aside for the older children. Mead was actually the first fermented drink humans purposefully made, and all it took was six pounds of honey, berries and a packet of yeast she'd saved from the Wiggly Pig. The corked mixture started fermenting in twenty-four hours and after six weeks, Adam had

found it quite palatable; so much so, in fact, she had to hide it from him. Charles, the beekeeper, was an indispensable part of the community. Honey was used as a sweetener in all of their cooking and mead was one of the joys of life, consumed with gusto to lighten the mood; beeswax was also used to make essential candles. Adam had never made beehives before, but he had cut wood to the dimensions given to him by Charles. Ten beehives were situated far enough from Statesland to protect the children; they were in a shaded area surrounded by their food source—alfalfa, asparagus, buckwheat, chestnut trees, clover, raspberries and sunflowers. Beekeeping or apiculture, as Charles reminded them, was a respected role and Charles was an odd bird who could get repeatedly stung without experiencing any harmful reaction. He had a smoker and wore a hat with netting and leather gloves used to lift the bee frames up and down to check for activity. He told the children not to run if followed by a swarm of bees, and he also reminded them to have common sense and not wear bright colors or flowering prints. Homemade butter that had been cooling in a jug in the lake was pulled up and transferred to serving cups, along with cheese made from goat's milk. The canning for this event had begun a year in advance, showing off the women's skills with storing carrots, pickles, tomatoes, potatoes, squash and more. All retained their natural color and flavor. There was an art to canning. If the lid sprung back while canning, it was unsealed; if the lid was flat, rather than curved downward in the center, it was unsealed. All of these could cause the hard work of a full season to go for naught and the spoilage would cause gas, and gas meant an explosive mess in the pantry.

The country crafts to be given as a wedding trousseau were numerous. There were hand-sewn pillow cases, a quilt using squares of fabric from each family, dyed eggs

symbolizing new life, small sprigs of lavender and lily of the valley were tied with twine around the napkins. The children were swinging from a knotted rope chair that had also been adorned with flowers and tied to the tallest tree, making the arc of travel long and slow. Candles were set around the gathering to create a magical feeling as dusk approached. The bride and groom finished their cooking and then excused themselves to freshen up and put on their pristine wedding attire. Her gown was simple with a flower headband made by her own hands; he wore a clean white peasant shirt with crisp black pants. There wasn't an official minister in Statesland, but all were well-versed in the Bible and shared the role. There were long nights to memorize entire passages and the elders took turns reading from the Old and New Testament.

There was Genesis 2:18:

The Lord God said, "It is not good for the man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him." So the Lord God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep; and while he was sleeping, he took one of the man's ribs and then closed up the place with flesh. Then the Lord God made a woman from the rib he had taken out of the man, and he brought her to the man. The man said: This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called 'woman,' for she was taken out of man." That is why a man leaves his father and mother and is united to his wife, and they become one flesh.

Proverbs 31: 10-31 was essential for any wedding, and Elder Beatrice read it aloud:

A wife of noble character who can find? She is worth far more than rubies. Her husband has full confidence in her and lacks nothing of value. She brings him good,

not harm, all the days of her life. She selects wool and flax and works with eager hands. She is like the merchant ships, bringing her food from afar. She gets up while it is still dark; she provides food for her family and portions for her servant girls. She considers a field and buys it; out of her earnings she plants a vineyard. She sets about her work vigorously; her arms are strong for her tasks. She sees that her trading is profitable, and her lamp does not go out at night. In her hand she holds the distaff and grasps the spindle with her fingers. She opens her arms to the poor and extends her hands to the needy.

When it snows, she has no fear for her household; for all of them are clothed in scarlet. She makes coverings for her bed; she is clothed in fine linen and purple. Her husband is respected at the city gate, where he takes his seat among the elders of the land. She makes linen garments and sells them, and supplies the merchants with sashes. She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue. She watches over the affairs of her household and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: "Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all. Charm is deceptive, and beauty is fleeting; but a woman who fears the LORD is to be praised." Give her the reward she has earned, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate.

The young couple alternated reading from the New Testament starting with Matthew 22:35-40:

Jack: Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?

Jill: Jesus replied, Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'

Jack: All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.

This was followed by John 4:7-12, read by burly Drago in his usual rough and gruff voice:

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God, and whoever loves has been born of God and knows God. Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is love. In this the love of God was made manifest among us, that God sent his only Son into the world, so that we might live through him. In this is love, not that we have loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. *No one has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us.*

Adam followed, reading from John 15:

I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener. He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful. You are already clean because of the word I have spoken to you. Remain in me, as I also remain in you. No branch can bear fruit by itself; it must remain in the vine. Neither can you bear fruit unless you remain in me. I am the vine; you are the branches. If you remain in me and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing. If you do not remain in me, you are like a branch that is thrown away and withers; such branches are picked up, thrown into

the fire and burned. If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you. This is to my Father's glory, that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples. As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Now remain in my love. If you keep my commands, you will remain in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commands and remain in his love. I have told you this so that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be complete. My command is this: Love each other as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one's life for one's friends. You are my friends if you do what I command. I no longer call you servants, because a servant does not know his master's business. Instead, I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from my Father I have made known to you. You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you so that you might go and bear fruit—fruit that will last—and so that whatever you ask in my name the Father will give you. *This is my command: Love each other.*

Charles read all of Corinthians 13:

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of

wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. *When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.* For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

Beatrice's husband, Roger, looking more alert than in the past year, ended with Ephesians 5:2, verses 21-33 on the mystery of marriage:

Be subject to one another out of reverence for Christ. Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the church, his body, and is himself its Savior. As the church is subject to Christ, so let wives also be subject in everything to their husbands. Husbands, love your wives, *as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her*, that he might sanctify her, having cleansed her by the washing of water with the word, that he might present the church to himself in splendor, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, that she might be holy and without blemish. *Even so husbands should love their wives as their own bodies.* He who loves his wife loves himself. For no man ever hates his own flesh, but nourishes and cherishes it, as Christ does the church, because we

are members of his body. *For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh.* This mystery is a profound one, and I am saying that it refers to Christ and the church; however, let each one of you love his wife as himself, and let the wife see that she respects her husband.

Beatrice's eyes were moist and she gave Roger a grateful smile that looked to all watching like they were the ones marrying, young and bright and fresh, as in their youth. The rings the young couple exchanged were from a previous era, from their own grandparents, and they had been made to fit by the Statesland jeweler, Samuel, who doubled as farrier and blacksmith. The couple pledged their troth with the rings he handed them, kissed and then all mayhem broke loose as pots and pans were hit for full effect in celebration.

The meal was delicious and everyone found a table, log or rocking chair to sit in for the meal. This was followed by spiritual songs that transitioned into folk songs that grew bawdier by the hour as mead flowed, and thoroughly embarrassed the children who covered their ears and rolled their eyes. In an earlier time, all of this might have transpired at a fancy country club, but with the ringing of crystal echoing in the woods and fine food prepared on a night with stars about to twinkle, there could not have been anything more enjoyable. The sunset on the lake and the sound of birds romancing their feathered partners was heard until nightfall. Eve and Adam tucked in after much tender kissing and snuggled close. This was real; whatever was happening out in the world outside the encampment was not. There was no longing for a former time in any of the many states these families had come from. All paled in comparison to this new society they had created

with their own two hands and ingenuity. All had discovered their *raison d'être*—loving one another, sharing resources, being accountable and of service.

In the morning, smiles were still on the faces of the community, remembering jokes, the close embrace of a wedding waltz, and the memorable time had by all from the youngest to the oldest. The same energy was put into the day's tasks—fishing, carpentry and for the women clean up and sewing. Eve was going to teach the women how to take their own measurements and make their own sloper patterns, so each garment would fit them to perfection. Most had up to this point used and reused old patterns and the envelopes and tissue paper were wearing thin. Some had taken old garments, ripped them apart and used them as patterns, but none knew how to make a pattern from her measurements alone. One of the women had a dress form and that was suggested for use in today's lesson by Rose, who had brought it with her three years ago. Unfortunately, the form was in a size four that fit only Rose, so Eve's plan was to have the women create a form that was in their exact dimensions, so they could drape fabric and play around with designs. The size four often caused women with perfectly lovely bodies to feel badly about their shape. So, Eve covered it up with a potato sack and all of the women were instructed in how to make suitable doubles. The women in a maternal state, with hips far wider than an hourglass, albeit with good reason, sighed and relaxed once the size four was hidden from view. There was enough cotton and linen to make a figure for each of the women and the men had already created stands, twenty-four in all, for this project. Eve already had one of her own and it was going to be used as an exhibit and a second one was all in pieces to teach assembly. Once all of their measurements had been taken and written down, pieces were laid out, then sewn together to make a fabric pouch. An internal sleeve was created

from the neck to the bottom of the form and a pole was inserted; then cotton was pushed inside until the pouch took on human dimensions. Eve measured each of the forms to make sure they matched the measurements taken before they were stitched up, with a quick whip stitch, and attached to the frames. Each woman finally stood by her body double and giggled like a school girl.

“When your clothes fit you well, there are no figure flaws,” she reminded them. For so many years, women had been forced to wear ready-made, off-the-rack clothes, primarily designed by gay men with no hips. They didn’t fit. They were not comfortable. They were in colors not found on the planet—Pantone nightmares that made women look ill. They fit emaciated models who looked like human hangers. Long-waisted women had clothes that rode up under their bosom; short-waisted women looked like they were munchkins in their parent’s clothing. Those with long legs were plumb out of luck; they were perpetually fighting a flood, and short women had to cut off four inches to find their ankles. Today every woman had created a sloper and her only limitation would be the time she wanted to put into sewing a new garment. “One size fits none” was banished. No tags to cut out by those over size twelve. No more vanity sizing. No more determining of self-worth based on a ridiculous clothing number.

While Eve was teaching the women to embrace their authentic selves, Adam was mentoring the young men in the art of furniture making, taking reclaimed wood and repurposing it for both functionality and inspired creativity. First, they made a work bench, so all tools could be stored in one central place for the compound, for all of the families to use and maintain. Adam talked to them for quite a length of time about the proper care for each tool, how to inspect for wear or damage, so as not to incur injury, the use of steel wool

to remove rust from hand tools like screw drivers, hammers, pliers, wire cutters and levels. The cordless and battery-powered tools were so vital to their work and had to be kept lubricated and cleaned between use.

Thirty-five year old Barry had been working on an off-the-grid electrical system and solar installation to power the community, using his own know-how, ingenuity, and books on the topic from their library. This is what he did professionally before Covid stuck, and he had collected the parts required to wire his own home, saving from his paycheck, for two years. Theirs would be a stand-alone unit; it would store power when there wasn't any sunshine and that required both batteries and a charge controller. For the most part, the system was connected directly to the equipment it was powering. Everyone in Statesland looked forward to the day when they would finally have a return to electricity, except for Beatrice who preferred to rise with the sun and go to bed at dusk.

Roger's Alzheimers had been like a rollercoaster when Eve had arrived at the encampment, but Beatrice read him familiar stories and sang his favorite songs to bring him back. His eyes were rarely blank now from lack of understanding, nor fearful from the inability to remember facts and places.

Nevertheless, one evening. It was his time. He passed on in his sleep to be with God, and when Beatrice turned over and felt his hand, he was clammy and cold. A funeral had to be arranged and a burial site. Roger was the first person to die in Statesland, so they needed to create a place for Beatrice to go and sit and remember, and forgive...and forget. A place near the lake, surrounded by trees, was determined to be the perfect resting place, and the men created a split-rail fence to mark it off. Everyone helped rake the area of debris and then they dug a hole. A coffin had been made earlier by Adam and others. The

women brought plants to put in the ground and a large flat rock was placed as a headstone. The young men created a smooth four-foot bench supported by two tree stumps. Beatrice was overcome with all of the care taken to bury him respectfully and though she dabbed her eyes and broke down several times that day, she knew he was in a better place, fully restored in health and mind. She wanted to say a few words, and each laid a flower on his casket before it was lowered down and covered up:

“Thank you, Roger, for our wonderful life together. There will not be a day that goes by that I will not miss you, my love.”

A feast akin to that of the wedding was prepared to honor Roger’s life and the same merriment, even irreverence was shown in stories about the former army sergeant, who had lived a saucy life in the military, witnessed violent Civil Rights’ protests, the assassination of JFK and MLK.

The overly ambitious “Great Society” of his time fell to pieces and it seemed it had never recovered. Empowerment, resentment, polarization had occurred again in 2020. The sixties economy allowed families to raise children on one income. The cost of a home was only \$16,500 back then, a first class stamp was four cents, a gallon of regular gas was twenty-five cents, a dozen eggs fifty-seven cents, and a loaf of bread cost twenty-three cents. An average annual income was \$5,315, a pair of men’s shoes cost twelve dollars and ninety-five cents; a fast food hamburger was twenty cents, a gallon of ice cream cost only seventy-nine cents. Watermelon was two-and-half cents per pound and a ticket to the movie cost one dollar. Inflation had reached 18% in 1980 and had become devalued in the US and overseas. It seemed to be backed with nothing but empty promises. By 2021, the median price for a home was \$340,000 and China continued to buy up US Treasury

Securities in the hopes of owning the country, or at the very least determining its ultimate future.

The beauty of Statesland was the lack of money and the lack of fear about the amount of it or credit ranking dips and dives. All of 2020, Eve had kept a diary of her calls and letters to the See-less Journal from a “Censored Guest,” she would always say, “named Spitfire Sicilian.” She had noted the daily censorship of conservative, Biblical viewpoints starting in 1981, while she was yet in college, but it had intensified to a flaming bush in 2020, right after Covid hit. Technically, censorship was illegal under the First Amendment. The US Constitution was supposed to protect freedom of speech and expression against all levels of government. Bile’s CCP ties, his son’s position gained through an illegal quid pro quo that was videotaped for all to see at the Council on Foreign Ruination meeting—none of it was allowed to be aired in public on the main stream news. Her early calls regarding the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY got Eve banned from future calls using her own cell phone, so she used phones at other locations like the library, a coffee shop, plus countless “free phones” given away by Bamoa, which seemed terribly ironic.

Any mention of The “Great Reset” was labeled a “conspiracy theory” even though the facts were as plain as day. Any attempt to bring up election fraud was sneered at by news anchors who were often married to these same bad actors. The anchors would not tolerate any eyewitness testimony either, and there was the thinly veiled threat of an impending *Dark Winter*—a trifecta of disasters so bad it would cause untold numbers to die and nuclear power plants to overheat and spew forth toxic radiation. It seemed to Eve that it was the thinly veiled threats that had made Trooper step down. He did not want his name attached to *Dark Winter*; he was going to setup Joe to take the fall. He knew that when the

oligarchs said, “We have arrows in our quiver you don’t know about yet” they were not fooling around.

“You will own nothing and rent everything,” Blüt said from his pulpit daily, wearing a sci-fi costume that looked like a fashion disaster from Project Runaway. About half of the masses had blindly believed Blüt and Bile; some even thought Bile thought the whole plan up by himself, an absurdity since his dementia was painfully obvious. How could Bile have thought up such a complex plan to take over the world? He squinted to see his notes, got lost mid-sentence at press conferences, tripped over his own dog because he didn’t see him below, even forgot to wear clothes in front of his female body guards, earning him the name of “Emperor with No Clothes.”

It was under Bile that “cancel culture” began in earnest, calling for unity, while destroying family terms like mother, father, sister and brother, talking up the LGBTQ lifestyle all the while to further a depopulation agenda, but it was under Trooper that covid was released and two camps appeared that were like the parting of the Red Sea. Those who wanted BBB wanted to create indebtedness, so the US banking system would collapse and a new entity would be created for the whole world, making them totally and utterly dependent upon Blüt and his twelve Baphomet-loving, transgendered apostles. But, in truth, ORDER from CHAOS was a UNIPARTY plan held by both men; make no mistake about that. In so many ways, Roger had been spared knowing the depths of the depravity the country he had fought for, had sunk to.

Patterns began to emerge, seen now in hindsight. The Fraudci Covid Dossier put together the final puzzle pieces for Eve and Adam. The fake numbers, all identically produced to justify a genome changing vaccine had all used the number thirty-three. The

New World Order Illuminati and Guardians were clearly taking great delight in causing the destruction of the world and their use of symbolism was an indicator this suffering was intentional. *What was gained exactly, but the potential to kill people with greater efficiency in a gain-of-function study?* And, what of this focus on fostering hatred between the races? That had been intentional too, to destroy the gains made by Martin Luther Crowne, Jr.

Eve's grandparents had not come to America until the year 1915, long after the Civil War of 1861-1865 transpired. She wasn't a part of any slave family. Eve was named for her great grandmother who grew up on the Island of Sicily as Eve Rizzoli. Her father and mother had arranged for her to marry the mayor of the town of Camerata, but the man was senior to her by twenty years and Eve hated the idea of marrying him under any circumstances, even though he was quite wealthy. Her heart was set upon a young and handsome man named Salvatore, a simple farmer who lived in Castronuevo.

One evening, as Eve was forced to entertain him with Neopolitan songs, after a particularly filling ravioli dinner, she realized she would have to disobey her parents and all convention on Italian marriages and run away to save herself from a fate worse than death—a loveless marriage. Salvatore rode up on a white horse without her ever having asked him too, on the following night, and they were gone for many hours; in fact, they were gone overnight. It was scandalous. In the morning, there was nothing left to do but agree that they were to be married; regardless of nocturnal activity, she was no longer an innocent.

Over the years, Salvatore and Eve had nine children, five of whom died as babies or young children because there were few to no antibiotics available. Salvatore worked installing cobblestone streets for street cars in Chicago and after that job he worked a

garden that was six city blocks long; Eve made ends meet working in a clothing factory, folding shirts by hand and packaging them. In the winter, she had to wear a heavy coat and a scarf around her head; there was no heat in the building. She wore gloves with the fingers cut out so she could keep her job. To stay warm, Salvatore would walk the tracks and find coal that had fallen off steam locomotives. All of those who came to the United States had similar stories of endurance to share with their descendents. Eve, like the Eve before her, felt destiny was of her own making. She'd never held a pity party and *Dark Winter* was not the time to start one.

Eve looked at her old journal and the many documented attempts to warn people of the coming coup; she chronicled thirty calls before deep censorship became the norm. It seemed to Eve that distraction had been the hallmark of the progressive party who engaged in "spirit cooking." She had called the bad actors out by name, started a "Wall of Shame" ...even posted it on her website. It became a full time job, an obsession to keep the planet alive; but then, she was forced out of work for most of 2020, as so many were.

In fact, the Illuminati had not counted on so many people getting into the weeds of politics specifically because they were forced to shut down and stare at their navels. The misery caused by the pandemic crippled the economy and most did not have jobs that could be done from home. Retail shops, of course, suffered as did restaurants, bars, and private schools. "Social distancing" wasn't normal and nobody wanted it to become "the new norm" except for a few who thought masks were a fashion statement and wanted to hide a set of bad teeth. Those that tried to work from home had computers crash or freeze due to the unanticipated load coming from these neighborhoods. Investment accounts—like IRA's and 401K accounts—were tapped, unemployment was maxed out, household

items were sold on CraiggyAds to pay for bills, and bills were deferred to a later date, when companies were accommodating.

But, not all were so kind; some even ratcheted up the price of essential items like jackals, just because they could and because of their “me first” new age mentality, born of the pastors who ran mega churches and preached a prosperity doctrine instead of the gospel.

CHAPTER NINE

When Eve thought back on those early years, she realized she was grateful to be here in Statesland, but she never would have been prepared for this type of experience, unless she had gone through her life laid out in the exact sequence it had been written, obtaining the needed skills along the way, mostly a resilience born of hearty Sicilian stock. Even when she considered her work for other clients, it had been a rare bird who had reciprocated in like manner; she had learned to do both their job and hers, on many an occasion. The younger generation—those born post-1980— were selfish in comparison to their ancestors. Adam and Eve were glad, in many ways, that they were in their Golden Years. There was no desire to be eternal; there were moments of heaven every so often that made the rest of the years worth it all. They had seen too much pain and suffering on this earth. They were not going to rush leaving the planet, but neither were they going to use life-enhancing drugs, artificial body parts or be frozen cryogenically for some future race to find. God forbid! They were simple souls who had taken a body to experience life and discovered the wide range of emotions, highs and lows, involved in being human beings. To this point, for eighteen months they had had no contact with the outside world, and it seemed possible they never would. But, as fate would have it, the Gateskeepers arrived with news that rattled them.

The world had become the promised New World Order, one-world government, a totalitarian dystopian nightmare. Every piece of property owned was confiscated and sold to foreigners looking for a tax shelter. Arguing about it got you shot. The young were being moved to high-rise buildings and all those over seventy were being cast adrift in boats with

one day's food. The wealthy were in private yachts but their demise was as inevitable as those in the cheapest john boat or kayak. Depopulation had been discussed for years at the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY, but 2021 was the year they made plain their goal to get back to "zero carbon emissions" and it became more than a conspiracy theory. They started by going door to door and demanding people take a vaccine with nanoparticles in it called graphene oxide. There was RNA material in the vials, but there were also six nanograms per UL of RNA, in essence 747 nanograms, 99.99% grapheme oxide in each vaccine vial. They had a lipid nanoparticle that pushed the graphene oxide into your cells; it exploded the mitochondria. It created a ten-alarm fire-truck experience. It created an inflammation storm in the lungs. The WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY and the Guardians had extensive holdings in the Global Graphene Oxide market and had forecasted a 36.5% growth in the fall of 2021. That had been the impetus for the escape by Adam and Eve, when those in white coats had showed up at their door demanding they take a vaccine with toxic elements that would literally melt them from the inside out when 5 G was introduced.

Those who had formed Statesland had wanted to save as many possible, but it was not feasible. Too many of their neighbors only had the ability to use a computer or a cell phone and these skills were not needed to build a place from the ground up. Too many had never had a callous on their hands and thought food simply appeared in stores in tidy containers. They didn't know how to even weed their front lawns, let alone plant a garden and can items. Too many were just plain lazy and wanted everything to be done for them; they did the least amount possible, instead of giving everything, including cleaning toilets, their best effort. These people were beyond help. They were of no good to themselves or anybody else. It was sad to think of them dying in vast numbers, but survival of the fittest

indicated they would not make it, even if given every advantage. The Gatekeepers, who roamed the forest to keep out intruders, knew their resources were inadequate to grow the compound beyond one-hundred people, twenty-five cabins multiplied by four inhabitants. If they felled trees, they could build more, but would they have enough livestock, fish and vegetables to sustain more? That was the question. The Gatekeepers were the first to arrive, and they built the first three cabins; then Beatrice and Roger had arrived and Aaron and Marco, with their parents, Elizabeth and Frank, who were not afraid of hard work and they assisted the Gatekeepers in building three more; so it had gone, with those arriving building for the next three families, until there were twenty-five cabins in all. The Gatekeepers only let in those who were of a pioneer mindset and did whatever was needed without complaining. The Gatekeepers had had to make some ruthless decisions to keep Statesland safe, just as Noah had had to do with the arc. Many more perished than were saved. The look of eternal gratitude from those saved would last a lifetime, but the Gatekeepers were selective and not everyone was given the opportunity. Those critically ill were not allowed in to infect the others. To be frank, very few uber-wealthy people were brought into the encampment; only self-made people were allowed, not heiress brats.

There was no room for those who felt they were “entitled” to better cuts of meat, a better cabin layout or view, easier chores, etcetera. That type would only cause divisiveness and acrimony, verbal fighting and physical harm. Knowledge was to be shared and those that knew more about a subject taught it to the others; there was no hiding knowledge to have the upper hand, which the outside world had made the norm. The same was true of the teens and smaller children. Teaching one another reinforced what were only book theories; some instantly found they were not the experts they thought they

were; they could not explain how they got an end result. Slowly but surely, they finished all twenty-five cabins and the boardwalk connecting them. At that point the encampment doubled in productivity, for everything had a place and everyone had a role to play. There was a sense of pride in having built it all with their own hands, by the sweat of their own brow, and to their own specifications. Even those formerly in white-collar jobs grew to like seeing calluses on their hands, rather than paper cuts.

The new arrivals mentioned terrible atrocities being committed by the outside world, which had quickly mimicked the ways of Sodom and Gomorrah, with people engaging in cannibalism and acts of sodomy. They always made sure to talk about these type of vile activities far from the children's ears, whom they want to protect as much as possible from having nightmares. Blüt's totalitarian government banned all book reading, ballroom dancing, ballets and musical concerts. Anything that brought enjoyment was made moot. Every person had been told to learn how to cyber code, putting all of their reasoning and facial expressions into a robot, who would eventually replace them. The green plant-based diet had really been a concoction of chemicals designed to overtax each organ. Many had refused to drink it and had thrown it into the soil instead; the plants had died the following morning and mass hysteria had begun. A black market for real food had sprung up with the cost growing ever higher as surplus disappeared. Unable to get their medicines, many had suffered in their final years; others had sold what they had in hopes that a gold ring or necklace would bring value, but they soon found out that jewels meant nothing to those who were starving. The precious jewelry so many had saved in lock boxes and jewelry boxes and hidden in a sock drawer to pass on were of no value for survival in the end times. So too with gold bars and silver coins. Water, shelter and food were the basic

requirements, as they had always been, since time immemorial. The world's values were tossed on its head and the simple Shaker song was the only thing that made sense:

Tis a gift to be simple. Tis a gift to be free. Tis a gift to come down, where we ought to be. And, when we find ourselves in the place just right, 'Twill be in the valley of love and delight. When true simplicity is gained...to bow and to bend, we shan't be ashamed. To turn, turn, will be our delight. Till by turning and turning, we come round right.

America's founding ideas were good ones—freedom, hard work, sound ethics, freedom of religion, and freedom to speak the truth. The degradation of America's history by those who had not shed a drop of blood for its defense was ungodly. The elders often said, something "has to be done," so they conceived of fireside chats where stories about American history would be brought to life with themselves as the actors, creating a living history that couldn't be forgotten and could never be taken away from them, even if every last book on the planet were burned. This would be their legacy to Statesland; in the process, they all would learn things they otherwise would never have known about in American history. First they orated on the colonial settlements of 1600, the first expedition that came from London Company was sent to Virginia and Jamestown in 1606-1610, one hundred and five men, forty soldiers, thirty-five gentlemen and various artists. Then, they acted out 1732, the Georgia colony that was developed, the brainchild of James Ogelthorpe, a former army officer. The American Revolution of 1763 involved the entire encampment, each stating the different positions taken and the rationale used. A new nation grew in 1783-1815, described by Beatrice as fraught with issues over governance. A loose alliance

called The Articles of Confederation was described by Aaron and Marco, followed by fifty-five of the oldest in Statesland reenacting the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Then much discussion ensued about the words liberty, and freedom and who those words applied to. They read aloud journals from soldiers in the Civil War of 1861-1877. The Industrial Revolution put all of those in the trades in the spotlight, acting out their roles to build things in a factory setting; a long table was set up to look like an assembly line. The Wild West had everyone whooping and tossing lassos around the children, who were happily amused to pretend they were sheep and steer. Railroads were a little more difficult to playact, so they simply described the sounds and smells of steam engines connecting the USA with goods and services, four of the five being built with land grants from the federal government. The 1900's were described by the Gatekeepers, who outlined the creation of the American park system and talked about the automobile, which gave people the opportunity to travel and take "vacations." Sherry and Carole launched into World War I in 1914 led by Germans and Austria-Hungary on one side and Britain, France and Russia on the other, with the United States joining late in 1917. The other women acted out the selling of war bonds and the children pretended to create victory gardens. Eve took the role of Elizabeth Cady Stanton in Seneca Falls, NY and read aloud her *Declaration of Sentiments* which echoed the *Declaration of Independence*:

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men and women are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it

is the right of those who suffer from it to refuse allegiance to it, and to insist upon the institution of a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves, by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. *But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.* Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled.

Angela and Miriam played Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony debating the emancipation given to four million enslaved African Americans and their concern that white women would not be included in equal protections given to “all persons born or naturalized in the United States.” They reminded the crowd that west of the Mississippi River, women won complete voting rights in 1869, but twenty-five years elapsed without another victory. The truth was that western women had organized effectively, asserting their role in expanding the west and counted themselves as an “essential worker.” Bernice played the veteran suffragist, Carrie Chapman Catt who authored *The Winning Plan* which called for discipline and relentless effort: “It was not until 1920 that women were

considered full persons and were given the right to vote,” said Bernice, shaking her head in disbelief.

Noah, who had lived through the Great Depression of 1929, spoke about the breadlines and the search for fallen coal from steam engines which was collected to keep homes warm.

“1945 brought two atomic bombs,” he said with sadness, “and, many suffered from the effects of radiation that harmed those living and the unborn.”

The beekeeper, Charles, spoke about racial segregation in the schools, the movement for equality by people of color, the assassination of Martin Luther Crown and John F. Kline’s fear of a shadow government and secret societies. He read his speech from April 27, 1961 at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City:

“The very word secrecy is repugnant in a free and open society; and we as a people are inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths and to secret proceedings. We decided long ago that the *dangers of excessive and unwarranted concealment of pertinent facts far outweigh the dangers which are cited to justify it*. Even today, there is little value in ensuring the survival of our nation if our traditions do not survive with it. And there is very grave danger that an announced need for increased security will be seized upon by those anxious to expand its meaning to the very limits of official censorship and concealment.”

The evenings were far less predictable with history lessons brought to life. The 1970’s era was one nobody frankly wanted to discuss with the children around; how could one explain hallucinogenic drugs, the Kent State riots, drug overdoses by musicians? The Noxious era

was equally odious with “I am not a crook” being its only legacy and the Watergate burglary of the DNC, but Apollo 11 in 1969 brought a bright reprieve with the children imagining a space trip to the moon and what might be found there. Adam spoke of Hank Aires who broke Barry Ruth’s home run record in 1974 and the phenomenon called the “American Experience.” As one of Ronnie’s boys, he was able to describe the war on drugs and blowing up of cocaine fields in the dark of night. Nobody wanted to discuss the Clifton legacy of tawdry affairs involving a blue dress and cigar, nor their renting out the Lincoln bedroom in return for slush fund money for their foundation, *so they didn’t*. It was just as they were launching into Brush and 9/11 that the Gatekeepers approached with a memo from the outside world, which had floated into the compound, as if a kite, dated March 1, 2025.

Drugo, the largest of the Gatekeepers, weighing in at three-hundred pounds, announced: “There has been a power grid failure, the oldest nuclear power plant, Nine Mile Point 1 in NYC, has overheated.” Even his strength and courage and willpower could not stop the violence intended by the Illuminati. *Or could it?*

A hush fell upon the encampment and fear struck their faces and could not be hidden from the children who started to wail. The average age of a US reactor was forty years and this one was built in 1969. The energy disruptions map had shown this nuclear power plant in danger for years; it produced 1907 megawatts of zero-emission energy and powered two million homes in its heyday. Even though seven-hundred million had been invested in plant maintenance, signs of aging were more than apparent by 2009, screaming for attention in 2019, and a major issue by 2025. A nuclear power expert from 2009, Dougie Claybar, was quoted in the article as saying: “Nuclear power plants are not eternal,

but a plant that is in the forty to fifty year range is probably only middle aged. Who knows what's going to happen when we reach that point...none of us know."

Ever clear-headed Barney stood up and got everyone to think rationally: "Nuclear fallout represents a grave threat for the first twenty-eight days; after that, 99% of the radiation has decayed. We should shelter in our homes for twenty-eight days, until this has passed over. All of us have enough canned goods and water to do that; if you don't, share with your neighbors. Let's get busy now; there is no time to waste."

The pregnant women did not do anything other than take their own children and go inside. Everyone else, took every last usable item off the vine, collected any tools they felt they would need in the twenty-eight days and rounded up the animals. They were not within the fireball radius, but it did not make sense to take a risk.

In the words of J. R. R. Tolkien: "It does not do to leave a dragon out of your calculations, if you live near him."

Once in their homes, they would block the entrance with the sliding door, installed originally for protection from visitors. The entrance doors would shelter them from any heat or shock. The wind would put the radioactive material in their range in two days. Everything within fifty miles of the plant would be burned to a crisp; sheltering in place, much like during the first few months of Covid was the only option. The men kept collecting water in jugs until there was a surplus for ninety days, if need be, and distributed them to the families. Everyone made sure they had a first aid kit, a whistle to signal for help, masks, books, puzzles, games, matches, candles and warm blankets. Then, there was nothing left to do but give each other a hug, go to their homes, and lock themselves in for thirty days.

Of course, the younger children did not understand why they no longer could go outside and play, but their parents kept them busy with school lessons and forts in the living room and tried to not think about what was happening outside. Keeping fear down to a minimum was the hardest part. The teens decided to use the time to learn a new language, memorize poetry, sew clothes, knit or crochet; some wrote in a journal to pass the time. Many prayed for patience and fear from worry as day one led into day two, day fifteen, then day twenty. In addition to the jugs of water, the men had moved their home's rain barrels on dollies and put them inside. The livestock had been brought into one of the main barns and the animals were locked in with food and water. The caretaker of the animals, Joel, had already built five months earlier a covered walkway to the barn, so he was put in complete charge of their care for the duration of this lockdown. Joel was also a cheese maker, so the dual role suited him well. Nothing would go to waste. The gardens were covered with wooden planks to protect them from fallout dust. The average person would have gotten cabin fever, but these were not average people.

The thirty days passed without a single death, or incidence of depression, or anyone getting hurt. When they emerged, they found no evidence of fallout on the garden or in the lake. They had been spared, passed over, and it was time to rejoice at their good fortune. All of the good things they had made over the thirty days were shared, with music and dancing to a fiddle and banjo. The children played with the cornhusk dolls they had made, sliced peaches were eaten in fall as if it was summer, with juice dripping down their chins. The wind had, in fact, shifted and pushed the radioactive cloud out to sea, not inland. The entire fishing industry was ruined overnight, with large species like tuna, marlin and swordfish killed off, floating on the water's crest.

Given the volatile nature of the world outside of Statesland, there was not a soul who had ever suggested leaving. They had long ago lost their longing to be reunited with the outside world; their new normal was one of productivity and an ancient belief in caring for one's neighbor, as if for one's self.

They had adapted the theory of John Stuart Mill regarding liberty; they would avoid conflict, but if required, they would defend themselves.

War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is a war, is much worse... A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice, a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he cares more about than he does for his personal safety is a miserable creature, who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.

CHAPTER TEN

Unbeknownst to those in Statesland, *Dark Winter* lasted from 2021 to 2025, caused by a cyber attack which knocked out the entire power grid and was found to be directed by the Chinese Communist Party in league with the Guardians, Illuminati and the WORLDWIDE ELITE FOLLY. Together, they started with New York City; items in refrigerators started to rot and rats doubled in population, along with cockroaches within a month's time. Most of Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the White House were effected in stage one. Then, subsequent grids failed in domino style from east to west, until the entire USA went black. Too little attention had been paid to the grid in fifty years and the Chinese had infiltrated Wall Street financiers, bankers, and the real estate industry to such an extent they had weakened every sector of society. The Guardians and Illuminati had simply capitalized on the chaos sewn and worked to increase it. For a mere fifty-thousand dollars they sold land and farms right out from under Americans and gave them away to foreign New World Order investors. They took knowledge obtained at Howard and Elay and used it against the USA—behaving like traitors.

By March of 2021, it was clear the Chinese Communist Party was coming after the USA like a tiger on the hunt for its prey. Everything Bile touched turned a profit for the military war complex and he did it all by executive order, each a fiat from Heinrich Blüt's own hand [each with Trooper's stamp of approval given behind the scenes]. Since the last election Bile had pushed through two-hundred and twenty-five executive orders with the Conclave of Instigators and Agitator's help; some were for minutia like EO # 33666 "on the eating and storing of ice cream."

Most of them, however, promoted the Sodom and Gomorrah lifestyle both Bile and Trooper had lived all of their lives, wrote Eve in her Book of Revelations.

To prepare for the exact moment of cyber attack, all four parties had prioritized computer science and used it as a pipeline to gain military-level cyber intelligence. They developed spy techniques and 5G technology to fry people from the inside out with radiation; they worked from a manifesto called “The Most Auspicious Decade to Come.” They then reversed course and reduced reliance on US knowledge, and essentially renamed it their own, and set about to infect American computers and grids with malicious links, planted in zip folders. This infection was first noticed in 2014. As the leading supplier of transformers—aka “the spine of the electric grid,” they held the USA hostage. Chinese power equipment had been embedded within software and hardware to commit mischief from Beijing. A 2014 report had found that US manufacturers were only able to meet forty percent of the annual US demand, making the sixty percent a Chinese imperative. Not just was key infrastructure a risk, but so were water infiltration plants, hospitals, key manufacturing plants. Rather than addressing the need for American manufacturers to make transformers, US politicians were bought off by Chinese investors and given the contract instead. The Chinese purchased US companies in the strategic sections of cyber intrusion and IP theft and rebranded secrets gained via espionage, making them “indigenous Chinese capabilities. “

All of this had amused the Guardians and the Illuminati; they sipped cocktails and watched the US unravel and they gave the malware files names like Demon Seed and Satan’s Gift.

Then, the USA had become a police state, run by artificial intelligence robots made in Edina, MN; Chelmsford, VA; Mountain View, CA; Sausalito, CA; San Mateo, CA; and Fuquay-Varina, NC. Drones flew overhead all day, every day, on the lookout for NCP's—non-compliant people. The abolishment of private property was their first action and it caused laziness and criminal behavior. “The ideal Communist is the first to worry and the last to enjoy himself” was written on the entranceway to all places of employment. CEO's kept wages low and demanded longer hours—concentrating on quantity not quality.

Individualism was lost and on-demand and PC behavior were rewarded. The hardest hit were the veterans of all of the past wars who could not believe their liberties were being tossed down the toilet by spoiled brats who had evaded serving their country; woke neophytes were the ones demanding to be put in charge. Those who had never served a day of their life were the ones most outspoken and those in the military who had served were told to shut their mouths and fall in line.

The New World Order made clear from the start there was a better way to have children than through natural sex; they favored in vitro fertilization so there would only be hosts, never parents. Just like with the atomic bomb, scientists did not consider the ramifications of this work until the project was completed. A new gene editing tool had been devised called BM-SS, in deference to the eugenicists of WWII; the acronym stood for *Babies Made to Strict Standards* and allowed for not just diseased genes to be removed and replaced, but healthy genes to be “enhanced” with greater size, greater strength, greater beauty, as defined by the Illuminati and the Guardians. They had found a “crack in creation” and were not just tempted to use it, but intent on exploiting it. For-profit designer babies

were sold for fifty thousand dollars each, guaranteed to be without defect, looking nothing like their biological parents. For a brief window of time, they used PR to proclaim these biolabs did not exist and were “just another conspiracy theory”, but with the revelation that Fraudci had taken out patents to make the coronavirus, to monetize a viral killer biowarfare weapon, came another can of worms—BM-SS was discovered by the masses as the reason for late term abortions. The baby body parts were used to create humanized mice, and the humanized mice were being used to create designer babies. In 2021, billboards had appeared on the side of major highways advising people to have one child only, and that the one child be a “Simply Perfect Baby” made by BM-SS. This was quickly utilized to “order” children who were more muscled for football and the military, weak and willowy for cyber coding and fashion, children with elfin ears for parents who were into fantasy worlds, and more.

Inside one of the gene modification labs, put deep underground for secrecy, were freaks of nature, mistakes made while trying to reach human perfection, kept in cages, like monkeys used to be, pitiful in their misery and inconsolable. On many occasions they would not stay contained, and the escape of such a hideous creature nearly always resulted in a violent ending. The mad scientists created super dogs and they bore a striking relation to the dogs said to guard the gates of Hell. Slim whippets were changed into mutants with a vicious nature, bred for destruction of limb and property. They had resurrected a woolly mammoth with tusks six-feet long and made pigs as tiny as kittens for pets, brought back the Tasmanian tiger, without any thought for the care or maintenance of their experiments. Bioethicists were nowhere to be found during this time period; much like with the atomic bomb, BM-SS was planned in a vacuum and “follow the science” was the only mantra

allowed. All of these experiments were done with no authorization from the masses whose money was required to sustain these labs. The curtain of silence surrounding this work never reached the main stream media; they prevented any articles about it from being published. The detrimental effects of genome altering called for a Nuremberg II trial; it would forever alter future generations and there was no turning back the clock to the original species once this path was followed. BM-SS had been followed by the cyber attack, then the nuclear attack. Assured destruction seemed to be the sole aim of those in charge.

And then there were those who had experimented on themselves with do-it-yourself hormone and gene therapies, buying a *Genie in a Bottle* online. The company had labeled its therapies “research compounds.” There were calls for a moratorium but, as with Covid, that was pushed under the rug for there was simply too much money to be made selling this to the gender confused. So, it had been moved to Wuhan, China where they removed organs from those incarcerated, while yet awake and alive with no anesthesia, so the organs would be “fresh” and made them into longevity drugs and those for gene alteration. Embryo editing, they proclaimed, could cut away with “genetic scissors” what was no longer wanted. But, the question remained, who determined beauty? Who could be trusted to define such a term for all time?

The dark side of science took over in 2022 and scientists proclaimed certain characteristics undesirable: big Greek and Italian noses, ears without defined ear lobes, short fingers, flat feet, those with bags under their eyes, those with freckles, those with thin lips, those with wide eyes and those with close eyes...and the list went on for three hundred pages in a volume titled *Dysfunctional Bodies*. Editing and splicing specific genes was not far

different from editing personhood characteristics. The problem was the Guardians were not human; they were an alien life form, so they saw no value to human beings at all. They considered them to be like any other animal, useful for a period of time and then put down when they became ill. The Guardians considered themselves to be superior to the human race and it was this theology that led them to perfect humans with gene editing, just as humans had done for so many years with lab rats.

The Guardians destroyed IDEA—the Individuals with Disabilities Education Act—it was no longer needed with the BM-SS program. Initially, that had striven to make everyone equal in height, weight; it reminded Eve of a short story she'd read by the master of science fiction, Ira Levin—*Harrison Bergeron*. The Guardians were “Handicapper Generals” who made sure “the strong wear weights, the beautiful wear masks, and the intelligent wear ear pieces that fire off loud noises to keep them from taking unfair advantage.” Then they reversed course mid 2021 and wanted to make everyone different and more outlandishly odd, using the BM-SS model.

Those in Statesland had never seen the freaks made by BM-SS, but they had heard from those arriving who had seen specimens slithering and crawling in the woods with human faces and animal bodies. It was something they tried not to discuss more than was absolutely necessary for their own survival. This night, however, was unlike any of the previous. Tonight they would come face to face with one of Blüt's hellions; these creatures resembled the Old Testament tales of the Nephilim giants, warriors standing nine feet tall with hands as big as cooking pots. Five of them were headed in their direction. Five of them were breaching the line of demarcation set up by the Gatekeepers. Five of them...against

one-hundred patriots. All of the adults in Statesland were proficient in shooting a pistol, shotgun and a rifle and they made straight for them now, when the Gatekeepers sounded the alarm. They strapped on their leather holsters, arranged ammo in loops that hung around their necks, and headed directly into the woods with the stealth of a tiger on the prowl, stopping to listen and stepping so as to make the least amount of noise. Each took a position near the perimeter to guide the offenders into a trap made in the center with overhead nets. Usually the evening was a welcome reprieve with fireflies and frogs croaking their tune, but this night was not enjoyable in the least. They were waiting to do battle with demons. A crack of a stick underfoot, a rustle of dropping leaves—every sound was painful to hear and three times more acute. In many ways, they had all known this day would come. It was too much to expect that they would be left alone to live outside the totalitarian regime of Blüt and go unnoticed by his drones. Like the *Magnificent Seven*, they had long ago resolved to fight back when the time came, to fight to the death for their way of life.

And then, there they were. Five figures looming in the darkness, with outlines so mammoth, they looked more like buildings than human beings, bearing down on them, folding in half to be on all fours; half men and half hideous beasts. The first one dropped after five shots were made to center mass, wailing in a voice never heard before on this planet; the next five were shot repeatedly until they fell to the forest floor with heavy thumps that echoed in the night. They did not leave their posts for an additional twenty-four hours to make certain no others were coming. Then they approached and saw the bodies decomposing in the most disgusting manner with metal shards exposed, proving they were transhuman freaks of nature.

Back in camp, nobody spoke for a very long time. It was apparent something would have to be done; they had been discovered. They would never be allowed to live in peace again, if they did not act swiftly. They could wait for more of the same to arrive or they could go out and meet the enemy when it wasn't prepared for them.

Adam and Eve were like the majority in Statesland; they had done everything possible to avoid confrontation with the New World Order tyrants; they had moved from one cabin to a second, traipsed through the woods to find this incredible refuge—a haven of peace amid a world gone mad. But, the New World Order clearly would not leave them alone. In fact, the outside world was adamant in its aggressive imposition of perversions, with men acting like women and women acting like men; transgendered and transhuman freaks with super-human strength that had no conscience and would kill indiscriminately. Children had been forced to wear masks and teachers had duct taped them to their faces to impose brutal authority; parents had been told their children were not their own and their bodies were owned by the state to vaccinate repeatedly if those in charge deemed it would reduce population and increase impotence. About half of the employers had tried to force people to be vaccinated via federal and state mandates that were obviously illegal and just a ruse for this worldwide eugenics plan; many of them died taking the untested drugs. Other employers had stood up to the New World Order tyrants and refused to comply, stalwart soldiers reminiscent of the very first patriots. A small handful had lived to see a new day.

The masses had become like Jean Valjean in *Les Misérables*, forced to break into grocery stores for food and basic personal necessities to live. They had all been backed into

a corner and, as anyone knows, a cornered animal will fight back with teeth bared to protect its young.

The globalists had since the start of their New World Order coup claimed that conservative patriots had no right to defend themselves from the inevitable takeover, but the patriots knew better, having read the Bible for themselves and copied the passages:

- Luke 22:36: "But now if you have a purse, take it and also a bag; and if you don't have a sword, sell your cloak and buy one," Jesus said to his disciples, knowing the Pharisees were coming after him and he would be crucified; he would soon be unable to resurrect them, as he had done with Lazarus. They would have to protect themselves. Make no mistake, the dagger was not for cutting up food; it was for fighting off an attacker, robbers or an animal. [Corinthians 11:26-27].
- Luke 12:39: "But know this, that if the master of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not allowed his house to be broken into." [You are able to protect your property, say Jesus.]
- Mark 3:27 "But no one can enter a strong man's house and plunder his goods unless he first binds the strong man [a guard who is armed]."
- Luke 11:21: "When the strong man, fully armed, guards his courtyard, his property is undisturbed."
- The principle of the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5:38-42 is not to retaliate when verbally insulted; however, that is a far cry from allowing a rapist to rape and a murderer to murder.

- Christ's non-resistance during his imprisonment, whipping and crucifixion does not mandate against self-protection; his role was that of a willing savior, doing what God required of him.
- Hebrews 11:30-40 speaks of warriors who are commended for their military acts. Jesus not once asked a military general to renounce his duty and resign.
- John 15:14: Jesus says "Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." A soldier, a fireman, a police officer, a neighbor who rises to the defense of someone being harmed is a hero.

"We have to end this," Drago stated firmly. "We cannot allow them to come back and kill us." Everyone nodded their head in agreement.

"There have to be more of us out there. We cannot be the only party of Patriots to have survived. The question is how do we find them, and they us?" Drago added.

And then, it came to them, in a flash of ingenuity. Tried and trusted Morse code would be used, shining the high-powered flashlights they had saved. They would call it "Operation Beacon." They had flashlights that reached three hundred yards. On a pitch dark night, these would be visible to the hills in either direction. "J-E-S-U-S" was sent out on Easter morning, April 20, 2025, and then they waited. They got no response. So they tried it again for seven nights: "A-M-E-N," "H-E ... L-I-V-E-S," and "C-H-R-I-S-T ...R-U-L-E S." On the seventh night, "A-L-L-E-L-U-J-I-A" came back. They were not forsaken. They were not alone.

They did not have to wait long before the other groups came down to find them. The Gatekeepers saw them first—men in full military regalia from the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard and rushed out to meet them, slapping them on the back and shaking their hands with hearty and firm grips. They were led back to camp and fed well; the best of everything raised, grown and canned was brought forth to share.

The twenty-five men that had come knew of other camps of similar one-hundred person size that would be able to join forces with them to root out Blüt and his New World Order minions. All of those other camps were of like mind; they wanted to seek out the evil ones and destroy them when they least expected it, rather than wait and be decimated in the dark of night. “Shock and awe” had been used to fight terrorism abroad; why not for them too on US soil?

It had to be a carefully planned operation, with shock and awe scheduled for July 4th, 2025 which gave them a few months to prepare. The most accurate shooters from each camp would meet near the entrance to 85 North at midnight. There were five military-grade jeeps, already camouflaged from Fort Bragg and gear collected from Parris Island, plus Adam and Eve’s jeep in hiding, which they would retrieve. One of the men, Ted also known as “The Hammer” had worked at the Marine Corps surplus store with another fierce fighter named “Bulldog.” They had access to items only those who had fought overseas had ever seen before. It was decided that a small team of twenty-four would be commissioned with saving the world and others would be left behind to protect the women and children.

It was clearly impossible to live among modern Canaanites who made their firstborn transgendered, like the Baphomet and consumed human flesh and blood. For too long

Christians had been “politically correct” and tolerated Satanists in their midst, disregarded the international tribunal investigating child sex trafficking, allowed terrible organizations to kidnap children and stash them out of sight in underground camps, shipped “by the way” on barges as “live art”, to be used for sexual hospitality by politicians with impunity. *They had looked the other way as 800,000 children went missing annually in the USA, far too many to put on milk cartons.* It was impossible to live among people who wanted to depopulate normal families and used GOF viruses to achieve genocide. They had no choice now but to defend themselves and their children from imminent danger and keep Satan off the throne and in his pit.

Eve opened her Bible and read this passage aloud:

“The Canaanite nations were punished because of their extreme wickedness, not for being of a particular race or ethnic group. They were a horribly depraved people, practicing abominable customs [Leviticus 18:30] and did “detestable things.” [Deuteronomy 18:9] They practiced idolatry, witchcraft, soothsaying and sorcery. They attempted to cast spells upon people and call up the dead [Deuteronomy 18]. There “cultic practices were barbarous and thoroughly licentious” and they were devoid of all moral character which brought out the worst traits in their devotees” such as sodomy, orgiastic nature worship, snake worship, and child sacrifice.” Moses abhorred them, for they would “burn even their sons and daughters in the fire to their gods” [Deuteronomy 12:30]. They posed such a danger, the Lord God said they “defiled the land and the land could stomach them no longer and “the land vomited out its inhabitants.” [Leviticus 18:25].

From April 27th to June 27th, the women stockpiled what they would need while the men were away, and prepared to encounter any contingency. The drive from their remote location to the White House was four hours and forty-eight minutes. They would take 85 north to 95 north, then switch to 395 north to exit 8B, otherwise known as Washington Boulevard, but they would allow twice the time for safety reasons, stopping on the side of the road if they heard overhead drones or saw unusual activity ahead. Extra gas was siphoned out nearby abandoned cars and put in portable jerry cans. They had night vision scopes, M16A4 rifles, equipped with fixed-power rifle combat optics that could shoot up to five hundred yards. Those chosen to go had to be able to put their shots in a coffee mug.

The women and teen boys worked to prepare appropriate hiding places. They knew how to do this, given the nuclear practice run and, once locked in, the huts were safe and invisible to the naked eye. The risk of a child crying at the wrong moment or a woman going into labor out in the open was a risk they could not take. Naturally the younger wives and Eve, as well, were teary eyed at the prospect that their spouses might never return, but there really didn't seem like there was any other option than this one if they wanted to survive. On June 26th, one of the brawny men scheduled to go came down with a violent stomach flu so Eve volunteered to take his place, being an expert markswoman. In a few days he would recuperate and be strong enough to be of use to the women as a protector.

June 27th was set as the day of departure; they set out in a caravan led by Ted and followed at the rear by Fred; both men had over twelve years of military experience and were up to the task. Adam and Eve were in the middle, ever alert to what was happening on the sides of the road and above them. Every person knew his role and pecking order,

military style. Too many leaders and the whole thing would run amok. When Eve heard drones, she shot a light from her gun laser toward the first car and they would all move off the road until it passed, hiding under the brush. The first hour of the trip was unremarkable. The second hour of the trip was spent passing animals that looked famished from being abandoned by owners who had either escaped from the New World Order or been captured by the New World Order.

All of the homes they passed were visibly vacant; roofs were collapsed, shutters were flapping off their hinge. Each city was a ghost town that looked worse than the one before it. A snapping shutter sounded like a gunshot and they slowed down until they were certain it wasn't. Those who had been soldiers did not flinch or smile the entire second hour. The third hour was met with the taste of metal and burning flesh. This area had not been spared the nuclear holocaust; charred bodies had fallen as if running. They took turns vomiting from the sight, then covered their faces again with gas masks. It was beyond comprehension. The waste had a foul smell like sulfur, as chemical reactions were building up and things decomposed. Even as they moved past the fetid clouds of air, the smell clung to their clothes.

The fourth hour showed the utter devastation done to the shining city on a hill. The beautiful homes were obliterated, bombed to smithereens or looking like they had been sliced by a laser, open to the elements; a smoldering haze of dust threatened to clog their masks and made it harder to see beyond ten feet in front of them. It was dark by the time they reached within a mile of the White House; on Maine Avenue SW, just north of the Tidal Basin paddleboats, in a grove of trees near the Washington Monument, they took refuge.

Surrounding them should have been some of the most spectacular sites—the Smithsonian, the International Spy Museum, the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, the Martin Luther King Memorial, the National Mall—but all of them were gone. Only the White House loomed large, even though there was a hazy mist of ash in the air. They ate the food those in the encampment had packed for them; no fires would be made to call any attention to their presence. Then they each took turns sleeping while the others kept watch, on and off, all night. In the morning, they waited and observed. Waiting and observing took up the better part of a week, for they were determined to note any patterns of behavior before they commenced. Each evening at five pm, Blüt would come out with his three advisors and they would separate and get in three viper helicopters and inspect some area on the East Coast to increase devastation. All would return at exactly nine pm and hover in a triangular pattern, a weird ritual to the Illuminati, before descending and walking back into the White House. Other than this daily event, no sounds of life could be heard. The silence was eerie and nerve wracking.

They used the seven days to clean their guns, paint their faces with camouflage, load more ammo on their belts and pray. No lights were on in the White House that night or any of the following nights; Blüt was a nocturnal man and was said to live in the underground tunnels. July 3rdth arrived and the activity they expected happened like clockwork. Three black helicopters appeared overhead, made a triangle over the front lawn and descended. All were Bell AH-IZ Vipers—attack helicopters. Its weapons included hellfire missiles, rockets and a 20 mm Gatling gun. They would be no match for the SAM, surface to air missiles, the Gatekeepers had brought along called FIM-92 Stingers, which were their

backup plan. Carefully, the patriots crept up to the helicopters and weakened the tail rotors, so as to cause them to spin out of control.

Blüt came out of the White House on July 4th, as always in garb made to look like a Martian with a huge V-neck overcoat in gold. The huge whirling beasts attempted to take off, but they swirled around, twenty feet off the ground, totally out of control and came down again like a rock. The patriots dodged the blades and pulled Blüt out of the helicopter by his neck, tackling him to the ground and shackling him. Blüt's plan was to start up the New York Hadron Collider and blow the world back to the caveman days with himself living on forever in an AI body. He was never going to be victorious in opening the portal to hell or in achieving immortality now. The immense statue of Shiva, goddess of destruction, posed in a dance of destruction and she was never going to be appeased.

The patriots walked into the White House like a flight of geese angled out, watching in all directions. The door was not locked and they entered slowly. They were not expecting a warm greeting. There were inhuman sounds coming from down the dark hallway, so they knew the BM-SS experiments were nearby and an imminent danger. They prepared to shoot them. A torrent of creatures half-human and half-bat flew down the hall and they let loose and shot each like a clay pigeon. Down the halls and into the hidden sanctuary of the White House they moved as one solid, indomitable force, until they reached the bunker, which had not been completely closed. They heard children's voices coming from within and carefully pulled back the doorway. Seeing the children, Eve took off her mask so the children would not fear them. The pain in those children's eyes melted even the toughest man among them. She removed the IV's used to collect their blood for longevity drugs used

by Blüt. The children rushed toward Eve in a wave then and grabbed whatever they could find to hold onto and clung to her for dear life. Their lifetime of misery was over.

Trooper and Bile were found in the oval office. Trooper was seated at the executive desk, signing an EO to make encampments of Patriots like Statesland a criminal offense. The loss of his legion of robot hellions angered him greatly. All remaining citizens would be forced to live in his fifteen-minute city called Tro-Pay with a gold **TP** emblazoned on the tower. Bile looked like he had been repeatedly knocked down by Trooper and was found by Fred and Drago, under the same desk, with a twitching eye and a jerking hand, repeatedly mumbling “Come on man.” While Drago put Trooper in handcuffs; Fred flipped Bile over to put cuffs on him as well. That’s when they both saw an “on/off” button and realized they were dealing with a robot, a well-designed and almost life-like AI, not a genuine human being. Fred shutdown #666, formerly known as Bile, and snipped its neck wires with his combat scissors. It would never be able to hurt humanity again.

With the children in tow, the Patriots of Statesland brought down the New World Order’s pyramid flag with the ugly seeing eye and ran the United States flag, found in the oval office balled up in a garbage can, up the flag pole to its pinnacle, *where it belonged*. As for Trooper, he went to prison for the sin of planning a New World Order Coup and to this day, that is where he remains.

Eve looked up from her *Book of Revelations*, begun so many years earlier to chronicle a most terrible time in our nation’s history. Her sixth grade class had been mesmerized by her tale. They were supposed to have been working on math word

problems, involving baskets of apples split among an odd number of people, so who wouldn't forgive them for wanting a reprieve from dry calculations?

"Yes, that's how we took our country back," Eve said...and this is why I tell you often: "Those that don't study history are doomed to repeat it. Now, back to that math question you love. Who thinks they have the answer? One of you may be President one day, and you *might have to know* how to put together a budget!"

Eve wrote into her *Book of Revelations* one last time:

2025 was not the end of humanity. It was the start of a new beginning, by people born free and determined to remain free. The history the people of Statesland penned was not kind to those of the past, to prevent history from repeating itself, and their children never glossed over its flaws.

- History was not kind to members of Congress who funded democide, government directed genocide.
- History was not kind to scientists who made covid in labs in both the USA and China.
- History was not kind to drug manufacturers who produced the democide jab and absolved themselves of responsibility for the side effects.
- History was not kind to doctors who did deliberate harm in return for big pharma kickbacks.
- History was not kind to nurses who mocked those made ill and dying, with choreographed dances.

- History was not kind to the main stream media who had obfuscated and censored all actual news in favor of Newspeak.
- History was not kind to employers who demanded proof of vaccination and created employment ads that were patently illegal that advertized their discrimination by race and pronoun.
- History was not kind to those who relentlessly ridiculed those that tried to stop the democide of 2020 and the coup to start a “New World Order.”

The people of Statesland wrote their own Constitution in July of 2025 and in it everyone was deemed equal with the right to work from age 16 until they retired in the job of their choice as long as it did not do harm to another person or the environment.

They additionally banned all of the ideas put forth by the New World Order, and cast out beyond their borders any who pursued that ugly agenda. Those cast out were given just one day’s rations and a mandate never to return.

The following pursuits became punishable with excommunication and/or death, if the party refused to leave peaceably:

1. Gain-of-Function Virus Creation
2. Artificial Intelligence
3. Insect Agriculture
4. Transgenderism
5. Transhumanism
6. Wars to Steal Resources

7. Genome Alteration
8. Splitting the Atom
9. Marriage under the age of 18
10. Television
11. the Computer
12. all Cell Phones
13. and the Space Program

The focus of those in Statesland was on human life, not alien life, and they flourished as no other generation before them had done.

About the Author



Rosanne Ferreri is the author of three books--*Redacted, No Longer!* a work of non-fiction about the strong women of the Bible [2011], *Terrible Great Reset* [2021], and *Civil Disobedience for the Christian Woman* [2024]. She started her career in 1983 teaching literature, grammar, theatre and public speaking in grades 7-12; then, she segued into running her own marketing and PR agency in 1993 where she taught new start-ups to lift off. She can be reached using the contact page on PublicistUSA.com, StolenElectionNovella.com or TheNewUSWoman.com, where she gives biological female entrepreneurs a leg up in a NWO run by men who prefer chatbots like Chloe and AI like Sophia to real women. She was kicked off Twitter on a ten year old account, for stating covid was man-made in a lab; she was kicked off X for stating children were being sex trafficked for adrenochrome. One additional business account on the same phone number and two additional personal accounts were suspended when she demanded the Epstein client logs and the Hunter Biden laptop. All of those things called “conspiracy theories” by the MSM will be proven TRUE... and one day those kicked off and censored on “social media” platforms will be VINDICATED, as the whole world is shown the terrible truth and can no longer live in denial.

Inside Flap or Back of Book Copy

This Roman a clef work of fiction starts with a virus unleashed upon the general public, an escape to safety by Eve and Adam who refuse the vaccine “cure”, the start of a separate colony in Statesland by those with traditional Christian values, and a final battle with the forces of evil pushing the NWO, ending with the White House cleared of all riff raff by true patriots. *Who is in the oval office running the show?*