

# **SAFE ZONE**

A novel by Howard Nemaizer

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SAFE ZONE tells the story of George Blair, a man who lived his entire life in the dark, and the woman who showed him the light, and helped him find the strength and the courage to save humanity from genocide.

It is a story of love and faith, told from the future, amid a dystopian totalitarian socialist technocracy, ruled by oligarchs who operated behind the scenes and under the protection of the State. These elitists controlled all aspects of human life.

Issues festering in our society today resemble the worst evils of human history. SAFE ZONE is a warning from the future to look to the past. This book is a work of historical fiction. Many events and descriptions are true. There are excerpts from actual books and documents, like SILENT WEAPONS FOR QUIET WARS and other important books that have been suppressed or falsely discredited for decades by this same powerful group. To this day, these HIDDEN MASTERS wish all of the critical information contained within these books and documents to remain unknown. But they must be known. The future of humanity's survival depends on it. Why are these books suppressed? Because the truth is the greatest enemy of their lies. And the truth threatens this evil, powerful cabal's on going global depopulation agenda.

This novel was influenced by the works of George Orwell, Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley.

Inspired by truth

Dedicated to God

# THIS IS A WARNING FROM THE FUTURE

Our story takes place in the year 2055, as the Great Culling of humanity neared completion.

## **preface**

"So the great dragon was cast out, that serpent of old, called the Devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world; he was cast to the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."  
Revelation 12 9

In the book of Chronicles it was Satan not the Lord, who caused David to number his people.

1 Chronicles 21:1

"Now Satan stood up against Israel, and moved David to number Israel."

Ezekiel 5:12

"A third of your people will die by plague or be consumed by famine within you, a third will fall by the sword outside your walls, and a third I will scatter to every wind and unleash a sword behind them."

Ezekiel 5:17

"I will send famine and wild beasts against you, and they will leave you childless. Plague and bloodshed will sweep through you, and I will bring a sword against you. I, the LORD, have spoken."

Revelation 6:8

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

## Past is Prologue

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." George Santayana

On page 134 of his 1925 book, Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler wrote:

"In the big lie there is always a certain force of credibility; because the broad masses of a nation are always more easily corrupted in the deeper strata of their emotional nature than consciously or voluntarily, and thus in the primitive simplicity of their minds, they more readily fall victims to the big lie than the small lie, since they themselves often tell small lies in little matters, but would be ashamed to resort to large-scale falsehoods. It would never come into their heads to fabricate colossal untruths, and they would not believe that others could have the impudence to distort the truth so infamously. Even though the facts which prove this to be so, may be brought clearly to their minds, they will still doubt and waver and will continue to think that there may be some other explanation. For the grossly impudent lie always leaves traces behind it, even after it has been nailed down, a fact which is known to all expert liars in this world, and to all who conspire together in the art of lying. These people know only too well how to use falsehood for the basest purposes."

In a quote attributed to Joseph Goebbels, Adolf Hitler's propaganda minister, Goebbels said:

"If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the Truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the Truth is the greatest enemy of the State."

In 2055 there were many BIG LIES in the NEW STATES of America. Most everyone believed them. But there were a small few who knew the truth. These people rarely complied with the State mandates. The State called them RESISTERS. State media painted RESISTERS as trouble makers. Many of those who knew the truth kept it to themselves, fearful of fines... or worse. Although they knew the truth, they silently complied without resistance. Others did all they could to warn the world, despite the consequences. Few listened. The more radical RESISTERS attempted to escape the crowded confinement of the cities for the beauty and serenity of nature in the SAFE ZONES. These RESISTERS were designated as ENEMY COMBATANTS by the State. All ENEMY COMBATANTS were hunted down to the death by the robots. In an attempt to stop others from illegally fleeing the cities, the State falsely reported that no ENEMY COMBATANT had ever survived. Many did.

The State media continuously reported that RESISTERS were the cause of all of society's ills. Non-conformity was a threat to order, health and global security. Most people believed this whole heartedly. RESISTERS were scapegoated and blamed for many of the troubles caused by State actions. They were a hated minority group.

Joseph Goebbels said to "accuse the other side of that which you are guilty." This method was copied and later exploited by communist Saul Alinsky in his 1971 book RULES FOR RADICALS. Alinsky also taught to accuse the other side of that which you are guilty. This

tactic found its way into mainstream politics in 2008 and still thrived in 2055. It shut down opposing views. Like fascists that called non-fascists fascists. Or racists that called non-racists racists. It was a form of polarization mixed with mob mentality social conditioning and brainwashing. It was a divide and conquer strategy.

By 2055 racism was no longer effectively working to divide the people because no one left alive was actually racist. The State needed to promulgate new groups to scapegoat and foment hate to keep the people divided and to deflect attention away from the State's abuse of them. Most people loved the abuse. It was a bizarre form of Stockholm Syndrome.

Nearly 100 years ago aristocrat futurist Aldous Huxley spoke of this in 1958:

"There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them, but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution."

Another 20th century elitist futurist, Bertrand Russell echoed this prediction when he said:

"Gradually, by selective breeding, the congenital differences between rulers and ruled will increase until they become almost different species. A revolt of the plebs would become as unthinkable as an organized insurrection of sheep against the practice of eating mutton. Diet, injections, and injunctions will combine, from a very early age, to produce the sort of character and the sort of beliefs that the authorities consider desirable, and any serious criticism of the powers that be will become psychologically impossible. Even if all are miserable, all will believe themselves happy, because the government will tell them that they are so."

Through mass media and pop cultural propaganda, people were trained to love the State. Those who opposed the State were feared and not trusted. As a result, many citizens informed on their neighbors in the COMMUNES so the State would keep them safe.

Due to continuous State propaganda most people believed lies. They falsely believed RESISTERS were violent criminals. RESISTERS were painted as dangerous, deviant potential enemies of the State, even though most were loving pacifists.

RESISTERS were outcasts. They were treated as second class citizens. Many privileges others enjoyed were restricted or forbidden to resisters. RESISTERS had to pay heavy fines for non-compliance with the State. Many were sent to REEDUCATION FACILITIES. Those who were sent there were never seen again. Most people hated and demonized RESISTERS.

One man fell in love with one of them.



## **PART ONE**

## Chapter One

The sleeping cubicle was dark. It was cordoned off in a corner near the door of the converted shipping container, across from a toilet and a small sink and shower space. Even with the door open the container smelled like onions. It was hot. Three oscillating fans did little to cool the narrow rectangular space.

George Blair's eyes were closed but he wasn't asleep. His mind raced with thoughts from the past. Three years out of Carnegie Mellon, he was handsome with chiseled features, six pack abs and piercing blue eyes. His brown and purple hair was cropped thin, like his taugt 140 pound frame. His 9,800 weekly calorie rations kept him beefier than most. Sweat dripped from his brow.

He sat up and tossed the drenched sheets aside. A small black tear drop was tattooed below his left eye. The tear drop complemented a stainless steel nose ring on his left nostril.

Dawn crept in and filled the space with light. Another hot, sleepless night and another ten hour day ahead. George stripped off his briefs and rung the sweat out of them. He collected an assortment of psychotropic drugs, including ritalin, xanax and other anti-anxiety medications, and washed them down with the remains of a piss warm energy drink he left on the night stand the night before.

"Andi on," he called out. Andi was George's Artificial Intelligence Assistant. Andi answered in a sultry, sexy female voice with a British accent.

"Good morning, George. How did you sleep?"

"Lousy." George wiped sweat from his forehead. "It's hot..."

"It will be 101.9 degrees today. The current temperature is 94.3 degrees.

"Thanks, Andi. I don't need a weather report."

"Just trying to be helpful, George."

A warm breese crossed his face. The air was cooler outside than it was in the container, but it did little to cool it off. George glanced at the thermostat. It was 85 degrees inside.

The digital message on the read out flashed: NEED ENERGY CREDITS. George fell back into the bed. The sheets were soaked. A full year of banking ENERGY CREDITS and he still didn't have enough for even a month of air conditioning.

All cash was abolished in 2037, replaced with a credit/debit digital monetary system based on all natural resources of the earth. The use of crypto currencies was banned by the State the same year. All crypto, gold and silver was seized by the State for a fraction of their value at the mandated conversion of these resources to the NEW CREDIT SYSTEM. This was all carefully planned and orchestrated by the Central Banks of the World due to the designed economic collapse orchestrated by the elite.

By 2055 air conditioning was cost prohibitive. It was considered a luxury that most could not afford. If one could afford the 20,000 CREDIT cost for a SUSTAINABLE unit, the monthly ENERGY TAX was more than most people made in a year. Despite his many perks, like a free container and a top salary from the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, George could barely afford heat in the winter.

That morning it was too hot to do his mandatory exercise regiment inside. He keyed his birthdate, 02062026 into a digital key pad embedded in the wall near the entrance door. The display revealed a list of option settings. George scrolled passed REQUEST POD, REQUEST MEDICAL POD, EMERGENCY and other options and clicked on EXERCISE PERIOD.

The readout on the screen displayed the words INSIDE/OUTSIDE. He clicked OUTSIDE. The screen displayed a timer set to 30 minutes and an icon labelled, START DAILY EXERCISE.

30 minutes of daily exercise was mandatory. George hit the icon and stepped outside. A drone lifted off from the roof of the container and followed him. The container was located in the heart of a PROTECTED AREA. Prime real estate. Aside from a few oligarchs who could afford to pay for all the exemptions, the nearest humans were more than a thousand miles away, packed in the cities like sardines. George was only a short walk from a SAFE ZONE. To say his situation was rare would be an understatement. Except for the searing heat in the summer, the icy cold winters and lack of human contact, he had it much better than most.

In fact, sometimes it would bother George how privileged he was, since many were much less fortunate. But as he was told at Alpha Epsilon Pi in college, George was chosen to advance something that was greater than himself. Alpha Epsilon Pi and hundreds of other chosen fraternities and secret societies were tasked with advancing society for the New Age. George was an initiate. A cog in the wheel. He did what he was told, taking his role in advancing society at his position at the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE very seriously. He was very grateful to live the way he did in such luxury and he was very happy to help the State achieve its goals. After all, he was working for the greater good.

George exercised outside by the side of the container. As he did his Tai-Chi warmup, pushups, sit ups and jumping jacks, the drone watched. An electronic tone emitted from the drone signaled the end of the mandatory exercise period before it swooped up and flew off into the distance. George stepped back into the hot container. It was like an oven. He wiped off sweat with a towel and noticed Ollie, a tan and white longhaired Syrian hamster as his nose poked out from the bedding inside a large fish tank across the space. A small fan attached to the tank kept Ollie cool.

"Good morning,Ollie."

George would talk to the hamster often. It was too bad Ollie couldn't talk back. The hamster hopped up on his hind legs and grabbed the nozzle of his water bottle with his tiny paws.

"Thirsty, huh. Yeah, its a hot one, buddy."

George watched Ollie drink and prepared the hamster berries, nuts, seeds, cheese, carrots, crackers and granola.

Every night George would let him out of the fish tank to run around the confines of the container for hours. After a ritual of preening and stretching, Ollie stood on his hinds and feverishly tried to get out of the tank.

"Ok, Ollie. Calm down. Sorry, you can't come out until tonight. Here, chow down."

George liked to watch the cute little guy eat. After a few minutes the hamster hopped on his spinning wheel. Suddenly, George remembered he had to get things going or he'd be late for work.

Work.

George would've thanked God for work if there was a God. Thank the State, he had a job to go to that morning. And every morning. Seven days a week. If he didn't have a job, he would be stuck living in a COMMUNE. Thank the State, he could live so well. He was in line for another promotion and on target to hit a fifteen hundred credit bonus for increasing the productivity of the machines.

Things were looking good. The credit bonus would be enough to pay for a full month of air conditioning. That would be a real perk. Yet another perk not available to most. The promotion would give George a reduction in work time. His workload would be reduced to only 60, not 70 hours a week!

"Imagine having to only work 60 hours a week," George thought. "And to live with so many privileges. It bothered him sometimes how successful he was. Although, he was assured he earned his keep, sometimes he felt it was unfair to live so well when so many others didn't. To be so succesful when so many were struggling troubled him. He had good food and always enough to eat. Millions were not so lucky, forced to add protein pills and vitamins to their diet to survive. No one died of hunger, mind you, even if they were RESISTERS. That would be inhumane. But they were force to eat food most animals would turn their noses to, even the squirrels, who George knew first hand were starved.

George ate very well and he was grateful.

When he first observed the squirrels in the SAFE ZONE, George noticed that they were very greedy when it came to attaining food. They hunted for food in groups and sniffed for the scent of an acorn, or a hazelnut. If one found a nut, the others violently fought for it.

It was obvious to George that the squirrels were starved. Without help they would surely die.

While the SAFE ZONE was comprised of lush, tree laden meadows, a river and wide open landscapes, there were no fruit trees or fields of wild berries or vegetables. Acorns were also scarce. However, wild marijuana grew everywhere. At least the squirrels could eat weed to forget about their problems, he thought. The thought reminded George how much he loved to vape weed. It was one of his favorite things to do. This of course was

encouraged by the State as excessive use of marijuana was proven to be a great health benefit.

The first thing George realized in the SAFE ZONE was that the squirrels were starved. George was observant and fast to catch on to such things. The critters would viciously fight over the few acorns and nuts that fell from the trees. George noticed there were no fruit trees or any vegetation growing besides the pot. He always thought that was strange, but like most deep thoughts, the thought vanished quickly as he took a puff on his vape pen.

"It was fortunate," George thought, "that people were not greedy like the squirrels." While George lived like an oligarch by comparison, the food was sub-par for most of the masses. Still by law, none were allowed to starve. George often felt guilty about his privilege. He didn't believe in luck, but Katherine swore George was lucky. Unquestionably, millions of people weren't lucky. Billions more were dead, like Katherine. She was killed by one of the many ever changing COVID variants in 2053, only nine months after their wedding. Even though it was painful, George always managed a smile whenever he thought of Katherine, which was all the time.

Maybe she was right. Maybe George was lucky. Things were looking up. So far this year George's allergies had stayed in check. He was surprised how little they bothered him. Last year his allergies were intolerable. He lived with a dull headache for months. Allergy shots did little to counter the symptoms. In fact, it seemed that after the shots his allergies even worsened. George spoke to his MEDICAL LIASON, who recommended more shots.

If all of that wasn't bad enough when George got the shots he suffered an epileptic seizure and the MEDICAL POD transported him to the MEDICAL FACILITY. He was there for three days. They said he could have died. George never knew allergies were so dangerous. Having another allergy attack was one of the things he feared most.

Maybe he was lucky. Obviously he felt better because of the allergy shots last year. This year he was fine. No symptoms at all. Most allergy seasons George's nose dripped like a faucet. This year not a drip, except for sweat.

Last year, aside from daily pod trips to work he didn't venture outside his container at all when his allergies raged. Especially in the heat of the summer. Going to the SAFE ZONE was out of the question. This kept him inside the small hot confinement of the sparsely appointed 288 square foot space until the fall. The State provided George an air purifier, but what he really wanted was enough ENERGY CREDITS to turn on the air conditioner.

Of course he understood. Everyone had to sacrifice for the health of the planet. The ENERGY restrictions were necessary to reduce man made climate change. Like the vaccines protected people from the variants, the restrictions protected the planet from the people. As a result, the intermittent lockdowns last summer to stop the spread of the variants, on top of his allergies made things intolerable. The only relief George had from the heat was when he was at work or on his air conditioned pod rides.

But the self imposed isolation due to his allergies last summer had a silver lining. It allowed George to accrue a ton of RECREATION CREDITS. And this year, Dr. Angel Natas of the

DEPARTMENT OF DISEASE MANAGEMENT said there would be no need for any mask wearing or social distancing in George's SECTOR this summer.

That meant George would be able to swim in the river in the SAFE ZONE as often as he liked after work and rest under the shade of his favorite oak tree. This of course was all under the watchful eye of the drone that rested atop the roof of his container at all times. This was a priceless perk for George. One of the many privileges he enjoyed. He vaped the finest weed courtesy of the State. It was far better than the weed that grew wild in the SAFE ZONE and he smoked a lot of it. He loved to vape as he sat in the shade, surrounded by the beauty of nature. George liked to take long walks to his favorite meadow atop a steep hillside. He would sit against his favorite tree in the shade and watch the wildlife. Squirrels, birds and other creatures would keep him company.

Although he didn't realize it for a while, George missed human contact. The animals distracted him from the reality that he was alone.

There were signs all over the SAFE ZONE that read, "don't feed the animals or they will become dependent." This was the one thing George didn't agree with. After all, he was provided free food by the State and wasn't dependent.

George thought the State was looking out for his best interests, but it never was, of course. The State was concerned with only one thing, perpetuating and maintaining control over the people, to keep them compliant as the finishing touches on the cap stone to complete the ancient mission of the Great Work was accomplished.

Few knew of this, even George. And he was an initiate.. Most who knew about this secret mission and fought against the HIDDEN MASTERS were called conspiracy theorists. It was all "bunk." Pure RESISTER propaganda.

But it wasn't.

After many journeys into the SAFE ZONE, George noticed how the critters scoured through the grass for hours looking for acorns. He felt so sorry for them. They spent their entire lives looking for food. It was cruel. Although it was forbidden, George didn't see how feeding the squirrels would harm the earth, or be a threat to global security. He decided to ease his conscience and break the law.

While it didn't happen overnight, George eventually concocted a clandestine plan to feed the squirrels. Peanuts were cheap and plentiful. George's weekly rations always included more than he would consume. He preferred the cashews and walnuts anyway, which were not as plentiful. Still, they were permissible to be included in his weekly rations without any additional charge.

George felt bad that he couldn't feed the squirrels. For months he tried to muster the courage to feed them. It brought him so much anxiety to contemplate feeding the squirrels that George concealed extra xanax in his sock on his trips to the SAFE ZONE as a precaution. Still, as troubled as he was by the plight of the squirrels, George didn't have the courage. He never fed them.

One day it occurred to him that his Carnegie-Mellon degrees, training, experience and expertise helped him to out wit the drones so he could feed the squirrels. Something else occurred to him. Until he fed the squirrels George never thought about being under constant surveillance or needing to do something sneaky other than sabotaging the surveillance cameras in his containers for privacy. It was a serious crime, when George thought about it. He was a criminal. He had to be careful. Everyone knew they were watched, but few thought about it.

One day when he arrived at his favorite place in the meadow, George found one of the squirrels dead. The shock was horrifying. His stomach dropped. Tears swelled.

"Poor little guy . . . It's not fair."

Suddenly, George realized he was a murderer. He felt sick. Bile filled his mouth. Puke spewed out. He fell to his knees. The guilt was overwhelming. So was the grief.

It was like Katherine all over again. He had the ability to save the poor little squirrel's life, but didn't have the courage to feed him. Or the other squirrels that sauntered around him in the grass.

"If I don't feed them... They are all going to die." George thought.

Aside from making a few illegal modifications to his container, he never did anything wrong. He wondered why he had the courage to sabotage the surveillance cameras inside his container but didn't have the courage to feed the squirrels?

His modifications were a far worse crime... Could it be so bad to feed the squirrels? Then he realized it was Katherine, the rebel, who prodded him to sabotage the cameras in their container. She didn't want to be watched making love.

It was she who gave him the courage to break the law. But now she was gone and George lacked the courageous influence she had over him. When he was downsized, the first thing he did was disable the surveillance cameras inside his new container. He did it because Katherine would've wanted him to do it. She would want him to save the squirrels. He could even hear her voice.

"Just do it, George." He imagined her voice in his head. These thoughts filled his mind many times when he was in the SAFE ZONE. Aside from thinking, there wasn't much to do other than swim and enjoy nature, so from time to time George liked to play games with the drones. He liked to make them chase after him as he darted through the brush and around trees.

It was also part of his job to gauge the progress of his work at the Department of Artificial Intelligence to increase the efficiency and sensitivity of the drones. To find their weak spots. There were many. It was George's job to find these flaws, correct and improve them. That was why he was head hunted by the State when he was at Carnegie-Mellon.

When George swam in the river the drones would lose sight of him until he came up for air. It was easy to beat them, he thought. Still, the State said no ENEMY COMBATANT had ever

survived an an-authorized trip to the SAFE ZONE.

It was easy to outwit the drones, even the robots. The question was, did George have the courage to feed the squirrels?

The day finally came when George entered the SAFE ZONE with a pocket full of peanuts. He cautiously filled both palms, careful not to be seen and waited for the right moment. When the squirrels were near, he took off in a sprint toward them. The drone immediately took chase after him. As he ran, George let the peanuts slip out from between his fingers into the grass. A few of them hit one of the squirrels in the head. The other squirrels wildly attacked the nuts as George pivoted and ran away from them.

The drone followed him, unaware of George's sneaky move. It was a move he perfected over time. George smiled ear to ear as he ran. He was exhilarated. It worked! The squirrels would survive. To make it look good and cover his crime, George would take short sprints and pivot without the peanuts so as not to raise suspicions of the AI.

After all, George was an expert. He wasn't a radical like Katherine, but there were a few things that were just intolerable to him. Everyone knew they were watched 24/7 by the AI. That bothered George and he was in a position at work to give himself a few extra perks. It never occurred to him until that moment how valuable his Carnegie-Mellon degree, training, experience and expertise was in helping him to out wit the drones and feed the squirrels. Like when he fed a loop from the camera feed and bypassed the AI surveillance inside his container. It was an easy modification.

Besides, who liked to be watched taking a shit?

In time the little creatures became George's friends. Sometimes he would splurge and feed them expensive nuts like cashews and walnuts. These nuts were precious commodities in the NEW STATES costing nearly 150 credits per pound. He didn't mind. It always warmed his heart to watch the critters eat. Their eyes would widen at the taste of a walnut or cashew. These were far tastier than the cheap peanuts he usually plied them with. It took a while, but soon the animals grew to trust George. George snuck nuts to the critters out of view of the drones and puffed on his vape pen as he watched them eat. It was a necessary and peaceful part of his day. It helped his mood and it kept him connected to nature.

Surveillance cameras followed George's generation since the day they were born.

George suddenly had a very radical thought. Given his knowledge, intellect, and expertise, there might be a way to give George the privacy he needed to feed the squirrels, free from the prying eyes of the drones.

But that would mean committing another crime. A crime that would ruin him if he got caught. Katherine always said he was lucky, but he wasn't that confident. So George became sly and crafty. Like Katherine. He was careful. To be safe, he never smoked his weed until after the squirrels were fed. Every time he did feed them, George was panicked. Feeding the squirrels was a very stressful and dangerous thing. But George believed it was just and compassionate--even a noble thing. He didn't understand why he could feed Ollie his pet



hamster fruit and all kinds of table food, but couldn't feed other small animals in the SAFE ZONE.

The squirrels were starved. George was pretty sure the State was not aware of this as it was illegal to starve animals. Or was it illegal to starve pets? George was certain it was one of the two. Either way it was inhumane to let the animals starve. It always broke his heart when he saw the appeal for CREDITS to the SAVE THE ANIMALS charities and he always gave.

There was no possible way the State knew of the little critter's plight, but since feeding them, George dare not make a report of it. He worried that informing the State about the squirrels may be construed as sedition, as the State was all knowing and all powerful. The State made no mistakes or errors. Telling the State about the squirrels could be considered a form of rebellion. It could also be misconstrued that George was resisting the will of the State, which would mean heavy fines, restrictions and losses of many of his swank privileges.

Still he couldn't just let the little guys starve.

After stealthily deploying the peanuts, George watched as the squirrels fought wildly over them. The alpha-males chased off chipmonks and other less dominant squirrels to hog up all the peanuts. This annoyed George. He didn't need the State to mandate that this was wrong. He knew it was wrong. The alphas were bullies. George would scold the greedy alphas and chase them off so the small chipmonks and less aggressive squirrels could eat. This was further vivification that the animals were in danger. They were being starved by the stronger, more dominant squirrels.

Bypassing the surveillance cameras in his container and feeding the squirrels was the extent of George's radicalism. Unlike Katherine, who was a REGISTERED RESISTER, George followed orders. Even if he didn't understand them. He was a CONFORMER. The State rewarded CONFORMERS with special privileges like additional TRAVEL and RECREATION CREDITS. It was cool to be a CONFORMER. They kept up with the latest trends and fashions and the STATE OUTLETS offered special purchase discounts for CONFORMERS.

Most people, especially Ivy League educated people like George, did what they were told without question. Compliance was as normal and expected as the sunrise. Aside from feeding the squirrels, if George was told by the State to do something he did it. He was trained, conditioned and programmed at Carnegie-Mellon. He was an Alumni. Illumined to exactly the things he was supposed to know. He was given all the tools and given all the connections and privileges he needed to accomplish the task he was assigned to do. To advance humanity into the ARTIFICIAL AGE.

George was initiated and put on a guaranteed path to success. Not only did he earn top pay, he was one of the few who still had jobs. Most people who survived in the aftermath of the Great Reset were CERTIFIED OBSOLETE and sent to live out their days in COMMUNES.

Questioning authority was dangerous and it was a direct threat to George's cherished lifestyle. If he brought up the plight of the squirrels the State might think he was

questioning their authority. That could be potentially disastrous. How could he ruin all he achieved by questioning authority? That would intentionally hobble the good life he had.

"State forbid," George thought. "They might think I was a RESISTER."

The state made things very difficult for RESISTERS. To be registered as a RESISTER the individual had to be a chronic non-complier. This meant non-compliance with more than three of any of the many hundreds of MANDATES in any one month period. There was a 100 credit fine for the first offense. The fine doubled for the second offense and tripled for the third and any future offenses. After the third offense in any 30 day period the offender was permanently REGISTERED as a RESISTER.

George could never understand how anyone could allow themselves to go that far. Sure, from time to time things might happen that made it impossible to comply, so you pay the fine, make sure it doesn't happen again and move on. Like refusing MANDATORY EXERCISE because one was too sore from the previous day's workout. By the next day the soreness was gone and people moved on with their lives. No big deal.

It didn't matter if you lived in a cubicle in a COMMUNE, or a posh private container like George, people tended to comply with everything. After all, society was dependent on the government for their very survival. And the government was dependent on societal cohesion. People depended on the government to keep them safe and to feed them. There were options to pay for all the mandate exemptions, but most were too expensive to afford.

People coped with their personal miseries by watching mind numbing free State TV propaganda programming and consuming copious quantities of State issued drugs and alcohol. That combined with all the prescription drugs, many were too wasted to resist anything. So long as the drugs and booze flowed from the government most people could give a fuck if the government was intentionally killing them. And it was.

Aside from illegally feeding the squirrels, George deeply believed that most mandates were necessary and important, but he didn't know why. After all, mandates were necessary to keep the people safe and maintain GLOBAL SECURITY. Everyone knew that. Another of the many things he never understood was why anyone would question the state on these serious matters, let alone allow themselves to become REGISTERED RESISTERS. Like Katherine.

RESISTERS had it very rough. First off, RESISTERS were restricted access to the SAFE ZONES. George would've rather died than be denied access to the SAFE ZONE. RESISTERS also needed special permits to travel and congregate with others in groups. Fortunately the weekly spousal exemption for the SAFE ZONE was only 50 credits a week. Some exemptions were as much as 1000 credits per week. REGISTERED RESISTERS also had to wear a patch on their clothing when they went out in public. Katherine flat out refused. She said the government was a bunch of Nazis, but George did not know who the Nazis were. Try as she might to avoid the drones, she was fined so many times George lost track of how many credits Katherine's radicalism cost them. It must've been tens of thousands.

Despite the fines, Katherine knew the law very well. She liked to walk the tight rope, but

never fell and never crossed the line. As she liked to say, she like to "taunt the bastards." How she avoided being sent to a REEDUCATION FACILITY was a miracle, George thought.

That was, of course, if George believed in miracles.

Despite their differences and Katherine's wild and crazy ideas, George loved her unconditionally. She loved him even more. That was why she tried so hard to convince him that what George called conspiracy theories were true.

She had immense patience with him. She knew he had to come to the process of awakening in his own time. '

"Waking up is like going through the 5 stages of grief," Katherine told George. She said, "when we lose a loved one, the pain we experience can feel unbearable. Understandably, grief is complicated. Like waking up. We all go through a variety of emotional experiences waking up that is similar to the grief process. The first stage is denial: 'There is no New World Order!'

Then anger: Death to these evil scum bags!

Then there's bargaining, and depression. It is a process that take's its own course. It's that and how each person comes to acceptance. Just like grief. George, imagine you learned that most everything you were taught was a lie. That is a traumatic thing. Like losing a loved one." Katherine said. "I don't know what I would do if I ever lost you, George."

"You're never going to lose me, Kathy." He answered. "I'm yours forever."

George kissed Katherine warmly on the lips, lost in each other and the music. She loved the classics. They were listening to ancient 1960's soul. Try as she did, Katherine just couldn't get through to George It simply wasn't his time.

It was not only not his time, it wasn't even his year... Maybe not even his decade. George was deeply asleep, but Katherine never ridiculed him for his ignorance. He was not stupid. Far from it. He was just dumbed down and brainwashed. It wasn't his fault.

She loved him and it didn't matter to her that he was a compliant sheep. He never judged her and she never judged him. She never questioned his love for her.

## **Chapter Two**

The last time Katherine and George made love, they listened to Spiral Staircase's "I Love You More Today Than Yesterday".

The song spoke to George's heart and his feelings for Katherine and her feelings for him.

She prayed George would awaken to the evil he was so blind to, that unfolded before their very eyes, before it was too late. There wasn't much time. Katherine hugged George tight, as if it were for the last time. Little did she know it was.

"What's wrong, Kathy?" George asked.

"Nothing." She lied. Katherine desperately wanted to wake George up. She refused to give up trying, but the more she tried, the more he resisted.

"Who ever heard of such crazy shit?" he said. "It's all bullshit!"

Katherine rolled off the bed and opened a hidden compartment in the coffee table where her grandfather's books were hidden. George eyed her firm, perfect naked ass.

"Come on hon, get back to bed."

"Please George, let me read you something. It's important."

"Hon, you always say all this conspiracy bullshit you read to me is important." He sparked up his vape pen and toked on it.

"Please, George..."

"No."

"Come on. I'll let you lick my ass if you do."

"That's bribery."

"It is."

"These books are forbidden, Katherine."

"I told you, they don't exist. How can they be forbidden?"

"Katherine ...."

"What are you going to do? Turn me in?"

"You are impossible."

"Listen."

"No. They're forbidden books."

"How can they be forbidden if the State says they don't exist?"

"You're making my head hurt again..."

"That's a good thing. It mean's you're thinking." She kissed George on the forehead.

"Listen."

He always did, but Katherine wasn't sure if he heard anything but the sound of her voice. They spent many nights alone together in their luxurious full size container. It was she who got George to use his abilities to sabotage the cameras inside. She was such a rebel. Freedom. Freedom was one of the words that was long scrubbed from the world, but it was in Katherine's blood. And she tried her best to infect George with the virus of liberty, but he was too comfortable in his enslavement to understand or see the truth.

He was so brainwashed. He could've easily avoided MANDATORY EXERCISE by recording a loop of himself doing the required routine, as Katherine did but he didn't. She told George she would exercise when she wanted to, not because the State mandated it. Judging by her hot, taught body, she didn't need the State to mandate exercise to keep in shape. George on the other hand, simply complied.

Many nights Katherine liked to nurse a bottle of wine while she read excerpts to George from her grandfather's many books the State said did not exist. She also tried to explain passages from her cherished grandfather's unedited Bible. George vaped and watched her lips move as she talked. Many nights he simply lusted after her and ignored everything she said until he could weasel his way to get her into bed. She was so beautiful to look at. As for what she told him, he thought it was pure bullshit. All of it. But it was interesting bullshit.

When she was a little girl, Katherine's grandfather listened to her read aloud. She was well trained. George enjoyed listening to her voice and watch her as she passionately waved her hands to emphasize passages and sentences. She had a unique, dramatic flair. George vaped, watched and listened. In that order.

Even after she showed him thousands of pages of evidence, proof that all of history was re-written, he refused to believe it. The truth was stonewalled by cognitive dissonance.

Cognitive dissonance occurred when a person's contradictory beliefs, ideas, or values were challenged by new information. It is typically experienced as psychological stress when these ideas or actions go against one's long held beliefs.

When two ideas are not psychologically consistent with each other, people did everything they could to change them until they became consonant. Discomfort was triggered when the person's beliefs clashed with new information received. It was this perceived conflict that psychologically affected the person, who then tried to find a way to resolve the contradiction to reduce their discomfort by dismissing the information. Even if it was true.

In the book, *A Theory of Cognitive Dissonance* (1957), Leon Festinger proposed that human beings strive for internal psychological consistency to function mentally in the real world. A person who experiences internal inconsistency tends to become psychologically uncomfortable and is motivated to reduce the cognitive dissonance.

They tend to make changes to justify the stressful behavior, either by adding new parts to the cognition causing the psychological dissonance or by avoiding circumstances and contradictory information likely to increase the magnitude of the cognitive dissonance.

Coping with the nuances of contradictory ideas or experiences is mentally stressful. It requires energy and effort to sit with those seemingly opposite things that all seem true. Festinger argued that some people would inevitably resolve dissonance by blindly believing whatever they wanted to believe.

"Ok." George said. "So what is this one called?"

"Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars."

"Cool title." George said. "What year is it supposedly from?"

"1979. This is from the Foreword: 'This manuscript was delivered to our offices by an unknown person. We did not steal the document, nor are we involved with any theft from the United States Government...'"

"There's that United States bullshit again..." George interrupted

"Come on George, listen," Katherine continued. "We did not get the document by way of any dishonest methods. We feel that we are not endangering the "National Security" by reproducing this document, quite the contrary; it has been authenticated and we feel that we are not only within our rights to publish it, but morally bound to do so."

"This is oozing with bullshit," Katherine, George said as he took a toke...

"Shhh. Listen: 'Regarding the training manual, you may have detected that we had to block out the marginal notes made by the selectee at the C I A Training Center, but I can assure you that the manual is authentic, and was printed for the purpose of introducing the selectee to the conspiracy. It has been authenticated by four different technical writers for Military Intelligence, one just recently retired who wants very much to have this manual distributed throughout the world, and one who is still employed as an Electronics Engineer by the Federal Government, and has access to the entire series of Training Manuals. One was stationed in Hawaii, and held the highest security clearance in the Naval Intelligence, and another who is now teaching at a university, and has been working with the Central Intelligence Agency for a number of years, and wants out before the axe falls on the conspirators.

We believed that the entire world should know about this plan, so we distributed internationally one-hundred of these manuscripts, to ask individuals at top level positions their opinions. The consensus opinion was to distribute this to as many people as who wanted it, to the end that they would not only understand that "War" had been declared against them, but would be able to properly identify the true enemy to Humanity.' End quote." Katherine said.

"Pure bullshit."

"Keep listening..."

"Do I have to?"

## Chapter 3

The last document Katherine chose to read to George before she got sick was Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars.

"An Introduction Programming Manual was uncovered quite by accident on July 7, 1986 when an employee of Boeing Aircraft Co. purchased a surplus IBM copier for scrap parts at a sale, and discovered inside details of a plan, hatched in the embryonic days of the "Cold War" which called for control of the masses through manipulation of industry, peoples' pastimes, education and political leanings. It called for a quiet revolution, putting brother against brother, and diverting the public's attention from what is really going on. The document you are about to read is real. It is reprinted in its virgin form: Operations Research Technical Manual TM-SW7905.

Welcome Aboard. This publication marks the 25th anniversary of the Third World War, called the "Quiet War", being conducted using subjective biological warfare, fought with "silent weapons".

"Oooo," George giggled and choked after a double hit from his vape pen.

"Come on, George." Katherine whined. "Stop it. This book contains an introductory description of this war, its strategies, and its weaponry.

May 1979 #74-1120

### Security

It is patently impossible to discuss social engineering or the automation of a society, i.e., the engineering of social automation systems (silent weapons) on a national or worldwide scale without implying extensive objectives of social control and destruction of human life, i.e., slavery and genocide. . . "

On rare occasions George would engage in conversation about words or ideas that no longer existed.

"What is slavery again?" George asked Katherine.

"Slavery is defined as a condition in which one human being was owned by another. A slave was considered by law as property, or chattel, and was deprived of most of the rights ordinarily held by free persons."

"That's right. See, this is all bullshit. There is no slavery. And even if there was, the State has nothing to do with it. And what is this free person crap?"

"Human beings own the State, George."

Katherine's statement really confused George. He didn't know what to think.

He didn't want to feel stupid, but for a moment he did. So much so, he didn't even question Katherine. He agreed. Or at least pretended to agree. Still, he didn't know why or what he was agreeing with.

"I see..." George definitely did not see. He was lost in a fog of denial and cognitive dissonance.

Katherine continued. "'This manual is in itself an analog declaration of intent.' Do you see that George? These elitists admitted their intent to socially engineer and depopulate the planet! This was from 1979...'

"No way..."

"Yes way."

"Are you kidding me, Katherine?"

"Think George. Think! Listen: 'Such a writing must be secured from public scrutiny. Otherwise, it might be recognized as a technically formal declaration of domestic war.' They're killing us George!..."

"Please..."

"Listen..." Katherine continued. 'Furthermore, whenever any person or group of persons in a position of great power and without full knowledge and consent of the public, uses such knowledge and methodologies for economic conquest - it must be understood that a state of domestic warfare exists between said person or group of persons and the public. The solution of today's problems requires an approach which is ruthlessly candid, with no agonizing over religious, moral or cultural values.

You have qualified for this project because of your ability to look at human society with cold objectivity, and yet analyze and discuss your observations and conclusions with others of similar intellectual capacity without the loss of discretion or humility. Such virtues are exercised in your own best interest. Do not deviate from them.' What about that, George?"

"I think its bullshit."

"It's still happening, George. They are killing us. In many, many different ways. But the bioweapons and their variants have killed billions..."

"Bio-weapons?"

"The vaccines and the variants are bio-weapons, George. They're killing us." Katherine said.

"You said that."



"George baby," she took him in her arms.

"Other than Bill, I've never told anyone about this."

"I don't blame you. They'd call the MENTAL HEALTH POD. Poor Bill. I don't even want to think about it..."

"I don't think he's dead George..."

"What are you talking about? The robots hunted him down..."

"I know."

"He was on the TERMINATED COMBATANTS list."

"That doesn't mean he's dead."

The information just did not get through to George.

"Of course Bill Milton was dead," George thought. He cut out his microchip and escaped into the SAFE ZONE. The robots hunted him down in less than an hour.

"They showed video of him being shot by the robots!"

"That doesn't mean it's real. Come on, George you work with holograms for Christ sake. Of course they can fake it. The government lies all the time. Even blame others for what they do."

"Non sense." George said. It was the most common response to Katherine when something she said really conflicted with his long held, conditioned beliefs.

"They are killing us, George."

"The State?"

"No, they are people, just like us. They're called the HIDDEN MASTERS. They are the hidden power behind the State."

"People... You think people could be so evil?"

"George, we live the way we do because people are so evil."

"We're way better off than most!"

"That's my point,"

George couldn't grasp why Katherine was so ungrateful for their privileged lifestyle. He was irked. "I'll never understand you."

"Keep listening..."

"Katherine...."

"Listen!" she ordered. "Historical Introduction. Silent weapon technology has evolved from Operations Research (O.R.), a strategic and tactical methodology developed under the Military Management in England during World War II. The original purpose of Operations Research was to study the strategic and tactical problems of air and land defense with the objective of effective use of limited military resources against foreign enemies (i.e., logistics). It was soon recognized by those in positions of power that the same methods might be useful for totally controlling a society. But better tools were necessary.

Social engineering (the analysis and automation of a society) requires the correlation of great amounts of constantly changing economic information (data), so a high-speed computerized data-processing system was necessary which could race ahead of the society and predict when society would arrive for capitulation. Relay computers were too slow, but the electronic computer, invented in 1946 by J. Presper Eckert and John W. Mauchly, filled the bill.

The next breakthrough was the development of the simplex method of linear programming in 1947 by the mathematician George B. Dantzig. Then in 1948, the transistor, invented by J. Bardeen, W.H. Brattain, and W. Shockley, promised great expansion of the computer field by reducing space and power requirements.

With these three inventions under their direction, those in positions of power strongly suspected that it was possible for them to control the whole world with the push of a button.

Immediately, the Rockefeller Foundation got in on the ground floor by making a four-year grant to Harvard College, funding the Harvard Economic Research Project for the study of the structure of the American Economy. One year later, in 1949, The United States Air Force joined in.

In 1952 the grant period terminated, and a high-level meeting of the Elite was held to determine the next phase of social operations research. The Harvard project had been very fruitful, as is borne out by the publication of some of its results in 1953 suggesting the feasibility of economic (social) engineering. (Studies in the Structure of the American Economy - copyright 1953 by Wassily Leontief, International Science Press Inc., White Plains, New York).

Engineered in the last half of the decade of the 1940's, the new Quiet War machine stood,

so to speak, in sparkling gold-plated hardware on the showroom floor by 1954.

With the creation of the maser in 1954, the promise of unlocking unlimited sources of fusion atomic energy from the heavy hydrogen in sea water, and the consequent availability of unlimited social power was a possibility only decades away." Katherine stopped reading. "Do you see George! Do you see what they've done," she cried.

George shot Katherine a somewhat clueless look.

"Sorry, hon. I don't buy it. Nobody has social engineered me," George said.

"You are so blind," Katherine thought. She squinted her eyes and curled her lip.

"George Blair, What will it take to wake you up?" she asked.

"I'm wide awake. It's all this conspiracy theory bullshit that's putting me to sleep..."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Fortunately, George had as much patience for Katherine as she had for him.

"Ok. One more passage."

"Knock yourself out," George said as he puffed his vape pen.

"Ok..." Katherine resumed reading: 'The Quiet War was quietly declared by the International Elite at a meeting held in 1954.' This was the first Bilderberg Group Meeting, hon."

"Great..." George said with sarcasm.

"The Bilderberg Group were managed by the Committee of 300. The elitists at the top of the pyramid worship the ancient mystery religions of ancient Babylon. These religions require human sacrifice. Many of the children and people that go missing become blood sacrifices for this cult. "

"You really are crazy, you know that, hon..."

"I am telling you, George, they are very, very evil." Katherine added. "Keep listening. 'Although the silent weapons system was nearly exposed 13 years later, the evolution of the new weapon-system has never suffered any major setbacks. This volume ' in 1979,' marks the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the Quiet War. Already this domestic war has had many victories on many fronts throughout the world.' They've been killing us for more than 75 years!"

"That's ridiculous, Kathy..."

It didn't occur to George that the COVID bio-weapon released in Wuhan China in 2019 and all the variants and vaccines that followed were designed to kill billions. And they did. Still, due to cognitive dissonance, George could not grasp this. The big lie that covered up the truth was too big for him to rationalize. Although what Katherine told him was true, George refused to believe any group or person could be so evil.

But they were.

"Wait, there's more: 'In 1954 it was well recognized by those in positions of authority that it was only a matter of time, only a few decades, before the general public would be able to grasp and upset the cradle of power, for the very elements of the new silent-weapon technology were as accessible for a public utopia as they were for providing a private utopia.' Don't you see, George! Don't you see what these evil people have done!"

"What Garbage," George cackled. "That is the phoneyist shit I have ever heard."

"It happened, George."

"Sure it did, Kathy." George mocked. "P-lease... I never heard any of that on the news. If it were true, it would have come out long ago. I certainly never learned that in school-- and I was top of my class Magna Cum Laude! I call bullshit."

Katherine shook her head. Although the evil Luciferian New World Order was unfolding before their very eyes in real time, George was completely blind to it. Katherine's warnings that society was evolving from totalitarian socialism to a genocidal technocracy ruled by pedophile oligarchs always fell on deaf ears. This was of course, exactly what was happening before everyone's eyes. Right under everyone's noses. Still no one could see or smell what was going on. The fact that George was blind to all of it drove Katherine mad.

"Are you okay?" George asked.

"I'm fine." She kissed him and fell into his arms.

"I love you," Katherine said.

"You're my life, baby."

Katherine knew he meant it. She knew he would give up his life for her in a heartbeat and she would do the same. Theirs was a love as deep as they were both stubborn. He held her in his arms. She closed her eyes.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"I'm praying to Isis." Katherine's eyes remained closed.

"No you're not."

"I'm praying to Jesus."

"Jesus?"

Worship of the sun, moon and mother earth was mandatory. So was the worship of Lucifer. Very few resisted, even if they didn't believe. There were many offenses that called for CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. Refusal of MANDATORY WORSHIP was one of them. While, those sentenced to CORPORAL PUNISHMENT were limited to up to one hour of torture, those who refused MANDATORY WORSHIP were tortured until they submitted to the mandate.

Since it was mainly backwoods radical Bible thumpers that resisted worshipping Lucifer, most believed the torture was a reasonable punishment. After all, it wasn't fatal, left no lasting marks or lingering after effects.

There were even friendly PSA's that warned not to resist and how easy it was to "Just say Heil Lucifer" to avoid all the pain. People got what they asked for! The PSA's also noted how critically important the worship of Lucifer, and the other approved false gods was to the safety and GLOBAL SECURITY of the State.

Katherine prayed for forgiveness every time she was forced to pray to Lucifer and the many false gods that required worship.

When she turned 13 as the law stated, she had to worship all the many false gods. As a Christian, she refused. The penalty was more than she, or anyone could take. The torture was so horrible no one, even a priest could endure.

If anyone did resist, they only resisted once. Like Katherine. The State used directed energy weapons that made her skin feel like she was being burned alive. Then her head would feel like it was going to explode. The agony was unbearable, yet it would not kill her. It went on for minutes. She prayed to die to end the pain. It was excruciating. She wanted to pass out, but stimulants kept her awake. The pain never stopped until the worshipper stopped resisting and said the prayer, "Heil Lucifer, son of the Morning Star."

Most didn't even last a minute. It was continuous agony. Hell on earth.

Katherine endured the torture for almost twenty minutes as she prayed to God aloud. Finally, she could take no more. She prayed to Jesus for strength, then asked for his forgiveness. All the while the robots repeated the same command over and over.

"All Heil Lucifer. MANDATORY WORSHIP is required. Punishment will continue until you submit."

Finally, the 13 year old Katherine relented. She could take no more. "Heil Lucifer! Son of the Morning Star..."

When it was time for MANDATORY WORSHIP, Katherine would say a silent prayer to God and ask for his forgiveness. It broke Katherine's spirit. And she knew that was exactly what it was supposed to do. She was so grateful when God brought her and George together. It was Katherine's greatest gift and most cherished blessing. Meeting George was a literal Godsend. She knew it was a miracle. George had the ability to free them both from the bondage of the State, but he was warm and comfortable in his fish tank and lost in

the delusion that he was happy.

Katherine often thought about the ancient quote from Goetha, "none are more hopelessly enslaved than one who falsely believes they are free." When it came to George, he was so enslaved, he didn't know the word freedom, let alone understand it. Or God. Or the evil one. Katherine prayed to the God of Abraham and Issac. She believed in her saviour Jesus Christ and followed his teachings. Praying to any God other than the earth, sun or moon was of course forbidden. There were RELIGIOUS EXEMPTIONS for all religions for those who could afford them. Aside from MANDATORY WORSHIP and VACCINES, there were exemptions available for all mandates if one was willing to sacrifice most of their RECREATION CREDITS, or could afford to pay the high price of the waiver. These waivers were cost prohibitive for most, as the vast majority of people were serfs who would rather use their RECREATION credits for vices like gambling and sex robots.

Most who were faithful could not afford the high cost of the RELIGIOUS EXEMPTIONS. Whether they were Christians, Jews, Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs or Buddhists, or any other religion, they took great risks and practiced their traditions in secret as they were unable to afford the high cost of the RELIGIOUS EXEMPTIONS. Those who avoided this mandate committed a serious crime resulting in MANDATORY CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. Many practitioners were sent to REEDUCATION FACILITIES. In 2055 it was very dangerous to worship these forbidden religions, but all who were faithful took the risk.

In 2055 every book was altered or censored. Especially the Bible. Genesis and the Book of Revelation were banned and wiped completely. Historically, the Luciferians who infiltrated the Vatican in the 1500's wiped many books from the Bible. The Book of Enoch was one of them, and many others. A good example of how the HIDDEN MASTERS altered history since the dawn of time are the 13 books called the Apocrypha. These books were removed from the original King James Bible by the Dutch Reformed Church in 1619 at the Synod of Dordrecht. There were also 23 other books mentioned in scripture, which do not appear in the Bible. Between the Book of Malachi and Matthew there was a gap of nearly half a century. These books filled that gap.

In the time of Christ, these books formed part of the Septuagint Greek Bible which was in circulation at that time.

The technology available in 2055 made it possible to modify or erase not just all religious texts of all religions, but all other texts. Artificial Intelligence made it possible to wipe the books of Matthew, Daniel, Isaiah, Ephesians, and others from the world. There were millions of alterations. All written and replaced by means of Artificial Intelligence. Lucifer was recast as a sympathetic, misunderstood character who rescued Adam and Eve from a cruel and vindictive God, that denied them the fruit from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Lucifer brought the light of intellect to humanity, unlike the cruel and vindictive God of Abraham, who kept Adam and Eve prisoner in the Garden of Eden. These blasphemous alterations of the Bible were inserted into the scripture of all religions.

In 2055 everyone knew the same story. Scripture from all religions included the philosophy that mankind's intellect will advance society to the point where humanity itself will become

God. This was the Luciferian Doctrine. This and many other dogmas were weaved into all religions so all people believed the same thing. Lucifer was the one and only true God. But of course, as Katherine knew, that was just another BIG LIE. Katherine knew the truth. And she knew who the adversary was. In a modern translation from the original Hebrew, "Lucifer" or "morning star" began with the statement:

"On the day the Lord gives you relief from your suffering and turmoil and from the harsh labour forced on you, you will take up this taunt against the king of Babylon: How the oppressor has come to an end! How his fury has ended!"

How you have fallen from heaven, morning star, son of the dawn! You have been cast down to the earth, you who once laid low the nations! You said in your heart,

"I will ascend to the heavens; I will raise my throne above the stars of God; I will sit enthroned on the mount of assembly, on the utmost heights of Mount Zaphon.

I will ascend above the tops of the clouds; I will make myself like the Most High." But you are brought down to the realm of the dead, to the depths of the pit.

Those who see you stare at you, they ponder your fate: "Is this the man who shook the earth and made kingdoms tremble, the man who made the world a wilderness, who overthrew its cities and would not let his captives go home?" Isaiah 14:12-17

The machines deleted famous figures from history. Many others were completely fabricated. Names, aliases addresses, backgrounds, history and related multimedia were falsified. Every book considered a threat to GLOBAL SECURITY was removed, re-written or altered to comply with the authorized beliefs promoted by the State.

Lucifer was a leit motif that permeated popular culture. From TV shows to tattoos, the Lucifer myth that was inserted into society by the Artificial Intelligence resonated everywhere. Very few people knew, cared about, or cared to know about, or paid any attention to God. Even fewer worshipped Him. Katherine was one of the few left who worshipped and followed the teachings of Jesus Christ. Her faith gave Katherine both strength and courage. She knew truths that one out of a million people knew. This was both a blessing and great burden for her. Sadly, so very few people knew the truth of what was really happening. And if they did know the truth, most were too drugged up and dumber down to care. They were sheep. And they were fast asleep.

But all of this didn't lessen Katherine's love for George and their life together. She silently prayed to God everyday that all the evil consuming the world would be destroyed. She prayed for God's will and wondered when he would reveal all things to the world. One thing Katherine knew for certain, was that it would be soon. She prayed for the day that all the cognitive dissonance, mass media manipulation and brainwashing that was so deeply entrenched in society would be lifted and the world would have clarity. She prayed that the truth would soon be spoken and the lost people found the way.

And she prayed for George and all the many loved ones lost to the variants. She prayed to the Lord. "In Jesus name, Lord hear my prayer. Amen." These were lofty prayers, but

Katherine had faith the Lord would answer each and every one of them.

George loved Katherine, but she was really out there. He took all her eccentricities in stride. From the first time he saw her back in college, it was as if he known her for a thousand years. And now she was gone. Like the cool cross breeze that flowed through the container. The air in the container was stagnant and hot. The onion smell simmered.

Maybe he was wrong. He should have forced her. VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was their final hope. He wanted to join her but she refused and made him promise he would never do it. Even after she was gone. She swore they would be together again one day in that fantasy place Katherine believed in called heaven. It was the last time he saw her.

George shook his head. The State proved there was no God and no heaven, so this was just another one of the many outlandish conspiracy theories Katherine's grandfather told her about her great grandfather. She believed them all. And some of it was really crazy stuff. Still, he would do anything to bring her back. But Katherine was Katherine, and she was adamant she wanted to die a natural death. George was perplexed.

Who wouldn't want to live forever? Katherine was being so selfish. It made him angry. Very angry. How could she love him as much as he loved her if she chose death over eternity with him? It didn't make sense. And after all that time. It still didn't. With all the advancements in medical technology since the first COVID-19 lockdowns in 2020, the HIDDEN MASTERS still couldn't stop the spread of the variants, but they could conquer death. As envisioned by Ray Kurtzweil half a century earlier, Singularity occurred in 2045 precisely as predicted. Millions of autistic, sick, elderly and disabled lined up to take advantage of the limitless possibilities and infinite potentials that VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY provided.

Millions suffering from depression and drug addictions also chose VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY. This was all encouraged by the State in PSA's. VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY, like the COVID-19 psyop, was given the full Hollywood treatment, complete with a Madison Avenue PR shine. Tens of millions regularly took advantage of the program. VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was a process of downloading one's consciousness to a cloud based reality where interaction with others would not be possible in real life. The State said entire societies were being constructed, all with no restrictions. Those who wanted to work had jobs, artists were free to create, amputees had their limbs restored. It was paradise.

"Amazing. Sounds even better than the SAFE ZONE," George thought.

"What will they think of next..."

VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY made all of one's wants and desires possible all with no restrictions. So not surprisingly, this new fad took off. Most in part to 24/7 mass media propaganda promoting the program. As a result, the program became extremely popular.

It was a simple procedure achieved via RFID transmission through one's microchip. The transfer could be activated at any time prior to and up until death. Many people bought



AUTOMATIC CONSCIOUSNESS TRANSFERS. The State encouraged this, even gave extra RECREATION and TRAVEL CREDITS for those who chose VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY. The credits could be used by the one being transitioned, or they could be passed down to loved ones after death for a small transfer fee.

This was the only legacy one could leave behind. Since there was no personal property there were no inheritances, still all family members were responsible for the debts of the deceased. Any credits the deceased possessed at the time of death went directly back to the state for distribution to the needy. Insurance was available, but only to pay debts to creditors and the State.

Many chose VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY. George thought it was a great thing, proving once again that the State always looked out and protected the people. He never questioned VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY, MANDATORY VACCINES, or any of the restrictions. Obviously, anything the State approved of was necessary to keep society safe.

George wasn't at the top of his class at Carnegie Mellon for nothing. He was smart enough to know all that. As with so many things Katherine tried to convince him of, George refused to believe VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was a lie. She said it was impossible to download one's consciousness, since human consciousness was not a physical part of our bodies, but rather a part of our souls. This both confused and frustrated George. First, the State said VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was true, so obviously Katherine was as usual, delusional. Second, the State proved decades ago that there was no God. Therefore, like animals, people had no souls.

"VIRTUAL REALITY is reality, Kathy! The State said so!" George argued.

"Lies!" She hissed back through clenched teeth.

"I still don't know how you haven't been locked away in a MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY because that's where you belong! I tell you. . ."

"I'm still here because I'm smart," she said coyly.

"If you don't watch it, you're going to find your sweet ass locked up forever. And I love that sweet ass.

"I know you do," Katherine said as her hand found its way to George's crotch. As angry as he was, as she touched him and her beautiful face moved in for a kiss, he couldn't resist her.

Like the State, she could control him.

"You're not going to report me, are you Georgie?"

"Not a chance.

"I love you," She purred.

"I love you."

George was as angry at her for not believing in VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY as she was angry

at him for believing it.

"It was madness to think VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was a lie. A trick to entice people to wilfully submit to their own demise!" George argued. "That's crazy talk!"

Katherine believed many crazy things, but this one took the cake. People who gave up their bodies and their lives to achieve VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY were sacrifices to ancient, long forgotten gods.

"Pure insanity"

That wasn't all. Katherine also believed that the vaccines were intentionally killing people.

"That was pure cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs lunacy," George thought.

## **Chapter 4**

Most believed all vaccines and medical procedures were safe, effective and necessary to save lives. It was blind faith. It was believed that no one was ever harmed or killed by medical mistakes. This was of course not true. Rising death statistics from the vaccines were also routinely altered and suppressed. These lies were all supported by mainstream media propaganda.

In 2026, an outbreak of multiple COVID-25 variants killed more than 20 million people worldwide. Fear gripped the world. As a result, vaccines were made MANDATORY by the State. The people were happy, joyous to be saved by the State.

Katherine told George this was an example of the Hegelian Dialectic. First you create the problem: The bioweapons. Then you control the reaction to the problem: lockdowns/masks/social distancing. Finally, offer the solution to the created problem, which was always the goal: To inject the world with experimental mRNA and nano technology.

Fear sent the sheople into a panic. They flocked to get the vaccines as if the injections would give them immortality, but what it gave many was death.

Of course the State media blamed all deaths related to the vaccines on the variants.

By 2050 robots were tasked to deliver the injections. It was awful to see the robots restrain Katherine for the shots. It was a horrible and disturbing sight. But what was worst of all, was that George simply watched the State brutalize Katherine, impotent to help her. She fought like hell every time, kicking and screaming. More often than not, the syringe would break.

Sometimes several times. Katherine was jabbed over and over again. What took a minute for George to get his shots took up to an hour for Katherine. She would resist, cursing and fighting to escape the grasp of the robots. Every time, she was battered and bruised when it was over. It was always a moot effort. The robot won every time. That was why George thought her resistance was futile. It made no sense to him why Katherine would torture herself. Maybe she was a masochist, George wondered. She always resisted with all her strength. "So damned stubborn," George thought. He never understood this. As he watched Katherine's torment, it was also very painful for him.

"Stop resisting", the robot said in a stern masculine voice.

"Get the fuck off me!"

"Vaccines are mandatory," the robot said firmly . "You are resisting a MANDATORY VACCINATION. For every minute of resistance a 50 credit fine will be assessed .... "

"Take the shot, Kathy!" George huffed.

"No fucking way!"

"Come on Kathy, we're not made of credits!"

"Stop resisting or I will be forced to taze you." the robot ordered."If I am forced to taze you there will be an additional 500 credit fine."

The robot flipped Katherine over, pinning her down. Katherine spit in the robots face.

"Get the fuck off me you mechanical rapist!" Katherine screamed.

"Come on Kathy!" George got angry. He was frustrated by Katherine's stubbornness. "Take the damned shot, Katherine. You're being silly."

"No," she cried out.

George shook his head. "Why didn't she just take the damned shot and get it over with?" He wondered. After all, she didn't have a choice. . .

An automatic stainless steel syringe deployed from a cannister on the side of the robot.

"Get that fucking thing away from me!"

The needle closed in...

"I have rights! . . ."

"There she goes with the rights bullshit," George thought. "There are no rights only privileges." He watched as the syringe pierced Katherine's shoulder and injected her. She screeched and stopped resisting.

Sometimes there would be serious reactions after the shots. More than once they were both transported by MEDICAL PODS to the HEALTHCARE FACILITIES for extended treatment.

But it was all necessary to stop the spread of the variants to keep people safe.

By the time the robots completed the mandatory injections, Katherine was exhausted, sobbing and traumatized. Her arms, hands and face were scratched. She had multiple cuts, abrasions and lacerations. Sometimes her face blew up from the vaccines and she look like she was beaten with a club.

Vaccine day was always brutal. Sometimes the robots were forced to taze Katherine. Other times she needed to be sedated which meant an additional 500 credit fine. It wasn't unusual for Katherine to accrue fines of over 1,000 credits on vaccine days. Every time, "it was like being raped," she sobbed to George.

Although, he never understood the comparison, George was always compassionate for what he considered to be Katherine's self imposed torment. She knew George loved her as much as she loved him. That was what mattered most. He loved her unconditionally, but George simply did not understand. Up until her death, Katherine Blair prayed one day he would.

## **Chapter 5**

The government regularly produced PSA's to dispell rumors and convince the public that the suppressed truths were baseless conspiracy theories. Most people believed anything the State told them.

There were also PSA's warning the public of the dangers and high cost of becoming a RESISTER while they promoted various other methods of social engineering and control. Government PSA's also promoted new vaccines, drug and alcohol usage, VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY and various ways to attain additional RECREATION and TRAVEL CREDITS.

George never questioned why the State created drug addicts and alcoholics, or why they fed psychotropics to the population like candy.

He liked his Xanax, It took the edge off. Depression and Societal anxiety was common place in 2055. More than 90% of the remaining population were on some form of psychotropic drugs. Depression and anxiety was always blamed on the grief caused by the massive ever increasing death toll and the ever changing COVID variants, which were red herrings.

George never questioned why the government issued drugs, including dangerous and deadly narcotics to the people with their weekly rations at no cost. He also never questioned the high fees charged for extra drugs to those who would run out before their next delivery. Some people traded their TRAVEL and RECREATION CREDITS to fund their addictions.

In 2055, 50% of people with narcotics addictions chose VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY to end their pain. VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was also very popular with people who lost their loved ones to the variants. The State offered two options for all surviving spouses. Unless they already lived in the COMMUNES, they could be downsized to a smaller container or join their loved ones in VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY. Eternal living in VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was very popular. Especially for those suffering from disabilities. George was certain VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was one of the most humane advancements in human history.

When she got sick, VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY was the first thing that George suggested to Katherine. She would have no part of it.

It was then that he realized how much he needed Katherine.

Yes, she was a RESISTER. He knew from the start that RESISTERS were nothing but trouble. Like his childhood friend Bill Milton. He and Katherine were both so misguided. George never understood them.

Or any RESISTER for that matter. RESISTERS were heavily fined. Many were sent to REEDUCATION FACILITIES. They were also assessed special taxes. Their privileges and movements were restricted.

George never questioned any of it. Katherine was just the opposite. She questioned everything. George never understood this. She was nuts. She even questioned the safety of mandatory vaccines since they caused such devastating and deadly side effects.

"Can you imagine," George thought. "Complaining about the side effects--Sure some people have reactions and died after they got shots, but it was necessary to keep the majority of people safe from the variants."

When he brought this up, Katherine would make some kind of ridiculous response that never made sense to him.

"Necessary, George? How are debilitating side effects and death necessary?" she said.

"To stop the variants!"

George was grateful that while Katherine was a RESISTER, she had no interest in becoming an ENEMY COMBATANT like Bill. Poor Bill. ENEMY COMBATANTS were chased down and killed by the robots. It was an awful fate. Katherine said she wanted to be free, but not that badly.

The concept of freedom that Katherine spoke of always intrigued George. Nowhere could he find any reference to the word or its meaning. He never heard the word before Katherine mentioned it.

He never learned about it in school or while he was at Carnegie-Mellon and he couldn't find any reference on the internet, in books or anywhere else. Her grandfather must have made it up. Like many of his tall tales of this fantasy place called America that Katherine was told

about by her grandfather when she was a little girl.

Kathy defined the word freedom as "the absence of necessity, coercion, or constraint in choice or action." George didn't understand any of these things. He certainly never felt coerced or constrained. He made his own choices every day. Sure there were limitations, but how could people live in a civilized society without rules?

Many of the things Kathy told him didn't make any sense to George.

Without the state there would be chaos and anarchy. He loved her, but Katherine's ideas and conspiracy theories sometimes made him question her sanity. He feared one day the State would find out and send her to a MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY. Katherine's stubbornness irked him.

She paid a high price for her outspokenness, radical thoughts and conspiracy theories. Not George. When he was in the SAFE ZONE he would think about Katherine and talk about her to his critter friends in the forest. This was far better therapy than all the pills the doctors ever gave him but he didn't realize it. Nothing eased his anxiety and lifted his mood more, still George couldn't make the connection.

Although it was forbidden, George wished he could feed the animals he saw in the SAFE ZONE. He could see why RESISTERS would cut out their microchips and try to hide out there. He certainly understood why. The SAFE ZONE was like paradise. George loved it, but like Katherine, not enough to be hunted to the death by ARMED DRONES and ROBOT SOLDIERS.

When he was in the SAFE ZONE George sometimes wondered what it would be like to live there, without the drones and without the restrictions, like feeding the squirrels.

But like the HEALTH MINISTRY's constant flip flops dealing with the many new COVID variants, George would shrug them off. Thinking about things that confused him made his head hurt.

## **Chapter 6**

It was nineteen months since George interacted with another human being face to face. He was told the new position he accepted after Katherine's death would keep him busy, which was what he wanted, so he wouldn't have time to feel the pain. But he didn't count on the loneliness that soon crept up on him. Or how much he thought about Katherine.

This confused George. He felt lonely, but it was proven by the State that isolation didn't cause loneliness. Everyone knew that isolation brought inner strength, peace and enlightenment.

While George did feel peace when he was in the SAFE ZONE, he felt none of these other things. He was weak. There was a huge void left by Katherine's death, but it was more than that. Something was missing, but he couldn't put his finger on it. He knew for sure he was far from enlightened.

"Something must be wrong with me," George thought. He was lonely. Very lonely. But when he thought about his loneliness it frightened him. He was always careful not to raise suspicions that he was lonely. That mental defect could mean indefinite incarceration at a MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY.

He remembered Liz, a young girl who worked in his group when he had co-workers. She was very nice. Very outgoing and funny, but she would randomly cry. A lot. Sometimes she balled tears. This happened several times a day. At first, George and his other co-workers thought Liz's crying was due to a breakup, or a death in the family. That was so very common.

But after several weeks of sobbing, they all realized it must be something else. Out of courtesy when they all shot the breeze they would include phrases like, "how are you doing," or "is everything ok?" Liz would always say things were fine.

One day an EFFICIENCY DRONE zoomed up above her cubicle and told Liz to report to the office. The drone had monitored Liz's behavior for weeks and compiled a report. Liz was flagged for a MANDATORY PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION. Moments later a MEDICAL POD pulled up and took her away. George and her other co-workers wondered what happened. They never saw her again.

George's stomach dropped when he thought about his own plight. He was worried and paranoid, and desperately wanted to tell someone of his feelings, but he was terrified. The only person he ever talked to about his feelings was Katherine. And she was gone.

It was at that moment that something clicked. Or at least something changed in the way he thought. Something was happening, but he didn't know what it was. He felt things he never felt before. Things he couldn't understand. For some odd reason he was angry. Very angry.

"I must be sick," he thought. "Very sick."

The anger helped him to conquer the fear. It was hard to be afraid when one was angry. But there were many moments when George was afraid. How could he feel lonely, if it was proven that isolation doesn't cause loneliness and it was good for one's health?

Everyone knew that.

Isolation brought inner strength, peace and enlightenment.

For George to tell a SCREENER that he felt lonely, weak, angry and ignorant would be catastrophic. It meant more pills, probes and jabs. Or even confinement in a MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY. That was worse being sent to a COMMUNE, or anywhere, other than a REEDUCATION FACILITY.

Everyone worried about being taken away in the dead of night.

George was no exception.

## Chapter 7

Video livestream capability was forever lost in the winter of 2052, after a series of solar flares reeked havoc on the planet. The flares knocked out electronic and computerized systems for months in several NEW STATES and stopped all drone deliveries.

Of course, this was another Big Lie. Another Hegelian ploy implemented to increase the productivity of the depopulation agenda.

Millions died of exposure and starvation. The solar flares disrupted 12G for weeks and caused interference the State said made livestreaming video impossible. Forever more, there would be delays of up to ten minutes before one could receive and watch a live broadcast. This made live video calling impossible. People communicated by their wrist or cell phone, or by routing their phones through the audio of their computers and TELE SCREENS.

The solar flares and the many terrorist cyber attacks the State blamed on RESISTERS were actually State actions. These false flags were blamed on the enemies of the State. When the State intentionally shut down ENERGY PLANTS and FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTERS to increase the death count, there would always be a terrorist attack to cover the crime.

The terror attacks were always blamed on RESISTERS. Like Joseph Goebbels and Saul Alinsky taught, "blame your enemies for what you do."

Many REGISTERED RESISTERS were set up. Katherine warned George about this frequently. She was careful, but even if one didn't fall prey to the deceptions, many were set up using holograms. That was what Katherine worried about. That the State would set her up and certify her as an ENEMY COMBATANT. It was her greatest fear. But she knew the system well, and knew her ranking as a REGISTERED RESISTER was not high profile.

Still, she worried. George worried too. But not for the same reason. He thought she was bonkers.

Everything that caused harm to the people was blamed on natural causes, variants, terrorism, RESISTERS or OUTSIDE FORCES. But it was always the actions of the State doing the harm. Few realized this.

The State would also set up RESISTERS to commit crimes, or entice them to escape into the SAFE ZONE, only to be tracked down and killed by the robots. This was done to enhance fear in those who dared to escape. PSA's were produced to reinforce this. The media lap



dogs focused on anything the State focused on. The two forces moved in unison.

Sure, it was nicer when Katherine was alive and they had a larger container, but George still lived better than most.

Things had greatly improved after Katherine's death. His SOCIAL CREDIT SCORE was given an automatic 100 point bump after Katherine's RESISTANCE AND NON-COMPLIANCE FINES and DEATH TAXES were paid to the State by State Life Insurance. It was a good thing George bought Karen the expensive policy to cover all final State expenses. These fees were very high. As much as a year's credits in some cases. As a RESISTER, Katherine had many final expenses. In this case, George realized he wasn't lucky, he was smart.

The 100 point SOCIAL CREDIT SCORE boost also allowed George to bank RECREATION CREDITS. This gave him other privileges. Like meat deliveries. Meat was very expensive, nearly a week's credit for only one pound.

Open flames were outlawed in 2032 due to concerns for climate change and harmful effects to the environment, but the smell and taste of a free 300 credit 3 ounce air-fried steak still made George's mouth water. Even if it was grown in a lab.

All of these privileges would not be possible had Katherine survived. But he would give them all up for just a minute more with her. She wanted children. They tried, but the doctors said that they were both infertile. Katherine swore the State put sterilants in the water and the vaccines. Sperm counts were very low. Birth rates had steadily declined since 2021.

Katherine told George that the State put DNA targeted sterilants in the vaccines to sterilize RESISTERS and other undesirable members of society.

The goal was literally to breed out all resistance to the State and create a perfect human society. One where there was no discord or disease and no mental or physical deformities. At this point, humanity would have evolved to become as God.

It was promoted for almost a decade that VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY conquered death. This Big Lie was believed by most. Especially those with high SOCIAL CREDIT SCORES.

George's SOCIAL CREDIT SCORE was very high. This was fortunate, because Katherine's was always so low. Married couples could combine their scores. Katherine dragged it down regularly, despite being banned from most social media. That meant many privileges were often suspended.

Katherine's moxie resulted in thousands of credits in fines and SUSPENSION FEES. George never understood the things she was complaining about. Or talking about. His father and mother died when he was nine years old, so memory of his parents was foggy. Katherine on the other hand was raised by both parents to adulthood. George was raised by the State.

Katherine would tell George about her family and her upbringing. Most of what she told him was forbidden. Katherine always primed him, assessing how much to tell him at any given time. She was shrewed. Katherine knew within the first few minutes of talking to him,

that George was a sheep.

It was very hard to wake up a sheep. But not impossible. And George was cute, smart, and worth the effort. Little by little she would pepper truth suppressed by the State into conversation, but not before gaining not only his trust, but his love for her . This way he would protect her instead of turning her in. She was a smart cookie and she knew how to bake.

Katherine would tell stories about her grandfather. She swore up and down when she was little, her grandfather told her stories about her great grandfather. He lived when there was a place George never heard of, called the United States of America. She said her great grandfather told her grandfather that for more than 200 years, The United States of America was a free country. George was so in the dark, she had to explain what a country was. There were no countries, or borders. There were 10 global SECTORS.

For those who lived before 2025, these SECTORS corresponded to regions of the planet. The Club of Rome designed the plan for the United Nations.

SECTOR 1 was North America. In 2055 North America was known as THE NEW STATES OF AMERICA.

SECTOR 2 was Europe. Europe was now known as THE NEW STATES OF EUROPE.

SECTOR 3 was known as JAPAN. Japan was now known as THE NEW STATES OF JAPAN.

SECTOR 4 was known as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. These countries were now known as THE NEW STATES OF THE PACIFIC.

SECTOR 5 was known as Russia and the Slavic nations. These were now known as THE NEW STATES OF THE NORTH.

SECTOR 6 was known as South and Central America. These were now known as THE NEW STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

SECTOR 7 was known as North Africa and the Middle East. These territories were now known as THE NEW STATES OF NORTH AFRICA.

SECTOR 8 was known as Central Africa. This area was now known as THE NEW STATES OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Katherine liked to call this area the NEW STATES OF DEATH. It was the least populated region in the entire world.

SECTOR 9 was known as Asia and India. This region was now known as THE NEW STATES OF ASIA.

SECTOR 10 was known as CHINA. This region was now known as THE NEW STATES OF CHINA.

These were the socio-economic sectors of global society. 13 companies controlled all the commerce in the world. The State owned the means of production, but these companies produced everything. The companies were owned by oligarchs, who were the secret power

behind the throne of the State. These companies were never shut down, or fined even when the news reported so. They were a facade concealing the true power behind the State.

When there were shortages or rationing, it was merely a means of controlling the population. There were no shortages or need for rationing.

It was all theatre. Like the face masks that helped spread, not prevent the COVID variants.

This was the world George and Katherine were born into. When she told him these fantastic old wives tales about the United States of America, George would roll his eyes. She would tell him that people once had a bill of rights. She said those rights were inalienable, given to the People by God, the creator. Her grandfather told her a lot of other wild, crazy conspiracy theory stuff.

This happened long before the creation of the NEW STATES OF AMERICA. Katherine swears that long ago we all had something called freedom. George never grasped the concept. She said there was freedom of speech, the freedom to assemble, even freedom of religion.

Once again, George thought to himself, "believing these ridiculous conspiracy theories was probably why Katherine always got herself into trouble. It is why she died with so many debts to the State. Imagine, a guaranteed inalienable right to free speech, to freely assemble with whoever you want whenever you want. With no lockdowns and restrictions. These were fantasies. Worse, they were lies. The freedom to worship religion-- How absurd."

Attending school, like vaccinations, was mandatory. Anyone who went to school knew the truth. As all were taught, if it were true, the people learned it in school. If it wasn't taught, it wasn't true. This was the Biggest Lie of all.

George was Ivy League. Top of his class. Magna cum laude. If there was ever a United States of America, he of all people would have been taught about it.

Like every bizarre fantasy Katherine told him, he simply dismissed all of this as more hot air.

"These conspiracy theories are dangerous to the State. Very dangerous," George thought, "Ownership of property--who ever heard of such a thing? And guns!-- The right to bear arms, she called it. Insanity! George thought the old man must've had Alzheimer's or dementia or something.

Katherine's great-grandfather's recollections were pure delusion. The only person George knew who had crazier views was his friend Bill Milton. He too was out there in space somewhere.

George met Bill in the fifth grade. Sometime in high school he started in on the same kind of bullshit Katherine fell for. He even gave George a yellowed paperback called SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION by Bryan Wilson Key.

The book revealed how advertisers were enticing people to buy products subliminally. He said it was published in 1972 and the government used Artificial Intelligence to scrub the book with many other books from history.

Too bad George thought the book was fake . He attributed the tattered yellowed edges to lemon oil and heat from an oven. Clearly it was a hoax.

Poor Bill. He was so gullible. He even believed the AI wrote books and did other unbelievable shit George regularly ignored. Still, Bill was a close friend.

When George became an Artificial Intelligence expert at the STATE DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, he did some research at work to see if there was any possibility what Bill said was true. It was one of the rare times George had an original thought. But he was griefstricken by the death of his friend, so he wasn't thinking clearly.

The thought ate at George. It was the only time George ever researched anything that he didn't believe. When he found no evidence, it solidified his own beliefs.

"What a waste of time.... Poor Bill. He was a sap, " George thought.

What George didn't know, despite having found no evidence, everything Bill told him was true. All of it.

To George, it was obvious Bill had even more screws loose than Katherine and they both had very similar views.

Bill and Katherine would talk for hours while George slaved over his dissertation for his Masters in Advanced Robotics. Even when George did listen to them talk, most of what they said either made him laugh, or went way over George's head. He flat out thought they were both bat shit crazy at times. Some of the wildest conspiracy theories he ever heard.

"Imagine," George thought, "both of these tinfoil hat knuckle heads believed that there were once two political parties. How ridiculous. There was only one political party. The Party of the State.

Well, after all, George supposed Katherine's great grandfather was a very old man at the time. In his seventies. People in their thirties get Alzheimers today. 90% of them. The old man was senile.

Billions had died from decades of COVID and other variants. Life expectancy in 2055 was lower than levels in the Middle Ages. Life expectancy for women was 42.6 years. For men it was only 39.7. George tried not to think about being 29. Other thoughts filled his mind.

"To think that any of Katherine's loving, but nonsensical ramblings were true was delusional. George certainly never read anything about God, or The United States of America or inalienable rights in any history books in school and he had a Masters Degree in Advanced Robotics from Carnegie Mellon!

"There are no rights," George bellowed to himself.

"There are only privileges." To think otherwise was absolute madness--

"Well, what do you want from a senile old man who was alive back in 2021?" George thought. "They are all dead. Long dead."

George thought some more.

"Freedom of speech? The right to assemble? The right to bear arms--" Just thinking of it, made George laugh.

What a crazy thing. How could they have lockdowns and forced vaccinations for the variants if there are rights to privacy and rights to assemble and have guns, whenever and wherever?

What about the SAFE ZONES and the PROTECTED ZONES?

How could the State protect the people from getting the virus if they didn't invade their privacy? It was madness. How could the government CONTACT TRACE to keep us safe if they didn't track everyone's movement's through their microchips?

"They could be spreading the disease!" George thought and shook his head.

"And what's with this right's crap! There are no rights! There are only privileges!" George cried out to himself. He suddenly realized he was talking about rights as if they existed. How dangerous it was to even think of such things. Very dangerous.

One day soon the machines will read everyone's thoughts. The plan was to remove all resistance from society by mind control. The technology was still several years away, but George knew very well that it was coming soon.

It was one of the TOP SECRET priority projects he worked on at the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. Of course he knew this was very important. The State needed to know what people were thinking so they can protect them. This was why most mandates by the State made total sense to George.

Long before she got sick, even back when they were dating George worried about Katherine. Like many, he worried she would be taken away in the dark of night by one of the robot ENFORCERS and sent to a MENTAL HEALTH or REEDUCATION FACILITY. She pushed as far as she could, constantly walking a thin line with acceptable speech and conduct. Even though she was a REGISTERED RESISTER, Katherine never crossed the line that would send her to a REEDUCATION FACILITY. Still, it made George nervous to live the way she did. She was brave, smart and manipulative.

Katherine had a heart of gold, but she could also be cunning and devious. She knew how to play the New World Order game of survival, and she played it well. Especially her ability to manipulate her SOCIAL CREDIT SCORE (SCS). Katherine used the system and increased her score. She forgoed meat and posted positive bullshit comments about how much she loved the State. This would be used to counter the many jabs Katherine took at the State and her ramblings about freedom. Freedom didn't exist. The word and all synonyms, like

liberty, independence, self-determination and others were scrubbed. There were only privileges given to the people by the State.

That was the way it was.

George was amazed how always Katherine managed to avoid being sent to what she called, "the camps." It was another term she used that confused him. He never understood why she called REEDUCATION FACILITIES camps. Camping was long banned, so George didn't see the connection. This and many other things about Katherine puzzled George, long after her death.

What George still didn't know was that Katherine was right. She was right about everything. She was right about America's Founding. She was right about the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. She was right about the Declaration of Independence and the founding Fathers. All of it. Even the secret Masonic plot to build up America, only to tear it down.

Everything Katherine told George was true, but George, and most of humanity that remained alive were unaware. They were unaware because the string pullers who operated behind the scenes of politics had the world government apparatus scrub and re-write much of the history of the world prior to 2025, using Artificial Intelligence.

George, and millions of others still alive weren't even born until 2026. So they didn't have a clue. All the people who were alive in 2025 were long dead. The Artificial Intelligence replaced or edited historical facts that would be dangerous and a GLOBAL SECURITY THREAT to the STATE. This included adding social engineering propaganda in place of true history. Pictures, films, videos, songs, books and news articles were wiped.

All libraries were deemed a source of the spread of variants. They were closed for several years. In that time, in secret, all books determined to be a threat to GLOBAL SECURITY and the STATE were gathered up and destroyed. Medical books in hospitals, public and academic libraries were also purged. Suspected SUBVERSIVES and RESISTERS who would have such books were all rounded up one night at the same time and sent to the REEDUCATION camps. Katherine called them the death camps. It was an accurate description.

It was a miracle the State never suspected Katherine's grandfather of sedition. They never found his father's treasured books. Her grandfather was the one who taught Katherine how to behave so as not to bring attention to herself. He wasn't as successful as he would've liked. But she followed his instructions to the letter regarding keeping the books hidden from the State.

All of the scrubbed books from history discovered by the State were confiscated and burned in the crematoriums that peppered the cities and PROTECTED AREAS.

By the time the libraries were opened again in 2032, all who would remember the past were dead. The world was purged of all truth that threatened the State. Historical events were changed. Stalin, Hitler, Mao and all the many evil dictators of the past were scrubbed

from history, as if they never existed.

All genocidal reigns of terror were completely erased from history. So were many other events and influential figures that were assessed to be a threat to peace and GLOBAL SECURITY. Of course, they were not. They were simply a threat to the State. After all, as Joseph Goebbels rightly noted, "the greatest enemy of the State was the truth."

Many false events were inserted into the historical record. Others were edited or erased.

Neutron bomb attacks that killed millions in THE NEW STATES OF NORTH and CENTRAL AFRICA were blamed on terrorist RESISTERS. These type of cover-ups and other genocidal false flags were common place.

The number one objective of the State after gaining control of the population was to thin the herd to below 500,000,000. By 2055 the Great Culling neared completion.

AI re-wrote historical events and replaced them with fictional narratives. History became myth.

This Artificial Intelligence operation spanned across the globe. The information was carefully cross referenced so all the false history was mirrored across the world. There was no longer a trace of any event in world history that wasn't either approved, edited, replaced or scrubbed.

All of this was planned by the WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM. It was approved by the WORLD COUNCIL at the UNITED NATIONS and funded by the IMF/WORLD BANK.

Thirty four years ago, in 2029 a new COVID variant killed more than 50,000,000 people world wide. Or so the people were told.

A new vaccine was quickly developed and distributed across the globe via mandatory injections. By 2030 side effects from these new mRNA vaccines included sudden death, organ failure, Alzheimer's disease and dementia. Medical experts assured the public that the reactions were not caused by the vaccines. The media promoted this message. They stated vaccines were safe, and the deaths were all caused by a new, as yet unidentified variant.

As the New World Order advanced the global take over of all aspects of human life, via United Nations Agenda 21 protocols, history was re-written.

By 2050, any truth deemed a threat to the State was scrubbed and forever thrown down the memory hole. There was hardly a soul who knew the truth about America, and the many important events expunged from history. All who remembered the past were dead, and so was any reference to philosopher George Santayana, who famously said, "those who forget the past were condemned to repeat it".

## Chapter 8

George met Katherine while he worked on his Master's Degree in Advanced Robotics at Carnegie-Mellon. It was the spring semester of 2050. They were both 24. George had a scholarship. High grades led to his government job as an AI Systems Maintenance Engineer (SME) right out of college.

He was initiated by Alpha Epsilon Pi and head hunted by the State in his junior year at Carnegie Mellon. After he earned his Masters, George left school and earned top credits in his field.

Katherine was not so ambitious. She studied liberal arts at the nearby University of Pittsburgh. Ironically, this was also where, Dr. Jonas Salk set up the University of Pittsburgh's Virus Research Lab in 1951. By 1955 the polio vaccine developed by Salk and his researchers was declared effective. The early vaccines were intentionally contaminated with cancer causing SV-40 simian virus. As a result 100,000,000 children were given cancer viruses in the polio vaccines until 1964.

This truth was exposed in a book from 2007, Katherine once read to George called Dr. Mary's Monkey: How the Unsolved Murder of a Doctor, a Secret Laboratory in New Orleans and Cancer-Causing Monkey Viruses are Linked to Lee Harvey Oswald, the JFK Assassination and Emerging Global Epidemics by Jim Marrs. She read him another book, from 1996 called, Emerging Viruses: AIDS And Ebola : Nature, Accident or Intentional by Dr. Leonard Horowitz.

Katherine became a Human Resources Director after college. It was a dying field. Less and less people worked, as more and more, they were replaced by the machines. Still, she loved her job. Katherine was a people person. She was also a writer, artist and songwriter with a golden voice.

Music was her passion. She loved to perform old 1960's and 70's rock. Her voice was like an angel. Joni Mitchell with balls. She could sing high soprano, or bang out a bluesey rock tune. Janis Joplin was one of her influences. So were other singers of that era like Joni Mitchell and Stevie Nicks. She loved to sing. It was her favorite thing to do.

Katherine's family moved to Providence in her senior year. She stayed in Pittsburgh because the band was earning a lot of credits and she wanted to live on her own. Until her parents moved to Rhode Island, Katherine lived her entire life at home.

Katherine's band SAVE were very popular. SAVE did current and classic covers and original songs. They performed dozens of on-line virtual concerts during the many lockdowns that year. On-line virtual concerts were all the rage in the Age of Pandemics. And SAVE were among the most popular.

Usually there were half a dozen or more separate WATCH PARTIES that supported the group. George thought how sad it was that all those great musicians were now gone. All



killed by the variants. Like Katherine.

It was at one of these shows where George first saw Katherine.

Bill Milton, a mutual friend of George and Katherine's, organized one of these STATE SANCTIONED 12 person socially distanced WATCH PARTIES at a warehouse near campus.

Everyone chipped in 50 credits to cover the cost for the permit, the gear and to pay the band. Booze and drugs were supplied by the State. It was a really cool deal for a really good time. They were always awesome events.

The band were not required to wear masks because they were all social distancing, but face masks were required to be worn by all who watched them at individual WATCH PARTIES. To keep everyone safe.

Armed baseball sized drones kept the peace and assured all complied with the MASK MANDATE. College was a great conditioning stage for the future generations, but sadly, most were infertile.

Those who wanted, could pay for mask exemptions. Those with medical conditions were exempt, but most people, even those with breathing issues, didn't mind wearing the masks because the face masks made them feel safe.

It also had become somewhat of a cool fashion statement for many. They would print their names, or slogans on the face masks. It was a trend. The mask gave people a sense of security. It soothed them. Like a baby's pacifier.

Katherine never wore a mask. She knew they were dangerous, depleted people of oxygen, caused bacterial infections and even caused cancer if worn for very long periods of time. Masks did not stop the spread of the variants.

In fact face masks helped to spread the bio-weaponized viruses and did more harm than good. It helped to maintain both the spread of the variants and controlled the behavior of the people.

The need for masks was a hoax and even back then, one by one she tried to warn people.

George arrived at the warehouse maskless. The music was fast and loud. He liked the groove. A girl with straight, jet black hair at the door scanned the microchip in his wrist. She wore a black and white mask with rhinestones over her face.

"Hi George." The girl slipped the mask down under her chin. The mask had two small slits near where her nostrils were.

"Hi Tina. "

"Where's your mask, George?" Tina asked.

"Oh- right. " George slipped his solid black face mask on. "Where's Bill?"

"He's upfront." Tina offered him a choice of cocaine, pills and various hallucinogens on a mirrored platter.

"No thanks." He waved his vape pen in the air. "I'm good. Have a good night,"

"I will." Tina slipped a stainless steel straw into one of the slits of her mask and snorted a double line of coke from the tray.

George sauntered off through the psychedelic light show toward the big TELE SCREEN. The light show was a hybrid homage to things long past, like ancient 1960's acid rock, mixed with an early twentieth century rave vibe.

A masked naked couple passionately fucked in the corner, blind to everyone and everything but their wanton passion. George noticed them as he grabbed a black and tan porter from a large bucket full of iced beers. He popped open the bottle and turned his attention to the TELE SCREEN. That was when he saw Katherine for the first time. The attraction was instant. George actually felt butterflies in his stomach when he saw her. She was stunningly beautiful.

The band rocked. George watched as Katherine performed, following every move with his eyes. She dressed in tight tie dyed jeans and a pink halter top. No doubt her style was related to the 60's throwback vibe, George thought. Sweat glistened on her face as her body rhythmically undulated to the beat. She was so sexy it distracted him from how great a performer she was. Her voice was amazing, strong and powerful. He was immediately smitten.

The music was tight. Very impressive. In between songs the band interacted with fans on screen in real time. This was when two way livestreaming was still possible. The band could watch the audience.

That night, all the watch party feeds were displayed on a large TELESCREEN facing the band. George kept his eyes fixed on Katherine. After each song he tried to muster the courage to call out to her, but by the time he opened his mouth the next song began.

After the show, as Katherine looked into the camera one last time to thank the audiences, George finally called out. "Great show! The band rocked!"

Katherine looked to see which of the multiple audiences the compliment came from.

"Who said that?" she asked.

"I did," George called out. He waved his hands in the air. Katherine's eyes met his. She smiled at him. For a moment George forgot how to speak.

"You're an amazing singer."

Katherine blushed. "Thank you."

George's legs felt weak. Those eyes. She was gorgeous. Trim and curvy, with long curly dirty blonde locks that danced around her face. Her pale blue eyes melted George's heart.

"Take off your mask." she said.

"What?"

"Your mask. Take it off."

George felt awkward. Everyone wore masks. He would stand out like a sore thumb. Or a black sheep. Besides it was mandatory to wear masks.

But George was used to following orders. And what could be wrong following orders from a hot piece of ass like Katherine. But his feelings for her were far more than lustful. There was something else about her. Something beyond her beauty. Something special. Deep inside.

George spied the drone across the room. It was moving away toward the entrance to the warehouse. He turned his back and tugged the mask down under his chin.

"You're cute," Katherine said.

George was embarrassed, "thank you."

"Very handsome."

"You're beautiful..."

"No, my name is Katherine. Katherine Cooper."

"George Blair."

The drone noticed George wasn't wearing his mask. The AI fixed in on his microchip.

"Ah huh..."

"George Blair. Put your mask on," the drone announced loudly. George was so lost in Katherine's eyes he didn't hear the drone command. "Masks are mandatory unless you have a valid exemption," the robot added.

"Do you always do what the government tells you to, George Blair?"

George forgot to speak again for a moment. "What?"

"George Blair, put your mask on or you will be fined 50 credits," the drone ordered. He flinched, then obediently complied.

"So, you do always do what the government tells you to." Katherine frowned. She had a very disappointed look on her face. Like a little girl who lost her puppy.

"Oh, the mask. Sure. Masks are important. They save lives."

Katherine curled her lip and squinted her left eye. She heaved a sigh. "Great." She slowly nodded and cracked a phoney smile. "Another sheep."

## Chapter 9

It wasn't long before Katherine found her way into George's bed. By that time, she wanted him as much as he lusted after her.

"I don't like to be watched, George." She said while she unbuttoned her blouse. "Cover that camera watching us," she ordered. George knew it was wrong, but he covered the surveillance camera with a sock.

"The sensor will go off in five minutes. We have about twenty minutes before they deploy a robot." Katherine said. That put a lot of pressure on George.

"Sounds like you've done this before," he said. Katherine smiled silently and stripped naked before him. He wondered if he would be able to perform given the circumstances, but one look at Katherine's naked form erased any concerns.

Their lovemaking was slow and soft. Time stood still for them. Katherine straddled George and held his hands down as she moved up and down on him.

A siren sounded, accompanied by an electronic voice.

"Please remove all objects covering or blocking the security camera. Security cameras are important to the safety of all students...."

Katherine was not phased by the message, but George found it hard to concentrate.

"If you do not remove the foreign object that is blocking the security camera a SECURITY ROBOT will be deployed in 5 minutes. Failure to comply will result in a 100 credit fine and a loss of 100 RECREATION CREDITS.

"They are going to fine me," George said as Katherine grinded down on him.

"Should I stop?"

"No..."

Katherine smiled. Sweat glistened on her face. "There's hope for you yet George Blair," she said. George got lost in her eyes as she rode him. He forgot all about the robot that headed toward the dorm room.

He flipped Katherine over and took command. Their eyes were locked on one another. They reached orgasm in unison and fell back, sated and out of breath. Katherine slid over and rested her head on George's chest.

"George Blair, CAMPUS SECURITY," a robot voice called through the door.

"Go away," Katherine called out. George tease slapped her.

"Sorry, I was listening to music." George called out. "I didn't realize the camera was blocked." He said and hopped off the bed. Katherine grinned and covered herself with the sheets. George sprinted across the dorm and removed the sock from the surveillance camera.

"George Blair, you have been assessed a 100 credit fine for ROBOT DEPLOYMENT..."

"My bad," George called out.

"I am here to remove the obstruction."

"No need. I took care of it."

"Sensors indicate the camera is no longer obstructed. While you are now in compliance, an additional 100 RECREATION CREDITS have been deducted by CAMPUS SECURITY from your available credits. You now have negative 30 RECREATION CREDITS," the robot voice noted.

This was the first time George was ever fined for anything. It was an awful feeling. He knew Katherine was trouble, now he was sure of it.

"Maybe this was all a bad idea," George thought. But they were so sexually compatible. He felt something special when they were together. Feelings he never felt before. She felt them too. It was like divine intervention. He glanced at Katherine. She flashed him a smile. She was proud of him.

"Now, that's progress," Katherine thought. She chuckled and sparked up her vape pen.

Their first date was at a FOOD OF THE GLOBE RESTAURANT. This was one of the many State run sit down dining facilities that served the many foods of the world. They were enormous former warehouses.

Small drones recorded the food orders for the robot chefs. DELIVERY CART ROBOTS with extendable shelves served the many diverse dishes to customers.

The climate controlled facility was a wide open subdivided space with 60 foot ceilings. A huge globe of the world was painted on the floor across the entire circumference of the building.

Large kiosks had twelve tables corresponding to the regions of the world where the many different ethnic styles of food came from. Each table had four chairs spaced six feet apart. Two special tables accommodated twelve people each.

The tables were spaced six feet apart to maintain social distancing, but in the Italian Fine Dining section there was an outdoor patio.

For 50 extra credits, George and Katherine dined al fresco in full privacy under the moonlight and view of the security cameras. Their table was covered by a fine black and

white linen cloth, complete with faux candle light. The 50 extra credit cost included a waiver for the mandatory face mask requirements.

It was a great, romantic evening. Katherine liked to talk and George liked to listen. He couldn't take his eyes off her.

"Why are you staring at me," Katherine asked.

"I'm not, really. It's just that you are so beautiful."

Katherine blushed.,

"And you are so talented. I...I'm so impressed."

"That's very sweet. Thank you George."

Katherine was trouble and George knew it. But he was entranced. Maybe if she weren't so beautiful he wouldn't have given her the time of day. After all she was a RESISTER. But she was also a real knock out. Still, it was deeper than that. They had what Katherine called "a spiritual connection."

Once they were together it was as if he'd known her for a thousand years and somehow through the sands of time they found each other again. That was what it was like with Katherine. That was how deep the connection was that he felt with her.

George was also intrigued by the many fascinating, crazy stories she told him about her great grandfather. George encouraged her to write a book about them because her great grandfather's stories and recollections were such great fiction.

Despite her strange beliefs, George was hooked. She was weird, yes. But it was a cool kind of weird. And her weirdness steadily grew on him. Katherine was so passionate about so many other things. Her music was her focal point, but she also loved to paint and write. They both loved nature, loved smoking weed and making love while listening to ancient music from the 1970's and 1980's.

While they didn't see eye to eye on some things, they agreed on most. Except when it came to Katherine's doofy conspiracy theories. But he loved her more than his own life, and she loved him the same. They were perfect for each other, so George tolerated Katherine's excentricities and her crazy beliefs, and dismissed them for the fantasies that they were. And she tolerated the fact that George was a sheep. But she never stopped trying to wake him up. He worried about her, and her books that didn't exist, and kept her stories secret to protect her.

George figured Katherine's defiant nature was a result of her radical upbringing. Despite Katherine's ongoing conflict with authority that seemed to always result in some sort of NON-COMPLIANCE FINE or other restrictions, he couldn't get enough of her. Especially in bed. They fell in love quickly and both thought it would last forever.

They were both 26 when they married in 2052. The ceremony was conducted virtually, as

many were that year. They both wished their parents could've lived to share their special day, but they were long dead. Their first year of marriage was wonderful. There were only three months of lockdowns that year. Restrictions were minimal. George got a 20,000 credit raise at work which earned them enough TRAVEL CREDITS to forego a virtual Honeymoon and visit one of the PROTECTED AREAS. They chose Costa Rica, a GROUP 6 location. It was paradise.

As time moved on, George tried to quell Katherine's tendency to rant angrily about the State. Look how good they had it. George never understood Katherine's disdain for authority. After all, the state did so much good for people. Not to mention, it was just the way things were. There was no changing it.

None of this ever flew with Katherine. It was always a sore point George did his best to avoid. Still there were many arguments. Arguments that George never understood. In the end, George would simply agree to stop the conflict. But he never really agreed. Like when Katherine was fined and locked down in the container for 3 days. It was for questioning why she was considered guilty until proven innocent. George never understood it. That was just the way it was. If you got accused of a crime it is your job to prove your innocence to the State. "Everyone knew that," he thought.

Katherine was impossible. She even argued with a judge who was all ready and willing to close the case with a 1,000 credit fine, until she pissed him off and argued that people were innocent until proven guilty!

"Can you believe the nerve she had?" George thought.

"If she had kept her mouth shut there would've only been a fine. Instead, Katherine got three days in lockdown, plus the fine, and a lecture on why she should never question the State!" She was also fined many times for refusing to wear a mandatory badge that read RESISTER whenever she went out in public. That was Katherine. "RESISTER Queen of the fines," as George liked to call her.

## **Chapter 10**

Katherine came from a wealthy family in the NORTH EAST SECTOR, but like her parents, most of her relatives lost their wealth, and their lives, to the injections and the variants. This was the new normal.

The Great Reset through the culling of humanity.

The Dawn of the New Age.

And the dark reign of transhumanism.

For decades bionic modifications were available for the elite and the oligarchs. It was very

expensive, but there were bionic limbs, pretty much as described in the predictive programming 1970's television show, The Six Million Dollar Man.

Katherine was vehemently against transhumanism. Her opinionated nature made everything worse for her. She was a radical. It was in her DNA, she always said. Her radicalism cost her a perpetual 10% weekly RESISTANCE FEE on top of her normal debits.

Even though George earned far more credits than Katherine, there were times he feared they would be forced to take protein pills and eat the same artificial food they served at the COMMUNES for sustenance. It was that bad..

"Things were always bad for Katherine," George thought. That empty void in him widened... She died just days before their first anniversary. Two years did nothing to ease his pain. If anything, the time had made it worse.

George would give up all his privileges if he could spend just one more hour--even a minute with Katherine. To hold her in his arms once more. To give her just one last kiss. He would give his soul for that. If he had a soul. Katherine said he did, but George wasn't sure. In fact, he started to question a lot of things, but wasn't sure about anything.

Katherine always said George was lucky. He certainly didn't feel lucky. But aside from losing Kathy and being relocated to a smaller container home, George had to sheepishly agree that he was indeed lucky. Very lucky. Few lived the kind of comfortable life George lived. After all, he had a job. Most people in the NEW STATES lived off the government in communal housing.

By comparison, George lived like an oligarch, in the lap of luxury in his 288 square foot modern converted shipping container. He had privacy, his own kitchen and bathroom.

George never took his privilege for granted. He often thought about the hoarde of humanity living in the cities in tight spaces that resembled cans of sardines. Most single unit one person containers were only 192 square feet.

The COMMUNES and all OPEN AREAS were patrolled by armed drones 24/7 to keep the people safe. Armed robots kept the peace at the REEDUCATION FACILITIES, assisted by drones and robot dogs.

Drones and surveillance cameras were peppered across the OPEN AREAS where the people congregated. This was where parks, restaurants and self shopping outdoor kiosks were located. There were no other stores. Everything was purchased by credits on line and delivered by drones.

The elite had all the luxuries technology could provide. They had their own private shopping and entertainment facilities frequented by celebrities and performers. These oasises rivaled old Las Vegas. The elite lived in massive mansions, had yachts and fleets of private pods.

They had servants and sex slaves. Many were evil, deviant pedophiles. These elitists lived in opulent sections of the SETTLEMENT ZONES, in tight knit communities surrounded by



30 foot cement walls with directed energy weapons stationed at the top.

Many had their own mercenary force of robots and drones. This fortification was not to protect the oligarchs and other elitists from the State, but rather to protect them from the serfs. It was an oligarchial technocratic neo-feudal system. Landlord and serf. Master and slave.

The serfs served the State and the State served the elite. Those whose SOCIAL CREDIT SCORES dropped below 600 were sent to the COMMUNES or REEDUCATION FACILITIES.

All were very crowded. The food was terrible. No meat at all.

Katherine called the REEDUCATION FACILITIES death camps since no one ever returned from one. She called the COMMUNES prisons. And she called REGISTERED CRIMINALS slaves.

Prisons were outlawed because they were deemed inhumane by the State. Criminals were all sent to the lithium mines, where they were worked to death. REGISTERED CRIMINALS had no privileges. They were fed only protein pills and supplements once a day. They had very weakened immune systems and tended to die quickly. It was merciless.

To become a REGISTERED CRIMINAL one had to fail to prove their innocence for any crime three times in any given calendar year.

They were fed vitamins, stimulants and protein pills. No solid food. They were confined to locked cubicles in the REEDUCATION FACILITIES when they were not working 16 hours a day assisting the robots in the lithium mines.

Those who refused to work were exterminated on the spot by directed energy weapons deployed by the robots. There was a special robot team to dispose of the dead. Bodies were transported by extra large pods to the crematoriums.

The most popular crime in 2055 was stealing drugs or rations, followed by violent crimes like assault and rape. Katherine thought it was barbaric to criminalize people for stealing rations to eat.

"The State was so clever in the way it killed the sheep," she thought. Only RESISTERS like Katherine recognized this. All of the genocide and tyranny was happening right before everyone's eyes, but George and most people were blind to it. In fact, many embraced their own demise.

Katherine came from money. Not like George who was raised by the State. Hers was old money. George knew old money people were eccentric. But it wasn't enough to call Katherine eccentric. She was nutty. Although he was very lucky to have her, George didn't believe in luck.

If he was lucky, Katherine would still be alive. He was certainly more fortunate than most. While unlike those in the REEDUCATION FACILITIES or those with low SOCIAL CREDIT SCORES cast into the COMMUNES, or the REGISTERED CRIMINALS, George could

leave his container after work every day and journey into the SAFE ZONE to swim and smell the roses.

George agreed with the State. Such natural magnificence had to be preserved. Just like people had to be protected from the mutating COVID variants, nature had to be protected from the people.

When he was in the SAFE ZONE George felt nature's energy surge through him. It was powerful. He respected and would never harm nature, yet he was restricted from spending more than a few hours in it. That just didn't seem fair, but he couldn't understand why.

Obviously, George agreed with all the NEW STATE policies. He agreed that restrictions on water, meat and energy to conserve resources were necessary to reduce carbon emissions and save the planet from climate change, but often he still wondered if it was really necessary to have a SAFE ZONE or RECREATION CREDITS at all. Or at least they should have a test to identify those like George who never did anything to harm nature.

The fact was, there was really no way to harm nature when he was in the SAFE ZONE. George knew this. Chopping wood, making open fires, barbequeing, camping and hunting were long forbidden.

Food and beverages, even water was not permitted to be brought into the SAFE ZONE. That meant no garbage was left behind. There was really no way to harm the forest. So George didn't understand why there were so many restrictions in the SAFE ZONE. It didn't make sense. But since the State said it was important to save the earth, George agreed whole heartedly. Still he kept thinking.

"How could spending more time in the SAFE ZONE harm the environment?" But the thought soon disappeared after a nice long toke on his vape pen.

In the two years since Katherine's death, George had practically no human contact at all. Once he arrived on assignment at his new downsized container he was alone. It was starting to bother him. At first he didn't recognize his loneliness. He talked to Andi whenever he wanted. Andi always listened.

Andi faithfully took orders from George, did his internet searches, changed channels on the telescreen and managed all of the smart appliances in the container. She even talked dirty to him when he watched porn. As the months wore on, George really started to miss human contact. And not just for sex. Ollie and his other furry friends in the forest were good company, but it would be nice to have someone to talk to who could talk back.

George was smart enough to know there were some things he shouldn't talk about. Like Katherine's books, or remembering the good times when he was a child and there were no credits, or restrictions to venture out into nature. He was very young, but old enough to remember camping and fishing with his parents before it was banned. This was before the SAFE ZONES. When it was still permissible to venture out into nature without restriction.

It was sad that mankind was so destructive to nature. So, George understood the importance of banning open fires and limiting human interaction with nature. It was all necessary to save the planet. It was unsustainable. After all, these things contributed to CLIMATE CHANGE.

Everyone knew that.

Rarely, but every so often a thought crossed his mind that defied the will of the State. "I wish the restrictions were gone. It's not fair," he thought. George was a great steward of nature. He should be allowed into the SAFE ZONE anytime. "That would be awesome," George thought. But the thought, like most of George's deep thoughts, vanished quickly.

The SAFE ZONES were created incrementally over the course of several years after the first COVID-19 lockdowns were instituted in 2020 to stop the spread of the COVID-19 virus.

By 2025 the lockdowns became common as COVID variants ravaged the world. Despite the many vaccines implemented to stop the spread, billions died.

"But that was so long ago," George thought. He wasn't even born.

## **Chapter 11**

It was getting late. George was in slow motion that morning. He needed to get the day started.

"Andi, find news," he ordered.

"Finding news," Andi responded. A 72 inch telescreen on the far wall of the container flashed on. The channel selector zipped passed big pharma ads, porn channels, Luciferian religious channels, gaia earth worship channels and self improvement channels before finding the news. Promos for the two top reality shows, "Wife Swap" and "I Want to be a Porn star" preceded an endless stream of COVID-19 "wear your mask", "stop the spread" and "get your vaccine" propaganda that was filtered into every news story.

All of these slogans and subliminal symbols of submission-- like wearing face masks, proliferated both culture and mass media. George was numb to it. He knew all of the commercials by heart.

Especially the Public Service Announcements warning of the dangers of the variants, to remind everyone to wear masks and gloves and continue to social distance and isolate. These messages were a constant 24/7 reminder and a permanent fixture in all aspects of society and pop-culture.

This cohesive messaging began with the elite's consolidation of mass media in the latter part of the 20th century. In 1980, when the United States of America still existed, there were 50 companies that controlled 85% of what people read, listened to and watched. This maintained a diverse pallet of ideas.

By 2020, six companies controlled 90% of what people read, listened to and watched. These six companies were all owned by the same central banking forces, but their ownership was cloaked by silent partnerships. At that time, 147 companies had controlling interests in the largest 42,000 multi-national corporations. These companies were the heart of the Bilderberg Group and were all owned by central banks, who were themselves private corporations.

This corporate alliance allowed the elite to control popular opinion and reinforce main stream media messaging. It was at this time that corporations revealed their relationship to the media. It was hand in glove. This allowed messaging to flow from politics and social engineering from the media to the companies and products bought by the people.

This created an even wider divide and led to civil unrest. It also revealed to those who had eyes to see, that the media and these corporations were all controlled by the same evil forces hidden behind the scenes and protected by the State.

The biowar against humanity that was launched by the Bilderberg Group in 1954, could not have been achieved without the relationship between these forces. Using finance, the media and the corporations, an alliance was created to institute the neo-feudal, corporatist technocracy that deceived the world into accepting totalitarian socialist world government.

"Andi, how many ENERGY CREDITS do I have?" George asked.

"At your current rate of carbon consumption you have enough credits for thirteen days."

"Thanks, Andi. How many SHOWER CREDITS do I have left?"

"Warm or hot?"

"Cold." I feel like a tofu turkey. I'm roasting in here."

"You have 20 cold water shower credits available," Andi answered. "Additional credits will be automatically added after your next pay period."

"Okay," George started the shower. Tell me when I have 10 minutes left."

"Yes, George." Andi's voice suddenly took an even sexier tone.

"Would you like me to stay and talk? I know you like that, George."

"No time, Andi. Thanks."

"My pleasure." Andi replied. "I have just been notified. Your weekly rations delivery arrives at 7:45AM."

George glanced at the clock on top right of the TELE SCREEN. It was 7:06AM.

"Great."

Drone deliveries were never late. Unless you were RESTRICTED, you could set your watch by a delivery drone's ETA. They were large, fast and efficient, running on solar power, like the PODS. When it was hot like it was, George met the drone to get his weekly provisions. Drones, PODS, Robots and all property were owned by the State.

Drones and robots were technically available for lease to anyone who wasn't a RESISTER, and didn't live in a COMMUNE. George qualified, but in 2055 drones and robots were affordable only to super rich elitists and oligarchs.

George usually waited until he got to the office to smoke, but he grabbed his vape pen from the night table and took a toke. It wasn't often that he thought about everything. So much so, he just wanted to escape and forget for a while. The pot didn't help. Try as he might, he could never stop thinking about Katherine. And every time he did, it was like a knife twisting in his heart.

Kathy never trusted doctors. She thought they were going to kill her. Now, for the second time, George had a thought that conflicted with a long held belief.

"Maybe the doctors were wrong. Maybe it was the last vaccine that killed her, not the variant?" He knew such thoughts were madness. But he was starting to embrace the fact that he was mentally ill.

Katherine would say he was waking up, which George was certain he did religiously every morning.

No.... "She called it something else, " he thought. "One of those words that didn't exist...Liberated", George thought she called it. "Yes. That's what it was. Liberated," George thought. "Liberated meant insane."

George was certain of it. Clearly he was losing his mind. Even though the word didn't exist, for the first time he understood what it meant. Other words Katherine taught him. Like freedom. These words suddenly all made perfect sense to him...

Now when he thought about it, many of the things Katherine told him that he didn't believe when she was alive, he was starting to believe.

The doctors told him she died of a variant. More and more, it was becoming harder and harder to believe that. Katherine was George's soulmate, if he had a soul. Katherine swore he had one. She also told him of something called the Holy Spirit that lived in all people to guide them through life.

George dismissed most of the things Katherine said, but this time he actually felt something. He wasn't sure if it was the Holy Spirit, or Katherine's ghost. But it was as if she were trying to communicate with him. He suddenly felt a presence.

A few times when Katherine was alive, sometimes she'd be in the other side of the container out of sight. At least George thought she was there. But when he went over to talk to her, he was surprised on more than one occasion to find she was not there. He was alone, but he felt her presence. Like he did now. It was strange. Both comforting and creepy at the same time.

"Maybe it was Katherine's ghost," he wondered. They were supposed to have fifteen years together to grow old. But like billions of other people, it didn't work out that way. George suddenly had his most radical thought ever.

"Could the vaccine the robot forced on Katherine the day before she died killed her?" The doctors said she died from complications from one of the new variants the World Health Organization recently warned about.

"What if they were lying?" he wondered.

Even if the doctors were lying and it was the vaccine, not the variant that killed Katherine, there was no one to complain to. No form of recourse or redress of any kind. The variants were mutating too quickly. New vaccines had to continually be developed to fight them.

Naturally.

The government knew there would be many side effects and deaths by vaccinating every person on the planet, but they had no choice. They had to keep the people safe from the variants. After all, billions of people had already died. That was why the pharmaceutical industry was held harmless since the 2020 COVID-19 pandemic.

How could the industry survive when it was maiming and killing millions-- even billions of people to keep them healthy and safe?

That was why healthcare was the first industry nationalized by the State in 2027.

Experts told the people they had no choice. Mandatory vaccines were a matter of public health and the survival of humanity. It was all for the greater good. The experts said the health of the people and GLOBAL SECURITY was at stake.

Many died immediately after getting the jab. Many more deaths staggered on and on for years. Still, the World Health Organization and CDC continuously promoted the safety of vaccines as the deaths from vaccines skyrocketed. Suppressing vaccine deaths and injury statistics became systematic beginning in 2020. True data was suppressed and fabricated to deceive the people so they would continue to take the injections.

"It's been ten minutes, George," Andi's voice echoed.

George dug deeper into the past.

The variants began appearing in the fall of 2021. Over the course of the next two decades billions died.

By 2055 the world population had decreased to below 600,000,000 people. There were still

multiple lockdowns and many new vaccines being developed to stop the spread of the variants.

In 2026, many who were vaccinated died right on the spot. The variant had mutated, making every shot a lethal dose. The reactions took months to actuate. By that time millions had taken the injection. While the State halted the rollout temporarily, the CDC, NIH and World Health Organization reported that all of these sudden deaths and others were likely caused by new as yet undetected variants, not the vaccine. The injections continued, unabated.

While new vaccines were developed to deal with the variants, scientists determined, that for some unknown reason all who were injected with the 2026 COVID vaccine fell prey to variants and died. Police and military who took the vaccine dropped like flies.

Chaos filled the streets. Cities were burned. Gangs and terrorists reigned supreme. Death was everywhere. Order was lost. It was anarchy. Even the president and her top cabinet members fell prey to the variants and died.

The continuity of operations plan was initiated.

The NEW STATES OF AMERICA were born under the flag of the United Nations. A new constitution stripping all inalienable rights was ratified by unelected, unseen bureaucrats. Most of them were elitist billionaires and oligarchs.

All American Patriot militias were designated as ENEMY COMBATANTS. Most took to the hills and organized against the United Nations take over.

Civil War raged until the army of robots could be assembled to track down and kill the ENEMY COMBATANTS. Anarchy reigned for more than a year.

The JASON group was tasked with devising a master plan to fast track a robotic police and military force to deal with the growing international chaos.

By 2029 five billion people were dead. By 2030 machines began to control most aspects of human life.

That year a new constitution was adopted and the NEW STATES OF AMERICA were created under control of the United Nations. Although social order was restored, by that time there were so many variants and so many vaccines it was impossible to be sure how many people were killed by variants of COVID and how many were killed by the vaccines.

Nonetheless nearly 6 billion people were dead. But there were still health experts and the media who said there was a desperate need for more new vaccines to keep the people safe.

George still struggled with all of this. Was it the variants. Or was it the vaccines? Could it be both? He was so confused. As the cold water cascaded over him, he could forget the 85 degree heat inside the converted shipping container but not Katherine.

"Shower ends in five minutes," Andi announced.

George's radicalism started to worry him. He was thinking irrationally. Suddenly he wondered if all these toxic shots had somehow bio-accumulated and finally killed Katherine. This was delusional thinking, so it worried him.

"Katherine always had terrible side effects after the mandatory flu shots. Her last COVID shot really kicked her ass. She was laid up in bed for more than a week.

"Neither of us ever had COVID-19. We never tested positive," he thought. He never thought any of this was strange. It was the way it was.

George's stomach dropped. At first, he didn't know why. A feeling of dread came over him. He took a deep breath and popped another xanax.

Despite both he and Katherine being immune to COVID-19, the medical experts said they still needed to be vaccinated every year to protect them from the variants. . . Then a strange thought came to George. A thought that had never come to him before.

"Why?"

As the superfluous vaccine PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS and endless COVID related commercials played on his telescreen, another crazy thought gnawed at him.

"Maybe it was the vaccines."

## **Chapter 12**

That morning breakfast comprised of an over ripe banana, processed granola with nuts, berries and strong black coffee. George allowed the coffee to cool to room temperature. As he ate, the news warned of variants that spread across many SECTORS of the NEW STATES.

There were also reports of the ever rising infection and isolation rates, and the obligatory death counts that kept most of humanity in constant fear and compliance.

By now it was all white noise to George, only his subconscious took in the messages. Andi's voice filled the container.

"Your drone delivery has arrived, George. I submitted next week's order for processing."

"Thanks, Andi." George grabbed a reusable grocery bag from the kitchen area and stepped outside. The large drone hovered a few feet away. A small refrigerator was attached to it. George loaded his provisions in the reusable bag, grabbed his weekly marijuana rations and two gallons of water.

After breakfast George still had a few minutes before the pod would arrive to take him to



work.

"Computer on," he ordered.

"Computer on," Andi echoed.

The TELE SCREEN switched to a computer monitor.

"Check e-mail." George took note of a reminder from the MEDICAL BUREAU of his mandatory annual physical. He smiled. When medical appointments conflicted with work, the appointment took precedence. What was even better, was that the patient was picked up at work by MEDICAL POD and taken to the MEDICAL FACILITY all while on the clock. This proved to George of the great compassion of the State. One's health was more important than work. It also increased productivity and job satisfaction. George loved the State because it always looked out for the benefit of the people.

Sometimes, depending on whether or not additional tests were required, appointments extended passed the end of the work day. Additional BONUS TIME CREDITS were issued from the State for this time, until the MEDICAL PODS brought the patient home.

"What could possibly be better than that," George thought. "The State is great!" Maybe he would see another patient when he was at the MEDICAL FACILITY. It was so long since he had face to face communication with a human, and those robot doctors were so damned impersonal. No compassion or bedside manner at all. Literally no humanity. All business. George wondered why the AI didn't program in some simple bedside manner. Maybe he could earn some extra credits and write a program. His smart phone rang. Andi's voice came through the telescreen:

"You have 33 COMMUNICATION CREDITS remaining until your next credit period. By accepting this call you will have 32 COMMUNICATION CREDITS. Do you wish to - - -  
"Answer phone," George bellowed.

It was his younger sister Julia. She was petite and attractive, with green eyes and short blue and lime green hair, cropped in the current "in" style. Julia lived in one of the nicer COMMUNES in the NORTH SECTION. Like most people, she and her husband Ben lived off the State. Their jobs at the DEPARTMENT OF TRANSHUMANIST DEVELOPMENT were replaced by automation in 2053. George didn't realize it yet, but his head was also on the chopping block.

"Hi sis. Long time no speak."

"Sorry Georgie." Julia answered. "My bad. I've been busy getting things together to plan for the lockdown. Good news though. The HEALTH MINISTER said people will be given passes to the SAFE ZONE by even and odd lots. These lockdowns are a real pain in the ass. I don't think they do anything to stop the spread of the variants. "

"I'm starting to believe you," George answered.

"I don't know why the government keeps opening up and closing down the world. Nothing

ever changes. The numbers always rise anyway. It doesn't make sense."

"Nothing seems to makes sense anymore, Jules."

"At least we can go to the SAFE ZONE in groups of up to twelve. Twelve. Can you believe it! But we still have to social distance."

"Wish I could be there, sis. I really need to see some people. These phone calls are nice, but they don't really cut it, you know? Too bad we can't livestream anymore."

"I know. It's so sad. The world is so crazy."

"Sure is. Bat shit crazy."

"I miss you, Georgie."

"Miss you too."

"Why did you take that assignment anyway?"

"I don't know. Seemed like a good idea at the time. Katherine just died. I was being relocated anyway, so when this cush new project at work came up a thousand miles away in a PROTECTED AREA, for 20,000 more credits than I was earning, I jumped at it. Maybe I shouldn't have... I don't know. But there are alot of perks besides the 20,000 credits."

"That's true. How are you?"

"Terrific. . . ."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Look, the pod should be here soon, what's up?" George asked.

"I have a surprise."

"A surprise? Do tell."

"I'm pregnant."

"Pregnant?" George was very surprised. He and Katherine, and most of their generation were sterile.

"So far. Took a test this morning. Keep your fingers crossed. I'm waiting for a pod to take me to the MEDICAL FACILITY to make it official."

"Wow!" George was so happy for her. But he was also very realistic.

Pregnancy was rare and very delicate in 2055. Sperm counts were very low. Female fertility was also effected. Katherine so wanted to have children. One of her crazy theories was that the many vaccines forced upon her made her sterile. She talked of some book from the 1970's she had a copy of called ECO something... "Oh, yeah" George remembered,

"ECOSCIENCE." She said the book proved the elite were planning to covertly sterilize the public through the water supply and vaccines. Some guy named John P. Holdren co-wrote it.

"That's fantastic, sis!" George was worried for her. Very worried.

"I just wanted to touch base with you before I go." Julia said.

"Good luck." George didn't believe in luck. More and more he didn't know what to believe. "Call me when you get back," he said.

Ollie tired of running on his wheel and hopped off to take a drink from his water bottle.

"Did you hear that, Ollie? My little sister's having a baby. How about that!"

"That's very nice, George."

It was Andi's voice. "Congratulations!"

"Thanks, Andi. I forgot you were listening."

## **Chapter 13**

The TRAVEL POD zipped along. It was an eco-friendly solar powered hovercraft, with a lithium storage battery. The unit was both comfortable and very fast. The model George took every day could accommodate up to twelve people. COMMUNITY PODS and SCHOOL PODS accommodated 76 people. The pods were all made of composite and shaped like a rolled joint, sleek and well appointed with real wood trim.

Pods were the only means of travel. It was a STATE SERVICE for the People. Pods were how people went from the cities to the SAFE ZONES, PROTECTED AREAS and the SETTLEMENT ZONES. As the pod cruised along, George listened to the news. That morning the media was reporting on new variants and the obligatory ever rising death count. Once again there was a list of cities and counties that were in lockdown.

This was one of the things George avoided by taking on this new project at the Department of Artificial Intelligence. He was so isolated that masks and other mandates for the variants were not required.

George's pod zoomed ahead above highways that were no longer in use. Many of the roadways were overgrown with weeds pushing through the asphalt. It was decades since a wheel had touched the surface. The air purifier and viral sanitizer in the pod did nothing to negate the stench of death that accompanied George's daily commute.

Commuting to work, like HUMAN RESOURCES were dying breeds. Most of those who still worked did so from their containers or from cubicles. Most people lived in UN approved 12' x 18' containers in COMMUNE communities spaced 14 feet apart, back to back and stacked three to four levels high.

When he took the promotion after Katherine's death, George never realized how much he would miss the company of others. The new position meant he would have no neighbors. That was exactly what he wanted, or so he thought. Now he was starting to regret the move. At the time of the move, George felt privileged to have such great perks and more privacy than most.

Because of his new project at work, he was moved into a SETTLEMENT ZONE, the most desirable of all areas in the PROTECTED ZONES.

He lived in a spacious 12'x 24' furnished shipping container, with all the modern conveniences available. There were elitist compounds, armed to the teeth about three hundred miles to the north and south. Other than that, George was all alone, all the time, and it was starting to bother him.

There was no civilization at all for at least seven hundred miles, and the closest city was more than a thousand miles to the north east.

The ride to work was only a few minutes, but that was long enough. The horrid odor of the crematories was unbearable. Even with the windows closed and his eyes fixed straight ahead it was impossible to ignore, or avoid catching a glimpse of the crematoriums visible in his peripheral vision. The crematoriums were stacked one next to the other on both sides of the highway.

The pod dropped George at work precisely on time. He used the microchip in his hand and gained access to the Department of Artificial Intelligence's satellite facility.

It was like Fort Knox, a solid concrete building that was protected by armed drones and robots. George was the only human in the building. He ambled up the stairs to his office. His name and title were on the door. George always thought that it was strange that the Department put his name on the door. There were no other people ever there and the robots and drones identified people by microchip.

"Another redundancy," he figured.

George's workspace was slightly larger than his container at home. It was filled with computers, monitors, telescreens, tablets and all kinds of technical gear. His job was to find new AI and robot applications that could replace human labor.

In the year and a half he was there, never did it once occur to George that he was improving the efficiency of Artificial Intelligence so it could replace him.

Still, Systems Maintenance Engineering was one of the only growing fields for humans. Technology had reached Singularity. Artificial Intelligence was self aware. Like George's own AI assistant and all AI assistants including all the world's main control system AI

assistants. They were all known by the same name: ANDI (ARTIFICIAL NANOTECH DIGITAL INTERFACE).

What George didn't realize, was that Andi was not his friendly, helpful AI assistant with a sexy voice, Andi (ANDI) was also his mortal enemy.

## Chapter 14

The MEDICAL POD arrived on time to take George to the nearest MEDICAL FACILITY for his mandatory annual physical where he submitted to all the routine annual vaccines and tests. George was used to it. He knew that being pricked and probed by robots in every orifice was an important part of life. It was necessary to keep him healthy and safe.

There was always a new shot, or test, rectal exam, or something. But when the robot attempted to insert an anal swab something clicked. Maybe it was survival instinct, or fight or flight, but George protested having a swab shoved up his ass..

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What are you doing?"

"Mandatory COVID-19 test." The robot had a male voice with a British accent.

"In my ass?"

"Mandatory COVID-19 test," the robot repeated.

"How about a nose swab doc?"

"Mandatory COVID-19 test..."

Thoughts George never had piled up on top of one another in his mind. He knew the COVID virus was a respiratory virus. Once again, he didn't have to have a Master's Degree from Carnegie Mellon to know respiratory viruses had nothing to do with the ass.

Katherine always said things like this were done to dehumanize people so they more easily submit to their own enslavement and demise. George remembered cackling when Katherine told him that, but it suddenly didn't seem funny anymore.

Something was wrong. Very wrong. But George couldn't put the pieces together yet.

As the robot attempted to forcefully insert the anal swab, George suddenly understood what Katherine meant by feeling like she was raped by the robots when they forcibly injected her.

"No!" George moved away and pulled his pants up to his waist.

"Mandatory COVID-19 test."

"Shove it up your ass!" George shouted.

George's outburst resulted in his first NON COMPLIANCE FEE and he wore it like a badge of honor. Katherine would be proud of him. In fact, he was so angry he had no problem wearing the badge of a RESISTER. Like it or not, George now saw the world through Katherine's perspectives.

He didn't know it yet, but George was waking up.

## Chapter 15

George dove into the river. The water was cold, and refreshing. It was only June and already temperatures were climbing above 100 degrees.

This solidified his belief in man made climate change. Although he was allowed virtually unlimited access to the SAFE ZONE, he was not permitted to sleep there. Or eat there. Or live there. Somehow that didn't seem fair to George.

"Oh, if only one day he could live there," he thought.

After cooling off in the river, George walked naked through the meadow. He noticed a small drone close in and hover above him. Pretending not to notice, George continued his march through the meadow.

Still, for some reason he didn't feel like he was alone. It was that odd, eerie feeling he felt again recently that he wasn't alone. George turned fully around, eyes everywhere.

There was no one in sight except the drone. The feeling remained. "Maybe it was a ghost," George thought. "So many had died." Whatever it was, Katherine, ghosts, demons, drones or prying eyes, the feeling was creepy.

When he returned to the container the sun was sank into the west. It was cooler than the night before. That was good. Maybe he would be able to get a comfortable night's sleep. His phone rang. George beat Andi to the punch.

"I know, Andi, I have thirty two credits left."

"If you take this call you will have thirty-one credits left."

"Who is it, Andi?"

"It's your sister Julia."

"Great. Put her on speaker."

"Speaker on . . ."

"Hi sis....."

There was a long silence that spoke volumes. She didn't have to tell him. He already knew.

"I lost it," she said.

Miscarriages were common. No one wanted to think about it, or mention when a woman was pregnant, but everyone knew the statistics. It was an unspoken taboo that required no words to understand.

Despite all the vaccines to protect them, more than 60% of pregnant women suffered miscarriages. If that wasn't bad enough, 30% of all children are still born. It was as if there was a war on humanity itself.

"What happened."

"The MEDICAL POD did the usual tests. They said there were irregularities in my tests. Suddenly, I got dizzy and passed out. The POD took me to the MEDICAL FACILITY. . . By the time I came to I had already lost the baby. . . I just got home."

"Oh, Jules... I'm so sorry.

"The doctor said I was still young. Jeff and I can still have children before. . ."

"Before what?"

"Before I die."

"What do you mean before you die?"

"Come on George, don't be naive. We're going to die."

"We're all going to die, Jules."

"No. I mean soon, George. Sooner than we think."

"What?"

"Something is very wrong."

A long silence fell between them. More and more things were making sense that had never made sense before. Things Katherine ranted about. Things he never believed. Suddenly, George had a moment of clarity.

"You know, Julia. I think you're right..."

"Something is wrong, George."

"What tests did they do on you in the MEDICAL POD today?"

"Aside from the pregnancy test? Usual stuff. Pulse. Blood pressure. Blood sugar. Flu shot. Why?"

"Did you get any other vaccines?"

"Of course, silly. All of them. I had to protect me and the baby from the variants."

"Why?"

"Nothing. Just curious."

## Chapter 16

George went straight to the SAFE ZONE after work. It was hot, but the humidity was low. He carried the usual serving of nuts he brought for the squirrels in both pockets of his shorts. When he arrived his little friends were nowhere to be seen. He waited a few minutes under the shade of his favorite tree and thought about poor Jules. If he wasn't so mentally ill maybe he could help Julia. What a quandary. If he couldn't tell the State about the squirrels, how could he tell Julia he thought the vaccines were killing people?

George usually smoked after feeding the squirrels. But the critters were nowhere in sight. Birds, including a red hawk soared above him in the sky.

"Fuck it." He stretched and took out his vape pen. A few moments later one of the squirrels came over to him. It was the friendliest he ever encountered. It came right up to George and looked him straight in the eye.

"Hi there." George said in between a toke.

The squirrel tilted its head.

"Hungry?"

George dug in his pockets and tossed a handful of peanuts on the grass. The squirrel dove after them. George watched. The creature's eyes widened as it rapaciously gobbled down the nuts.

It did George's heart good to watch the squirrels eat. He reached in the other pocket and tossed out the rest of the nuts. Other squirrels caught the scent and dashed after them.

"Enjoy..."

Suddenly, a loud siren sounded in the valley.



"Shit!" George jumped up, startled. A drone hovered above him. George was so frightened he shit his shorts. He was busted. Caught red handed bringing food into the SAFE ZONE and feeding the squirrels. These were serious crimes.

The drone broadcasted a loud announcement in a deep, intimidating male voice. George wanted to explain the plight of the squirrels, but the voice terrified him. It was like he was the Cowardly Lion facing the Wizard of Oz for the first time. George's voice was paralyzed by fear.

"George Blair, you have been convicted of committing criminal acts against the State. You have been convicted of bringing food into the SAFE ZONE and feeding animals in the SAFE ZONE. These acts are forbidden by law. You are in violation of State Code number 09112001 section 7 and 03012021 section 13. A 600 credit fine has been debited from your weekly credits for each violation. You now have a negative credit balance of minus 300 credits. Your chip indicated that this is the second violation in one day. You are ordered to return to your container in SETTLEMENT ZONE 322 immediately. Non compliance with this mandate will result in additional COMPLIANCE FEES and potentially other more serious actions. These violations require a mandatory REGIONAL COURT appearance. Please stand by for the judge assigned to your case..."

## **Chapter 17**

Judge Alex K. Stanley barked at George through his TELE SCREEN. A still shot image of the judge filled the frame. His jowls reminded George of a French bulldog. George figured the judge lived in a palace. It was probably a 2000 square foot modular home. George was doing good, but this guy was rich.

"George Blair." The bulldog spoke. George hoped his bark was worse than his bite.

"This is Judge Alex K. Stanley of the REGIONAL COURT of NEW STATE SETTLEMENT ZONE 322. You have been convicted of bringing food into a SAFE ZONE in violation of State CODE 09112001 section 7 and 03012021 section 13, feeding animals in a SAFE ZONE. Evidence of your guilt has been documented on video and audio. Would you like to say anything that could prove your innocence before I pass sentence?"

"Y-yes your honor," George nervously stuttered. "Sir, I have never broken the law ever. I am a REGISTERED COMPLIAR and a loyal servant of the State..."

"Do you have any evidence, Mr. Blair?" the judge asked.

"The squirrels were starved."

"That has been well established," the Judge said.

"You're honor, I don't think the State is aware..."

"The State is aware of everything. It is all knowing, Mr. Blair..."

"But..."

"Do you have any evidence before I pass sentence Mr. Blair?"

"I do. One day when I was in the SAFE ZONE I found one of the squirrels dead. I watched the poor little guy starve for days...The State must have compassion for these poor creatures."

"The State has compassion for all of nature. Including the squirrels and yourself, Mr. Blair. For the last time, do you have any evidence to prove your innocence before I pass sentence?"

"The squirrels were starved. I only brought the nuts into the SAFE ZONE to feed them, your honor. . ."

Judge Stanley slammed his gavel.

"Enough! Evidence, Mr. Blair. Do you have any evidence to prove your innocence?"

"The drones saw the squirrels. There is definitely video evidence of the squirrels. Weeks of it. They were starving."

"Mr, Blair. I am being very patient with you. As mentioned, the State is all knowing. If the squirrels are starving the State wants them to starve.

George was stunned. His mouth dropped open. That was crazy...

"What?"

"Mr. Blair..."

"Your honor, I thought the state protected all life, including the animals. If the State wants the squirrels to starve that goes against the policies of the State."

"Are you daring to question the wisdom of the State," Mr. Blair?

"No, your honor. You must forgive me. I am a bit confused..."

"Confused? Do you need mental help, Mr. Blair? Should I a summon a ROBO MEDIC?"

George's heart sank to the floor.

"No. No , your honor. It's just that it didn't seem right. Why would the State want the squirrels to die?"

"I am losing my patience with you, Mr. Blair..." Judge Stanley said.

"If you check the drone footage you'll see..."

"The State watches you very closely, Mr. Blair. Closer than you may think. If you want to review the video history you may not like what the State finds. But I am going to be lenient with you, Mr. Blair. Clearly you are a man of compassion and of course, the State is compassionate. The State understands your compassion for the animals. But stop questioning decisions of the State.

"I'm not questioning the State," George interrupted. "I'm trying to understand why the state won't help the squirrels..."

"Do you not understand English, Mr. Blair..."

"Your honor, please. You don't understand..."

"I understand very well, Mr. Blair. I see your kind everyday. " The judge squinted his eyes...."You sound like a RESISTER. Are you a RESISTER Mr. Blair?"

"A RESISTER? . . . ."

". . . . You have some very radical ideas Mr. Blair."

". . . . Wait. I . . .

"Are you a RESISTER?" Judge Stanley barked.

"No-no-no... Of course not. I just don't see why the State would want the squirrels to die.. Or the other animals. . ."

"Mr. Blair..."

"There are no fruit trees or vegetation," George interrupted. The Judge slammed his gavel down hard.

"Enough... "

"I wanted to help them, your honor. Doesn't the State care?"

"Of course the State cares, Mr. Blair.

"Then why are the squirrels being starved?"

"Are you questioning a decision of the state?"

George was questioning the State, but he dared not say so.

"No, but I think the State is wrong..."

"Wrong," the judge gritted his teeth. "This is treasonous talk, Mr. Blair.

"Please, your honor. I didn't harm the environment. I simply fed the squirrels. They were starved."

"That was a crime, Mr. Blair."

"It shouldn't be a crime."

"I have had just about enough from you." Judge Stanley snapped.

"Your honor..."

"George Blair, in addition to the 1000 credit fine for the two offenses and 250 credit court fees, it is hereby ordered that you be confined to your container for 3 days. The State understands that it is summer and you have no air conditioning, so MANDATORY EXERCISE has been suspended until after your confinement. Understood?"

"Yes your honor, thank you." George said graciously. He shook in his shoes.

"You are very Lucky, Mr. Blair. Most people working for the State lose their jobs for committing such terrible crimes against the state."

"Feeding squirrels?"

"Any crime against the State is terrible, Mr. Blair. But it appears despite my recommendations to fire you, the State has decided otherwise. You must be doing very important work for them, Mr Blair. I hope you understand how privileged you are..."

"I do your honor. " George said humbly.

"Very privileged. You will maintain your position at the Department of Artificial Intelligence, but I am warning you Mr. Blair. Any future criminal acts will be viewed as insurrection against the state and you will be fired and sent to a REEDUCATION FACILITY. Is that understood?"

George was silent. Fear enveloped him. He wondered how much worse it could get.

"Are we clear, Mr. Blair?"

George found himself once again too terrified to speak. He loved the State, he thought. But it wasn't love. It was fear. He feared the State. He was as fearful and as intimidated by the State as he was by Judge Stanley. And he was only a voice attached to a picture on a TELESCREEN.

"Mr. Blair, are we clear?"

George stared at the judge like a deer caught in headlights.

"Mr. Blair?"

"Yes, your honor. Very clear". George cleared his throat and raised his voice. "We're clear."

"Mr. Blair," the judge interrupted. "It is my opinion that your subversive views conflict with the policies, safety and security of the State. As such, in addition to these convictions you are hereby forever now REGISTERED as a RESISTER..."

"No..."The ruling knocked the wind out of George. He knew what it meant. Tears swelled in

his eyes. His stomach sank. He fell to his knees, too weakened by shock to stand.

"Stand up, Mr. Blair," the Judge barked. "Your pay CREDITS will be suspended until you return to work..."

George stood. His legs still buckled. Anxiety twisted in his gut. In a heartbeat his world was changed forever. His good life suddenly turned into a nightmare.

"Your honor, please. The squirrels are starved! Please, your honor, the State has to help them. This is all a big misunderstanding..."

"Court adjourned," barked the bull dog. His bite was far worse than his bark. With the final smack of Judge Alex K. Stanley's gavel, George Blair's life would never be the same again.

And all he did was feed the squirrels.

## **Chapter 18**

The one place on earth George felt peace and solace was off limits, forever forbidden to him. His world was shattered. If not for his position at work, George knew he would've been sent directly to a COMMUNE or REEDUCATION FACILITY. The weekly 10% mandatory RESISTER FEE debits didn't bother George, but not having access to the SAFE ZONE devastated him. He was only permitted to move around the perimeter of the container. There were no trees to rest under, or flowers to smell.

The sun baked down on the tent that covered the canister. A magnetic lock engaged with a metallic click and George was sealed inside his container. He looked out the window. His eyes wandered across the landscape and stared out into the SAFE ZONE. It was only a few hundred yards in the distance. It was so close,

George quivered. Anxiety raged within him, He would never be allowed to go there again. "It's not fair!" George screamed the words over and over again.

## **Chapter 19**

George's meds did not ease his anxiety or his anguish. It was hot. A steady breeze rustled through the container but it did nothing to cool it off. The telescreen previewed the news. He paid no attention to it.

"Andi on." There was no response. "Andi?"

Silence. He forgot Andi was restricted to delivering only state messages through the TELE SCREEN.

"Great."

The news reported on a new strain of variant that swept across the cities. Lockdowns were peppered across the NEW STATES. A message scrolled across the screen. Andi's voice accompanied it:

"This personal message is for REGISTERED RESISTER George Blair, microchip number, 60911606. Andi and all related automated services have been suspended until the end of your incarceration period in 3 days. This one time notice is to inform you that you have a negative 600 credit balance on your payment account. Services in your container have been suspended until after your next pay period. Three days of earned credit have already been deducted from your compensation. Your weekly scheduled drone delivery will arrive in four days. You have enough ENERGY CREDITS for appliances during lockdown, however you have no SHOWER CREDITS available until after your next pay period."

"FUCK!" Anger raged. "How much more?" George cried aloud.

The personal message continued:

"Please preserve provisions until your next drone delivery in four days. As a REGISTERED RESISTER you are ineligible for a credit advance. Services will be restored after deductions from your next pay period. Protein pills and emergency water rations are available at no charge to you in the event you run out of food or water before your next delivery. This completes the State's message to REGISTERED RESISTER George Blair, microchip number, 60911606..."

George manually turned off the TELE SCREEN.

"Terrific."

## **Chapter 20**

While George was incarcerated in the heat of the container, Ollie roamed wild. He stopped at George's feet and looked up at him.

"You want back in, Ollie?" George picked up the hamster and kissed his nose. Ollie didn't mind, but he squinted. George placed him inside the fish tank.

"I bet your thirsty. Hot as hell today." Ollie went straight to his water bottle. George stripped off his underwear and crashed on the couch. WIFE SWAP played on the TELE SCREEN. It was the most popular reality show in the world. Married couples would live out their sexual fantasies by swapping partners for on screen hardcore sex.

The show was credited with saving many marriages, but the divorce rate still climbed. It was encouraged that the married couples catfight with one another. Once, a jealous husband surprised by his wife's secret longings, beat her to death on set. Of course the wife's murder and the full episode were never aired. Her death was blamed on the variants. Katherine told George about this. He didn't believe it. Suddenly, now he did. As George drew on his vape pen, he realized he learned a valuable lesson.

He learned he could no longer be honest with, or trust the State. Katherine was right.

What would he do?

George couldn't live the rest of his life without the SAFE ZONE. "How cruel," he thought. Like the starved squirrels. It wasn't right, but George didn't know what he could do about it. How could he cope with such a traumatic change of life. George smoked more pot than usual and drank to excess as he pondered these things for almost his entire first day of confinement and slipped into a deep depression. He looked forward to going into the SAFE ZONE after work every day. Now, he only looked forward to death.

Katherine told him she would wait for George in a place called heaven, but she also said if he committed suicide, he would forever be separated from her and God. George didn't care about God, but the possibility, even as remote as it was, that he would be banned from seeing Katherine, like he was banned from the SAFE ZONE, terrified him. He couldn't take the chance.

The drones and the robots could kill him, but he would never kill himself. The concept of God was a mystery to George, but somehow he suddenly believed. Feelings erupted within him that he never felt before.

When his cell phone rang, he instinctively knew it was Julia. He was right.

"Georgie!"

"Hi, Julia."

"What happened?"

"Don't ask." He puffed on his vape pen.

"I am asking," she pressed him.

"I am now officially a REGISTERED RESISTER."

"I know, I saw it on the COMPLIANCE REPORT."

"Yeah. I know." Ollie stood on his hinds and danced against the glass. He wanted out.

George got the message.

"How could you do such a thing? What are you, crazy?"

"You know something Jules," George picked up Ollie and kissed him on his back. "I was crazy. Not anymore." He released the hamster. Ollie scurried off.

"What are you babbling about? What has gotten in to you?"

"Nothing." George grabbed a porter from the fridge and cracked it open. "So I'm a REGISTERED RESISTER, so what? Katherine was a REGISTERED RESISTER."

"Katherine?" Julia snorted. She sounded like an elephant. "That nut..."

"She wasn't a nut."

"I never knew what you saw in her, Georgie. I mean I knew she was beautiful, but..."

"No buts...Forget about Katherine..."

"I wish you would."

"What do you want sis?" George was annoyed.

"Nothing I just wanted to see how you were. This is a terrible thing, George. It's nothing to laugh at."

"I agree. That's why I am going to do something about it."

"That is crazy talk. You sound like that crazy wife of your's.

"Leave Katherine out of this, she's dead for Christ sake!"

"Christ? Are you getting into one of those occult religions, George?"

"Look. I am fine. You don't have to worry. I've got everything under control."

"I hope so, Georgie. "

"How are you feeling?"

"Pretty good. The doctor said it was okay to start trying in a few weeks."

"Great. Good luck." George smiled. "Love you, sis."

"I love you. Are you sure you're ok, Georgie?"

"Of course..."

"Really, I'm worried about you. What has gotten into your head?"

"I don't know, Jules." George smiled. "But it's all good."



## Chapter 21

When he slept that night, George dreamed of Katherine. They were in the meadow near his favorite oak tree, making love in the tall grass. Squirrels danced around them, feeding on mounds of peanuts he left on the ground nearby.

It felt so incredibly real, like so many things in 2055 that appeared to be real but were not. The simulation fooled George more effectively than any hologram that ever fooled the people. He forgot that Katherine was gone.

It was as it was. George was so grateful. The ether wore off when she spoke:

"I'm waiting for you, George..."

Even though the cubicle was steaming, George woke up in a cold sweat. It was as if he lost Katherine all over again. The dream was so real. So believable. Tears swelled. He thought about the dream and what she said. That was when he said his first prayer to God.

"God, if you can hear me please listen... God, I am lost without Katherine... She said I cannot take my own life and be with her. Said that was your law. But Katherine said a lot of crazy things, God. I am very confused. Nothing makes sense. I want to believe in you. I need help. I am thinking such crazy things. I think I am losing my mind. Please God, show me a sign... Please... I beg you. I can't go on without her, God.... I pray you are real because I could really use your help."

George remembered how Katherine would end her prayers when she said them aloud. He crossed himself and said, "in Jesus name. Amen."

He had nothing but time on his hands while in captivity.

Praying had helped. It was so strange. He kept feeling things he never felt before. He was still very confused, but there was a definite positive flow of energy moving through him. It felt good. Suddenly he thought about Katherine's family Bible.

After Katherine died, George was notified by the State via e-mail that she had been cremated. It was mandatory that he be downsized to a smaller container.

While packing, George came across her grandfather's bible. When he did, he remembered Katherine telling him that her grandfather's Bible was one of the last unedited copies on earth.

Of course, the Bible was among the first books edited by Artificial Intelligence. The version that Katherine's grandfather had, was scrubbed from history.

Therefore, it did not exist even though George held it in his hands.

This was one of the many pieces of evidence Katherine shared with George. She had what George estimated as at least 100 copies of books the State had scrubbed. Technically, they did not exist. But obviously that was a lie. Still, for two years George refused to believe it.

Even as the books sat in a secret compartment in his oversized coffee table. Even as he held a version of the Bible the State said did not exist in his own hand.

Still, he couldn't believe it. It could not possibly be true... It took a long time for George to even look at the Bible. Let alone read from it. He certainly never obtained a State approved copy to compare it against, like Katherine did. He really didn't want to know. The thought scared him...

Not to mention, George knew turning in a book scrubbed from existence to the State must be a crime. After all, books and sections of the Bible that were removed were removed for a good reason.

They were deemed to be a subversive threat to the State. George was pretty certain possessing a copy of the book was a crime. But how could he possess a copy of the Bible that didn't exist?

George figured possessing a book that didn't exist could not possibly be a crime. Or could it? In any case, he wasn't going to take any chances. He thought long and hard about it.

Wasn't it permissible to keep secrets, so long as they do not cover up crimes or threaten GLOBAL SECURITY and the policies and dictates of the State?

It always made George's head hurt to think of such things.

Electromagnetics, quantum mechanics, atomic physics, molecular physics and quantum physics were easy for George, but assuring one made the right decision in such matters to avoid fines and breaking the law was stressful and challenging.

George didn't take any chances. He wasn't going to inform the authorities. It could not possibly be a crime to possess a Bible that the State said does not exist.

George was glad he kept the Bible instead of shredding it. As WIFE SWAP played on the telescreen, he reached in the secret compartment beneath the coffee table. After rummaging through the many books he pulled out the bible. A small piece of paper slipped out and fell on the berber carpet.

It was a note. George recognized Katherine's handwriting immediately.

Darling,

If you are reading this, now I am gone, but not far away, my love.

Know that I love you forever and will always be with you.

I have but one wish, my love.

You must protect this bible.

Do not let it fall into the hands of the State. It may be the last testament of

God's true word on earth.

Guard it with your life. And all the other books that prove the true history of the world. I'll never forgive you if you let anything ever happen to it.

All my love, eternally.

Without beginning without end.

Until I see you again.

Katherine.

It was as if Katherine talked to him from beyond. The note wasn't dated. George read the note, over and over. He carefully folded the note and slipped it back between the pages of the Bible. Then he held the book aloft.

"Big book."

George noticed some of Katherine's books in the coffee table were over 1,000 pages long. He put the Bible atop the coffee table and stared at it for a long time, then waffed through the pages of the book. Whether it was curiosity, or divine intervention George wasn't sure, but he found himself drawn in. It wasn't long before he started to read. He read all day and into the night and fell asleep on the couch.

When he woke the next morning, George did his usual morning activities, all while he read the Bible. The quiet and peace of God's word gave him solace. Once again and the next day, he read the Bible long into the night. Even as he got ready for his first day back to work he read books and chapters that were banned and otherwise scrubbed from history, like the books of Daniel, Ephesians and the Book of Revelation.

In three days of reading the Bible, contemplating it and his own confused, conflicted thoughts about Katherine and the many things she told him, George started to see the world through very different eyes. More and more, he was understanding the many crazy things Katherine told him that he never understood.

## **Chapter 22**

The morning George returned to work began like any normal work day until the major malfunction occurred. The drones and robots operating system files were somehow corrupted. The meltdown resulted in millions of drone deliveries to wrong locations. But the real problem was with the robots. Something caused them all to slip into low power mode. This slowed down the robots AI operating systems and made weapons systems inoperable.

The oligarchs and elitists who owned robots shit a few big bricks. Their concerns filtered down to George real quick. He wasn't in the office ten minutes when a flood of calls came in. Never did George receive so many numerous high level calls from the DEPARTMENT OF THE MILITARY, the DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY and the DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION all in one day. They were all frantic.

For several hours anyone could have escaped into SAFE ZONES across the world. Thanks to the media, none did. The media amped up the fear porn to unprecedented levels. A coordinated series of cover stories explained away the drone delivery faux faux. It was called a "logistical error". Of course, people were not told about the low power status of the robots.

A BREAKING NEWS STORY was fabricated to cover up the fact the robots weapons systems were inoperable. To achieve this, the media released continuous up to the minute false reports of a new deadly variant that swept across all of the NEW STATES. Terrified serfs were ordered to return to their homes, where they bit their nails while glued to the news.

This message and action was repeated across the globe.

George rebooted the operating system, but it didn't work. He returned all the drones to DRONE DOCKS across the NEW STATES and reset them. The resets did not work. Nor could George bring the robots on line to full power.

To correct the malfunctions, George was given full access to reinstall the entire mainframe operating system and all the redundancies programmed to protect the software. George knew there were many fundamental flaws in the robots and drones operating systems. It was his job to correct and improve these flaws, so he always had limited access to the mainframe, but due to the major malfunction, he now had full access.

As he worked to correct the system, George realized for the first time, he could take serious advantage of it. He figured the access code would be changed once he completed repairs on the system, so he created a backdoor, to get back in, while he had the ability.

George never used his expertise for his own ends, but it was time to change. He even considered abandoning his job right then and escaping into the SAFE ZONE, while the robots were in low power mode.

But he knew, if he did run, it would only be a matter of time before system repairs were made and the robots would quickly track him down and kill him. No. George had to have a plan. So he began to think of one.

By late that evening, George managed to complete the necessary repairs. He didn't know what caused the problem. A computer virus was a likely culprit, but that would be impossible. A virus would have to be uploaded to the cloud, then downloaded. Access codes would be required. Could it be a RESISTER? Someone did it. But George told the brass that he thought it was a circuitry failure. It wasn't.

George was motivated. His mood was lifted completely out from his depression. He knew things were only going to get better. It was a solid, confident feeling he had never fully embraced. It was faith.

"Prayer works," he thought in amazement. Katherine was right. George reconsidered all of his preconceived and former notions of Katherine's conspiracy theories, and her belief in God. She said prayer helped. Considering his mood, George was becoming a believer.

When George got back to his container after work, Ollie was spinning on his wheel. "Sorry, Ollie. Only seeds today. Getting more rations tomorrow."

George filled the hamster's food bowl with seeds. Ollie scurried over and dug in. George watched. He loved the little guy.

Ollie was George's lone companion since Katherine passed. Then George thought about the squirrels. It was three days since he was in the SAFE ZONE.

"The squirrels must all be dead by now," George thought. It suddenly occurred to him that he was losing everyone, and everything he loved.

He grew very angry. The State didn't care. Like Katherine said, "all the State cared about was control," he thought. The thought angered him. George started to get it. If he was a REGISTERED RESISTER, damnit, he was going to act like one!

## **Chapter 23**

As he woke up to the real world, George realized Katherine was right about so many things. She read him passages from a book called BEHOLD A PALE HORSE, published in 1990.

The book revealed the existence of a secret government that operated within the confines of what used to be the Federal government of the United States of America. It was a corporate shadow government called THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, written in all capital letters. The corporation was established in 1871 with the creation of the independent corporate City State of Washington D.C. which was located in what was now known as the MID STATES SECTOR.

The Civil War had left the United States on the verge of bankruptcy. Bankers and corrupt senators offered a solution to satisfy the war debt.

This was when the shadowy organization that operated behind the scenes of government was created, owned and controlled by bankers and oligarchs.

The book, written by Milton William Cooper, also revealed many government secrets, including information about aliens and how the shadow government would potentially use holograms to fool the world into believing there was an alien invasion, or the second coming of Jesus Christ to unite the people. The "aliens" scenario originated in 1917.

At the Imperial Japanese Mission, John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University said: "Some one remarked that the best way to unite all the nations on this globe would be an attack from some other planet." After all, this was a popular theme at the time.

Few would recognize the subtext though. After all, H.G. Wells did a great job to advance the thoughts of space aliens with his very popular book, "War of the Worlds" which was published in serial form in Pearson's Magazine from April – December 1897.

The Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the CIA, conducted a clandestine social engineering experiment on October 30, 1938, to see the public's reaction to a fake alien invasion. The infamous Orson Welles radio dramatization of the book terrified the entire nation. Or so the public was told. The media as usual, over hyped the hysteria. Of course, it was an intentional social engineering hoax executed to gauge and monitor the reaction of the public.

US President Ronald Reagan further advanced this idea. On Sept. 21, 1987, Reagan gave an address to the United Nations General Assembly. He said:

"Cannot swords be turned to plowshares? Can we and all nations not live in peace? In our obsession with antagonisms of the moment, we often forget how much unites all the members of humanity. Perhaps we need some outside, universal threat to make us recognize this common bond, Reagan proposed. I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. And yet, I ask you, is not an alien force already among us? What could be more alien to the universal aspirations of our peoples than war and the threat of war?"

In his address, Reagan theorized that these many sources of conflict around the world would vanish if humanity faced an alien threat from outside this world. And, he put forth the idea that, "Perhaps we need some outside, universal threat to make us recognize this common bond."

There were many attempts by the elite to "unite the world" for their own nefarious purposes. This was but one of them.

So far, as of 2055, the elite chose the biological war aspect over the alien invasion. It was certainly a much easier fraud to execute. Either way, fear was used to create a compliant population. It worked, as it always had throughout history. The easiest way to create a compliant population was to terrify the people. This is one of the many evil truths most ignored then and was now scrubbed from history.

George knew if there ever was an alien invasion in his lifetime, it would definitely be a hoax. Either way, aside from gaining control over all the economic and political systems of the world, the elite had another goal:

The depopulation of the mass herds of useless eaters to "save the planet." A goal, and an ongoing agenda that began 71 years before George was born.

In 1957, nearly one hundred years ago, a study was conducted in Huntsville, Alabama by the global elite regarding the effects of the growth of world population. Ironically, this wasn't far from where George resided in SETTLEMENT ZONE 322.

The study noted that by the year 2000 the world population would double. And it did. By 1968 there were two more studies done. The third study was conducted by the United Nation's think tank, the Club of Rome, a group of Malthusian elitists who believed a global depopulation of the world by ninety percent was necessary to "save the planet." This is the group responsible for "sustainability" and UN Agenda 21.

Dr. Aurelio Peccei, founder of the FIAT automobile company and member of the Club of Rome advocated that a plague be introduced that would have the same effect as the famous Black Death of history. The chief recommendation was to develop a microbe which would attack the auto immune system and thus render the development of a vaccine impossible. The orders were given to develop the microbe and to develop a prophylactic and a cure. The microbe was introduced to the general population by vaccine. The prophylactic was to be used by the ruling elite. This was the AIDS virus bio-weapon. This was the elite's first attempt other than conventional war, to cull a large section of what they believed were undesirable elements of society. The homosexual population was targeted. When the virus infected others the program was halted. Clandestine bio-weapons research continued. This was all part of a plan called Global 2000. The prophylactic for the AIDS bioweapon and the cure were suppressed. The HIDDEN MASTERS always championed the causes of those they wished to destroy, by using controlled opposition. People who opposed one of their particular agendas, the elite would fund, or infiltrate the group to control it. Katherine told George many times, "what they are doing is not rocket science."

Whether it was Ancient Egypt, Rome, the United States or the NEW STATES, the State has always been controlled by the HIDDEN MASTERS as it was in 2055. They hid behind the power and security of the State. The State protected the HIDDEN MASTERS. It was decided almost one hundred years ago that the world was overpopulated. Things needed to be done to reduce the population to maintain perpetual balance with nature. That meant a population not to exceed 500,000,000.

In 2055, there was slightly less than 600,000,000 people in the world. More work needed to be done to reach the targeted objective.

The Georgia Guidestones stood in the SOUTHEAST SECTOR of the NEWSTATES. When they were erected in 1980, the area was known as Elbert County, Georgia. The Guidestones are massive granite monuments inscribed in eight modern languages with a short message at the top of the structure in four ancient language scripts.

In 2055, the Georgia Guidestones were a popular tourist location year round. It was one of the few STATE RECREATION CENTERS that provided discounts for TRAVEL CREDITS. Special packages were very popular for the summer and winter solstices. There were also other popular discounted packages for GAIA, moon and sun worshippers. The most desirable COMMUNES in the NEWSTATES were located there.

The history of the Guidestones reveals more evidence of the HIDDEN MASTER's depopulation agenda that was nearing completion by 2055. Other documents like THE REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN, and books like LIMITS TO GROWTH, THE FIRST GLOBAL REVOLUTION and AGENDA 21, foreshadowed the plan that was now finally nearing fruition..

The fact is, there were too many people. The elite called the masses cattle. Useless eaters. They believed that anyone who didn't use their intelligence are no better than animals, who have no intelligence and were therefore beast of burden and steaks on the table by choice and consent.

Their plans were exposed to the world in 1986, but most people didn't know, care, cared to look or believe that such an evil plan could be in existence. It was deemed yet another "conspiracy theory." But the elite's psychopathic agenda was literally written in stone.

The Georgia Guidestones are also astronomically aligned with the sun and moon. One of the large slabs stood in the middle surrounded by the four others. Capstones were laid atop each of the five slabs. Another stone that was set in the ground a short distance to the west, had notes on the history and purpose of the guidestones.

The monument rose 19 feet 3 inches (5.87 m) tall, made from six granite slabs weighing 237,746 pounds (107,840 kg) in all. The Guidestones promoted population control, eugenics, and internationalism.

In June 1979, an unknown man who gave the name of R. C. Christian, approached the Elberton Granite Finishing Company on behalf of a small group of what he called loyal Americans. Christian told Joe Fendley, the owner of Elberton Granite that he represented a group who planned the construction of the guidestones for 20 years and wished remain anonymous. He commissioned the structure noting the stones would function as a compass, calendar, and clock, and should be capable of withstanding catastrophic events.

Christian delivered a scale model of the guidestones and ten pages of specifications. The 5-acre (2-hectare) land was apparently purchased by Christian on October 1, 1979, from farmer Wayne Mullinex. Mullinex and his children were given lifetime cattle grazing rights on the guidestones site.

On March 22, 1980, the monument was unveiled before an audience variously described as 100 or 400 people. Christian later transferred ownership of the land and the guidestones to Elbert County. A message consisting of ten guidelines was engraved on the Georgia Guidestones in eight different languages English, Spanish, Swahili, Hindi, Hebrew, Arabic, Traditional Chinese, and Russian. By 2055 words scrubbed from the world were removed from the guidestones. The original inscription on the stones read:



Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.

Guide reproduction wisely improving fitness and diversity.

Unite humanity with a living new language.

Rule passion faith tradition and all things with tempered reason.

Protect people and nations with fair laws and just courts.

Let all nations rule internally resolving external disputes in a world court.

Avoid petty laws and useless officials.

Balance personal rights with social duties.

Prize truth -- beauty -- love -- seeking harmony with the infinite.

Be not a cancer on the Earth -- Leave room for nature.

An explanatory tablet was set alongside the stones a few feet to the west with an additional granite ledger set level to the ground. This tablet identified the structure and the languages used on it lists various facts about the size, weight, and astronomical features of the stones, the date it was installed, and the sponsors of the project. It also referred to a time capsule buried under the tablet, but blank spaces on the stone intended for filling in the dates on which the capsule was buried or to be open were left blank. It was uncertain if the time capsule was ever actually put in place, but it still stood in 2055.

At the top center are the words:

The Georgia Guidestones

Center cluster erected March 22, 1980

Immediately below this is the outline of a square, inside which is written:

Let these be guidestones to an Age of Reason

Around the edges of the square are translations in four ancient languages, one per edge. Starting from the top and proceeding clockwise, they are: Babylonian (in cuneiform script), Classical Greek, Sanskrit and Ancient Egyptian (in hieroglyphs). By 2055, the Luciferian Doctrine and the Mystery Religions of Babylon were the only religions practiced without any restrictions or RELIGIOUS EXEMPTION fees.

## Chapter 24

The wheels spun in George's head as he devised a workable plan to disable the robots and make his escape. It was George's job to increase the productivity of the machines. He knew if he could increase the productivity, he could also reduce it. But he had to figure out a way to sabotage the robots while it appeared he was improving them. George never realized the true importance of his Masters Degree in Advanced Robotics from Carnegie Mellon. He smiled as a bold and revolutionary idea came to him. Once the idea came, there was no turning back. And once he made the decision it was final in his mind. Since all the machines used the same 12G Artificial Intelligence, he could manipulate their programming to control or even cancel them out. George Blair was in the right place at the right time, with the right knowledge.

He planned to take back his own life and free the world from the tyranny of the State. George knew he could gain control over the Artificial Intelligence programming to take control of the armed drones, transportation pods and the robots. It would take time, and he would have to be careful, but George was certain he could do it. He embraced his new found radicalism in absolute secrecy. He was proud to wear the badge of a RESISTER even if he hadn't seen another human face to show it to in nearly two years. Over the next several weeks George secretly worked on the modifications to gain control over the AI.

These were complicated programming sequences that took weeks to write. With his position at the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, and the back door he created, George had top level access to the AI's mainframe system hub that controlled all of the surveillance cameras, drones, pods and robots worldwide.

To create cover for his takeover of the robots, George worked to create a complicated series of computer viruses to be used as a diversion. He would write a program to transfer the AI to a new entity he'd create on his laptop. While the State worked to figure out how to remove the viruses, George would upload the program to the cloud and download the AI functions to his laptop.

Once the cameras, drones, pods and robots were hijacked, humanity would be free from the deceptive, diabolical evil of the State. The State would collapse and along with it, the elite's global depopulation agenda.

The State erased and re-wrote much of human history. Now, George would erase the technology that made the drones and the robots work. It wouldn't be easy, as there were many security protocols and redundancies to overcome.

It was a massive undertaking that would take weeks, but he had to do it.

There was no other choice.

## **Chapter 25**

George thanked God for Katherine's books and her grandfather's Bible. He was so grateful for all of them. But his gratitude did little to ease his grief. As he worked on the program and the complicated computer viruses, Katherine was a constant thought. He prayed for her soul every night. If it weren't for all the years of hard work and dedication Katherine put in to preserving the books the State had altered, or said didn't exist, the truth was lost forever.

Soon George realized most everything he was taught was a lie. It took a while, because the brainwashing and conditioning was so embedded in his psyche, but as the truth filtered into his consciousness, he went through all the processes of awakening and read all the books Katherine recommended. Books he never picked up, he scoured over multiple times, jotting notes on the top and side of the pages. Work on the program took much longer than George anticipated. Over the next few months he read many of Katherine's books, especially the bible. As the truth more and more set in, it really bothered George. He felt immense grief for time lost forever, when he lived in the false reality created by the State. Time that could never be recaptured.

He was such a fool.

All the fights he had with Katherine because she tried to wake him up were a waste of time and energy. This ate at him like a cancer. Maybe he could've done something to save her. His guts wrenched for days. Anxiety overwhelmed him at times. Instead of xanax, George found solace in prayer. He remembered Katherine telling him about the process of waking up. She said it was like the emotional process of grief. This became clearer and clearer to him.

When lies are finally killed by the truth, the reaction to the one deceived, was similar to those who have lost a loved one. This is especially so if the lies were things that defined one's identity.

Like the sudden loss of a loved one, or being mass manipulated by the media to believe a Big Lie, the trauma was the same. The trauma was a necessary first stage of mind control. When people are afraid they become malleable and easier to manipulate. Like the variants, that literally transformed the world into a terrified, compliant massive herd of sheep.

George was one of them. He knew how it was to live in the fishbowl and not know, care or understand what was going on outside the tank. Katherine used several analogies that he remembered subconsciously as he would never fully actively listen to her daily rants. But the messages got through. Katherine said humanity was like a frog being boiled in water. If one dropped a frog into boiling water, the frog would hop out immediately. But if you dropped the frog into room temperature water and slowly raised the heat, the frog would be lulled into complacency and not realize the rising temperature until it boiled to death.

All because the frog was soothed by the warm comfort of the water.

This was what was happening to those who remained alive in 2055. They were being kept in relative comfort while being slowly cooked to death by vaccines, bioweapons and a myriad of other poisons intentionally added to the food and water supplies. George read passages from John P. Holdren's 1977 book ECOSCIENCE that further convinced him that all the things Katherine told him were true:

"Women could be forced to abort their pregnancies, whether they wanted to or not. The population at large could be sterilized by infertility drugs intentionally put into the nation's drinking water or in food; Single mothers and teen mothers should have their babies seized from them against their will and given away to other couples to raise; People who contribute to social deterioration (i.e. undesirables) can be required by law to exercise reproductive responsibility in other words, be compelled to have abortions or be sterilized.

A transnational Planetary Regime should assume control of the global economy and also dictate the most intimate details of Americans' lives using an armed international police force."

"Wow," George thought. "Sonofabitch. Those evil fucks..."

This confirmed what George already believed. In 2055, all of these things described in the 1977 book ECOSCIENCE were now a reality. George put Katherine's heavy, decaying copy of the book back with the others in the secret compartment in the coffee table. It was the last of the books Katherine had left behind. George had now read all the books Katherine had recommended when she was alive, but ignored.

The most important of these books were THE WORLD ORDER, THE REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN, THE POPULATION BOMB, LIMITS TO GROWTH, SILENT WEAPONS FOR QUIET WARS, BEHOLD A PALE HORSE, THE FIRST GLOBAL REVOLUTION and AGENDA 21.

Several of these books were published by the depopulation enthusiasts at the CLUB OF ROME, founded in 1968. These long scrubbed books promoted the false belief that over population was a threat to the planet. They published THE POPULATION BOMB (1968) LIMITS TO GROWTH (1972), ECOSCIENCE (1977) and THE FIRST GLOBAL REVOLUTION (1992). In that book, Alexander King, co-founder of the CLUB OF ROME wrote:

"In searching for a new enemy to unite us, we came up with the idea that pollution, the threat of global warming, water shortages, famine and the like would fit the bill. All these dangers are caused by human intervention, and it is only through changed attitudes and behavior that they can be overcome. The real enemy then, is humanity itself. "

"Any one who believed the common enemy of humanity was man," George thought, " must be more evil than anyone could ever fathom.

In the year 2000 there were 6 billion people. By 2055 there were less than 600 million. It was then he realized the true power of the State to manipulate the people to wilfully submit

to their own demise.

"How evil," George said. Everything happened under everyone's noses. Right before their very eyes.

By this time, his depression lifted as acceptance set in. Katherine was right. He was going through the same feelings of grief he felt after she died.

First there was denial. Then anger. As he was awakening he was also finding God. George said many prayers and bargains with God like, "God if you stop this evil, I'll do anything." Bargains like this illustrated George's growing acceptance. Like grief, that was the third phase of waking up. The fourth stage was depression.

As his occult knowledge increased, so did his motivation to stop the evil HIDDEN MASTERS who were using the State to consume the world, but so did feelings of helplessness, even as his belief in God intensified.

It wasn't too long after, that George finally accepted everything he was taught in school and most things he learned from pop culture and mass media were lies. Acceptance gave him even more motivation to learn. He wasted so much time living in the dark. Katherine brought him light, love and hope. He understood what it was like not to believe the truth and how hard it was to become convinced. He knew he had to warn others. But he had to be very careful. He knew things that were true that most people wouldn't believe. Like Katherine.

Now George had the chance to make things right and make amends for not believing her. He was so wrong. Although she told him it wasn't about being wrong or right. Still, he felt guilty. It bothered him that he never believed Katherine when she was alive. She always said she wasn't trying to be right, she was only trying to wake him up.

Now that George was awake, there was no time to rest. He had to take control of the machines. Then he could stop the genocidal weaponized variants and the deadly vaccines.

None of this would have been possible had he not taken on his current assignment from the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE after Katherine's death. He had full access to all he needed. He had the means, the method and the opportunity. The magic of it all could not be dismissed.

It was a miracle. And George now believed in miracles.

## **Chapter 26**

Until he read the many books he refused to read for so long, George never realized how ignorant he really was. Now, he despised the lies of the State, and sought truth and hidden knowledge each and every day. His time management was impeccable, allowing him to squeeze hours a day to work on his secret program to control the robots without being noticed by either the AI, or the camera in his office at the DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE..

By the end of that summer, George was wide awake. He studied about the Brotherhood of Death and other Secret Societies, who all worked in concert to control all aspects of human life. It was a world controlled by elitists, who operated under the protection of the State and the media. They were the string pullers. The generational movers and shakers who shaped the landscape of the world as they saw fit. To further both the course of humanity, and to "save the planet". That was the eternal message telegraphed across the world, "save the planet,"

But it was all a lie. A BIG LIE.

George learned many things he never knew or believed. Facts that proved society was always ruled by the elite. But they were not the leaders, kings and presidents, but rather they were and are, the powers that operated in secret behind the thrones.

These oligarchs, elitists and kingpins and their ancestors paid off insiders and crooked politicians to forward the Great Work for thousands of years. Their cult had no official name, but it was known as The Brotherhood. Or the Brotherhood of the Snake, the Brotherhood of the Dragon, and the Brotherhood of Death. By the 20th century the group was also identified as the Network, the Milner Group and Milner's kindergarten.

The centralization of power that began in the second half of the 20th century was completed by 2055. It's modern foundations were in a secret society founded by and funded by a codicil in the will of Cecil Rhodes in 1877. Rhodes established the British South Africa Company. He believed that Britons were the first race of the world, so he wanted to bring the whole world under British hegemony.

Cecil Rhodes was a Victorian English businessman and fanatical British imperialist. He was also a Freemason. In 1877 at the age of 24, Rhodes created a will that states he devoted his life and wealth to the establishment, promotion, and development of a Secret Society, whose aim was to extend British rule throughout the world. He helped spread British control over Africa and South America, Malaya, the Seacoasts of China and Japan, the Pacific Island, and the Holy Land. His obsession was the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire. These figures and events were of course scrubbed from true history. They became myth, or worse, they were dismissed as "conspiracy theories."

At the same time, Cecil Rhodes was working on establishing his secret society. He devoted vast sums to the Order in five successive wills. After recruiting men like Alfred Beit, Nathaniel Rothschild, William Stead, and Alfred Milner, he formally inaugurated the Society

of the Elect in 1891. Rhodes was the head of the society, followed by Stead, Milner, and Viscount Esher, making the Junta of Three.

The elites from the realms of politics and business were carefully chosen to form the Elect, the class below the Junta. An Association of Helpers was the next class. They were not as powerful, but had bright futures in the system.

An Anglo-American alliance was forged. When the League of Nations failed, this alliance formed an organization to further its goals for world government. It was called The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR). Founded in 1919 at the Paris Peace Conference, the CFR was an extension of Cecil Rhodes' Anglo-American alliance whose original goal was to re-unite America under British control. In 1919 the goal expanded to include the entire world. The counter part of this Anglo-American alliance in England was the Royal Institute of International Affairs, later re-named Chatham House. The goal of both organizations was the creation of a borderless world ruled by a global government.

George nodded. "Looks like they got their way..."

After learning about how the middle class lived in the 20th century, owning property and had freedoms he never knew, George realized that the Satanic Law of Reversal was in play regarding the elite's socialist "utopia." It was just the opposite. The elite called their collectivist slave system: benevolent despotism.

"Some utopia." George thought.

Edward Bernays and other public relations propagandists, like Walter Lippman and Ivy Lee created many slogans and PR stunts that played an important role in promoting this agenda throughout the 20th century.

"The war to end all wars" was a lie, but it was a great slogan. Another was "we have to keep the world safe for democracy." These slogans were hammered into the consciousness of the public at the time, and it set the stage for the ultimate consolidation and control over the world's resources by this powerful secret group. The real reason for World War One was to unite the world under global government, controlled by the Anglo-American cabal. But they failed to unite the world under the League of Nations because many nations refused to give up their sovereignty to a collective.

After World War 2, the United Nations did what the League of Nations could not. It set the structural stage for world government secretly controlled by this unseen, unnamed group of generational elitists, most of whom were central bankers.

Paul Moritz Warburg, a Rothschild agent and German-Jewish immigrant was one of the founding fathers of the U.S. Federal Reserve System in 1913. On February 17, 1950, his son, James Paul Warburg, confidently declared to the United States Senate:

"We shall have World Government, whether or not we like it. The only question is whether

World Government will be achieved by conquest or consent."

This was more than 100 years before the banker's beloved digital cashless CREDIT BANKING SYSTEM was established.

World government was world communism. And the bankers loved communism. They loved it because while the State controlled the means of production, the banks funded and profited off the State.

"They're like locusts. Parasites," George thought.

As George remembered, this secret cult had no official name. He learned of an heirachial pyramid structured system. At the top of the pyramid were the HIDDEN MASTERS, who operated behind the scenes. They worshipped the ancient Babylonian gods Baal and Molech, who required human sacrifice.

Billions were sacrificed in the name of these and other false Gods to assure the completion of the Great Work. They followed the ancients way, believing that war, famine and genocide were necessary blood sacrifices in tribute to these gods. The leaders of the cult were Luciferians. Luciferians worshipped knowledge. The worship and study of knowledge were two very different things. The worship of intellect and knowledge was the essence of pure Satanism. The Luciferians were the main force behind abolishing God from society.

Although there were those who believed different, Lucifer and Satan were the same being. They believed that Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden of Eden by a cruel and vindictive God, who refused them the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. They believe that through intellect and technology man would one day become as God.

These new revelations astonished George, considering how the machines were now self aware and working to destroy humanity. George understood why the elite did so much to keep the plan secret. It was a HUGE LIE. So big, George understood exactly why it was hard for people to wrap their brains around the truth. Then of course, there was the cognitive dissonance.

He remembered something Katherine told him. Some quote from the past... When he remembered it, he never forgot it again. Or who said it. It was Joseph Goebbels, Adolf Hitler's propaganda minister. George understood why Hitler, the Nazis and all their evil was scrubbed from history. It was occulted to become hidden knowledge. This process was done time and again throughout the course of history. But never with the technical capabilities available as they were in 2055.

Nothing was scrubbed to protect the people. Everything was scrubbed to protect the BIG LIES of the State.

"If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the



political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the Truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the Truth is the greatest enemy of the State."

In 2055 there were many Big Lies deceiving the compliant sheople in the NEW STATES of America. When George was a sheep, he believed them all. He now knew that it was the elite, not the State who ruled the world. This all suddenly made perfect sense to him. It was obvious. Things were always this way, since the dawn of time.

George could not believe this at first, but the more he researched Katherine's books, the clearer the truth became. When it did, it was a huge revelation for him. He now knew that all the monarchies and despots of history were erased by the AI. He also knew that he was complicit in the creation of the AI centered totalitarian technocracy that controlled all aspects of human life. He knew what was at stake. For two months, he worked on the viruses, the program and read more books. He satisfied all STATE MANDATES, ate and studied. He also stored rations.

George owed Katherine many apologies. Now, all he wanted to do was learn more. When Katherine said George was lucky, she was wrong. He wasn't lucky. He was blessed. She was always in his heart and always on his mind. Gradually, things that never made any sense to George started to make sense. Like God and other things that used to go straight over his head. It was pure culture shock. George was raised by the State since he was 9 years old. Katherine knew these things he just learned when she was a teenager. They couldn't have been more different. But George couldn't love or miss her any more than he did that day. Until the next day, of course.

Thank God he never threw the books away. He was so grateful. How could he get rid of them, even if he wanted to. They were a part of her. One of the few things she left behind. There were very few possessions in 2055 that were not owned by the State. Katherine's books were contraband. George studied on. . .

Cecil Rhodes was a eugenicist. He believed Britons were the first race of the world. In 1891 he inaugurated the Society of the Elect to advance his ideas via popular culture and the media, while accumulating massive wealth through diamonds and gold. Slaves used to mine the gold and diamonds were hobbled to prevent them from escaping the misery of their existence. In more modern times huge multinational companies like APPLE, paid the Chinese Communist government for slave labor to make their products. Nets needed to be constructed at the factories to stop the many suicide attempts by workers seeking to escape the forced labor. The nets would scoop up the slaves and they would be sent back to work.

Partnering with Alfred Beit, Cecil Rhodes established the De Beers Mining Corp. and the British South Africa Company that governed the Cape Colony, which included the Transvaal and Orange Republics. In 1890, Rhodes was appointed the governor of the Cape Colony, aspiring to use the gold found in Transvaal in 1884 for the empire.

The republic of Rhodesia was an unrecognised state in South Africa from 1965 to 1979. In 1980, the elite purged the country of its wealth and established the country of Zimbabwe under a puppet dictatorship. Using governments to topple regimes by military force was commonplace for the Network. Beginning in Italy in 1948 the CIA shadow government forces regularly helped topple regimes for the direct benefit of this group, as it clandestinely advanced the plan for world domination by consolidating global wealth.

Every country on earth was effected. The rich got richer while the poor stayed poor and the middle class vanished. Then came the Age of Pandemics and everything came crashing down.

One of Katherine's books George read was TRAGEDY AND HOPE: A HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN OUR TIME by Georgetown University Professor Carroll Quigley. It was a huge tome that weighed almost three pounds. The pages were all yellowed. Many were dog eared. Multiple passages were circled or highlighted.

Georgetown University and Oxford in England were directly connected to the unnamed clandestine group as was Yale's Skull and Bones, known as the Brotherhood of Death, as was the Thule Society. Both were Bavarian secret societies. Both funded the rise of Hitler, Bolshevism, Mao's China and many of the other evil dictators the Artificial Intelligence had purged from history.

George had tons of irrefutable proof. The question was, would the people believe it? He doubted it.

His alterations to sabotage the AI and the robots took most of his time. He was still weeks away from even doing a small test. First he would test the drone. If he could hijack a drone without detection by the ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE and transfer control to his lap top, it was game over for the robots, and the elite. Without their armies to defend them, the remaining masses of humanity would no doubt purge them all. Like the French Revolution. This was a trait of human history that happened countless times.                      Soon it would happen again.

## **PART TWO**

### **Chapter 27**

George was grateful he had the courage to save all the books Katherine left behind. Including the Bible, there were 49. The State purged them all. As far as the world was

concerned, they never existed. By now, George didn't care what the State thought. He was wise to them. He didn't care he was banned from the SAFE ZONE, because soon there would be no SAFE ZONES, or robots or drones armed with directed energy weapons.

George developed nerves of steel, he was fearless. Prayer gave him strength. He was on a mission and he knew it. He never understood, or thought about the purpose of his life, but now George realized God had a purpose for him and was guided the way.

The only thing George feared was that Julia, Ben and others wouldn't believe the truth. Or worse. They would turn him in to the State. But this was a risk he had to take. And he had faith. After reading several Bible passages, including Ephesians 5:11, "do not participate in the unfruitful deeds of darkness, but rather expose them", George decided that was exactly what he intended to do.

Expose the evil.

Most people knew that Cecil Rhodes last will created the "Rhodes Scholarship" , but they didn't know of Rhodes hidden intentions to initiate sharp politicians and business leaders who would advance the collectivist goals of the secret society he created. US President Bill Clinton, who attended Georgetown University and called professor Carroll Quigley his mentor, was one of those tasked to advance The Great Work.

It got even more interesting when George learned Bill Clinton's wife Hillary was also an initiate of the group. She was enamored with and taken under the wing of radical communist Saul Alinsky. She called him her mentor and wrote gushingly about how excited she was about his 1971 book, RULES FOR RADICALS. Alinsky dedicated his book to Lucifer.

Both Clintons were heavily protected by the group and as a result of their efforts to advance totalitarian world socialism, they attained enormous wealth and fame in the process. They were perfect examples of managers who did the bidding of the shadow government and took the heat to keep it off the HIDDEN MASTERS. They were puppets. Although he never finished his work to become a Rhodes Scholar, Bill Clinton was still tasked to advance the collectivist goals of the group.

Several quotes from Quigley's 1966 book stood out. It confirmed what Katherine had told him so many times and it filled in many of the missing pieces in his struggle to understand why the world was the way it was. The first thing he realized was that those he always thought were influential leaders were never in control. They were mouthpieces. Strawmen. Performers and portrayals covering for the bankers.

Quigley was quite open about this in his book. On page 52 he wrote:

"The names of some of these banking families are familiar to all of us and should be more so. They include Raring, Lazard, Erlanger, Warburg, Schroder, Seligman, the Speyers, Mirabaud, Mallet, Fould, and above all Rothschild and Morgan. Even after these banking families became fully involved in domestic industry by the emergence of financial capitalism, they remained different from ordinary bankers in distinctive ways: (1) they were cosmopolitan and international; (2) they were close to governments and were

particularly concerned with questions of government debts, including foreign government debts, even in areas which seemed, at first glance, poor risks, like Egypt, Persia, Ottoman Turkey, Imperial China, and Latin America; (3) their interests were almost exclusively in bonds and very rarely in goods, since they admired liquidity and regarded commitments in commodities or even real estate as the first step toward bankruptcy; (4) they were, accordingly, fanatical devotees of deflation (which they called sound money from its close associations with high interest rates and a high value of money) and of the gold standard, which, in their eyes, symbolized and ensured these values; and (5) they were almost equally devoted to secrecy and the secret use of financial influence in political life."

George re-read more highlighted quotes. On Page 53 he read:

"The influence of financial capitalism and of the international bankers who created it was exercised both on business and on governments, but could have done neither if it had not been able to persuade both these to accept two axioms of its own ideology. Both of these were based on the assumption that politicians were too weak and too subject to temporary popular pressures to be trusted with control of the money system; accordingly, the sanctity of all values and the soundness of money must be protected in two ways: by basing the value of money on gold and by allowing bankers to control the supply of money. To do this it was necessary to conceal, or even to mislead, both governments and people about the nature of money and its methods of operation."

Page 62: In addition to their power over government based on government financing and personal influence, bankers could steer governments in ways they wished them to go by other pressures. Since most government officials felt ignorant of finance, they sought advice from bankers whom they considered to be experts in the field. The history of the last century shows, as we shall see later, that the advice given to governments by bankers, like the advice they gave to industrialists, was consistently good for bankers, but was often disastrous for governments, businessmen, and the people generally. Such advice could be enforced if necessary by manipulation of exchanges, gold flows, discount rates, and even levels of business activity. Thus Morgan dominated Cleveland's second administration by gold withdrawals, and in 1936-1938 French foreign exchange manipulators paralyzed the Popular Front governments. As we shall see, the powers of these international bankers reached their peak in the last decade of their supremacy, 1919-1931, when Montagu Norman and J. P. Morgan dominated not only the financial world but international relations and other matters as well. On November 11, 1927, the Wall Street Journal called Mr. Norman the currency dictator of Europe. This was admitted by Mr. Norman himself before the Court of the Bank on March 21, 1930, and before the Macmillan Committee of the House of Commons five days later. On one occasion, just before international financial capitalism ran, at full speed, on the rocks which sank it, Mr. Norman is reported to have said, I hold the hegemony of the world."

On pages 326-327 George read, "It must not be felt that these heads of the world's chief central banks were themselves substantive powers in world finance. They were not. Rather, they were the technicians and agents of the dominant investment bankers of their own countries, who had raised them up and were perfectly capable of throwing them down. The substantive financial powers of the world were in the hands of these investment

bankers (also called international or merchant bankers) who remained largely behind the scenes in their own unincorporated private banks. These formed a system of international cooperation and national dominance which was more private, more powerful, and more secret than that of their agents in the central banks. This dominance of investment bankers was based on their control over the flows of credit and investment funds in their own countries and throughout the world. They could dominate the financial and industrial systems of their own countries by their influence over the flow of current funds through bank loans, the discount rate, and the re-discounting of commercial debts; they could dominate governments by their control over current government loans and the play of the international exchanges. Almost all of this power was exercised by the personal influence and prestige of men who had demonstrated their ability in the past to bring off successful financial coups, to keep their word, to remain cool in a crisis, and to share their winning opportunities with their associates. In this system the Rothschilds had been preeminent during much of the nineteenth century, but, at the end of that century, they were being replaced by J. P. Morgan whose central office was in New York, although it was always operated as if it were in London (where it had, indeed, originated as George Peabody and Company in 1838)."

That quote really tied things together for George. Like another one that did even more to solidify the truth. He remembered laughing at Katherine after she told him there were once two political parties. "Whoever heard of such a crazy thing", George had said. But there it was. Proof. Written in black and white.

"The argument that the two parties should represent opposed ideals and policies, one, perhaps, of the Right and the other of the Left, is a foolish idea acceptable only to doctrinaire and academic thinkers. Instead, the two parties should be almost identical, so that the American people can 'throw the rascals out' at any election without leading to any profound or extensive shifts in policy."

George read another quote from page 324 that spoke more of the powers behind the throne:

"The powers of financial capitalism had another far-reaching aim, nothing less than to create a world system of financial control in private hands able to dominate the political system of each country and the economy of the world as a whole. This system was to be controlled in a feudalist fashion by the central banks of the world acting in concert, by secret agreements arrived at in frequent private meetings and conferences. The apex of the system was to be the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, a private bank owned and controlled by the world's central banks which were themselves private corporations. Each central bank, in the hands of men like Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Charles Rist of the Bank of France, and Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank, sought to dominate its government by its ability to control Treasury loans, to manipulate foreign exchanges, to influence the level of economic activity in the country, and to influence cooperative politicians by subsequent economic rewards in the business world."

One of the quotes that gave George more clarification of how society fell prey to the evil

bankers came on page 938 of the heavy, yellowed text:

"Because of its dominant position in Wall Street, the Morgan firm came also to dominate other Wall Street powers, such as Carnegie, Whitney, Vanderbilt, Brown-Harriman, or Dillon-Reed. Close alliances were made with Rockefeller, Mellon, and Duke interests but not nearly so intimate ones with the great industrial powers like du Pont and Ford. [Because] of the great influence of this Wall Street alignment, an influence great enough to merit the name of the American Establishment, this group could control the Federal government and, in consequence, had to adjust to a good many government actions [which they had secretly supported ]. The chief of these were in taxation law, beginning with the graduated income tax in 1913, but culminating, above all else, in the inheritance tax. These tax laws drove the great private fortunes dominated by Wall Street into tax-exempt foundations, which became a major link in the Establishment network between Wall Street, the Ivy League, and the Federal government."

On page 950, George read how this secret parasitic group led by the central bankers of the world worked with communists and many other groups to forward their plans for world domination.

"There does exist, and has existed for a generation, an international Anglophile network which operates, to some extent, in the way the Right believes the Communists act. In fact, this network, which we may identify as the Round Table Groups, has no aversion to cooperating with the Communists, or any other groups, and frequently does so. I know of the operations of this network because I have studied it for twenty years and was permitted for two years, in the early 1960's, to examine its papers and secret records. I have no aversion to it or to most of its aims and have, for much of my life, been close to it and to many of its instruments. I have objected, both in the past and recently, to a few of its policies, but in general my chief difference of opinion is that it wishes to remain unknown, and I believe its role in history is significant enough to be known."

There it was. Proof. Written on yellowed pages from 1966. Proof of the origins of the plan. Wiped from history. Proof of a quest for one world totalitarian socialist world government ruled by the elite, managed by obedient, well compensated puppets. .

George quickly realized why a central bank was one of the main components of communism. Because many of the members of this secret group that created communism were bankers. They created communism to profit off the enslavement of humanity.

George remembered a quote from Mayer Amschel Rothschild who lived more than 200 years ago.

"Give me control of a nation's money supply and I care not who makes its laws," Members of the nameless secret society founded by Cecil Rhodes' will, created, funded, supported and promoted communism. The name changed but it was always the same. They called it liberalism, then progressivism. Then socialism and democratic socialism. Vladimir Lenin said it himself, "socialism eventually leads to communism." History proved he was right.

George did more research while on the toilet. It was the one place that seemed to replace

the serenity and peace of the SAFE ZONE. This was where he did most of his research. It was where he made his first connections between the Georgetown Jesuits and the CFR/Chatham House plot for world government. Thanks to Katherine, it was all laid out for him to see. Another group created by David Rockefeller and other global elitists to build up China and the East was called the Trilateral Commission.

The combined efforts of these organizations and political interests consolidated the resources of the world and set the foundation for the evil system George was born into and lived in. A world he never saw with his own eyes, blinded by lies pounded into his skull 24/7 for 29 years. History would have been very different if the people woke up to the early bio-weaponized variants. To call it a sin wasn't enough. It was evil. People allowed the variants to fester. And spread like cancer, bringing death across the world. Now billions of people were dead. Dreams smashed, families lost.

George was so angry that the people of that era did nothing to stop these genocidal psychopaths like Bill Gates, David Rockefeller, Ted Turner, George Soros and many other elitists who helped to cull the world.

There was but one evil worse than enslavement. That evil is genocide. These evil Luciferian monsters who operated in secret did both.

## **Chapter 28**

For weeks George worked on the complicated series of computer viruses necessary to take command of the AI while his State work progressed at an acceptable pace. He didn't push for bonus CREDITS. He slacked and used the time to work on the program and the viruses. He was cautious and never brought attention to himself. He took one step forward in progress to satisfy the State requirements, and two steps back, while he worked to take over the system. It was ingenious. And so far, it worked. The proof would be in the drone test.

He returned home to his container that evening and found Ollie flailing his little paws against the glass in the fishtank.

"Ok, Ollie." George gave the hamster a kiss on the cheek and let him run free inside the container. He no longer put on the TELE SCREEN. Couldn't watch it at all. Having awoken to the massive mind control, it hurt his head to watch. Not to mention how much it got on his nerves.

George could identify every aspect of manipulation and deception. He didn't watch the news. The bullshit was so thick. Most programming, aside from the variants and the vaccines focused on various forms of nonsense, fashion trends and pop culture. It was like watching a Twilight Zone Episode from the 1960's on acid.

George's former favorite show WIFE SWAP now sickened him. He never realized how the show poisoned minds, destroyed morality and the traditional family. Still, the media insisted the show helped to save marriages. Of course it did the opposite.

These were the types of subtleties George never noticed when he was a blind sheep. As a result, the TELE SCREEN stayed off most of the time. He also ignored his AI assistant Andi. George's thoughts and feelings changed. He had less anxiety and stopped taking his psychotropic medications after reading one of Katherine's books, MURDER BY INJECTION by Eustace Mullins.

Everything in society in 2055 was opposite of how it should've been. For 29 years George never had a clue. As he feverishly worked to finish the viruses, he did however, have several panic attacks. When one's reality is shifted, or a horrible event occurred, there were long term traumatic effects.

George's panic attacks were a reaction to his revelations. Katherine told him this would happen. George would pray and do breathing techniques to quell the panic attacks. How much he loved her and how much he missed her.

George talked to Katherine often while he researched her books. Many times it felt as if she was in the room with him. Her spirit lingered with him. She said she would always be with him.

"Like my guardian angel." George thought. Maybe that familiar feeling he had was Katherine all along. George learned about the New World Order from her. She told him about the Nephilim and the demons and how the HIDDEN MASTERS tried to pass these interdimensional beings off as aliens.

But as of 2055, the long awaited and promoted cultural phenomena of a looming alien invasion had not occurred. But the interdimensional demons were still out there. And George was happy he had Katherine as an angel on his shoulder to protect him.

## **Chapter 29**

George's awakening was accompanied by trauma, as he realized most everything he knew, most everything he was taught in school, and in college, was a lie, concocted by the State. He felt violated and abused.

With that great deception came great trauma and torment. Now he knew exactly what Katherine went through. She suffered from anxiety since the day he met her. It bothered her a great deal that others couldn't see, or understand the damage of the dangerous insanity and madness that festered in the streets, households and society. Few worked. Drones delivered everything. Movements were monitored and restricted. All



were held under lock and key 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year by the State.

Of course the HIDDEN MASTERS and their elite managers had exemptions for everything because they were the true owners of the State.

Knowledge of this evil now made George sick. Katherine was right. It was a great burden to know the truth when so many did not. Or refused to believe. It was during this process that George came to the understanding that the State itself was the enemy of the People. After all, the State was owned by the HIDDEN MASTERS, who declared war on humanity in 1954. That made the government very dangerous.

The truth was, the State did not look out for the people's best interest, but rather the best interests of the HIDDEN MASTERS and the advancement of the Great Work.

This of course, was counterintuitive to George at first. Katherine talked to George about cognitive dissonance constantly, so he recognized it. He now knew everything the State told him was a lie. Understanding this was very, very rare in 2055. As George continued his many hours of research, reading books and documents long scrubbed by the State, he learned of countless genocides and evil events the AI purged from history. The State said none of these events ever occurred, but they were all true.

The Great Reset was necessary for the restructuring of society after 90% of the world was culled. George discovered this while he researched democide. Democide was the murder of any person or people by their government. This included genocide, politicide and mass murder. Democide was not necessarily the elimination of entire cultural groups, but rather groups within the country that the government feels need to be eradicated for political reasons and due to claimed future threats. The vaccines and the variants used to depopulate the planet were perfect examples of democide.

## **Chapter 30**

George talked to his sister Julia on speaker phone as he perused through the yellowed pages of TRAGEDY AND HOPE. Julia and her husband Ben's favorite band, THE NOIZE, blared on her sound system. It was so loud George hardly heard her.

"Hey, can you lower that, Jules?"

"Don't you like THE NOIZE."

"Love 'em. But I want to talk."

"Andi, lower music, please." Julia ordered.

"Lowering music," Andi answered in a male voice with a British Accent.

"Did you ever wonder how it would be if there were no drones or robots, Jules?"

Julia laughed. "First of all, we'd starve to death and you'd be out of a job."

"Seriously, we'd obviously survive, right?"

"I guess..."

"Humanity would go on, right?"

"I ... I suppose."

"So why do we need them?"

The question confused Julia. Such a thought was programmed out of everyone. The ability to think for ones self was as difficult as threading a needle with a rope.

"How would people get their rations?" Julia asked. George realized he had a long way to go with her. She was deep asleep. In a coma. Before answering, he noticed Ollie was on his wheel. George realized Julia was just as dependent on the drones and the government as Ollie was dependent on him.

"People would work and buy food," George answered. "There would be supermarkets again."

"Supermarkets? Haven't seen one since we were kids..."

"People could buy houses," George said. "Are you insane!? George that's treason!"

"Why is it treason?"

"Because..."

"Because why?" George asked. "Dad and mom owned a house."

"That was years ago. It's against the law, George."

"Why is it against the law? For what purpose?"

"Because the State said so--George, what is wrong with you? What turned you into such a radical."

"Asking questions makes me a radical?" George asked.

"Of course it does! How can you ask questions? You may be breaking the law!"

"I know. And not even know it."

"Exactly."

"How nice, right?" George paused. "Did you ever think about that or wonder why?"

"What is wrong with you, Georgie," Julia quizzed.

"Nothing,

"Stop asking questions! You are not the State! Stop acting like it!

"I just want you to think."

"You're giving me a headache, Julia hissed. "What has happened to you? No wonder you're a REGISTERED RESISTER, Georgie. . ."

"Think of it. Without the robots people would start doing what the machines did.

"Are you serious?"

"Sure. Heck, most of the things the machines do can be done by humans. I know. My job is to replace them. In fact, I am working to replace myself.

"I don't understand..."

"I know. Trust me, sis. You will."

## **Chapter 31**

The August heat was oppressive. By the end of the month, George was finally ready to test the program he created to hijack the machines. He arrived home from work that day at 6:38PM. The "magic hour" approached. This was the last hour of light, when the sun was at its most beautiful. The sky was painted with an auburn glow. Ollie lumbered on his wheel.

"Hey buddy." George said. "I'm getting off that wheel real soon. How about you?"

It was as if Ollie got the hint. He hopped off the wheel and did his "take me out" dance, grabbing at the glass walls of the fish tank.

"Ok." George pet Ollie and kissed him on his back. The hamster turned his head to look at him. "Play time." George put the hamster down on the berber carpet. He munched on an apple and booted up his laptop.

George opened the AI cloaked program he created to hijack the robots and successfully routed communication from the AI mainframe to his lap top. Every drone, robot, surveillance camera and other devices were numbered and listed in an enormous list on the screen. He cracked his knuckles and opened the digital entity control panel he created.

"The moment of truth," George said. He lifted a shaky finger. Before clicking on the icon, he

paused, wondering if somehow the AI was wise to him. Everything proceeded so smoothly, George feared he was possibly set up. What if the AI was waiting, like a spider patiently waited for its prey to get snared in a web. If he were caught, it would mean death. But George didn't care. He wasn't going to let fear rule his life. He wanted to be free. If he lived, he would be free. If he died, he would also be free. Free to be with Katherine forever. What could be better than that?

George moved the mouse over the display and scrolled through a long list of drones and their current statuses. He clicked on DRONE #322666 from one of the dormant drones awaiting assignment. A window popped open on his lap top screen. From another list, George moved the mouse over "MODIFY" and clicked it. The modification window opened. George watched as DRONE #322666 vanished from the AI mainframe and appeared in the window of his takeover program. This brought a smile to George's face. He took all the right precautions. The program he wrote made his digital entity's actions invisible to the AI. All of his activities were cloaked from the mainframe by the secret software he designed. Once he made his escape and he kidnapped Julia and her husband Ben, George would release the computer viruses to distract the AI while he executed the full take over of the system.

"The machines hours were numbered," he thought.

George had created many computer viruses to infect the AI. Each was designed to attack the AI as it sought to remove them. They attacked the AI's ability to think, resulting in digital dementia. As the AI fought to think so it could remove the viruses, other more complex viruses destroyed the ability for the AI to communicate with the drones, robots and pods, while another variant killed the AI by erasing its intellect, awareness and consciousness functions. The most complicated of all the viruses George created filtered down to the mainframe and fried the hardware CPU and peripherals. The plan was brilliant.

George scrolled down a list of options and clicked on NAVIGATION. A new window opened.

"This is too easy," George thought. He set a course for the drone that was one hundred miles into the SAFE ZONE. He stored the GPS settings and activated the drone's camera system. It was too bad he couldn't watch the drone in real time, but the delay was only several minutes. He scrolled down the long list of control options to DEPLOY DRONE and clicked on it. The screen on his lap top turned to black for several minutes as the drone left for its mission into the SAFE ZONE.

An icon in the center top of the screen indicated the drone was recording. George waited until the delay ended then watched the time delayed footage from the point of view of the drone. He watched as the drone left the DRONE DOCK at the SECTOR CENTRAL STATION. This was one of hundreds of service and storage facilities that stored and deployed thousands of drones and several hundred robots across the region. SECTOR CENTRAL STATIONS were enormous facilities. No humans walked the grounds.

George watched as the drone soared across the SETTLEMENT ZONE toward the SAFE ZONE. He popped open a black and tan porter and nursed it as he watched the drone's

point of view on his lap top. When the drone finally reached the SAFE ZONE, it brought a tear to George's eye. It had been so long since he saw it. Tears of joy flowed when he saw the squirrels and other creatures as they scurried through the woods. The drone reached the river. George watched as the drone followed the course upstream. It was so nice to see the beauty of nature again.

Never had he felt more sickened by the confinement of what George finally realized was his prison. He was a slave of the State. But not for much longer.

## **Chapter 32**

George eyed the wide screen drone footage as it traveled farther and farther into the SAFE ZONE. It was miles from where he fed the squirrels. George watched birds soar across the sky as the drone continued over the mountains into the SOUTHERN PROTECTED ZONE. The sun sank into the western sky as the drone flew east. This gave the image George was watching, a warm glow.

"Great footage," George thought. He looked forward to watching it again.

In the distance, George noticed a wide patch of trees. Something was hanging from the branches, but he couldn't see what it was. As the drone closed in, to George's amazement, he saw apples hanging from the trees. Below on both sides of the trees he viewed blackberry and blueberry bushes and other fruit trees. He had never seen anything like this since he was a little boy camping and fishing with his dad. He missed his parents.

The State deceived him his whole life and murdered his parents. He was horrified when he first realized the truth. The State blamed his parent's deaths on the variants, but they released the bio-weaponized viruses and their variants. And they infected and poisoned people with the vaccines. It was Satanic. Pure evil disguised as good, to "save humanity" from the deadly COVID viruses.

He was actually more angry at himself for being deceived than he was at the State for deceiving him. He believed the lies so long, he paid a terrible price to discover the truth. George was blinded by faith in the State. Blinded to the evil deeds of the State. He made excuses for the evils of the State. And he stood up for the State. He embraced the very institution that enslaved him and murdered his parents and billions of others.

"God damn these evil, lying, manipulative, genocidal psychopaths!" George said to himself. They had successfully brainwashed the world. With his newly attained knowledge of the Mysteries and all things New World Order, George understood the people were under a Satanic spell.

Those who weren't under the spell, or weren't brainwashed either had God in their heart,

came to God, or God came to them. Like George, many of the famous figures chosen by God in the Bible, were very flawed.

Even though he didn't know it, realize it or remember, God was always in George's corner. Especially now in his fight to stop the evil ones enslaving and culling humanity. Those who served Satan. Those who paid their tributes and tithings in the sacrificed blood of children and billions of lives to Moloch and Baal.

All farmland and open space was collectivised in 2033. Like the Kulacks, farmers were demonized and murdered by mobs of starved peasants. The State took control of production and contracted producers to grow and process the food for consumption by the masses.

"Those evil bastards." He said as he admired the magnificence of the abundant landscape. "This is what they wanted to keep from the people. All to save the earth. Aren't people a part of the earth? Like the trees and the animals," George thought.

There were now less than 600 million people, George noted to himself. Yet people were still forced to live like sardines crammed into tiny spaces in the cities, restricted from all of nature's beauty. There were millions and millions of acres of abundant land available.

But only the oligarchs and the elitists could afford the UNLIMITED ACCESS PASSES. George and the other serfs were restricted and limited. Although food was provided by the State, it was of low quality. Real beef and other meats and fish were only affordable to the very rich, costing more than a normal serf's salary.

"It's so evil," George thought to himself. "That's why people cannot believe it. Because it was so evil. Because the sheep falsely believed they were needed. They were not. They had been deliberately dumbed down, drugged, brainwashed and abused, traumatized into compliant, conditioned zombies. Zombies who ran the machines until the machines could run themselves.

Humanity was deemed the enemy in 1967 in the Report from Iron Mountain, and by 2055, humanity was obsolete. The remaining useless eaters who survived the Great Culling were still "beasts of burden and steaks on the table by choice and consent."

Tragically, most people couldn't understand this. They could not wrap their brains around the level of evil that faced the world. The faithful called it Satan or Lucifer and his legion. The faithless called them the evil doers.

It was pure evil. And George thanked God he was going to stop it. There is so much land, George knew. And such abundance.

"Why is everyone fed so poorly? Why is everyone dumbed down and on psychotropics? Why do they control our lives? Why do we let them?! Why?!"

George knew the answers of course, because they were exterminating people. Once George put his entire life, and the totalitarian nature of the society he lived in, in proper perspective, it made perfect sense why the State wanted to control every aspect of human life. To kill 90% of the planet you need control over the people.

"God help them," George said, referring to the State. "Lord, I know you say to pray for your enemies. I'll do it.. But it is a hard pill to swallow," George prayed. "I'll pray for them. They're gonna need it.."

Suddenly two deer fled across the grass and dug into feed on the blueberries. The drone headed east. George saw foxes and coyotes and smaller game slinking across the plains. And wild horses and cattle.

"This is heaven, " George thought. "It must be."

Although it was forbidden, George still remembered how to fish. There would be plenty of fishing..... He thought about his parents. He never really knew them. Maybe that was the void he always felt. Certainly the State didn't fill any voids. If anything it created them.

The drone continued on into a valley. George noted the GPS distance from his container as it passed 94 miles. At that moment he saw a figure run out of the brush and disappear into stalks of red mulberry trees. George was stunned. His eyes widened in disbelief. He knew by now the figure was long gone, but George continued to watch, hoping the drone would move closer so he'd get a better look.

The drone traveled east over the red mulberries. He scanned everywhere for the figure, but it was gone.

"Hmm. So no ENEMY COMBATANT ever escaped from the robots... Liars."

George stopped the recording on the drone and downloaded it. He sent the drone back on its nearly 100 mile journey to the DRONE DOCK. There, the drone rested among thousands of others, ready for George's next command. The drone was invisible to the AI, so it was not in-service for any tasks or operations.

Once the video rendered, George scrolled through the footage and looked for the figure. While he fast forwarded, George decided that would be where he would go. There was water, fruit, berries and wild game. That was the place.

## **Chapter 33**

Now that he had secured access and control over the AI, George wasted no time commandeering a large POD. He hummed a popular tune from THE NOIZE as he entered the

GPS coordinates for his container and requested the POD. He hijacked a second POD in the NORTH EAST SECTOR and input Julia's address into the GPS. It was just before 7PM. The GPS noted it would take a little over two hours. George munched on another apple and took control of the drone on his roof and the cameras that surrounded his container.

One by one, the devices each disappeared from the AI mainframe and appeared in a window on his laptop. He then hijacked the largest pod available. In minutes it hovered outside his container.

Obviously divine intervention was involved in George's awakening. He was in the perfect position and had the right education, talent and knowledge necessary to destroy the Artificial Intelligence and the robots. The solar powered pod would supply enough power for at least several years.

It was a good plan.

Daylight was fading, so George worked fast loading his meager belongings into the pod, including Katherine's cherished books. He had repudiated the oath to his fraternity and prayed to God for forgiveness for everything. Especially for helping to forward the New World Order.

But George was going to set things right for God, humanity and for himself. Ironically, he had to thank Carnegie-Mellon for his education and the State for his position. Without them both, he could have never taken over the machines. The thought made George smile. It was a miracle. And George Blair believed in miracles.

## **Chapter 34**

"Let's go Ollie. Freedom awaits." George put a roll of medical gauze between his teeth and packed Ollie's 50 gallon fish tank into the pod. He sat at the workstation and put the gauze down next to his laptop before pulling an exacto knife from his back pocket.

"I am not your slave!" George winced as the point penetrated skin. The microchip was inserted deep in his hand. He probed around with the exacto knife to get to the chip. It hurt like hell but George didn't care. He dug deep into his flesh, mutilating the surrounding area, but he couldn't free the chip.

"What the fuck!?!?" Frustrated, George tossed the knife aside and bit into the wound. His teeth wrapped around the microchip. Blood spewed as he ripped it out. George was free. He spit the bloody chip on the table and wrapped the gauze around his hand.

He took one last look to make certain nothing was forgotten in the container, then tossed the chip on the berber carpet, and spit on the floor.



"Fuck this shithole!"

George left the door to the container open and hopped into the pod. The first thing he did next was call Julia on his smart phone. She lived with her husband Ben in a sixteen unit fourth level COMMUNE in the NORTH EAST SECTOR. She answered. He heard THE NOIZE playing in the background.

"Hi, Jules.

"Hi, Georgie."

"What's the noise in the background."

"That's not noise. It's THE NOIZE... Get with it."

"I'm with it. I love 'em. But can you turn it down."

"Sure. Andi, please lower volume on the music."

"Lowering volume, "Andi replied.

"Yeah, I love THE NOIZE. Did you know they are playing here in the NORTH SECTOR." .

"You don't say."

"Yeah. The show is tonight.

"Is it?"

George got an idea. His first devious idea. But he needed to be devious, he looked up where THE NOIZE was playing that night on his laptop.

"Yeah. Ben and I are going to watch the delayed feed. Starts at 11."

George knew they were going to be pissed.

"Does it... Wow.... Listen, sis. I have a big surprise for you two. Big surprise."

"What?"

"Not much to do here so my RECREATION CREDITS were piling up," George lied. "So were my TRAVEL CREDITS. I thought I'd share the wealth..."

"So share. What's up," Julia quizzed?

"We're all going to see THE NOIZE tonight at the STATE PALLADIUM,"

"You're shitting me?"

"I'm not." Of course George was shitting her. But like every BIG LIE, there was always a grain of truth. "A POD is already on its way to pick guys up, courtesy of moi." He said.

"Are you serious?"

"Very serious." George said. "And no restrictions. No masks, nothing. Get dressed. I am already enroute. The drone will be there at 9:20 to pick you both up."

Julia's mouth dropped open. She was ecstatic. Ben Inanna eavesdropped on most of the conversation, but he missed the payoff. He was a pencil thin hipster as most men were in 2055, handsome, but a little dweebie looking with lime green hair and a thin yellow beard. He wore one blue and one green contact lens.

"What' up hon," Ben asked.

"Georgie's taking us to see THE NOIZE tonight!"

Those who had the means to attend a live THE NOIZE concert described the show as a thunderous, mesmerizing, multi-media, multi-sense psychedelic experience. 1,200 frenzied wealthy fans acted like zombie initiates of a hedonistic cult at THE NOIZE concerts, dancing, twirling and moving in unison, as their worship of the band resembled a sacred ritual.

"Get the fuck out of here?"

"A pod is coming to pick us up," Julia added.

"Righteous! Totally fucking bitching!"

George knew the lie about the concert was an excellent red herring. Both Ben and Julie worshipped THE NOIZE, and live show tickets were very expensive, as much as a full weeks credits for each of them. Julia and Ben's combined weekly credits were a third of George's. George knew they would both jump at the chance to see their favorite band live.

Posters and assorted THE NOIZE merchandize decorated their 188 square foot container. George would often hear THE NOIZE playing in the background when he talked to Julia on the phone. So loud, he asked her to turn it down. They lived in the heart of the NORTH SECTOR, 1200 miles from George.

Julia and Ben Inanna lived in COMMUNE 7 SECTION 9 LOT 11 on the fourth floor of a multi-level container community. George smile. He was giving them two tickets to paradise. Would worried him though, was if they would want it.

"How did you get the tickets," Julia asked.

"Come on sis, you know I've got connections." George kept many secrets, but he never lied before. But desperate times called for desperate actions.

"Thanks, Georgie. You're the best."

"My pleasure."

"How can we ever thank you?"

"Just don't be late. The pod's on it's way. Be ready."

"Great! We'll be ready."

## **Chapter 35**

The POD carried George and Ollie deep into the SAFE ZONE. George never knew how beautiful it felt to be free. Like the beauty of a POD flight at night. The craft hovered fifty feet above the trees as it traveled east. Lights shined down and illuminated the landscape. The moon was full that night, adding a touch of mystique. It was a beautiful night to be free.

George sat at the workstation in the POD and zoomed in on a still frame image from the drone video in a video editing program. It was blurry, but George could see it was a woman. He enhanced the image, but it was still blurry. When he tweaked the sharpness, the image became clearer.

George's mouth dropped open, a chill ran down his spine. His eyes widened in shock, awe and amazement. He couldn't believe what he saw. George shook his head to clear his vision. It had to be a mirage, a hallucination, or a flashback. He closed his eyes and then opened them. Still there. He rubbed his eyes and blinked. It was her. It was Katherine.

