

# THE PRECIPICE



The Mystery of the Twins  
Book I

Viktor Perez

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# Snap Twist Pop

The United States of America is hanging from a precipice. If you live here, have family here, wealth or any vested interest in this nation—know this—she swings from this precipice. She is dangling by a thread. And this cord frays, **snaps**, **twists**, and **pops**. I am older than dirt. I have been here before. “Experts” everywhere believe they have the answer. Lean in and look at me when I speak—I do not care who mentored you. I do not know who or what persuaded your world views. I don’t care where you studied, what you have achieved, or how you perceive your American experience. I have tasted the glory and I have endured the fall—and I guarantee *you*... she will *not* be there for your children. Time is up. Wake up.

Your circle of influence has betrayed you—closed you off. Rather, cut you off from reality. While your body, business, or hobbies are seemingly thriving—*your spirit fell asleep chasing the American Dream*. In the visible realm, your pursuits are somewhat invigorating. But in the invisible realm, your spirit decays. Friend, your beliefs do not exempt you from reality. This fact is unnervingly real—we are all fighting a spiritual war, whether we consider ourselves spiritual or not. The battle raging in America is not with organized religion. The war wasn’t triggered over a religious rite, and the fires of hell will not be quenched by the far left. Wake up, friend.

Lean in, you’re drifting there. The horrifying truth is what you always believed. Yes, it is time to finally accept *that* which you have always *known*—that evil...has a *source*. Concealed entities are swarming all around us, terrorizing our minds,

tormenting our souls. And we found not a cure, but a sedative—education, economics, and social sciences. Emptiness. Americans are observing events with their eyes, but their spirits are deaf and dumb. Science and technology? Innovation? Ideologies of the various “isms”? Hollow. You cannot *earn* your way out of this war. Private institutions, university? Worthless, futile. You cannot *learn* your way out of this crisis. *Earning and learning are not the answer.* Ah! But you Americans are vigilant! Heh, you Americans are hellbent on trying; you just keep striving. Because this primordial being convinced you that the answer is knowledge, it tempts you still today in *the information age*; it entices you to dine on the tree of *knowledge of good and evil*. It is beyond frustrating. With PHD’s from every discipline, lawyers, and doctors running things, one would expect consensus on what is “right” and what is “wrong,” what is “good” and what is “evil” in your America. No way. Not even close. *Snap...twist...pop.*

Even now, two apples dangle from the tree of temptation. One named *earning*, and the other named *learning*. These apples are the *twins of striving*. Alone, they are insufficient—entirely inadequate in lifting us from the precipice.

## **Ribbon Cutting Ceremony**

Surviving two-and-a-half centuries, the homeland is again hanging over the pit of hell from a rapidly-fraying thread. Twist. Pop. Snap. *Meanwhile, the powers that be, push along the forces of public opinion, and we inch closer to the edge.* Did you mistake, perhaps, this narrow thread of grace for a shiny red ribbon? A spectacle of austere fixed minds married to bold magnificent mouths. *Pooling their collective reasoning and*



*swooning in partisan fanfare. Grandstanding before the shareholders and consumers, they are preparing a grandiose ribbon cutting ceremony.* Jovial power-drunk narcissists are on a rampage. Self-edification. Self-promotion. The people's common sense caves in, as the peasants become amicable once again—the tides of bread and games wet their toes. The people gather to pose for the photo. "We the People"—the proletariat press inward to *cut the red ribbon*. Yes, you the People of the United States are about to cut this last strand, this ribbon of grace...plunging the Promised Land off the precipice. Many well-meaning groups, representing a variety of culture, ethnicity, and religious views are cheering and applauding. Clap! Clap! Clap! Stark raving mad lunatics sharpen the scissors with eyes glazed over. And the crowd roars as one terrifying tremor. It was the best of times, and we had everything before us, gathered into a modern coliseum. Salivating, impatiently awaiting our Sunday barbeque, a loose cannon cries out:

*"Cut it! Cut it! It's a new age! We must progress!"*

New Age? Progress? You are headed for the Dark Ages. It won't take an electromagnetic pulse to shroud your glittering pearls into darkest blackness. I am older than dirt. I have been here before. I lived a dark age, I watched a mother eat her own placenta—starving to death, digging her dirtied nails into the afterbirth of her underweight infant newborn. Starving, I saw her boil this child. The father fell to invaders. Make no mistake, the Dark Ages appeared after a period of bright optimism. I saw it, I lived it—it is continual warfare; a virtual disappearance of urban life. So I kept to myself to stay below the fray. I scurried about, saving who I could. I watched the dust rise, kicked up by the

cavalry of barbarian hordes...they flooded into once civilized, organized societies. Like *this* society. Time is up. You've mistaken the stroke of midnight for America's high noon. So they cut the ribbons of grace that were bound to the sure anchor.



## Sin City

October 1, 2017 at 10:05pm: A middle-aged madman. Bullets rain down on helpless concert goers in Las Vegas. Fifty-eight lives lost forever. Like shooting fish in a barrel, four-hundred-and twenty-two attendees struck with high velocity lead rounds. A high wattage country concert, suddenly suspended under a high caliber barrage of gunfire. Echoes and running, ricochets and confusion. The grounds are bubbling over with beer and sticky with grime. The blood begins to spill and accumulate. Hundreds, wounded and terrified, are groping onto fresh cadavers—frenzied and fearful of getting hit, they are turning over lifeless bodies of friends and family members that moments before laughed; seconds before smiled and danced. Sin city. Total injured? Eight-hundred-and-sixty-nine. Among the fallen? Republicans. Democrats. Women. Men. Gays and straight citizens. Attacked without prejudice—the “random” rampage of a shooter in a hotel window above. “Clap, clap, clap,” boomed the rifle from this distant hole, bypassing the security team—surely it was the gun. That damn gun had found the chink in your armor. Coincidentally, happening at Route 91 music festival. Oh, that precious number 91, the number of divine protection. Yet another scroll, tossed to the wind. Chapter 91 from the book of Psalms—a *shield* of protection. But You the People threw that chapter out with the rest. You progressed beyond the sacred Psalms of David. You’re so smart, so progressive. Rapid fire “Clap, Clap, Clap” for ten hellish minutes. “Clap, clap, clap” followed with “stomp, stomp, stomping” as victims raced frantically towards anything resembling a sufficient bullet shield. In a distant world, the voice spoke to the patriarch wandering the desert,

*"Do not be afraid, Abram. I am your shield, your very great reward."*

Abraham. David. Samson. Gideon. They were right-wing extremists—the religious bigots who believed in divine intervention.

## **Charleston, South Carolina**

June 17, 2015. "Clap....clap....clap!" abruptly ends a Wednesday night prayer service in beautiful Charleston, South Carolina. It wasn't the adulation of the congregation, affirming the prayers of senior pastor and state senator. No. "CLAP" clanked the steel slide of a .45, recoiling to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, rounds ripping through bodies and pews. A public servant, murdered in his own church, in front of his sheep. Nine murdered in the sanctuary. I am older than dirt. I have seen worse. Such hatred in a young man? This recoil, this "clapping"...like another stanza in hell's anthem. Each season of assault, like another movement in the symphony of dread. Nothing you are trying is bringing order to the chaos. Nothing. Keep on earning. Keep on learning. Education and economics. Money and mind games, the twins of inadequacy.

## **Good Citizen**

You might consider yourself a decent person, but somewhere in America, you have a lookalike running around, doing bad things in your identity. The black man, the white man, the native and the foreigner all have an evil twin perpetrating wickedness. This is the real identity theft confusing America. Your personal American twin (someone who looks like you physically, was born with your ethnicity, votes as you politically,

thinks as you think philosophically, or worships like you religiously) is racking up hefty felony charges. Naturally, a shooter was identified, yet the fingers of blame are pointing at *you*. "I'm innocent!" you say. Are you? You have no role in this pandemonium?

Friend, it is time to look in the mirror, squint and perceive it. Admit your secret life is ugly. Your thoughts, vile. Your deeds, not so virtuous. Naturally, your heart betrays your fellow American now. Briefly inventory your family life—it is dysfunctional to say the least. Thought life: depressing and dark, to be generous. Truthfully, if each American's personal disqualifications, divorces, affairs, relational breakdowns, greed and hateful meditations were broadcast aloud...well, you would all be devastatingly wounded by the sheer embarrassment. As would I, a mess of a man. A broken, wearied watchman. Eyes closed and ears shut, your spirits are sealed off. The twins of inadequacy: hollow and deceptive philosophies. Earning and learning...*the doctrines of demons*. There are dark entities engaging us. Engaging you. You better know your enemy. I do. I am older than dirt. I know it well. Soon, you will perceive your common enemy.

In the wake of calamity, they pour in; think tanks, politicians and charlatans all rush to the podium to present their plan. To unpack their programs and unveil their wonders. The peoples' champions of this or that. A spirit has taken over—something convinced America to harvest the Tree of Knowledge. Science. First filling our brains with useless information, then dropping the guillotine. The enemy has mercenary shooters but is also raising up political figures. These power pawns, like

miniature Führers of the Third Reich, hasten to the national platform to present a *final solution* to all of our problems. Even the people's champions are engendering the abolishment of the sacred Second Amendment and trampling on the First to do so. A dark specter hangs above the rafters of the venue, smiling on as we take another bite of *knowledge*. "Pop!" the crispy apple bursts forth poisonous juice dubbed *intellectualism*. Science is observation; just watch that science flow; watch that stream of lies trickle down the orator's chin like the blood that was shed in Jerusalem. Soon, everyone is drinking the cool aid. So get in line freak. Go ahead and wash those poison apples down with Satan's lies.

## **Equal Opportunity Killer**

*We are at war. The enemy roams about like a lion, and wants you dead. There is a commanding general in this spiritual war, plotting to destroy your marriages and your children. Your homes. Businesses. Friendships. To hunt you down, strike you down, drag you through the mud, murder you, bury you and spit on the grave. This I say that you can know it, and know it well—an invisible angel named Lucifer is real. I am well-acquainted, well-informed, well-connected. I have seen him. I have grappled with this thing. I have wrestled with the monster.*

The scrolls teach us. The monster hates humankind. Every Caucasian, man of color, aborigine, Asian, Scandinavian, Jew, Muslim, Christian, Arab, Anglo-Saxon, Australian, Latin American, or Pacific Islander. Every two-legged mammal, whether reprobate, religious, straight, gay, celibate, unborn, old, young, smart, dumb, rich, or poor—Satan, "the adversary," marches freely on American soil; advances tirelessly on earthly

domains. This being is a real, unbiased destroyer of lives and vicious extirpator of souls. Your life is targeted. The tragic events aforementioned provide the circumstantial evidence at the *minimum* that hatred and violence is historically non-prejudiced. The invisible world—it is what you always believed, always felt, always instinctively and most credulously avoided like the plague. I say it, and you know it, and you surely know it now—accept it.

Fancy to tune me out? Still think this this is a political, religious, or ideological war? I would ostentatiously resign into a sarcastic, menacingly slow clap for you. The enormity and unambiguity of this great problem, requires no prophet to understand or pontificate. This problem is bigger than all of us. Just look at it now—you are in over your heads. One Lieutenant-General by the name of Sir John Glubb wrote in a famous essay,

Perhaps the most dangerous by-product of the  
Age of Intellect is the unconscious growth of the  
idea that the human brain can solve the problems  
of the world....

## **Philadelphia—Brotherly Love?**

October 27, 2018. Morning services were underway at Or L'Simcha synagogue. Suddenly, an older white man opens fire. Eleven were killed and seven were wounded in the city of brotherly love. The monster hates Jewish humankind. The name of this synagogue was "Tree of Life." The serpent slips away, onto another target. Death complete, the bringer of chaos departs, slithering and **twisting** away onto the next venue. A bystander **snaps** a photo of the bleeding.



## Christ Church

March 15, 2019. A twenty-eight-year-old killer. Premeditated hatred. Pre-loaded clips. Impassioned by fear and loathing the Islamic presence in his community, the gunner strategically and nonchalantly slays fifty innocent worshippers in a New Zealand mosque. The monster hates Muslim humankind. Even I was repulsed, and I have seen some sickening acts in my antiquity. As a woman lay in the street, begging for mercy, he casually approached, muzzle dangling in front of his first-person camera, stopped... then squeezed the trigger. *Clap!* He marches on with no hesitation. Unfathomable cruelty. I am older than dirt. Still, this one wrecked me all over again. Reminds me of the ancient Assyrians, and how they treated our most vulnerable. It is almost like the crusades are happening in pockets. Another photo is *snapped*, another head is *popped*, and another narrative is *twisted* by big media for mass consumption.

What of Paris, the “city of light,” the city of romance? This enemy hates light. This enemy feels no love. This monster’s affairs were the explosions in football stadiums and shootings in restaurants. Lucifer hates Europeans. The vile, cunning reptile snails along unnoticed again, seeking someone to deceive, to possess...to devour. Sliding below the radar, hidden from cameras, egressing off into the dark, day lit blackness...on to the next victim.

## Orlando, Florida

One Sunday morning in 2016, it happened again. Pulse, an Orlando nightclub known for gay visitors, was targeted. Dozens killed. *Clap clap clap!* Pulse nightclub, no longer pulsating, the dancing and cheering suddenly shifting to screams

of horror. Lifeblood no longer pulsing in the veins of forty-nine human targets. Lucifer promotes revelry and debauchery, but killing is what he loves best. But he doesn't kill for fun. It stems from a diabolical, ancient hatred. The serpent execrates our form, our face, our flesh and blood. As the scrolls teach... *"For the life is in the blood."*

But you keep trying to fix this with school—with learning. With work—earning. With relationships—yearning. Wake up. The spiritual war is raging mightily. This is not a war on poverty in America, and the enemy is not illiteracy, income gaps, loneliness or mental illness. Let me ask you this—did the social acceptance of homosexuality or legalization of same-sex marriage lessen the onslaught? Were the killings I recounted thus far perpetrated by evangelical Christians or Islamic extremists? How many heterosexuals were “clapped” to death at the Fort Hood military base in 2009? How about the dark theater in Aurora, Colorado, in 2012? Were sexual, religious, or political preferences visible in theater? Could the Aurora psycho identify his victims any better than you are perceiving the puppet strings?

## **Priesthood**

The ancient serpent is looking for humans to fulfill his purposes. These people represent all countries and ethnicities. Whether a lone wolf killer or a global network of ecclesiastical nodes—size and funding are not the only indicators. Whether it be a family of mobsters or a succession of kings, the social and legal status is often irrelevant. Whether the coronation of a rapacious monarch or the ordination of a less-than-pious priest—there can be joyful ceremony and public acceptance for bad people. For instance, a communist party in Russia might have

strong ties to a communist party in the United States. This is conventional organizing; it is tangible and legally reproachable. But the priesthood I am referring to is inconspicuous. It is everywhere and yet nowhere. Like the specter of communism, it is invisible yet ubiquitous. Satan's following is a disparate syndicate, claiming members in every zip code, country, territory, and island. Apophis ([see chapter 3: "The Evil Twin"](#)) is actively recruiting civilians, immigrants, soldiers, and mercenaries alike who will accomplish his desires.

Many are disconnected by language or culture yet remain spiritually and unknowingly connected. They are bound together, often without legal affiliations, into a greater community—a *global priesthood*, if you will. And these "priests" prove to be regular people—willing men and women (even children) from every walk of life. From the upper echelon of society to the lowest on the totem pole, everyone can join. *Religious or not, moral or not, they become members of this group, this priesthood.* They are accepted if they adopt and perform the ministry duties thrust upon them. Some were cruel warlords dwelling in mansions but most are simple followers at ground level. They enter this sub-political realm with or without official membership if they willfully perform the serpent's religious rites. And what are the priestly duties? Gaining wealth for themselves. Destroying freedom. Sowing civil discord. Starting wars, often for more riches. A suicide bombing or a civil war are just holidays on Satan's calendar. Members of this organization, this "priesthood," might be worlds apart; they don't necessarily share funding pools, directives, manifestos or earthly leadership—they share in the ministry of darkness. They are wrapped in an invisible iron

curtain, a cosmic togetherness that can only be understood in the spirit realm.

Invisible agents toil and tarry about, moving to procure people into this priesthood, indiscriminately gathering any and all, willing to perform their human sacrifices. Satan seeks well-spoken pragmatists as well as psychopaths to influence governing bodies. Satan hires charismatics like Adolph Hitler and sociopaths like Alexander the Great. Yes, hell is an equal opportunity employer, recruiting great orators, brilliant minds, the mentally ill, and the emotionally disturbed. Evil looks for talent. The rise of the Third Reich (Nazi Germany) proves that charisma and strong leadership can be charmingly deceptive. Political conventions, eloquent speeches, and certain forms of nationalism are often the devil's grand beauty pageants. When Satan surveys all he has done to America lately, he smiles. When the monster perceives the residual bitterness in the hearts across the heartland—he is smiling. And having assessed the bloodbaths he engendered, the monster retreats a moment; when the false God has surveyed all that he has created, he rests and says:

*"It is good. What beautiful chaos we have created. You are truly my disciples."*

## **Close**

But everyone thinks they are right. Everyone cherishes their own paradigm, their own culture and heritage. Yes, your own worldview must be magnified, or nothing will get done. The monster sits in his hidden lair while every member of our society is standing—and standing tall on their own truth. And like every republic, the citizens will vote—but like every monarchy, they will get what they ask for. As in every epic of incredulity, the sheep

merge and magnify this growing tension—they ignore all the signs; both the sound minded professors and the bullhorn prophets on the city square are brushed aside. The mob convulses onward to the next appointment. Each individual desires to see their brand of change, to push their precious organizations, touting their truth. *And the devil smiles because his ministry has taken root. And the animosity of the masses scourges and silences the individual voice at every juncture.* The people will suffer in proclaiming their clear and right and just positions. The monster moves as one creature, as the mob rises to ascendancy with monomaniacal vitality; it hunts and it seeks not a victory, but a victim. It rises not to correct or discourse with its fellow man, but to conquer—it listens only to respond and it hearkens only to hush. The movement achieves a finality when the individuals crack, and the mob successfully crowns their executive branch.

“This is our country, but here is my king.” Or, “Your king has no place in my country.” You are firmly rooted in the soil of “King and Country.” And the tumult subsides not. Ah, the wretched establishment of a King, fomenting the systemic breakdown of a country. It is the hideous hell of party comradery. It is the pitiful clamoring of partisan politics and the opposite of civil government; the press secretaries become defense attorneys, and the National Guard becomes a personal bodyguard for the aristocracy. There is no more honest debate, no more objective news; each commentator is a court jester. In a monarchy, idiots are given esteemed positions, like jacks-of-all-trades. When things get tough, the left bower is fired and the mob is now scheming against the right bower. The Trump card is set aside, and the heart of the nation is bleeding. Those

hideous hearts, beating as one—the insane asylum of those who have, in the words of John Adams, not elected a president but made a man a “Tool of a Party.” And so families are divided across this land. Peoples are divided—churches and parties are polarized like never before. Is this just another storm to be weathered, lesson to be learned...or...something more perilous?

## **The First**

This man fought tyrants for over forty years, in the most impossible and unforgiving circumstances. Standing erect, **snapping** up tarnished, bronze buttons, he prepared for retirement. **Twisting** his tired feet into cracked rawhide boots, and **popping** his wooden teeth into place, he peered into the mirror. Staring back was the first president, a wartime leader—the humble chieftain of our burgeoning Zion. What was his final, most sincere warning to the republic? Not the British. Not the natives. Not religion, prejudice, or the vices of common, crude men. The first president warned all who would listen, that our greatest risk would be *the visceral spirit of party*. Simply put? *The spirit of us versus them*.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy...

...sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid

enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty. Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. (Washington's Farewell Address, 1796)

Across the abyss of the great precipice, the groaning and guttural shrieks of demons resemble the once hopeful, huddled masses, desiring that your king is elevated, knowing that your country is descending, inching closer and closer, swinging from the precipice, **twisting, snapping, popping** just a thread away from their wild groping and gnashing jaws.

# King and Country

Every shooter, terrorist, dictator, monarch, oligarch, village marauder or barbarian warlord is a foe in this great struggle. Every evil empire is a non-democracy administered by disciples of darkness—the pawns of Apophis—the Serpent of Chaos ([to understand Apophis, see chapter 3: “The Evil Twin”](#)). They vary in color, culture, and creed, but know this—they are all operating on the same rule set: steal from, kill, and destroy the people. Demon spirits successfully partner with prominent flesh of earth. Going from bad to worse, hellish ideas are settled in human minds and moved along by governmental faculty. But here is the great mystery—*the change is often not perceived by the public*. The rise of Hitler shocked the eyes and senses of the world, but the frog citizens sat unperturbed in the pot of water. From the amphibian’s vantage point, everything was fine, as Nazi Germany appeared civilized at first. Watch the Nazi propaganda videos—those Germans loved their Hitler. The infamous red and black insignia (swastika) fomented feelings of euphoria. Satan’s land of liberty begins like a blank page: hungry and thirsty masses, longing to embrace a new hope. The Great War (WWI) is over, and the rubble is bulldozed away. Room for change. Hungry souls starving for a new beginning. Good but ignorant people looking to a king. Displaced and wearied souls longing for a country.

Ah, but Satan’s kingdom is not a commonwealth but a ruthless cabal; a deep state cloaking in the colorful and pleasant tapestry of richly woven culture—where educated, civil and obedient civilians are living a good life, enjoying the fruits of advanced civilization. Even Hitler wanted to be an artist before



he settled for world dictator. The simpletons of the 1920s and 1930s were heralding in a new and bountiful future as one united German people. And they perceived it not. Do you perceive it? Most definitely, high hell is a toasty warm haven for the leaders; the highest hell scarcely squeezes a drop of sweat from the brows of the rule makers—those controlling the dial on the oven. In one age or another, the people become prisoners to their own creed and victims of hijacked nationalism, and inevitably, there can only be one cook in the kitchen. When tensions escalate, the citizens become either dead skeptics of the king or yes-man sycophants of the super-state. When war breaks out, good people become the cannon fodder of maligned patriotism. Simply put, everyone suffers egregious terrors under the undying trust of this mysterious sentiment, “King and Country.” This brings us to our own revolution: the American Revolution.

The British Empire was the largest empire in world history. We beat them. “King and country” was the pride of the British. Civility and honor was their coat of arms, but history cannot hide this monster’s claw marks. During Britain’s conquests, each new and loyal subject was once a slave—a brainwashed convert. Each new appendage attached to the monster was a freshly wounded culture the beast did not respect or value. The civilians or savages of these conquered territories, while putting up a fight initially, eventually followed Britain’s suit. In the words of Tom Joad (protagonist from *The Grapes of Wrath*), all opposition to the established authority eventually tucked their tails and surrendered as “beat bitches.” Whether the brown-skinned Indians of India, the dark black natives of the Bahamas, or the white Puritans peacefully settling the New World—the British authorities tried to make them converts. As

time went on, the people perceived it not, and became willing vessels of incremental absolutism. Thomas Paine introduces his classic repudiation to British Tyranny with this opening thesis:

...a long habit of not thinking a thing WRONG,  
gives it a superficial appearance of being RIGHT,  
and raises at first a formidable outcry in defense  
of custom. But the tumult soon subsides. Time  
makes more converts than reason.

Just give it some time, and people will accept just about anything. Masks? Forced vaccinations? Unlimited government spending? New constitutions? Are you going to be a “beat bitch”? Ah, the kingdom! The palaces were pristine, the cultures were influential...*and the people were proud*—the fanfare and following was huge, even to this day. “King and Country”—this is the mantra, the slogan of Satan’s unification campaigns wherever it has permutated on earth. The shiny insignia looks nice to the Average Joe, like a trendy face mask, but for a free person, say, for instance, a Spartan citizen of ancient Greece, it begs two fundamental questions. One: who is the king? And two: where is this country?

## **Who & Where?**

From 1939-1941, the *king* was a German führer, Adolph Hitler, and the *country* was any weaker nation vulnerable to invasion. Shortly before that (1931-1937), the *king* was a Japanese Emperor (Hirohito), and the *country* was a ravaged China. Going back further to the seventeenth and eighteenth century, the *king* was the crown of Britain, and the *country* was an ever-expanding dominion of a seemingly civilized people—an imperial system of rule. Every fertile coast was inevitably invaded

by armadas; cargo ships and warships carrying armies of men in red coats—soldiers proudly badged with the insignia; statesmen all brainwashed and persuaded by the cause. Redcoats were the good guys to those trapped in “the Matrix” ([see chapter 4: “Twins of Tough Truth”](#)). In the fresh pressed garments of civility, British nobles both deceived and subdued the nations in the name of God. They did so skillfully, patiently, civilly—and over a cup of tea. While Nazi Germany was a rapid political reform that escalated quickly, Britain (formerly known as the *Kingdom where the sun never sets*) was the benevolent light of the world that slowly and subtly over time shined upon, or should I say, seized every inch of the globe. Hitler was shocking, but Britain’s strategy was clever and patient. Philosophically, both empires were like a virus—seeking to destroy others and replicate itself. One virus just spread faster than the other. The Germans utilized the drug Pervitin in their Blitzkrieg—they were jacked up on methamphetamine as they plowed through Poland and France in armored tanks. The British used diplomacy and policy—they took their time taking over the world. The point is, “kings” are never satisfied with their current “country.”

In regard to the American Revolution and the tug of war for the American continent, Satan’s advances were often cautious and courteously overbearing. Like an evil stepmother, Britain was conniving and delicately intolerant of those bastard children—the thirteen colonies she was obliged to absorb. Fortunately, Britain’s word-crafting political snowflakes bluffed against our American manifest destiny. When we Yankees refused to conform, beg, and grovel to our earthly master, the monster resorted to violence. You see, the American patriot was not the initial aggressor.

On April 19, 1776, the cities of Concord and Lexington were brutally attacked without cause. This was the final straw—when an honest and enlightened people finally woke up. After the “fatal 19<sup>th</sup>,” Americans believed the conspiracy facts from first-hand experience. The assaults left no distinction between the Crown of England and a barbarian warlord. Just as Thomas Anderson was the awakened hero of the *Matrix* storyline, Thomas Paine was a main character who helped us dodge a barrage of attacks, coups, and conquests. On the “fatal 19<sup>th</sup>,” the glorious notion of “king and country” was turned on its head. Everyone saw that the *king* had murdered his own *countrymen*. Thomas Paine implored all British-brainwashed Americans to look closer and see the monster’s true colors.

Notwithstanding the Tyranny, these Brits thought highly of themselves, and these leadership hierarchies offered their contrite and proper salutes. Britain was formed from a broken, Old World ideology. Britain was highly organized monarchy. Is not evil often organized? The British had no respect for the Native Americans. Their command-chains were hierarchical—political and military totem poles. Britain dressed their agendas beautifully and provided handsomely for their offices—fine furnishings and fancy titles ascribed to their rankings. All flattering compliments. It is not civil. It is not honor. It is pure evil. You see, the disciples of the *king* are caught in a trap; the monster makes the *country* homely and dresses its children daintily. And Paine writes,

...they talk of British honor, British generosity, and British clemency, as if those things were matter of fact; whereas, we whose eyes are open, who

speak the same language with yourselves...can declare to all the world, that so far as our knowledge goes, there is not a more detestable character, nor a meaner or more barbarous enemy, than the present British one. (American Crisis Letter, May 31, 1782)

Brace yourself for incredible revelation—even slavery was not an American idea. The repugnant practice of profiting from another man’s labor was a sin America inherited from the bitch that bore her—Great Britain. The classic novel of American slavery, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, teaches us a tough truth—that evil will camouflage itself; that wickedness can hide in plain sight. In the days of slavery, as throughout history, bad ideas are whitewashed over to look good—and the people were content:

A slave warehouse! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure den, some horrible Tartarus “informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.” (Meaning hell, misshapen, monstrous, devoid of light). But no, innocent friend; in these days men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteelly, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market; and is, therefore, well fed, well cleaned, tended, and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong, and shining.” (*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, chapter 30: “The Slave Warehouse”)

## **Sleek Strong and Shining**

British Imperialism. Early American plantation slavery. The national socialist German Workers' Party. All similar groups produce the disciples of non-democracy—weak people who rule over others. In this pre-Civil War novel, Harriet Beecher Stowe writes about the essence of *slave warehouse*. Her description transcends early American slavery—the plantation gentleman, the British noble or the Nazi Stormtrooper are all the same. The “slave warehouse” is the perfect metaphor to understand broad history, as the phenomenon repeats with matching traits. The fountainhead of “king and country” will always *manufacture and maintain the nature, customs, and policies of the “slave warehouse”*. They are clean and culturally acceptable. They are cleverly adopted hell holes. Each recruited, often under duress, human possessions, and kept them in fine working order. Whether paid, unpaid, or volunteer—whether black slaves or white British generals, they were well fed, groomed and cared for. We often think of a slave-master system as a two-layer, top-down model, with masters at the top and slaves at the bottom. But evil functions in complex hierarchies. African-American slaves were promoted to overseers on the plantations they worked, given special privileges and oversight. Privileged slaves often did their masters' evil bidding. A plantation slave promoted to overseer was prone to abuse and torture their fellow Africans. Likewise, each WWII holocaust criminal was once just a common soldier; even Adolf Hitler himself served as a regular enlisted grunt in World War I. They just worked their way up the totem pole, scratched their way up the honor system. Climbed their way up the corporate ladder. The military. The city council. The

congress. The worker's union. The party of the people. *The monster.*

In modern times, we still see the trace remnants of Britain—as late as 1973, dark black Bahamian men wore white wigs in their statehouses; they drank tea, convened in ornate legislatures and drove their cars on the left side of the road. Why? Because Britain occupied the Bahamas from 1648 to 1973. For three-and-a-quarter centuries, the monster made itself comfortable. King and country mechanically raped native cultures for financial gains and weaponized weaker people groups against their opposition. In efforts to conquer us, Britain would instigate Native American raids against the colonies. To fight their wars, they hired German mercenaries called Hessians. They utilized every means to their ends. In response to a British atrocity, the sport-like lynching murder of Captain Huddy, a member of the New Jersey Militia, Thomas Paine writes in his May 31, 1782, American Crisis Letter this response:

*"...for it never could be supposed that such a brutal outrage would ever be committed. It is an original in the history of civilized barbarians, and is truly British."*

Barbarism is not unique only to Britain. In a kingdom of darkness, both the victims and the perpetrators are the sufferers. Indeed, some sorry fellow must run the shop; somebody has to guard the plantation, collect the King's taxes or build the Tiger tanks. Somebody must staff the current day *slave warehouse*. British forts, southern plantations and Germany's concentration camps—typologically and philosophically aligned, separated only by time. The British

Parliament, the king's confidants, or Hitler's inner circle—these were the disposable human pawns—the governing bodies and fall boys purposed for one end—exactng ruthless order. Stowe's language was perfect: no, you won't find some "foul, obscure den"; rather, a "sleek, strong and shining" society of yes-sir, yes-ma'am, goose-stepping clock punching pushovers. The sheep of the evil empire are often on government payroll. The bureau of motors vehicles. The social security administration. The sleek and shining pay-yourself kiosks. The toll-road cameras and pay systems, and the tollbooth itself—the slave warehouse for a single body. From airport security (TSA) to the CIA, the treachery always funnels upwards, and the higher-ups are always disposable. Both the Holocaust victims and their dehumanizers *were* paid victims of the monster. The undignified deeds of the general workforce is underrated, as most bad guys are just faithful employees. The generals, commanders and executioners were the most culpable (despicable really), but they themselves were also victims of "king and country." To defect from the Nazi party could get you and your family killed.

Trapped in the times, the people perceived it not. The early American plantation owners, the British brigades, brigadiers, and royal parliament: *slave masters*. The navy vessels, barracks, the French Bastille, the parsonages and parliament buildings: *slave warehouses*. German warships, submarines and pillboxes: *slave warehouses*. The workers were the dispensable instruments of Satan's workshop. Pawns. Warm bodies. Means to an end. In sci-fi terminology, a battery farm of human energy harnessed to fuel a mega-state. A "Matrix." The only thing more degrading that being a slave is running the warehouse. The royal British Navy and Infantry: *sleek*. The



African American Slave: *strong*. A decorated Nazi SS party member: *shining*. Satan's systems are always disguised as *sleek, strong, and shining forces of good, standing ready to serve the king, moving fast to expand the country*.

## **Call the bluff**

Ah, the beautiful kingdom! Breathe it in deep—the sweet aroma of the country! Satan uses people to harm people, and this happens most effectively when recruitment efforts are backed with false promises to the weak and destitute. What will slow the spread of kings and their countries? The Spartan—this individual is not weak. A real American is never destitute. In colonial America, patriots were a minority, but a rising force to be reckoned with—not easily subdued by hunger, fear, or political turbulence. Leading into the War for Independence, Satan (the puppet master of Britain) was forced to switch gears from conquest to negotiation; from the glory of killing to that boring and contemptable activity we understand as diplomacy. Satan, the dark emperor, disengages his soldiers at times to deploy his mouthpieces—when his political delegates sweep in with salutations and sweet words; kissing babies and giving heartwarming speeches. In WWII, Hitler negotiated with Britain while he was building his war machine.

When patriots and courageous hearts push back, the monster retreats not by choice, but by necessity. Attempting a new tactic, it pretends to play nice. In our revolution, Britain was forced to withdraw at intervals. British authorities bombed us with poison pen letters. Written in fancy old English cursive, the quill was put to parchment to deceive us. Diplomacy is rarely, if ever, real compromise or lasting peace. We are certain from

history that every moment's relaxation was just a flash, a season of brief safety beneath a smoking dragon; a people exposed in the shade of a monster gathering its strength for another wave of terror. Kind of like when a mask mandate is lifted? Or maybe when a vaccine mandate is lifted? Will that be real peace? Paine describes these historical cycles:

What is the history of all monarchical governments but a disgusting picture of human wretchedness, and the accidental respite of a few years' repose? Wearied with war, and tired with human butchery, they sat down to rest, and called it peace. This certainly is not the condition that heaven intended for man..." (*Rights of Man*, 1790)

When a monarchial or imperial system (aka "the monster") is challenged, they will try to bluff the opposition. When slave warehouses are losing slaves, they will try to win them back. This was the case in 1778. Two years into the revolution, British forces reach an impasse, as their advances are not as swift as expected. Paine takes these opportunities to encourage the Americans and embarrass the king. His words shake the monarchy to the core. He describes these diplomats as "*madmen biting in the hour of death.*" Militarily weakened after critical defeats or forced to wait on us while we retreated into the back country:

Remember you do not, at this time, command a foot of land on the continent of America...To avoid a defeat, or prevent a desertion of your troops, you have taken up your quarters in holes and corners of inaccessible security; and in order to

conceal what every one can perceive, you now endeavor to impose your weakness upon us for an act of mercy. If you think to succeed by such shadowy devices, you are but infants in the political world; you have the A, B, C, of stratagem yet to learn, and are wholly ignorant of the people you have to contend with." (*American Crisis*, October 20, 1778)

Britain always threatened a mischief they did not have the power to execute. Like Satan, the bark was worse than the bite.

*"But the happiness is, that the mischief you threaten, is not in your power to execute."*

Britain's failing violence was followed with a bluff. Their strivings to subdue the colonies was stagnated by 1778, so the monster reorganized—the pressure of the red-coated soldiers lifted for a moment, while the delicate attire of seasoned diplomats came on. Negotiations are always part of divide and conquer campaigns, and at this juncture, Britain pretended to be reasonable. We were outnumbered and inexperienced in warfare—but somehow, we were prevailing. So, the British elite tried to use words to subdue us—they assumed we were stupid, destitute, and easily swayed. It was as if the cunning King had read the monster's very mind. It was like the Serpent of Chaos had authored the field manual of social division and selected these words with centuries of expertise:

*"But if the honors of a military life are become the object of the Americans, let them seek those honors under the banners of their rightful sovereign, and in fighting the battles of the united*

*British Empire, against our late mutual and natural enemies.”*

First, Britain (the serpent) validates the identity and honor of a soldier. Then, they attempt to realign that noble purpose with their absolute agenda. The language gently infers that the patriots and militia groups have abandoned their rightful country (Britain). They wouldn't dare call them outright criminals. This was a gentle nudging, a suggestion that they were confused and pulling apart a noble and longstanding unity. This is a clever trick to bring them back under British authority—to fight the King's wars—especially the war waged against *them and their independence*. Engaged with a humble and heart-felt populace, Satan tried to convince the dignified and rising American people that they had common enemies and natural purposes with Britain. And so, darkness deployed the last line of *offense—false diplomacy*—to deceive and re-recruit a people they could not easily conquer with force. Such nonsense should rile and offend us. Ha, as if the Americans had anything in common with this maniac. We were not looking to conquer other worlds, but to establish the one set before us. Thomas Paine discerned the diplomatic deception and replied boldly:

Surely! The union of absurdity with madness was never marked in more distinguishable lines than these. Your rightful sovereign, as you call him, may do well enough for you, who dare not inquire into the humble capacities of the man; but we, who estimate persons and things by their real worth, cannot suffer our judgements to be so imposed upon; and unless it is your wish to see

him exposed, it ought to be your endeavor to keep him out of sight...

Classic Paine calling the bluff—he exposed the serpent who was pulling the strings. The king was just a man, who, according to Thomas Paine, was a little man—a childish brute who administered fear and intimidation to advance the motherland. In Paine’s letters, they are described as brats, Pharaohs (biblical reference), wretches, nobodies, and fakes, among many honest descriptions. Indeed, kings and their nobles were the enemies of independence, but there was a higher entity at work. England’s offer was both pathetic and insulting but take note—the king was not the only puppeteer. Paine continues without mincing words,

Can Bedlam, in concert with Lucifer, form a more mad and devilish request? Were it possible a people could sink into such apostacy they would deserve to be swept from the earth like the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. The proposition is an universal affront to the rank which man holds in the creation, and an indignity to him who placed him there. It supposes him made up without a spark of honor, and under no obligation to God or man.

*What sort of men or Christians must you suppose the Americans to be, who, after seeing their most humble petitions insultingly rejected; the most grievous laws passed to distress them in every quarter; an undeclared war let loose upon them, and Indians and negroes invited to the slaughter;*

*who, after seeing their kinsmen murdered, their fellow citizens starved to death in prisons, and their houses and property destroyed and burned; who, after the most serious appeals to heaven, the most solemn abjuration by oath of all government connected with you, and the most heart-felt pledges and protestations of faith to each other; and who, after soliciting the friendship, and entering into alliances with other nations, should at last break through all these obligations, civil and divine, by complying with your horrid and infernal proposal. Ought we ever after to be considered as a part of the human race? Or ought we not rather to be blotted from the society of mankind, and become a spectacle of misery to the world? But there is something in corruption, which, like a jaundiced eye, transfers the color of itself to the object it looks upon, and sees every thing stained and impure; for unless you were capable of such conduct yourselves, you would never have supposed such a character in us. The offer fixes your infamy. It exhibits you as a nation without faith; with whom oaths and treaties are considered as trifles, and the breaking them as the breaking of a bubble. Regard to decency, or to rank, might have taught you better; or pride inspired you, though virtue could not. There is not left a step in the degradation of character to which you can now descend; you have put your foot on the ground*

*floor, and the key of the dungeon is turned upon  
you....*

Put plainly—just who the hell do they think we are? Paine’s reply is a passionate and brilliant defense of the American cause. First, he goes for the jugular—he invalidates and insults their supreme ruler (King George III). Casting doubt upon his competency, character, and personal worth, he indirectly heaps guilt and insult upon those who would follow the Monarchy. Then, he invokes moral and religious objections upon the audience from *both* sides. “Apostacy.” “Devilish request.” “Infernal proposal.” “Sodom and Gomorrah.” He goes beyond challenging their shared *Christianity* and even questions the very *manhood* of those who would comply. And, if that didn’t work—he enumerates the injuries once again, reminding them that Britain’s request for allegiance is odious, preposterous, and perfidious.

The left-leaning folks, who are more disposed to compromise, should be as unmovable as the right leaning hard-liners—how could they forget all the pain they have already suffered? This far cry ask, should foment a feeling of betrayal and confiction in all people, as it was issued after their combined sufferings in this “undeclared war”—when they were all murdered, starved, and burned out of their homes; that this is a petition from perdition from a false friend who now wishes to play nice—that the destroyer now wants to be seen as the reconciler. Angry, passionate, and armed Americans—they had character and real Christians working among them. There was a measure of humanity. They honored their agreements. They put their faith to action. The British? They were well-dressed, fake, and

unfaithful—they had Christians who were willing to support the evils of Monarchy. The British system was dishonest, barbaric, and hegemonic. It is one thing to forgive your enemies but another to join them. For the soldier to accept this offer and rejoin their army would be like joining hell's army and descending into a personal "dungeon".

## **Natural Enemy**

So, once we recognize the political bluff, we must consider the greater enemy—the higher entity at work. The main themes, which I have already presented to you, were the invisible workings of a more powerful, more natural enemy of mankind. Thoughtful writers like Paine understood that human beings are not "naturally" at war with each other, so he exposed and rejected the pontificating pest the Old World called a "king." Paine rejected the man—yes, the *"hardened, sullen tempered Pharaoh forever, and disdained the wretch, that with the pretended title of 'FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE' can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul"*—but more importantly, our American prophet exposed the maleficent monster behind the curtain, pulling the strings and running the show. Paine drives it home here:

We have a perfect idea of a natural enemy when we think of the devil, because the enmity is perpetual, unalterable and unabateable. It admits, neither of peace, truce, or treaty; consequently the warfare is eternal, and therefore it is natural. But man with man cannot arrange in the same opposition...The Creator of man did not constitute



them the natural enemy of each other...Even  
wolves may quarrel, still they herd together.

And so, man cannot be the natural enemy of man. We were not put on earth to war against each other. Satan is the natural enemy ([see chapter 3: "The Evil Twin"](#)). The Revolutionary War, like the Civil War, like any war... is friendly fire. The German people were not the natural enemies of the Soviets, Polish, or French. The Japanese were not the natural enemies of the Americans or the Chinese. Thomas Paine, the world renowned author of *Age of Reason*, reveals an eternal truth: evil is both unreasonable and invisible. Paine, not a subscriber to any one religion, reveals in his writings personal ponderings of a spiritual realm, where reason could not apply; his letters disrobe a dark king who rejected the outcry of reasonable people, inhabiting a kingdom where good laws cannot be enforced, ending with debates and treaties all designed to be broken. Speaking of fathers, the monarchs of Europe were no more *fathers of their people* any more than Hitler was a father of Germany. The puppet master is lurking behind all political stages, and he is the architect of every Imperial disaster. In *Star Wars*, Satan was senator Palatine's puppeteer; it was the invisible devil who negotiated with these words:

It is with great reluctance that I have agreed to this calling. I love democracy... I love the Republic. The fact that this crisis is demanding I be given absolute power to rule over you is evident. But I am mild by nature and have no desire to destroy the democratic process. The power you give me I will lay down when this crisis

has abated, I promise you. And all I ask in return is when my current term of office is over, you allow me to retire and live out my life in peace. (*Attack of the Clones*, 2002)

Thanks to Thomas Paine, Britain's ear-tickling speeches were exposed as bold-faced lies. We refused to believe them—we would not commit ourselves to Satan's cause. We rejected the offer to do Britain's dirty work and saw through the great deception of the eighteenth century. We were not a loose woman they could easily seduce and pimp out to their subsidiaries. Greed? Monopoly? Unjust foreign wars? Not our cup of tea. So, we defected the British system—soldiers, statesmen, and merchants joined the American cause. Plantation slavery? Yes, America inherited a few of her bad habits for a season, but we were nothing like Britain. We Americans were cut from a different cloth. We Americans were refined in a holier fire. While the early establishments adopted some conveniences of the monster, we soon determined to shut down the "slave warehouse." Slavery was not an American invention but an evil that was imported by the Motherland—a practice that the North moved to abolish twenty years after the bulk of the war for independence.

*"What you mean by 'the benevolence of Great Britain' is to me inconceivable. To put a plain question; do you consider yourselves men or devils?...if you have yet a cruelty in store you must have imported it, unmixed with every human material, from the original warehouse of hell..."* (Paine, October 20, 1778)

When in the course of human events, Darth Vader's shuttle will touch down; stepping out is the sleek, the strong, and the shining. He shocks his people with his terrifying aspect;

the lofty leader reaches out to choke an imperial commander who flinches or "*dares to question his humble capacities.*" But know this—Darth Vader, like every sinister leader, is just a silly shadow—a pawn in a uniform who bows prostrate to a darker entity. He is merely a voodoo doll of a deeper reality, and Darth Vader, no matter how dapper his costume or however confident his countenance—this madman can never earn our trust...this monster must never become our father.

## **Fort McHenry**

But independence was not guaranteed in 1783. From the 13<sup>th</sup> to the 14<sup>th</sup> of September, 1814, British warships reigned unholy hell upon Fort McHenry. For the length of a day, the fifteen-star flag billowed in shreds above the smoke and crumbling debris. As a merciless pulverization wasted away the fortress set upon Baltimore's shoreline, those responsible sat in cold-blooded apathy. So-called righteous leaders (the aristocracies perpetrating centuries of subversion and conquest) were seated comfortably across the Atlantic in their palaces and state homes. For each bomb bursting in air, echoed an explosion of laughter on the opposite side of the Atlantic at a dinner party. A distressed father was trembling as he powdered his musket while a pompous prick slumped fatly in a peaceful courtyard beneath a twilight gleaming. For each rampart we watched in terror, streaming with blood and teeming with courageous souls, the British generals watched their slaves scurry. The motherland elites delighted themselves in a state of solitude—apparently the monster was having a tea party of its own. Yes, while we were enduring hell—when all we could hear was the breakage and thundering convulsions—when our solitary thought amidst the chaos was purely survival, all that entered the ears of the

monsters was their own paradigms and ear-tickling affirmations. They heard chimes of silver spoons striking their teacups as the sweet melody of Handel's *Messiah* was perhaps performed live in their personal gardens. The monomaniacs of ages past reappear even now. The cronies of King and Country care nothing for Christianity (the declared religion of Great Britain). They are striding boldly into our ranks, gallivanting with smiles and waves. They have a voice. They attract a large following. They are even willing, at opportune moments, to sing the Star-Spangled Banner.

### **Sutherland Springs, Texas**

So, you accept that the monster is a blind killer. November 5, 2017: How many heterosexuals or Republicans were murdered in Sutherland Springs, Texas, when Lucifer's puppet entered a Baptist Church and spilled the blood of twenty-six? He does not care if you are a bisexual college student or a teen kidnapped off the streets.

### **Virginia Tech**

The Virginia Tech massacre of 2007 resulted in thirty-three deaths and twenty-three injured—but the shooter was an oriental man with a pistol. No bombs or rifles. No Arabs. No white supremacists. No blacks. The devil's playbook has three basic plays: kill, steal, and destroy our species. You think rifles are the common denominator? Keep applying logic to this barrage of irrational murder sprees. Long guns? Angry folks with AR's? Are you still that naive?

## **Walk of Death, Camden, New Jersey**

September 6, 1949: Howard Barton Unruh capitulated to the serpent's will. Walking his New Jersey neighborhood, he pistol "clapped" thirteen residents to their early graves. These victims didn't make it to lunch. Gone forever. A pistol. This event was nicknamed the "walk of death." He killed a shoemaker and then went to the barber, killing him and a six-year-old boy in the chair. Go look this one up yourself—it will chill your bones. Intellectuals claim these mysterious "clappings" are caused by mental illness and enabled by firearm accessibility. Notwithstanding, ten years earlier, before this "walk of death," millions of Jews obediently walked to their deaths, marching into gas chambers, ovens, and mass graves. You think those Nazis were mentally ill? Millions peaceably, willingly boarded trains to a "better location." They entered a group shower, told that "cleanliness is Godliness." Forget the millions butchered with machetes in Rwanda, I'm talking about a free country. I have been there. My nation was under siege. I witnessed a starving mother boil and eat her own offspring. Guns, they say? The box trucks barreling into crowds will never do maximum damage... unless armed with nitrogen-enriched fertilizer. Done right, that box truck can blow up a federal building in 1995, killing one-hundred-and-sixty-eight in Oklahoma City. Modern firearms? Really? Guns? Ha!

## **Bath, Michigan**

May 18, 1927: All these shootings are dwarfed by the real professional. Nearly a century ago, a disgruntled school board treasurer, Andrew Kehoe, killed thirty-eight school children, six adults, and his wife. Before many Americans had cars or electric

clothes dryers, Mr. Barton killed forty-five and injured fifty-eight with firebombs, pyrotol, and dynamite. Do you believe the rifle narrative still? Satan's puppets, stuffing mouths with lies and filling heads with information. Keep on eating from the Tree of Knowledge; you're almost to the core. You're almost gone. **Snap.**  
**Twist. Pop.**

How many reports of hearing voices or violent crimes without motive must occur before you wake up? How many claps before you accept that Satan is as violent and invisible as the winds of a hurricane? A criminal prosecution requires a means, motive, and opportunity. The devil has a motive. Pride. Hatred. Execration. We are God's finest creation, and I am one of them. I was human. Now I am spirit. I speak from experience. Do not be fooled! Do not be the means and opportunity; do not overturn laws that protect our right to defend the weak and innocent. The human spirit was hijacked well before planes. Sticks and stones were used to massacre tribes and villages millennia before bullets and bombs, and they still work. Brainwashing came long before waterboarding, and pride comes before the great fall. I beg you...I say this so you can know it as me—I have tasted the glory and I have suffered the fall.

## **New World Order**

It would be a dire injustice to study American history without understanding what stood in the way of America. Historically, it was the British Empire. Philosophically, we must understand the big picture—the concept of the New World Order. This is where the monotonous facts of history become tangible. In the United States, we use the term *New World Order* too loosely. No organization could be so complex, yet so simple. Still,

we fail to comprehend. We understand that big government infiltrates our lives very personally, but today we are looking too hard—we are digging too deep for what our recent history has revealed as simple and obvious. As we wrangle with this beast called the “New World Order,” we mistake it as original; we undermine it with something like a robot, vaccine, or microchip.

Great Britain was the largest empire on record. Great Britain was an imperial Monarchy. Imperialism is a system of subjugation—it expands using diplomacy or military force. America historically opposed this system, both during the Revolution and in generations to follow. The opposite of Imperialism is sovereignty. Sovereignty is a state of security. Sovereignty is a state that has power and authority over itself. A sovereign state is not easily conquered or brought into alliance with others. A sovereign state is dedicated to its own security and prosperity first—it does not expand by disturbing others around it. The British Empire subjugated peoples and dominated resources across the globe. They believed they were “sovereign.” They were not.

Britain lived and lives today as a monarchy called the United Kingdom. They have lost their imperialistic power but still have a queen (Queen Elizabeth II governed the United Kingdom and other Commonwealth realms from 6 February 1952 until her death in 2022. Her reign of over seventy years was the longest of any British monarch and the longest verified reign of any female monarch in history). And a monarchy is always formed and fostered through the allegiances of greedy and self-absorbed people. Monarchies are built by families. If given the chance, these families will work together to consolidate power and

resources. As they grow, these aristocracies will naturally gravitate back towards Imperialism. And imperialism, once fully grown, gives birth to the behemoth—The New World Order. American history records that the English Monarchy stood in the way of America's independence. But what is a monarchy at the root? A monarchy is the opposite of a republic. In a republic, people vote for their representatives. Voting and running for office are two inseparable components. When civilians do not hold office, choose their representatives, or hold them accountable, the sovereign state begins to degrade; the purity of the republic is contaminated. Instead of having elections, we make appointments—unelected individuals assume power within these silos of influence and grow like a cancer. This is the state of America today. The federal government contains roughly four-hundred-and-forty departments, sub-departments, and agencies. There are two million federal employees.

When power funnels upwards without checks and balances, a New World Order replaces the republic—a super-state emerges, which is fueled by fear and funded by ignorant civilians. Afraid to challenge the system, they just keep paying taxes. The British imposition on American independence shares all the same qualities of this evasive concept coined as "The New World Order." As it was, so it is now—this order presided and presides over dominions, colonies, protectorates, mandates, and numerous territories insofar that during the peak of its reign, the phrase "the empire on which the sun never sets" was no exaggeration. Today, the American imperial empire is everywhere, managing military bases in dozens upon dozens of foreign countries.



## United Kingdom

Beginning in 1497, the British Empire still survives today, as mentioned, by title of the United Kingdom. As of 2022, it is comprised of England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Almost in defiance, Great Britain still raises the same flag she waved over us during the American Revolution. The same flags that surrounded Fort McHenry in 1814. For all the seeds of tyranny sown across the world for centuries, to the chagrin of her former slave nations, that miserable Union Jack (another name for the flag of Britain) still appears on the national flags of nations as large as Australia and New Zealand; Anguilla, the British Indian Ocean Territory, the British Virgin Islands, Cayman, and Cook Islands. Falkland, Fiji, Montserrat, Tuvalu, Turks and Caicos Islands. Sure, this remnant Empire humbly remains just an island nation of northwestern Europe, but one can barely fathom the lasting impact. The New World Order understands that religion and faith is a powerful force. Thomas Paine writes:

The arm of Britain has been spoken of as the arm of the Almighty, and she has lived of late as if she thought the whole world created for her diversion. Her politics, instead of civilizing, has tended to brutalize mankind, and under the vain, unmeaning title of "Defender of the Faith," she has made war like an Indian against the religion of humanity. Her cruelties in the East Indies will never be forgotten, and it is somewhat remarkable that the produce of that ruined country, transported to America, should there kindle up a war to punish the destroyer. (*American Crisis*, November 21, 1778)

Yes, their conquest is over, and the territories have diminished, but the linguistic and cultural fallout prevails. Former British rule is the reason that America, Canada, India, Australia, South Africa, and many other countries speak English; sixty seven to be exact, including six nations in Asia and ten in Africa. The vestige of Imperialism—this is the reason we venerate affluent people and exalt the generations of aristocracies that rob us in our own communities. Maintaining influence over 412 million people by 1913, it ruled 23% of the world's population. For better or worse, for rich or for poor, mankind would absorb British customs and culture. Because of this monster, much of humanity has bowed the knee at one point. Had you Americans not stood your ground, even the most resolved, unbuckling patriots of the north would have been British—even the most brutal and callous southern rebels would have become Britain's *beat bitches and slaves*. To be sovereign does not imply a morally perfect society—it just means you are not easily subdued or destroyed.

The fact is, the New World Order is always cycling throughout the ages. Sargon. Caesar. Genghis Khan. Alexander the Great. The Sultans. Cyrus. The New World Order is a system that must be accepted before it can expand. Some cultures had different weapons, customs, and languages—but they shared this fundamental ambition of global dominion. Whether it arrives by storm (barbarian horde) or on gentle seas (British navy vessel with diplomats), it tries to invade. Whether it plows over villages with tanks or bombs, it attempts to conquer. Whether it be a messenger of peace, or a measure of violence—it rides on forever; it gallops proudly on a sleek and strong and shining steed; and the rider of the horse (like Napoleon) is a self-

proclaimed King; and the ruler is exalted as a God (like the ancients or the executive branch); *and the cause of every New World Order is to gather all nations and make them one—to put asunder a good idea—government by elections, and to install a bad one—government by appointment.* Nothing novel here—each world order naturally undercuts systems of self-reliance under the auspices of better or more benevolent leadership. The New World Order is not new, old, or optional. Unleashed, it has, and does, only conquer; and where it is allowed to incubate, it will only grow to kill, steal, and destroy from the people. And as the COVID-19 virus began to spread, the Imperial order arrived, as is arriving—it shows up like a cotton or conqueror’s mask. Like a health-mandate, a case of vaccines, or a crate of tea—it comes to the market looking good. In the likeness of muscular and able men, the slaves carry on their master’s bidding.

Each New World Order rises in an epoch of credulity—an era of naivety that enables a takeover of the globe—laws, customs, governing bodies, financial systems; complete and total dependency on not one system but legions of systems and institutions. In 1776, you declared independence from the New World Order of the day—a power-drunk Imperial regime with a King; a popular system that refused to allow the American idea to incubate. A system of diplomacy that attempted to make mercenaries out of humble men. A system of conquest that seeks to influence others, before improving itself.

The precipice we face is not new—it is the consequence of Old World influence: the alarming levels of cultural reengineering through the slow trickle of bad ideas. The New World Order has taken root and is brought about by un-American

imperialism. This monster is not new but re-emerging and projecting its power. Try to go one day without your device, your bank, your vehicle, insurance, public school, job, welfare, social services, or medicine. I will elaborate later ([see chapter 12: "The Crown Virus", section "Declaration of Interdependence"](#)), but for now, just look in the mirror. Do not hate the man or the woman but certainly renounce the New World Order, beginning with yourself. Despise the person looking back in the mirror who thinks they are special or better than others. Reject the order in society that looks down from a throne instead of across the aisle—which issues decrees from an office, instead of having a conversation in public.

Do not be deceived—your status of American citizen is the ultimate remedy of the New World Order—you can choose for yourself to be an Imperial or a sovereign. Better to be a good rebel than an obedient Stormtrooper. When the offer is on the table, simply say, "Thank you for the tea, but I am not British." Oh, and, "I'll take some coffee too. Yes, I fancy wine with a delicious dinner, and I relish in a cold beer after a hard day's work." As the colonies were, so you shall now be. To defeat the New World Order is to close the door on the old, to simply discourse with your neighbor, and routinely challenge and disagree with the individuals you elect. Politely remind the king, representative of any despotic actor in society whose paycheck or privilege derives from the taxpayer or even the offering plate, that you "rejected that Pharaoh forever." We will go deeper in understanding the New World Order by venturing back into Britain's recent history.

## Great War, Great Deception

National pride, framed in this chapter as “King and Country,” can defraud the best of people. Do not be fooled—just because Great Britain joined the allies in defeating Hitler does not mean their ideas are great or that their ideology “King and Country” has been redeemed. The horrors of war can leave nations vulnerable to deception. World War I, also known as “The Great War” or “the war to end all wars,” resulted in the death of nearly one million of Britain’s finest. Double that was the number of wounded; orphan children and sorrowful testimonies flowed into culture. Consider it a post-traumatic stress, “cloud of depression” that hung over England. War stories and personal memoirs were circulating, leaving the Island feeling less victorious than before. In fact, sixty-thousand young Englishmen had died on the first day of fighting at the first Battle of Somme.

The ugliness of World War I had started to change public opinion about war in general. The physical and emotional injuries of that gruesome conflict had set the stage for trouble. These facts would lead to fallacious fantasies—the belief that World Wars could be averted if nations would demilitarize. The English people became defense pacifists and anti-military activists. Political candidates promised to close all recruiting stations and set the example for worldwide disarmament. The Great Depression left one-fourth unemployed; in some regions, seventy-percent. There was hunger and riots. Feelings of betrayal. Even the revered British navy was demoralized as seamen rebelled against reduced wages. The hardships of the Great War and global depression pushed the Brits to *a precipice, when lies were believed as truth*. In advocating to put down their weapons, they inadvertently lifted up terrible ideas. The things

they felt so personally led the outcry against national defense. The alleged social injustices ignited the perfect transition into World War II.

In the midst of this political uncertainty, the Communist party emerged as an acceptable alternative, many of England's intellectual elite enlisting in the Communist cause. Russia was held up as a great success story, visitors to Stalin's sadistic empire having been brainwashed into believing the fairy-tale harmony and prosperity created by the Russian propaganda machine were real. With the Russian Bear rising up in Eastern Europe, a genuine fear that England might be the victim of a Communist revolution began to dominate the political thinking of the time." (7 *Tipping Points that Saved the World*, "The Battle of Britain")

## **We Will Not Fight**

Notwithstanding that American liberty had overcome British Imperialism a century-and-a-half ago, the winners of the Great War had become losers—weak and impracticable, as the great mantra of their pride ("King and Country") was renounced by the culture. Let me explain. In 1933, military critique was punctuated by the ignorant youth in academia—the Oxford student union. They approved a resolution stating that "*this House will in no circumstances fight for King and Country.*" Like a toddler child that mistakes poison for punch or a teenager that associates rules with "unfairness," the English associated military readiness with the devastation of war. There you have it. The

English failed to recognize over centuries that it was not their military might that had failed them but their former ideology—the idea of conquering the world (Imperialism). The same methods (bluffing) that they attempted during the American Revolution failed them in this future age. In the late 18<sup>th</sup> century, the British were liars. In the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century, Hitler was. The crown of Britain—those slow and steady subjugators were no longer in charge. The nightmarish firestorm to come walked through the door they left wide open.

When Hitler demanded that Germany be allowed to rebuild its army, navy, and air force, three British prime ministers (McDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain) took up his cause, arguing that peace was possible only if Hitler's demands were met...Most of Britain's other leaders and elites had nothing but praise for Hitler...A popular British journalist wrote of Hitler's "large, brown eyes—so large and so brown that one might grow lyrical about them if one were a woman." Church of England clergymen spoke of Nazi devotion to religion and Christianity. (*The Miracle of Freedom, 7 Tipping Points that Saved the World*, "Battle of Britain," 241)

The once global empire was now preaching the merits of military reduction, disarmament, and world peace. How ironic. One leader emerged who was not so naïve. Winston Churchill. He addressed an almost empty Parliament chamber about the insanity of English disarmament. When appealing to the students at Oxford, he was literally heckled off the podium. How could this

be? They of all people should know better. In 1776, the publishing of *Common Sense* had emboldened the colonies to separate from the British system with a unified posture of self-defense. Britain lost their North American positions to this ferocious melting pot, which found common ground in this biblical idea of self-governance. By 1919, the plain truth of human depravity (having lived the Great War) was somehow undermined and underplayed by the British culture. The island was a sitting duck—nevertheless, the British bulldog (Churchill) was literally laughed away. As if the Great War could never happen again, pacifism had cemented into English consciousness. They were “woke.”

## **The Fatal Nineteen**

The rise of Nazi Germany was swift and shocking. In a short nineteen years (1920-1939), the “Workers Party” (swastika and all) had evolved into the monster that attempted to institute a “thousand-year Reich” of prosperity and racial purity. If the “fatal 19<sup>th</sup>” of April 1775 had triggered the start of the American Revolution, then these nineteen years of denial was indeed a “fatal nineteenth” in its own respects ([see chapter 12: “The Crown Virus”, section “Causes and Necessities”](#)). The invasion of Poland began the deadliest conflict in world history. The British, who used to control the world, were completely deceived. They had evolved well past the age of conquest and were sunken deep into the age of intellect. Remember, the academic establishment laughed at Winston Churchill—in their self-righteous enlightened state, they considered self-defense as immoral or unfashionable ([see chapter 9: “Twins of Striving”](#)). But thanks to minds like Churchill and men like Hugh Dowding and his young, brave pilots in the Royal Air Force—a global



takeover was averted. The Battle of Britain was waged in the air and became the war of attrition preventing Hitler from gaining a stronghold in England. Almost prophetically, the movie Wizard of Oz released in America (August 25, 1939) less than a week before Poland was overrun by Hitler's armored divisions on September 1, 1939. Apparently, not enough individuals had heart, brains or courage enough to assess the risks and intercede with a spirit of unity.

## **Peace No Matter What**

The rise of Great Britain over the centuries was gradual. The British were more civil on the surface as they absorbed diverse races into their ranks. They did not believe in a "master race" like the Nazis but in a master system. Global dominion was the long game; like chess or Monopoly, expansion/conquest was a thoughtful and generational endeavor. And while they practiced literal slavery for centuries, we fail to recognize that these Brits had architected over many generations an amicable permutation of the master slave system. And it survives in modern day. It lives on, overlooked, slipping in beneath the radar, finding safe harbor in our institutions, hearts and minds. What is this British system? Undeserved honor. Unwarranted merit. Underrepresented people. Unacceptable injustices and unelected leaders. It is pacifism propped up by the youth and imperial minded people. Simply stated? *Peace and civil obedience no matter what*. For Britain, 1937, the champion of this nonsense was Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. He made stupidity his national policy.

Peace and obedience no matter what. For years, that was the strategy attempted by our Founding Fathers leading into

independence ([see chapter 4: "Twins of Tough Truth"](#)). One hundred-and-sixty years later, this is how Hitler rose to power (1776 – 1937). Give the soft eyed führer what he wants, and Europe will have peace. Pay King George his taxes, and the Redcoats will leave you alone. Permit the dictator to build his Luftwaffe (air force), eugenics, or nuclear programs. Just join the absolute monarchy, and King George will pardon your crimes of questioning his intent. Allow this fascist to break the treaty of Versailles or trample the rights of the colonies. The 1939 Axis of evil was unarguably a mirror image of British super-state of 1766 when the Parliament declared *"full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the colonies and people of America...in all cases whatsoever."* How fittingly ironic that King George III and his Parliament had laid out the pattern of the future Third Reich. And how portentous were the colors of the British uniforms—red and black—just like Hitler's swastika. And how mysteriously justified was this moment of transition when the civilized and proud English people ("civilized Barbarians," according to Thomas Paine) were laid bare and vulnerable before the most conniving and rapacious wolves who pretended to be peaceful; who, under the same comradery of patriotism (fidelity to the Fatherland, Germany—"King and Country") were plotting a global takeover. Even as the Battle of Britain was unfolding, Hitler sent out peace feelers. A nation will reap what it sows. Surely, this irony reflects outwards in more facets than one could conjure up in a fiction novel. King George VI was crowned king of the United Kingdom in 1937, two years before the catastrophe began. You would think that that the tactics his predecessors had perfected in amassing colonies around the world would suffice in discerning the liability Germany

presented—that George VI might see Hitler the way Thomas Paine saw George III—a wretched “*Pharaoh*” overseeing a military pyramid scheme...“*hardened*”...“*wretch*”, *that with the pretended title of 'FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE' (father of Germany?) can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul*” (Nuremburg laws and genocide of citizens).

King George did not want Churchill to be his prime minister. Most within the government and among the nation’s elite preferred just about anyone else. His support was tepid even among his own party members. Many assumed that Churchill would quickly fail and that Chamberlain would return to replace him” (*The Miracle of Freedom, 7 Tipping Points that Saved the World, “Battle of Britain,”* 243)

What we have learned is that identifying and rejecting the New World Order before it snowballs is the secret. This is how Winston Churchill approached the game—by cutting off the food supply—the public opinion that fed the monster that would eventually swallow massive regions and lives. The prophet-statesman is quoted saying, “*Each one hopes, that if he feeds the crocodile enough, the crocodile will eat him last...*” Hitler’s Germany, like the 18<sup>th</sup> century British monarchy, were crocodiles enlarged by the poison of pacifism and trust. For centuries, this system, this idea, was lastingly unperceivable to humanity. And it did so much damage. In 1918, after the Great War, the judgement of the English people was beguiled by popular opinion. Pure nonsense was born out of the anguish of trench

warfare. Again, try to absorb the weightiness of this revelation: *The false promises of peace and the dictates of civil obedience that had built their empire (now in decline), would be the same unifying glue of Hitler's Germany—the warped nationalism that his supporters would rally to. The dissipating "New World Order" of former Great Britain (made of whites, blacks, browns, and natives) would now turn the keys of the dungeon over to their German neighbors. Now, the sad and peace loving Island was both the enabler and a future target of this rising new world order—the Third Reich.*

So, the torch of tyranny was passed from Britain to Germany over 163 years (1776-1939). Even the etymology of the chief cities is alarming. The capital of Britain was, and remains, London. The etymology is iffy but seems to make association with the concept of a "fortress." And Hitler's goal was for Germany to become not the leading state but the only state—his dream was to make the city of Berlin the fountainhead of his infamy. Berlin would be the capital city, the epicenter of the *new* New World Order. In German, Berlin is pronounced "Welthauptstadt," meaning "World Capital."

The Serpent of Chaos weaves grotesquely through the broken, bloody, bone-dulled fangs protruding from the lizard's jaws. The crocodile's grin is likened with Satan's smile, when he surveys "all that he has created" through propaganda and appeasement. The robotic rhetoric of angry patriots; the pathetic outcry of pacifists—this "spirit of party" climaxes the confusion swirling around King and Country; and the frog boils to death, because this creature is the amphibian that always yields to the reptilians...we mustn't disturb the führer or attempt to fracture

the party lines. Any righteous inquiry is quelled...and it perishes, and it boils down to this: *peace, no matter what.*

## **Twins of Appeasement**

The New World Order is therefore not singularly a man, a woman, a party, or a secret society of elites—it is a bad idea that carries on for years, decades and even centuries with public support. Like a Monarchy, monopoly, a slave plantation, a workers union or a teachers union. Or the lunacy saturating our college campuses, swarming with privileged brats. The New World Order is misunderstood as a new and ugly takeover. False. The New World Order is ancient, and like Satan—it is bright and bold, beautiful and old. Pernicious. Patient. Changing form but not substance, it will move as fast as the people will allow. The timing could differ, but the principles remain. In the British saga—centuries. In the instance of Nazi Germany—nineteen years.

The banner of King and Country can appear as a handsome and “Christian” British flag—the red, white and blue Union Jack—pleasant to the eye yet a banner overseeing “cruelties” that will “never be forgotten” (Paine, “American Crisis”). The horrors of King and Country can rise on the benevolence of brotherhood—beneath the red, white, and black Nazi swastika—the badge of servitude to the workers party. Appeasement: just give them better wages and healthcare. Just “do the right thing”, eh...strike a bargain that “works for all”.

So, what is the common denominator of the eighteenth and twentieth century struggle? As we examine close, with all scrupulousness, only a brainwashed and indoctrinated individual could miss it. Even if you did not catch COVID-19 or suffer

financially, you certainly felt the effects of, or participated in...the twins of appeasement. They look very similar and share the same DNA. *One: the false promises of peace, and two: the overwhelming social pressure of civil obedience.* Together, they form what can be considered the great lie of the precipice—*the lie, that we can have America, no matter what.* The lie, that we can have civil and religious liberty, no matter what. The lie that our governing laws, or how much we pay in taxes, will always be negotiable. That we should prefer obedience over debate and temporary solitude over excitable political reform. That we should never question the intentions or affiliations of those who claim to represent us. Must I remind you that America was born by rejecting appeasement? Were you unaware that the American Spirit is 100% incompatible with the spirit of appeasement? ([See chapter 10: "American Wedding" and the Spartan chapters, beginning with "American Thermopylae"](#)). Must I remind you that the Eagle soars high above the storm while serpents and crocodiles lay low in the grass or hide deep within the muddy swamps? America was forged upon a proud heritage of challenging unfair offers of peace. We are a people who build on civil rights by responsibly resisting unlimited civil obedience and unsatisfactory policies. Eagles fly high—they spot crocodiles and eat snakes for breakfast.

## **White Nationalist**

And if the world learned anything from WWII, it was that passionate and well-spoken white men could weasel their way into power. Surely, no world leader exhibited a charisma that invoked such delirium as Adolph Hitler. We learned that wealthy Normans, Franks and Saxons can find a way into politics; that there will always exist a "King and Country" sort of fella matching

our own melatonin. One who can rile the masses and catalyze the parties into one. Once the German Heinkel He 111 bombers arrived, Britain had learned...but too late, that a nationalist nicknamed the "British Bulldog" was absolutely right. The pulverized Island would regret brushing off these austere new statesmen who preached the heresy of self-defense. The disastrous embrace of popular theory is what left the Island nation vulnerable. In America, popular ideas are often despotic and stagnating to our progress ([see chapter 8: "Twins of Barbarism" section "Popular Sovereignty"](#)). Hitler had nice eyes? An air force was not needed? Britain, believing lies for nineteen years left a vacuum for the *new world order*. In the words of Winston Churchill, the reprobate white nationalist who was ridiculed by both the peasants and nobles of his realm:

Hitler knows that he will have to break us on this island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But, if we fail, then the whole world, including the United States, including all we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new dark age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science." (June 18, 1940, speech known as "Their Finest Hour")

One might speculate on why Churchill mentioned America here. Maybe because he was British and was attempting to stimulate our ingrained sense of American pride, and, knowing that it was the American Spirit that called the bluff 160 years

prior? Or maybe the old geezer was a prophet, and his omen would be dually fulfilled in this word: "Island." A word spoken in 1929 would refer to the island sitting naked (England) just North of Nazi Germany, and futuristically, to another island nation? A different island, which would be faced with a similar crisis? Maybe the definition of "Island" is simply a matter of perspective?

## **The Island Nation**

What if North America was akin to the Island that the New World Order is trying to break now? North America somewhat fits the basic definition: "a piece of land surrounded by water." Are we so arrogant to think we are not a vulnerable island like England? What if the ignorance of the average citizen, and the lack of historical awareness, is what makes Americans breakable? A people living in a dream world—metaphorically "living on an island"? British culture: Fencing, drinking tea, and still propping up a monarchy? Are we not similar? Football, baseball, basketball, and our frivolous pursuits of hobbies and pleasure? Are we not a withering Western meritocracy—a cavalier and undisciplined bunch, falling for every political stunt and reckless form of expansionism? Grotesque levels of avarice and hunger for individual fame? ([See chapter 12: Crown Virus, sections "The People" & "The Things"](#)).

What if Churchill's crocodile was another crock of lies, eating everything in its path? What if the spirit of appeasement is like a cultural crocodile? What if this wretched reptile is an animal personification of the laws and customs that good men (white, black, and the other) refuse to let into their homes, schools, churches, and statehouses? Those ridiculous ideas and damnable social constructs we have toyed with for decades now.



Maybe, like England, we waited too long, and now they have become gelled with our hearts and minds. They have become national laws and school curriculums; cultural crocodiles that our pastors and faith leaders have danced around or flat-out dodged from the pulpit. Surely, this island has neglected its heritage and is now locking horns with another, wrangling with a *new* New World Order—a culture we helped to breed and cultivate in our quest for comfort, peace and religious solace.

The crisis was meant to conquer our island, to kill our economy and weaken our self-defense. The New World Order moved fast to shut down our faith communities, testing the substance of our faith. The masks and mandates were crafted to break us, and obviously, the needles were formulated in the laboratories of “perverted science”. But to break this mighty island, they would have to first implement the twins of appeasement. First, they would offer us peace. Stimulus money. Safety. Security. Jobs. Pensions. And if these rambunctious and unruly islanders would question them, or refuse to adopt their warped idea of peace, they would turn up the heat on the frog in the water—they would coordinate with the fascist leaders across the Island. From sea to shining sea, they would find a King George on the East Coast to uphold the tyranny (fill in the blank); maybe even a “Good Witch” (in the public’s eyes) on the West coast would appear. Certainly a queen or two in the Midwest demanded we shut down our holidays or renounce our heritage (guess again). 2020 was crafted to break us on this island. Apophis, the original force behind all despotism, would stop at nothing, would stoop lower and lower to even the most ignominious level—launching brazen attacks on the peaceful and law abiding citizens in the Heartland—the twin cities. Who other

than Satan himself would burn down such a wholesome and benevolent city?

Maybe Apophis is the master of false peace—the promoter of King and Country—the invisible promulgator of the twins of appeasement. An invisible, mythological demon-serpent that is laboring to bring chaos, striving to break the beautiful people of this fortified Island otherwise named the United States of America. My friend—we are not any better or wiser than England in the 1930s. The average statesmen have their heads in the sand like Neville Chamberlain. The average college student is just as ignorant as those Oxford brats. Will the world learn the mystery of the twins—the twins of appeasement?

Pay attention lest we forget that the swastika was not invented by the Klu Klux Klan or the Germans. It was an ancient symbol, readapted. It derives from the south Asian Sanskrit language; a religious symbol, crossing multiple cultures in Asia and Europe. The swastika had nothing to do with white power or privilege. It means “good fortune” or “well-being.” Yes, the image was readapted into the banner of the National Socialist Worker’s Party of Germany. You know—the party of the people—the party of the poor. In the 1930s, the swastika was the symbol of suffering and a party that rose on a populist dictator advocating for the working class. You know, like autoworkers, civil servants or the millennials striving so hard to obtain a paper certificate; paper diplomas and fiat currency...while the Chinese Communist Party is amassing wealth, land, and military power. Will China, Iran or Russia remain as landlocked, isolationist “islands” another hundred years?

## **Baiting the Crocodile**

Would you believe that in 1901, there was a socialist political party in America (SPA)? And could you believe that when it split in 1919, those members joined the Communist Party USA (CPUSA). Had we adopted communism in this country, World War II might have been much worse. Maybe our island would have been isolated from the conflict but divided in political turmoil. While states were succeeding and quarrelling, Germany would have been preparing to wipe us out. Consider the possibility of more than two nuclear bombs being deployed. Imagine a Nazi invasion here. It is hard to imagine WWII being worse than it was, but imagine if Virginia or California was the historical location of D-day.

The Pearl Harbor bombing raid drew America into the conflict, and we worked with Churchill to organize the D-Day invasion. Instead of feeding the spirit of appeasement, the Allies combined to triumphantly defend liberty. The most practical invasion of Europe would occur at Calais—a port city positioned the shortest distance from Germany to England (English Channel). The Nazis had beefed up these port locations in anticipation of the clash. When socialism and communism was on the table again, or when escapism and pacifism seemed tempting—We the People did not take the party bait. We did not fall prey to the guiles of the New World Order. Rather, we deceived them. Instead of feeding the crocodile, hoping it would “eat us last,” we lured it in for the kill. We the People beguiled the serpent.

Codenamed Operation Bodyguard (Christmas 1943), the allies played Hitler like a fiddle. One major element named

Operation Fortitude was designed to divert attention north and south, to stretch Hitler's defensive wall, spreading his forces thin and far from Normandy. The allies developed a dummy army called the First U.S. Army Group (FUSAG) commanded by General George Patton, who was revered to be the logistical brains of this coming invasion. Along the southeastern border of England, regiments of dummy inflatable tanks and landing crafts were installed to "bait the crocodile" so to speak. German spy planes saw what they believed to be the "real D-Day" invasion in the works just opposite Calais across the English Channel.

Captured German spies were trained as double agents. They were sent to Berlin, feeding the Nazis false reports of a British Fourth Army amassed in Scotland soon to join the Soviets. Devised was perfect bait—a fictitious invasion of Norway. We doctored up radio communication, having fake conversations about cold-weather issues, like track bindings or engine freeze. Hitler took the bait, sending one of his fighting divisions to Scandinavia just weeks before we opened the European front.

Fake Sherman tanks were relocated under cover of night, and rollers were used to simulate track marks. Radio broadcasts of troop and supply movements; even wedding notices of fake soldiers were printed in local newspapers. *Bating the crocodile was imperative, because an actual D-day invasion would be doomed if the Nazis benefitted from even a 48 hour notice.* Counterfeit weapons, newspapers, and radio—we even hired an Australian actor by the name of Clifton James. His job was to play the biggest role of his life—to learn the behavior and mannerisms of Bernard Montgomery, an active British general. Dressed and ready, the decoy general was flown to Gibraltar on

May 26, 1944, and then to Algiers, where the Nazi intelligence was expected to see him in the open. It worked. The crocodile looked away, thinking that the anticipated invasion at Calais would not commence in his absence.

As D-Day approached, we kept the crocodile chasing his tail—we dropped aluminum strips near Calais to give false radar readings; we dropped mannequin paratroopers far from Normandy; special ops forces landed with the dummies, using phonographs to broadcast sounds of warfare over radio waves. While there were many casualties on the beaches of Normandy, we had successfully bated the Nazi intelligence, staging the invasion that would preserve liberty to this very moment.

*"In wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies." (Winston Churchill)*

## **Rosie and the Boomers**

We the People, after a bout with total annihilation, we did not declare independence from common sense. White prejudice and segregation were realities that did not fracture us beyond repair. We certainly did not hold a grudge against the British, hanging our former oppressors out to dry. D-Day was the holiest invasion in modern history, and D-Day was a clash-of-the-titans survival operation that saved the world from God knows what. We did not disarm. We did not deny the truth. When Churchill the white nationalist arrived in America asking for help, America mobilized and militarized under one banner. Men and women alike. Here is a short history of how the American women preserved the free world:

...quickie marriages became the norm, as teenagers married their sweethearts before their men went overseas. As the men fought abroad, women on the Home Front worked in defense plants and volunteered for war-related organizations, in addition to managing their households...When men left, women "became proficient cooks and housekeepers, managed the finances, learned to fix the car, worked in a defense plant, and wrote letters to their soldier husbands that were consistently upbeat." (Stephen Ambrose, *D-Day*, 488)...Nearly 350,000 American women served in uniform, both at home and abroad, volunteering for the newly formed Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAACs, later renamed the Women's Army Corps), the Navy Women's Reserve (WAVES), the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, the Coast Guard Women's Reserve (SPARS), the Women Airforce Service Pilots (WASPS), the Army Nurses Corps, and the Navy Nurse Corps. General Eisenhower felt that he could not win the war without the aid of the women in uniform. "The contribution of the women of America, whether on the farm or in the factory or in uniform, to D-Day was a *sine qua non* of the invasion effort." (Ambrose, *D-Day*, 489)...Women in uniform took office and clerical jobs in the armed forces in order to free men to fight. They also drove trucks, repaired airplanes, worked as laboratory technicians, rigged parachutes, served

as radio operators, analyzed photographs, flew military aircraft across the country, test-flew newly repaired planes, and even trained anti-aircraft artillery gunners by acting as flying targets. Some women served near the front lines in the Army Nurse Corps, where 16 were killed as a result of direct enemy fire. Sixty-eight American service women were captured as POWs in the Philippines. More than 1,600 nurses were decorated for bravery under fire and meritorious service, and 565 WACs in the Pacific Theater won combat decorations... (American Women in World War II: On the Home Front and Beyond, <https://www.nationalww2museum.org/students-teachers/student-resources/research-starters/women-wwii>)

The men shaved their heads and fell into ranks for one purpose—to survive. The British had great respect for the Romans; for them, a shaved head made it more difficult for barbarians to pull back their heads and slit their throats. We inherited the practice of shaving heads for military enlistment. In WWI, a shaved head helped to fit you for a gas mask. Put all haircuts, swastikas, skinheads, and social justice matters aside now. There is no liberty without life, and there is no social justice without survival. As the article reads, *"Hitler derided Americans as degenerate for putting their women to work. The role of German women, he said, was to be good wives and mothers and to have more babies for the Third Reich."* Minority rights. Women's rights. How the culture has maligned them.

What matters now is survival. As young and terrified boys enlisted for war, strong and brave women held down the household as well as the homeland. In ancient Greece, Spartan women were conditioned to stay home while men were out to war. Boys were requisitioned from the home at age seven to begin their military training. Wives, therefore, developed a grit and hardened state very similar to this “Rosie the riveter” character we symbolize as a beautiful workhorse. Spartan men rarely saw their wives—much like a short military leave, soldiers would have to sneak home at intervals to join their lovers for a quickie. The WWII “we can do it” female with the hankie on her head, curling up her bicep—this is the modern likeness of a Spartan woman today. She loves her children and husband, and while she might vacillate between stability and emotional distress, she never gives up on her family and country. She does not deny her emotions, rather, she tempers them in the fires of undying devotion.

The airborne invasion: while thousands of new husbands were gunned down or blown up—an equal number of young ladies were managing. Across the Atlantic, young fathers were parachuting into darkness, descending on open fields and French manors. Pilots were screaming through the clouds at 30,000 feet in riveted aluminum bubbles while Spartan wives were giving birth in an Oklahoma farm homes. Dad was screaming through his radio to a wingman as mother was crying out in anguish and joy—the next of kin was bursting through, as daddy punched out panzers. Those boys, fortunate enough to return home to their brides or their families, would go on to have more children. These nationalists, as some call them, are better known as the baby boomers. The men and women of this era make up what is



termed “the greatest generation”. So, next time you are out in public, remember the event that socially distanced (not referring to pandemic restrictions) 450,000+ brave Americans six-feet vertically (soldier graves). Show some respect to that old geezer in the wheelchair, and shake his withering hand. A real man is willing to give birth to freedom even if it means dying on a foreign battlefield. A Rosie—a real woman...is willing to give birth, period. Hitler was right about one thing—a good woman shouldn’t have to bust her ass—she is perfectly formed and wired to raise the children at home. Sure, some will enter the marketplace or civic sphere—but not most. Our women are special—they would much prefer having babies to toppling dictators for King and Country.

*“...He picked them instead, he says, for the courage of their women. He chose these specific warriors for the strength of their wives and mothers to bear up under their loss.*

*Leonidas knew that to defend Thermopylae was certain death. No force could stand against the overwhelming numbers of the Persian invaders. Leonidas also knew that ultimate victory would be brought about (if indeed it could be brought about) in subsequent battles, fought not by this initial band of defenders but by the united armies of the Greek city-states in the coming months and years.*

*What would inspire these latter warriors? What would steel their will to resist—and prevent them from offering the tokens of surrender that the Persian king Xerxes demanded of them?*

*Leonidas knew that the 300 Spartans would die. The bigger question was, How would Sparta herself react to their deaths? If Sparta fell apart, all of Greece would collapse with her. But who would the Spartans themselves look to in the decisive*

*hour? They would look to the women—to the wives and mothers of the fallen.*

*If these women gave way, if they fell to weeping and despair, then all the women of Sparta would give way too. Sparta herself would buckle and, with her, all of Greece.*

*But the Spartan women didn't break, and they didn't give way. The year after Thermopylae, the Greek fleet and army threw back the Persian multitudes at Salamis and Plataea. The West survived then, in no small measure because of her women.*

*The lioness hunts. The alpha female defends the wolf pack. The Warrior Ethos is not, at bottom, a manifestation only of male aggression or of the masculine will to dominance. Its foundation is society-wide. It rests on the will and resolve of mothers and wives and daughters—and, in no few instances, of female warriors as well—to defend their children, their home soil and the values of their culture."*

(Stephen Pressfield, *The Warrior Ethos*, "Women First")

# The Evil Twin

First, you must understand this truth: every relatively decent person has an indecent counterpart. Every single soul houses a dark mate. Every human is harboring a less than human half. Behind each smile, speech, or sermon, there slithers an ancient serpent. Behind each helmet or medical mask lives a salacious, shockingly carnal animal instinct we cannot tame. Inside the human head, bobbling and rotating about the axis of evil, the line between right and wrong, you will find the bent one, the depraved—the unconquerable apostate...The Egyptians called him *Apophis*. The Serpent of Chaos. *I, Ezekiel, would first introduce you to yourself, the evil twin.*

Evil is a conscious force, a spiritual enemy working outside the body to obtain access to our spirit. Poltergeists are pressing against our better judgement, clawing and scratching, working to gain access to your mind, your will and emotions. Harken now to this harrowing predicament—legions of demons are laboring around the clock to recruit us, to rewire our brains and convert us from moral, rational beings, into a drone army of despotism. They desire to breach every wall and harm every person in society. Darkness sees no color, and evil operates without prejudice. Beguiling all governing bodies, infecting all priestly offices, and conspiring against all commonsense citizens, the evil twin causes you to consider obedience to the monster. At many points in your life, you have personally been enticed to convene with this twin and conjoin with its nature.

It functions among both the affluent and the destitute—the rich, the standard, and the poor of our cities. The major. The

priest. The peasant. The social worker. The cop. No, it's not just the teenage criminals or the children; it goes beyond the foolish impulses of the schoolyard, and the misdemeanors of adolescence. The twin matures and adapts; like a virus, it invades the host religion, whatever it be, and manipulates the moral compass. This is why we have Christian denominations practicing polygamy and Islamic cells plotting terror. This is why we have Islamic groups practicing pedophilia and Christian government officials promoting war. Yes, the evil twin grows up. The evil twin graduates and the evil twin goes for the kill—it goes back for another victim—it goes back to school for a doctorate. Eventually, it rears its ugly head and begins its public ministry. First, it works a day job; it runs the gas station, the grocery store, or the factory. In its leisure time, it runs at the gym, plays at the club, or coaches at the school. It walks down your neighborhood sidewalk. It sweeps past your office cubicle on its way to the breakroom and it creeps through cyberspace where your virgin daughter shares her personal information. But when the time is ripe, the twin makes its move. It sneaks, strikes, and kills... and blood runs in the streets. It runs from the law. It runs from its family. It runs a child trafficking ring, it runs publicly traded corporations, and it runs for office. It runs amok in every realm of society, and it roams about, seeking another soul to devour.

Think back. That life-altering moment that will define you. Your marriage. Your divorce. A criminal act. The climactic moment arrives for every soul that obeys the twin. The average employee who goes berserk in the workplace. The prominent executive, arrested for child trafficking. The happy neighbor arrested for child pornography. The civil leaders taking bribes

and cutting deals. The gangs and mobs cutting dope and killing off their competition. The seemingly pious pastor or well-known community organizer snared into every class of scandal or bribe. Call it the good angel and the bad angel perched on one's shoulder. Call it the alter ego. Clinicians call the evil twin by fancy names—schizophrenia, manic depression, or psychosis. Evil is crazy after all. Are not most forms of insanity intentional acts of unbridled will? They mean to go crazy. Intent. Documentaries on serial killers or the masterminds of financial frauds have proven that evil is crazy smart.

The darkness is both active and passive. Refusing to shed light on the darkness makes one culpable. Some cultures just suppress the phenomenon, hiding their lunatic child from society; protecting their abusive spouse from the law; looking the other way when money is being laundered or sheltering their estranged sons in their homes. And the darkness festers below the floorboards of the worn-out mothers. The evil twin dwells and breeds in the basement—moldy concrete cavities where children watch porn, ingest drugs, or contemplate suicide—a darkroom where no good picture develops; where our precious posterity rots away, isolated. Alone, with no one to talk to but that voice inside of their head.

The evil twin appears in the name of public education and often attends private schools. It teaches contrary to responsible citizenry and opposite to our ingrained morals. It will not remonstrate the underlying cause, and therefore it only teaches a partial truth. The state acknowledges no evil and gradually degrades our children into the lower class—teaching them to take what is not theirs, or to put things where they don't belong. Call

it whatever, the fact remains: the evil twin is everywhere. In you. In me. In them. In the city. The country. The school. The workplace. The courthouse. The church. The state. Bent. Broken. Wounded. Crying babies. Weeping mothers. Rebellious and angry men.

But friend, this is, mysteriously a form of good news. The great news is that you are not Satan—you yourself are not the source of evil. We the People are selfish at birth, but we are not the serpent. Yes, friend, there invisibly moves across this earth a malevolence more horrid than us. Sure, humans are naturally bad, you know this, but the monster is out there. The beast wants to teach us, foster us, and groom us; the monster wants to plant us, water us, prune us, and grow our capacity for his will. Common crimes only continue to worsen, and this natural state of decay...supernaturally finds a way into our lives—into every crevice that was beforehand clean and undisturbed. You have seen the ancient depictions. Dante's *Inferno*. Medieval periods. Antiquated illustrations portraying the devils and demons ripping bodily guts out—despicable drawings and paintings of the under worldly torments. Well, these images have desensitized you! Accept it. Gather yourself. Theologians dogmatize this dilemma, describing it as "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; a phrase which complicates this situation. History is a better science than religion, and any student can observe the past—that the sum of the world's evils are perpetrated by people—selfish and self-interested humans, living either obliviously or intentionally in accordance with chaos. Apophis. With brevity, the bad guys are bad, and even the good guys are bad.

The truth is this: we are not just nations competing for resources—citizens and governments exchanging ideas, importing and exporting goods—we are distinctly not good. We are a plague on this planet, replicating our mistakes, and grappling with our original instincts to kill, gather and acquire; to war, rape, plunder and divide. The nations are forever wrestling with infernal forces at large—some demons are even assigned to individuals. Evil is really a buzzword, glossing over the large spectrum of all human wrongdoing. It ranges from unkind language to national genocides. Or nuclear war. All humans are in perpetual hostility towards themselves and nature. Look in the mirror and examine honestly—while you cannot see the spirit realm as you stare, you can clearly observe the earthly vestige. Reflecting back at you is the twin, the final touchpoint from the invisible realm to the world of mortals. *If something terrible is to take place on planet Earth, it has to go through you.* If something wonderful, praiseworthy, noble, kind, gracious or absolutely beautiful is going to happen on planet earth—likewise, it has to go through you!

The invisible adversary has many names and voluminous faces; but human partnership with the twin is the point—the face of evil is your own face. Your family's face. The still, smiling faces on your family portraits. The sorry and fake smiles filling your photo albums. Page by page, face by face; the many faces of evil. The family molester. The violent stepparents or the promiscuous mother. The cheating father. The drunk. The conniving. The cowardly. From the same mouth that whispers a gentle lullaby spews endless profanities. The same nation that landed on the moon, legalized abortion in New York the following year. The idea that freed the world from fascism in World War II

dropped two nukes on Japan. The same human mouth that gave the “I have a dream” speech spoke forth the fires of hell in other ages and venues. The priests and professors who regularly express volumes of enlightening profundities? Well, they also publicly curse their neighbors and secretly abuse their spouses. The two faces that press together for a ceremonial kiss on the wonderful wedding day are now facing off in divorce court or worse. The face of a toddler crying for a cookie; the faces in a crowd, contorted and cruel as the mob’s many mouths become one vile face. So, know it well. The world. Your face. The devil. The evil twin.

But we made light of it—we told ourselves we are good. We pride ourselves on education and philanthropy. We hope to rise above the issues of the day while bypassing the most obvious and most pressing. We tried to take on the world before taking on the twin. And so that voice is not our friend but our demise. Our natural defects and personality flaws are not mere blemishes, cute shortcomings, or goofy nuances to be laughed off. The produce of society, in denial of the twin, is not progressive; the entertainment industry is flawed—the productions are not sexy, suave, or sophisticated. Our telltale hearts cannot be polished clean—the twin is not perfectible, posh or in a position for a promotion. The twin is not a thought pest or a tantalizing tempter we can simply ignore or expel from our thought life. The twin is not the aid, but the ongoing accomplice to the accumulative, real-world nightmares of our daily lives—not a shoulder devil to be swatted away, or an enemy to be identified and subdued. The evil twin is ongoing; a virus, an insatiable sickness we all suffer from. Are all dying from. A fact we are all running from. The truth is science—observation—



unchanging. We all have troubled histories, but the twin tells a different story, masking our complete and utter depravity. The man in the mirror is not the answer, and this science (history) is undebatable.

Now for some positive revelation to offset this barrage of dreadfully depressing introductions. It should come as good news that Satan holds limited power—the power of persuasion. The serpent can only *deceive* humans into becoming the means and opportunity of his ministry. Apophis, the serpent or “Satan”, is the original deceiver, hiding behind the curtain, pulling the strings that move real world events, write real laws, muster monstrous armies, and organize deadly organizations. Do not believe the lie that Satan is not real. Billions of Jews, Christians, Muslims, Europeans, gypsies, pagans, slaves and free know this. Both the righteous and the nonreligious of earth are daily contending with their twins. The source of the evil is referenced within all their holy texts; the story is re-adapted through timeless literature. Countless tribes and cultures around the globe, documenting the visions and events on parchment or stone, and for our benefit. Those sages who witnessed and preserved the testimony; the scribes and priests who authored, archived, and buried them. And the anthropology and archeology that re-discovered, re-translated, and distributed them across the centuries? Well, it would be a sin to conclude they were all in error. *If something awful is to happen...the serpent must go through you.*

## **The Miracle of America**

We have underestimated the invisible world and overestimated our own goodness. Now, the monster has invaded

our families and gripped our nation. It latches on to our most personal property—our minds and wombs—and it quickens those devious, unholy desires within us beyond the imaginable bounds of depravity. It is a miracle we humans have accomplished anything. It is a miracle we ever built a society, a railway, or even a wheel, an engine, or a combine. It is pure magic that humans managed to erect the wonders of this world, peacefully settled in tribes or colonies, or united any number of states. It is fascinating to ponder the evolution of technology in the last century alone. Not that long ago, a tired family bumped along the woodlands and prairie in a rudimentary wooden carriage equipped with blankets, a basket of food, and the bare essentials—they made a life. A strong man maybe could build a crude cabin, or a wise man maybe negotiate with a native. And a cluster of people, having prospered on some remote island, might impregnate a miniature commonwealth. Yet what of this miracle? This nation? A constitutional republic of 330,000,000, spanning across 3.8 million square miles of mountains, prairies, rivers, and deserts?

Men and their machinery, planting, harvesting, and packaging; performing services and moving goods across four million miles of public roads? Service trucks winding into every gorge, voices communicating, and problems getting fixed. A massive continent, built with uncountable bricks, founded upon limestone and granite homes; cities with courthouses of which could never be produced today for the material cost. Volumes of laws, enforced by police; dozens of social services available to the poor. Nearly twenty-thousand cities, towns, and villages governed by elected councils. Marked with unique cultures. Places you've never heard of built on histories you will never read

and birthed through genealogies tracing across the globe. From wooden boats to navy destroyers. From steam engines on the Mississippi to nuclear power plants. From muskets to drones. From horse and buggy to the moon in a single century. Now Mars.

First, a small wooden fort. Then a small American town, a hidden gem set upon whitewashed chapels and quaint storefronts. Rustic country bars and serene, pleasant parks. From a colony to a big city—a beaming crown jewel, booming with commerce and bubbling over with culture, art, theater, professional sports, and culinary delights. From the early province to a thriving and massive metropolis. From the French and Indian War to a fruitful and fair marketplace. Each city, large and small, a living breathing organism, proudly unique and beneficial to the whole. Forget the ever-growing exploits of big government—space and defense programs, intelligence networks and the military industrial complex—ponder just the cities of peoples, conjoined to a unified system, made possible by a 20-30 trillion dollar economy—a juggernaut of wealth and possibilities thrown into motion by this vast multitude; millions of peoples with opposite cultures and incompatible religions—still enduring and united under a common creed; striving ahead for the same prize—a holy endeavor known as the American Dream. How was this possible?

Considering world history, and the abundance of wars, it's absolutely astonishing that our species has risen to any height, or worked together to accomplish any good. Furthermore, it is unbelievable that culture has categorically rejected the connection between evil and the invisible enemy. But the

monster is wise. Apophis, the Serpent of Chaos makes proud and able the architects of tyrannical super states, and the evil twin makes humble and obsolete, the founding fathers of Christian countries and mega churches. No doubt, the evil twin is both the builder of regimes and the destroyer of peace. So how on earth, did we ever get this far, did we ever build this much, did we ever determine to pursue common good or fight common battles as one distinct people? How on earth, did we ever become or remain the United States of America?

World War II was the deadliest military conflict in history. An estimated 70-85 million people perished. June 6, 1944. Operation Overlord. The winning idea. A 1,200-plane airborne assault followed with an amphibious invasion of 5,000 vessels—the largest seaborne invasion in history. More than two million Allied troops pushed into Europe to bring about the turning point in World War II. An American miracle. 420,000 total American deaths. The decades to follow begat another miracle as the melting pot birthed the largest middle class in human history. But not before we all had common sense.

## **Common Sense**

The name Thomas means “twin,” and the world-renowned author Thomas Paine dared not release his debut without first anchoring on this chapter’s foundation stone—human depravity. His bestseller *Common Sense* was the most successful book published in American history and is regarded as the single most influential document—even more so than the Declaration of Independence, considering that *Common Sense* spurred it on. Freedom was the religion few believed on blind faith. Thomas Jefferson might have authored the Declaration of Independence,

but it was Thomas Paine who delivered the doctrine that converted souls. Paine was very intentional to establish, first and foremost, this plain truth—the existence of evil in human populations and how to build around it:

*"Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections, the latter negatively by restraining our vices."*

Meaning society contains all the things people *want* out of life. The good things—like careers, family, faith, education, sports, the arts, and culture—these bring us *happiness* and therefore unite us in the *positive* form; these are things you can and should do. Like going to work. Or going to school. Going to church. Going to a game or going out to dinner—this is the *positive* part of life Paine is referring to. But *restraining our vices* is an inseparable component. Human habits and behaviors that do not foster our *happiness* must be addressed. And so, Paine reveals here in the opening lines that there is an internal enemy to confront—our natural tendency to do things wrong, and, therefore, the ultimate caveat in having a society is the burden to manage it. To protect it from the influence of the evil twin. We all *want* to pursue *happiness*, but our widespread *wickedness*—our human *vices*, always plunder and impair, subvert, and injure those involved. Addressing this comes in the *negative* form—enumerating the things we cannot and should not do. Like lying, cheating, stealing...and killing.

And so, government is a necessary burden and buffer to human wickedness—governmental authority is not wicked *in and*

*of itself. Common Sense* made it plain in paragraph one that *people are always bad*; that governments do not eradicate evil but are instituted to manage the ever-appearing trials we face. Taxes to build roads. Armies to protect common interests. And who best to manage it but ourselves? Thus, the inaugural role of our newly formed government was to protect us from the evils imposed by the people promoting the current one. Independence from Britain was the first step, not in delivering us from the evil monster called “government,” but from the evil inside man—specifically from the afflictions characteristic of a monarchy. The *form* of government would limit the damage man could inflict.

In a monarchy, the corruption of one man for centuries resulted in the death and displacement of multitudes. So quite literally, what makes a monarchy dangerous is that it empowers a man—and men, being evil, cannot be trusted with absolute power. And humans, being lazy and preferring that others care for them, are often approving of their own bondage. Like parents who tolerate the abuse of their children or themselves, the guilt remains on those who remain silent or cooperative. Had Americans failed to institute self-government, we would have been the accomplices to every evil thing transpiring from the throne. To actively promote, willfully submit to, or turn a blind eye towards a monarchy is wrong. For instance, believing that Parliament (a “band of parasites” as Paine writes) would eventually play fair (and many patriots did) would be synonymous with lying to ourselves. Also, accepting every law and paying every tax imposed without our consent would be like cheating and stealing from yourself and your neighbors. But what of killing? What would it mean to join the British army or navy?

What is the implication of fighting the king's wars? Undoubtedly, this would make the good people of America guilty of murder.

With *Common Sense*, Thomas Paine convinced the inhabitants of America that they and other nations had suffered the evils of Britain too long, and without unanimous independence, they would never give birth to a society of greatest potential. Without a people persuaded by the cause of independence, the Founding Fathers would have been executed for treason. And that presents the connection between government and wickedness—one form of government is most disposed to entertaining evil while another is most likely to expose and expel it. You see, *the doctrine of independence and the doctrine of human depravity are closely connected*. The old system was too easily compromised. Sure, we know that big central government is a rapidly spreading cancer, but an evil empire always lacks job openings (monarchy) or has too many (neo-Roman imperialism). To wait decades in hopes that England would turn out a perfect king or produce a fair Parliament was unacceptable. Humankind had tried the “good king, bad king” game for centuries (biblical Israel is a prime example). Furthermore, to allow Britain to requisite our wealth and manpower for her conquests would make us partners in her blood guiltiness. And so, America, the land of self-government, was born. Freedom has little or nothing to do with military might, economic eminence, or religious freedom but a system of self-government. Had FDR been a king, the possibility presents that America may never have engaged the enemy. However, FDR was the reason we put term limits on the office of President.

*Common Sense: This beautifully blunt document was like our birth certificate and philosophically functioned as the first pro-life work of American literature. Had the people not adopted Paine's clear and sufficient arguments for a new nation, they would have been pro-choice. You see, to choose against independence would have been the worst fumble in the greatest game ever played—the birthing of nations. Cultural rejection of the early dissidents was a profound misunderstanding; those who rejected the King, his Parliament, the taxes, armies, and injuries were doing the right thing. These thirteen colonies were a sign from heaven—a magnificent anomaly that hadn't appeared for over two-thousand years—a nearly unified people just strong enough to resist these warmongers dominating for centuries. A people who would not sit idle, chancing another generation to the guiles of kings. The world's minority comprised of the thirteen multi-cultural settlements, who all believed they had the right to exist. They had the right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness; to be born and detached from the strangling umbilical cords of British oppression. Apparently, even nations must fight for the right to be born.*

As the population rose, the New World was forging ahead into an inevitable conflict of interest. What Britain had jointly conceived by mere coincidence was now getting away from her. America was just another investment for the British. Like buying a tech stock early, the owners never expected it to take off like a rocket. This began the resistance that provoked the revolution. Enduring the seasons of debate and decision, the early Congress soon grasped the magnitude of the life they were carrying. The challenge set before them from 1776 to 1783 was to bring the womb-state to full term and deliver on the promise of America;



to swiftly sever the umbilical cord that linked us to a motherland with no remorse—a host organism that would destroy any new life for her own selfish benefit. And this meant war, like it or not. This called for every inhabitant, rich or poor, learned or common, to fund and rally; to nurture the idea until it could walk, talk, feed, and support itself. Undoubtedly, if Congress lost the support of the people, for certain it would have been a national *miscarriage* of inestimable proportions—for who could gauge the effects, or perceive how earth would look today had the motherland succeeded? In dismissing the potential for *a new life*, *a new nation*—to forget the minority thirteen mid-term before they could appear on the scene and mature...would have been the most sorrowful and undocumented *miscarriage* of mankind.

And what if we lost the Revolutionary War? What if Congress and the colonies failed to vanquish their lands from every threat, both ideological and physical, foreign and domestic? Then our ancestors would have died with a clear conscience. To fight the good fight and lose is something the human heart can live with. Falling to the largest empire in world history would not have been to their shame but a lasting credit. Rocky Balboa was never expecting to beat Apollo Creed. But the victory was felt when he managed to go the distance. To lose the baby after a valiant and virtuous gestational period—watching it perish after a harrowing attempt at deliverance? Such a *stillbirth* would have been suffered with both tears and comforted with satisfactory knowledge—knowing we did all we could and still came up short. So, we fought because it was right. We gave birth because independence was our *deliverance*—the only moral and rational option. *America was a child worthy to be born, even*

*though its early years of plantation slavery left it undesirable and inconvenient for many.*

## **Caesarian section**

Like a stock about to boom, the advocates for independence sensed a new and powerful nation well before others recognized it. Many knew they were a separate and distinct entity from the mother country years before 1776. A proud and energetic people, kicking with economy, alive with military and government—hands, feet, brains, and heart all formed and functioning, just waiting to receive a name and a place in the world. Within those thirteen colonies, a people sharing a minority of thought believed that a civil government was the answer. They saw that the colonies were ripened for freedom, but unfortunately, they waited too long; their kindness towards and faith in the mother country was a deadly mistake. Imploring England to affirm them as a sovereign and separate body was futile and costly. She simply would not recognize what she conceived as separate. This idea destroyed communities. Britain aborted good plans (fair trials, free trade, and representation) over and over again. Paine believed American independence was most justifiable when the first muskets were fired on the innocent. Each day the womb enlarged without intervention, brought upon increasing risks.

*The Continental Belt is too loosely buckled. And if something is not done in time, it will be too late to do any thing, and we shall fall into a state, in which, neither Reconciliation nor Independance will be practicable... Such a request, had it been complied*

*with a year ago, would have won the heart and soul of the Continent—but now it is too late, "The Rubicon is passed." (Common Sense, Appendix)*

The patriots were kicking within the womb, but their leaders waited too long to cut off ties. Sure, the mother country had carried us for a while and played a mentionable role in the early formation of America. But the Founding Fathers and courageous civilians made their handsome and arduous early investments—and these efforts could not be so easily forgotten—the explorers, merchants, and frontiersmen; the Pilgrims, the peasants, and the early Congress could not be ignored. It was as much their baby as it was hers. Truth be told, the African Slave had now earned a title more distinguished than the Founding Father, and heaven knew that their rights trumped even the King of England by now. So, it took great courage for the Fathers to entertain a war with an erratic, irrational, and armed-to-the-teeth motherland. Congress argued profusely over the risks of independence. No one wanted to cut into the mother if she refused to give birth to America—to release us from political and economic chains. But this baby was coming out, one way or another. Both naturally and sensibly, through the *legal voice of the people in Congress* or via an emergency surgery. War. America was born late, and the Revolutionary War was a seven year blood-soaked interventional surgery. And the struggle continued and continues.

To harden their hearts or disengage their brains on the delivery table was not just injudicious and immoral but inconceivable to the prophet and author of the forty-seven pages. To give up on their families and their faiths? To give up

on their dreams? To forfeit family wealth into kings' coffers or foreigners? To reject independence would be to welcome the misery and heartbreak of miscarriage. Losing the war—acceptable—but still a metaphorical *stillbirth* of unrealized potential. The timing of *Common Sense* was a supernatural event, and it redirected us away from the most unforgivable deed. Had the Fathers abandoned their precious deposit—to walk away from the “cause of greatest worth”— *to abort the revolution that birthed this great experiment? That, my friend, never would have made the history books but existed in time as the most devastating and most consequential “murder of a nation” in the course of human events.*

The Fourth of July is more than fireworks and national pride—it is a bloody birthday we cannot fully appreciate unless we were there. It is bigger than Easter, Christmas, and Thanksgiving combined. It was *our* birth, *our* baptism in blood, and hands down, the holiest and most sacred holiday on our calendar. The cornerstone observance. The celebration of life in the chaos of difficult choices. To choose not to fight back, to not kill Redcoats—this was out of the question. To confront the crown? To kill the bad ideas and bear a civil government? To stand up for the Father's rights and press on to free the slaves? This was the answer to the Shakespearian question, “To be or not to be?” So now you have been enlightened to the truth. The evil twin would love to have scattered Paine's audience, as *the Serpent of Chaos lives to abort, loves to blow out the Fourth of July birthday candles and cancel any future commemoration of this astonishing moment in time when a near helpless child survived the assassination attempt of its own mother. You were warned. You once believed in Satan intellectually. Transition*

*now. Transition over. There is a devil. Accept it. Adjust. Gather yourself. One is hovering directly in front of you... right now...gnashing its teeth... hoping you put this book down and retreat; betting on your ignorance and daring you to abandon any speculation into the invisible realm. You edge closer and closer to the precipice. But all will be well with you!*

**“It has lately been asserted in parliament, that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country...**

**Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families... This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from every part of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster;”**

*(Common Sense: Thoughts On The Present State of American Affairs)*



# Twins of Tough Truth

## The Matrix

Accepting invisible truths is difficult. The hero in *The Matrix* had to. Where the real world meets the Matrix is a rendezvous with destiny. Wake up, Thomas Anderson. Your life is going nowhere! Choose a side between confronting evil and remaining willfully blind; between living in a realm of perceived freedom and embracing a tough truth.

It was a series of rude awakenings for a non-fictional character that resulted in the birth of America. In 1737, Thomas Paine was born to poor parents in Thetford, England. He was pulled from school at the age of twelve to serve as his father's apprentice. By twenty-two, he married a servant girl and started a small business as a corset-maker. Sadly, she and their first child died in labor. After a decade of struggling to recapture his identity, Paine's second marriage dissolved. His possessions were sold at auction to cover his debts. At thirty-seven, he did what every destitute Englishman did if the opportunity arose—he sailed to the New World. Thomas Paine arrived in Philadelphia in 1774, awfully sick with the typhus fever. Too sick to disembark, he was carried off the ship. He never got COVID-19, but his recovery was six weeks.

Thomas Paine helped our ancestors see the invisible. Paine's vision of America was imperceptible to many people. Like God, Satan, or even the United States, the public did not recognize the potential in the air. So, Paine helped us see by helping us choose our destiny—between declaring independence and assimilating with Britain. At the precipice moment in 1775,

America was still an abstract or ridiculous idea, much like the enemy from our last chapter. Paine surveyed the political landscape, which spurred the writings that ascended him to the role of prophet. It was just like that first Morpheus scene—that moment we cherished from the first *Matrix* movie: Lawrence Fishburne, ominously seated in that maroon leather wingback chair, eyes hidden behind his sci-fi nose pinchers, solemnly engages our timorously sprouting hero. Morpheus leans forward, stoic, swelling Neo's trepidation, to ask a question: "Do you want to know what it is?" "It" refers to the Matrix. But the Matrix is a modern metaphor for a real monster; and in Thomas Paine's day, the monster was our supposed friend. The monster was our beloved mother—also known as the mother country, England. The realm of the motherland was less a country, and more like an Imperial order—it was the seat of empire—the British Empire. The *monster* was the *visible* British Empire, totally under the control of *invisible* forces of darkness.

Can you recall those black octopus-machine sentinels from the movie? The reverberating hums of artificial intelligence, swarming and chasing the heroes through miles of tunnels and digital labyrinths? How about the FBI agent looking characters? The surveillance and interrogations? The martial arts fighting and gun battles? The Matrix *was a movie, but the story was a colorful metaphor depicting the American Revolution*. By the 18<sup>th</sup> century, the British had perfected a super-system, and like the heroes from the science fiction, we broke free from their control. The systems' supporters hounded us and stalked our every move. The British were philosophically the same science fiction villains. They spied on us; detained and interrogated us; and yes, shot us. Like the agents in the movie, they tried to invade our



bodies and clone us into their likeness; to convert us to their British political system—to make all of mankind, especially the growing colonies on the edge of the world, join their *matrix*. And so, America was engaged in a multifaceted crucible consisting of military strikes, espionage, guerilla warfare, and psychological operations.

But the British did not think they were doing us wrong. The vast majority of the British thought they were right. After all, nobody thinks the country or organization they belong to is guilty of crimes against humanity. They were trapped in loyalty, and they thought it was wonderful. To be trapped in the Matrix in 1776 was to either be British or to support them. Colonists, traders, or pioneers trapped in the Matrix were therefore loyal to the British Monarchy; what these people considered a royal kingdom with rightful authority was historically a plundering beast—a New World Order. It was a monarchy out of control ([See chapter 2: "King and Country"](#)). *They wore red coats but took the blue pill.* The opposition? They wore blue coats but took the red pill. To be part of the British establishment (endless horrors), you must be blind and brainwashed, incapable or unwilling to recognize your own enslavement—your own daily servitude to the super-system. You cannot be told you are trapped; you can only experience it for yourself. You can turncoat and join America—or turn to look the other way. Thomas Paine knew what it was, and like Thomas Anderson, he followed the rabbit hole. Paine connected the dots from England to New England. He was a firebrand who helped us to free ourselves from this Matrix. Thomas Paine was our pre-American Neo. He was the chosen one to get us woke. These two Toms, Thomas Anderson and Thomas Paine, were identical in their mission, and so I dub them the

*twins of tough truth.* Had you walked through the cities of Concord or Lexington on April 19, 1775, you would understand. The premonitions of our pre-Revolution years are simply dripping off the movie script:

The Matrix is everywhere, it's all around us, here even in this room. You can see it out your window or on your television. You feel it when you go to work or go to church or pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth.

### **Small Business**

A son of an Irish potato farmer starts a brewery in Massachusetts, 1772. A family heritage and age-old recipe. Bustling streets. Shop is open, drinks are serving fast; all seems fine. But he stops suddenly; he can feel it as he works—that eerie sensation, as he pours the lager and wipes down the bar; mind paralyzed mid wipe, it grips him. Two tradesmen toss their coins in the pile and stride out of the tavern abruptly. He can feel it; he can sense it when he sneaks a glance out the window as those patrons are now shoulder to shoulder with a company of red-coated aristocrats. He witnesses these patrons cutting a deal with the British agents—they are the crown's secret police. Yea he can feel it—they are deliberating over the fate of the people; consequently, the fate of his livelihood. The small business owner could feel the Matrix inside of others—he knew some of the spies for the British Crown. Some were nice guys. Like the 2020 pandemic, you can't be told what Tyranny is—you have to experience it for yourself. Shut down shop. Open. Close. Wait.

Go. Stop. What? Put on your mask. Take the blue pill. Ignorance is bliss. Good people just doing their jobs. Right?

## **Church**

A beautiful, charming chapel sits quietly on the town. A noticeably chubby protestant priest prepares his humble abode as services are approaching. As the morning warms the day, merry peasants and country folks file in to assume their seats. And there might be a couple savory brits spaced across the pews. The Brits were declared Christians. And as the liturgy goes forth aloud, the clergyman's spirit is quickened. As he shuffles his notes, he feels it also. And as the congregation sings a melody from their hymnals, there was a silent counterpoint at play. There was a trembling in the air—something was wrong, and he sensed it stronger today. It had always been there. But today it was exceptionally heavy—a dark weightiness upon the spirit of the man—of all the men—over all the colonies... When you go to church, when you pay your taxes, they could just feel it. Church was supposed to be a place of solace, a place to hide from the monster, a place to escape the agents of the matrix. It was peaceful until they killed your priest or burned your place of assemblage to the ground. It was just a difference of opinion until they converted your family and hunted you down. So many hard-working colonists were on the blue pill—they had no idea that the monster had plans to commandeer their life's work and convert them into human batteries—each shop, tavern, and shipping company—just an energy source to fuel the super-system of Britain's gross indulgence. Each blacksmith, shoe cobbler, wheelwright, or printing press—a potential node to be added to the grid—a battery to be snatched up, by legal force,

and plugged in. Grab a blue pill and wash it down with a draft at the tavern. Grab a hymnal and open to page 1776.

...they sought to do what King James II had failed to do eighty years earlier: subjugate the American colonies to their will, institutions, bureaucracy, and religion. Their standardization campaign advanced on many fronts simultaneously....  
(*American Nations*, "A Common Struggle")

## **Revolutions**

You have heard it before—taxes on tea, tobacco, and tyranny. The British nobles and soldiers overseeing American progress—they represent the agents and sentinels. The European Kings and Parliament were the architects of the Old World Matrix—the masterminds of monarchical reign, intertwining deep state politics with a pleasant priest crafting (religious whitewash). But not all British were tyrants; the British loyalists (called Tories) were just regular, everyday folks. They did not perceive they were part of any organized conspiracy. They were in the "King and Country" state of mind ([see chapter 2: "King and Country"](#)). They just did their job and collected their pay. They benefitted from the empire; their families, homes and way of life was hardwired into the matrix. So, the Tory took no issue with the Sugar Act, the Currency Act, the Quartering Act, and Stamp Act. Their "red coats" matched the color of the pill that Neo swallowed in this enlightening scene. Thomas Anderson was a changed man from that point forward. And our real-life Thomas Paine was a hellion to the monster and a hero who hearkened us to heaven's truth. He opened our eyes to the invisible world—the invisible America that *could be*, in his words, "the cause of

greatest worth.” Can you see it? Can you feel it? Paine did, and he, like many others, left us dozens of books and memoirs to remind us. His debut, *Common Sense*, was a quick swallow—a red pill made of parchment and pure brilliance. You can’t tell Thomas Paine about the tyranny—he had seen it for himself.

His second work, *Rights of Man*, was in support of the French Revolution—a violent short-circuiting of the monarchical matrix under King Louis XVI. Sharing the blue pill with others would get you convicted of seditious libel in absentia (where the charged is not even present for their trial). So, after freeing America from their Matrix, Paine made powerful enemies during the French Reign of Terror, landing him in an 8’x10’ prison as a “foreign conspirator.” Other inmates were dragged to the guillotine while he huddled over his next work, ironically titled, *Age of Reason*. There is nothing reasonable or right within the Matrix of monarchy or other subversive forms of government. The spirit of Morpheus is here to open our minds again.

The first American deception (1765-1776) was business as usual for the British Empire—to conquer us quietly while we went about our day. So, we needed a wakeup call. Unable to stomach the abuses or standby idle as future Americans popped the blue pill, Paine rose to the occasion. He implored the three million inhabitants of this continent to choose freedom before it was too late—to challenge the British establishment, courageously laboring for independence. His impact constitutes the greatest national paradigm shift in our history. Considering the worldwide impact of this benevolent superpower (USA), I’d say with unwavering conviction, that this was the most consequential paradigm shift in human history. Ignorance and

cowardice died fast under the sound of Paine's *Common Sense*, which was read in taverns, churches, open air, and other politically-charged venues. Minds were opened as the monarchy was stripped of its self-asserted power over the people. The pamphlet bravely assaulted the invalidity of Monarchy and completely exposed their vulnerability under King George III.

To draw another parallel to *Star Wars*, this document was similar to the blueprints of the Death Star—it showed us how to win an impossible war—it revealed the vulnerability of the enemy. Getting common sense into to the public was like Luke Skywalker's daunting mission—akin with releasing the proton torpedoes into the exhaust port of the dreaded Space Station. Hard work. Paine's incendiary statements were as flaming hot as the lasers on Luke's X-wing. They did not return void; nor did the torpedoes fail to strike the main reactor, blasting the Death Star into oblivion. Paine believed that America was the first domino to fall in a series, collapsing other tyrants in future revolutions. He was right. France (1789-1799, which he aided), Europe (1848), Russia (1917), China (1940s), Cuba (1959), Iran (1979), and the Revolutions of 1989 (European nations and Soviet Union) are arguably the glorious backfires his *Common Sense* catalyst detonated.

## **Choose Your Pill**

Today, each citizen must choose. Do they remain a doubting Thomas, a working class taxpayer sitting faithfully behind a desk until retirement—or, swallow the red pill whole? To take the red pill is to become a Neo, a preserver of worlds and liberator of minds—to free yourself so you can then free others. *The Matrix* was released twenty days before the Columbine High

School massacre on April 20, 1999, when fifteen students were killed and twenty four were injured. Some blamed the violence on *The Matrix*. Others blamed video games. Notwithstanding, the wanton and gratuitous violence on America by Americans is not slowing. What is happening here? The land of the free and home of the brave? I've never seen so much cowardice and brutality. And in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, neither had Thomas Paine.

Spit out that blue pill, friend; take in the tough truth. Ask yourself tough questions: what have I done to revive our dying republic? What have I done to make America better? What banner am I waving? What is my brand? What is my solution? Have I been preoccupied with my own family or pursuits? Am I building my life in the Matrix dream world in selfish abandonment as "the cause of greatest worth" plunges off the precipice? **Snap. Twist. Pop.**

NEO: What truth?

MORPHEUS: That you are a slave, Neo. Like everyone else, you were born into bondage, kept inside a prison that you cannot smell, taste, or touch. A prison for your mind. Unfortunately, no one can be told what the Matrix is. You have to see it for yourself.

## **Compromised, Tranquilized**

America is suffering a deception of ancient origins. In modern days, it has changed form but not substance. The matrix of thoughtlessness has numbed our senses. It is depicted in the scene where Morpheus freezes the world of humans traversing a city square—hundreds trapped in the Matrix are hurrying to the next thing, passing each other at a crosswalk. They are somehow

alert but also in a comatose state. This is where Morpheus breaks down the “compromise,” the place where we have accepted willful ignorance over the greater things. The flow of goods and services, life’s ups and downs; the good days and bad days—we have allowed this ebb and flow to incrementally implant a deception deep into our consciousness. The idea that bad things must happen and that some things will naturally iron themselves out are two lies concreted into our neural framework. Now, the common citizen as well as the uncommon patriots are both incognizant to their compromise. The movie released in 1999, but now, with the added bombardment of internet memes, porn, reels and instant gratifications—our brains are friend. The gritty and outspoken patriots aren’t as principled as you’d think. And the simpletons are all sold out to life’s frivolous pursuits. *The “Matrix” has ushered America into a progressive blissfulness, and the human batteries are the thousands of cities plugged into the mother ship—the malignant American economy that rumbles on and on, snapping, twisting, and popping along.*

In chapter 2, “King and Country”, we drew parallels between the British monarchy and the Imperial order under Darth Vader. Now, it is prudent to compare the present-day American system to the object of the Death Star. The first time you see that miserable space station, you were displeased—it depicts a cold and cruel environment (like the culture we have become). Like the taxpayers of America, the Death Star is a gargantuan employer sucking in resources and only dishing out destruction. Broken from the ground up, it is fueled by greed, fear, and civil obedience. It is under the control of the deep state, and it is being used to destroy the republic. The imperial propaganda buzzes in the ears of every citizen who walks the



college campus, rides public transit, enters the military, and public schools. It was designed for empire building. The Death Star was as indomitable as the British Empire; no one thinks they can or dares to take it on. Intimidated, the people remain unengaged. Most Americans, even aware of the threat, retreat into the dream world. The republic is compromised because we have been paralyzed with anxiety or tranquilized in our matrix escape pods. Martin Luther King's famous speech now:

"We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism." (Dr. Martin Luther King Jr, "I Have a Dream")

King's word choice for "tranquilizing" fits perfectly into this science fiction narrative—We the People have plugged into the Matrix and disconnected from each other. The "tranquilizing drug of gradualism" represents a people who have taken the path of least resistance. Specifically, in context with "I Have a Dream," it convicts the Americans who were in disagreement, but content with segregation in the '60s. And the quote is relevant today—while we are not segregated by color, millions have taken the blue pill of political polarization and excused themselves from their civil duty. Martin Luther King was like a Morpheus with this "tranquilizing" adjective for segregation. The human batteries, as depicted in the movie, represent our various escape pods. We disconnect from the real world of civic engagement and reconnect every other which way. At work. With new clients. We plug into a college or a master's program. Sports. Entertainment. Religious events. Conferences. Investments. A quagmire of

lesser things all sinking slowly as the infernal order floats across the galaxy, moving within firing distance of our own communities—like the peaceful planet of Alderaan. The Death Star symbolizes a massive Empire of dopey citizens who threaten the world with indifference and ignorance—how they misunderstand war, peace, morality, the role of government, civics, etc. All this garbage is piling up and the trash compactors of the Death Star cannot manage the mess any longer.

American citizens are lackadaisically laid back while Apophis (the power behind the Star Wars emperor, aka “the Serpent of Chaos”) has sedated the majority of citizens to sleep with a smorgasbord of what would be perfectly fine options in any other era. Angry and detached from reality, the people have plugged into the matrix of unimportant endeavors. Take for example, a young person—they are lost in college and entrenched in social media; they don’t have the discipline for team sports or the drive for advancement in the workplace (let alone the fortitude to build a small business). They certainly lack the spiritual and historical intelligence for social change. Weak in history and civics, the older more responsible types are also disengaged—they have metaphorically joined the “Death Star” and put on the uniforms of the “Stormtrooper”, finding sustenance in a rat race career—union jobs, manufacturing, retail, middle management or administrative they are lost in the galaxy. Even the elderly pursue nothing worthwhile: Legion drinkers, box store greeters and even retirees at the lake houses represent the Imperial guards and other gatekeepers of society who are not free—they are either willful prisoners of Darth Vader’s compound or content to pass the Death Star onto their grandchildren. Whether healthcare troopers, public school

drones, elected officials, or intelligence groups—they have become the human energy which fuels the crumbling space station. The pirates and other galactic marauders represent the social miscreants (Marxist and anarchist groups) who are so broken and distraught in their personal lives, they lash out atrociously. Certain fringe Jedi (patriots and other militia-like groups) will emerge on the scene to make a splash, but struggle to organize with the Republic forces. And Darth Vader is always recruiting angry youth who long to know their fathers; and the Imperial watchmen are always willing to make examples out of fringe Jedi. For generations now, the public sector has employed millions of obedient, undereducated and un-American personnel—the typological stormtrooper. The responsible citizen is rare, and the trooper is common; and once you have a society of Stormtroopers, you can raise up dark Lords and allocate them to federal power centers (decks and departments on the Death Star).

But there is a remnant rising. Like getting liberated from your Matrix battery pod, a remnant of true Americans is awakened. Their tranquilizers have worn off, and they rise to hunt down their captors. They desire to restore order to the galaxy. These are the “Jedi”. Similar to the rise of Senator Palpatine, the enemy is working within our elections process. Like *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*, the opposition has been amassing a drone army within the government and the military. *The Clone Wars* is symbolic of a nation which has installed weak leaders and a subhuman apparatus—Imperial forces engineered and deliberately segregated from the freethinking Army of the Republic—militaristic rank and file, every day life “clone” grunts contrasted with free thinking Jedi

Knights. Drones, clones, Stormtroopers, and starship staff are dangerous—they will never question an order or consider the consequences of their personal actions. Imperials prefer them because they will never defect from the Empire or challenge their authority. Drones have no place in a republic. Like the unelected intelligence agency directors, they fail to perceive their own illegitimacy. Or the turn-cheek religious figureheads who can't fathom leaving the spotlight to combat real evil in their communities. Intelligence members are very similar to American clergy—they are often amoral drones who hide behind their titles and security clearances. The Lutheran pastor wearing a priestly collar today is not a sheepdog but a neutralized clone—he answers to the sheep (troopers and clones) who likewise populate the Death Star community, security team and gatekeepers.

The tranquilized will not look into the mirror to see what uniform they are wearing. They fear the Jedi Order. Why? Because the Jedi Order brings danger. Because the Jedi forces walk on shaky, contested ground. Jedi have to impose their will with passion and risk. They get hurt. Imperials simply have to show up for work. Imperials require a predictable and stable environment, or at least strive to know where they stand with their peers. They want to be known, celebrated, and promoted. Imperials want friends and security, so they board the Death Star. They fall in line as the supreme masked leader touches down on the landing deck. They will never criticize an administrator or political candidate; they never cross examine a new idea as long as the proponent pays their salary, shares their interests or uniform. They have joined the super-party, and they feel safe and secure on the flight deck of the Star Destroyer. Or

the public school. Or the union shop floor. Or the television ministry. Standing in rows and columns with fellow Stormtroopers, all hiding behind their helmets. An intelligence agency graduating class or a new batch of ordained divinity graduates? They are all just a hodgepodge bunch of illegitimates—just two sides of the same coin. One group keeps the Death Star moving while the other does nothing to stop it. The crew aboard this sinking ship represents the American citizenry from all walks of life—modern segregationists who will either enforce or allow an Imperial order. They affectionately latch onto to the promises of false fathers or get lost in in the buzz. At one point, the Death Star takes massive damage, and I would suggest that the September 11, 2001, attack on the Pentagon renders it likewise—that gaping, smoking hole in the side of our defense building is the *fictional reality*.

When things get tough, compromised Americans will jump ship on the Jedi resistance, willfully boarding Imperial shuttles and freighters. And they all want to be stars and heroes for a cause. Yet each trooper, agent, clone, and commanding general provides the human fuel for the despotism they claim to war against. Oh, how the Death Star is the symbol of our culture today! Try to compute this despicable irony: these losers wanted to become leaders, influencers, agents, operatives, senators, and congressmen. To obtain this end, they grovel and give in, longing to become individual stars. And in this compromise, they supported the monster—the very thing that destroys individual freedom. Grimace in the hearing of this irony: *each tyrant aboard is a wannabe star, floating through a geopolitical galaxy... on a Star Destroyer!*

And so, the Imperial Order from *Star Wars* and the Machine world from *The Matrix* are the selfsame universe. The Matrix represents a society that is hijacked because of willful ignorance. The Imperial Order represents an oppressive regime that rises on civil obedience. The Death Star is the fictional symbol of the non-fiction reality—it represents a civilization-destroyer, an autonomous mass of governmental machinery and willing souls—a system that, left unchecked and unchallenged from within, will destroy itself. The destruction of America is caused by bad ideas promoted by willing vessels and strengthened by unelected sub-sections of government. Agents. Troopers. They believe that the world is made better through surveillance, obedience, and social conditioning. The blue pill, symbolic of stimulus checks, masks, vaccines, and censoring, represents a slavery that is spiritually identical to the manacles that Morpheus warned us of. If you fell sick to COVID-19, unable to smell the spring blossoms or savor the food in your mouth, there is a likelihood that you were compromised. In America, all people are born free; but during the COVID-19 pandemic, it was clear that generations of Americans were, in the words of Morpheus, *"born into bondage, kept inside a prison that you cannot smell, taste, or touch."*

## **Pearl Harbor**

The bombing of Pearl Harbor. The Twin Tower attacks. They were powerful and unbelievable, like the Death Star's obliteration of the planet Alderaan. A blindside attack from a foreign enemy can instill a sense of togetherness among people. When a fleet of warplanes sweeps your navy with a surprise bombing mission, the intention is clear. In this case, the national response is sensible. We brace for war. But when the bloodshed

is domestic, we are not so predicable or sensible. When Rodney King was beaten by police or when innocent bystanders become the collateral damage of riots and retaliation, the ripple effects are nearly uncontrollable. When Americans kill Americans, people reel backwards in confusion and lash out in heartbreak. Humans can grasp the concept of a defensive war, but our species struggles to make sense or find truth in these break outs of domestic turbulence. The Serpent of Chaos adds fuel to the fire until the communities are confounded and crusading. Due process is not even a consideration. Free speech and open forum are off the table. Apophis blinds us to the American system. The victims and their associated groups, whether by blood, party, heritage or mere vicinity—all are incapable of perceiving reality. Reeling in shock and despair, they are blinded by the smoke of media manipulation and stumbling over the debris of their own broken lives. Uncivil wars are breaking out, and the republic is compromised. Stressed and conflicted, we are reeling in shock and ducking under nonstop friendly fire. We sink, we self-implode. Many abandon our guiding principles. Like the *Star Wars Saga* teaches us, some even abandon the republic to join the Imperial forces. Revisit these science fiction blockbusters, and these tough truths will sink in a bit deeper.

## **Twin Towers**

The great American compromise began with our response to the September 11, 2001, commercial jet kamikaze attacks. When the dust settled over the rubble of the former Twin Towers, we were dumbstruck. But no transparent investigation followed. Why? Did we prefer revenge over justice? Characteristic of a people suffering, we swept the smoldering debris under the rug. Heartbreak and fear won us over, and innately, the American

people declared war in their individual hearts. Instead of taking on the evil twin ([see chapter 3: "Evil Twin"](#)), We the People took on our own version of terrorism. We took leaderships' words at face value, and some even joined the military as an expedition of vindication. Joining the army was a way to avenge their fallen countrymen. Yes, this was an attack on American soil—but it would tragically engender a philosophical breakdown of our cherished and long held values.

Post-September 11, many good people were seized by an age old snare—the trap of blame. We the People and the soldiers and the leaders became batteries in the Matrix. Believing ourselves to be sovereign avengers, we plugged in to a subversive system; trusting the spoon-fed narrative thrust upon us, our minds and our American values were hijacked (much like the airliners). We swallowed the blue pill of mass media narratives, and we signed the manipulative legislation that followed. We empowered the Matrix with the Patriot Act and supercharged the mothership with our solidarity of vengeance. Our American culture transformed further into the "Imperial Order" as the heart of our nation placed it's faith in a real world "Death Star" (the crumbling bastion of American defense). We put our hope in our ability to bring hell to our perceived enemies. Naval destroyers, warbirds, drones, tanks, and Humvees. As we have learned, the fictional Death Star represents the marriage of political propaganda with military superiority. We got on board with Vader.

But the nonfictional reality is this: We the People never looked into the mirror to confront our own evil (like abortion, divorce, greed, and promiscuity). Instead, we looked outwards



to apprehend the foe that just attacked our Country. On that dreadful September morning, a diversity of peoples with different faiths and backgrounds became the twisted and torn cadavers strewn below the most enigmatic event of our age. Millions saw the results, but few were privy to the causes. You will never persuade a New Yorker away from what they "saw." We all "saw" the symptoms on the news. Many "heard" the explosions, sirens, and wailing of the people. But the visible and audible crime could only constitute a sliver of the truth.

"So much are people the slave of their eye and ear, that many of the servants really thought that Missis was the principal sufferer in the case, especially as Marie began to have hysterical spasms..." (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, chapter 27: "This Is the Last of Earth")

The general public, to this day, fails to share consensus on the events of September 11, 2001. The Kennedy file is petty in contrast to the absence of verified facts and lack of satisfactory closure here. This is no conspiracy: the non-disclosure of evidence surrounding such a defining day (twenty-year war and precipitating horrors) will always, and should always, foment distrust and various theories until the truth of September 11, 2001, is fully revealed. But what makes this non-disclosure exceedingly contradictory is the historical contributions of New York City as an early colony. Founded by the Dutch as "New Netherland," its main contribution to our society sets on the bedrock of the First Amendment. New York City's greatest offering to the world, was the *people's sacred right to ask questions—to "know"*:

New Netherland had a lasting impact on the continent's development by laying down the cultural DNA for what is now Greater New York City... a profound tolerance of diversity and an unflinching commitment to the freedom of inquiry...these ideals have been passed down to us as the Bill of Rights. (*American Nations*, "Introduction," 6)

September morning. The people did not get answers but the blast zone fatalities certainly registered—it was the roasting workers who jumped to their death and frantic New Yorkers covered in blood and soot who shocked our senses. And years later, it was the audio file documentaries that broke our hearts and reopened the wounds—when tower workers made calls to loved ones moments before they were crushed or burned alive. Somehow, we hated Arabs all the more. Somehow, we hated brown people all the more. Without doubt, we hated Islam with a new and diabolical hatred. Many Christians became "experts" in Islamic theology and culture. And of course, we still hated the idea of raising our own children, so we kept aborting them at a rate of one Twin Tower attack per day.

And we paid the fallen no respect—the feds swept their pulverized bones under the rug. And the people's will played perfectly into the monster's plan, as leaders pressured the republic and world governments to join them in impetuous decisions. A devastating offensive. But against who? The eastern enemies of freedom? The adversaries of our values, enumerated as life, liberty, and happiness? Of course. And while the bombs over Bagdad thundered, Apophis clapped ([see chapter 3: "Evil](#)

[Twin"\).](#) As Abrams and armored trucks advanced on our "enemies" across the world, we consumed plenty of conspiracy back at home. While the military campaign titled "Operation Enduring Freedom" proceeded, freedom ironically withered away. Suspicion grew and flourished against the American Muslim, who became the new "Negro" of the twenty-first century. The deep state orchestrated continual surveillance of Arabs and even Caucasians. The republic responded with irrational and unwarranted distaste towards brown people everywhere. Our suspicious minds became the intangible internment camps which imprisoned the law-abiding Muslims of this great nation. And the monster was happy. The serpent coiled comfortably onto his throne and smiled in all this pandemonium.

## **Internment Camps**

The WWII Japanese internment camps provide the next best recent example of tyranny right here at home. During WWII, roughly 120,000 Japanese were housed in internment camps here in the western United States. Two-thirds of these Japanese were American citizens. They were not trusted within society until the conflict was over (they could be spies or secret admirers of the Japanese army). Process that despicable irony—the United States government, just like Hitler, built camps to contain a specific people group. The only difference is that Hitler robbed millions of their lives while we robbed 120,000 civilians of their liberty.

So no, the Pearl Harbor attacks were not on par with September 11. The stark contrast cannot be stressed enough. World War II should be regarded as a time when global stability was at critical mass—when the last two-thousand years of human

progress was nearly expunged from the earth. The United States was a force of reason and military might which thwarted a new dark age. Likewise, September 11, 2001, should be regarded as it truly was—not a “sucker punch” answered with a swift, just military action, but a time when reason and due process took a backseat to public opinion and vengeance. The two are nothing alike. World War II was ended through sacrificial American intervention while September 11 chipped away at the age of reason—the American age—and it nearly brought the abolishment of our sacred institutions. Liberty. Freedom. Civilian rights. Representative government.

Martin Luther King Jr. was right when he contrasted the bomber with the belligerence of disinterest: *“We may have to repent in this generation not merely for vitriolic words and the violent actions of the bad people who bombed a church in Birmingham, Alabama, but for the appalling silence and indifference of the good people who sit around and say wait on time.”* (Dr. King, SMU speech 1966)

Like Thomas Paine declared nearly two centuries prior, “time makes more converts than reason” ([see chapter 2: “King and Country”](#)). You do not have to hate Japanese, white, Muslim or black people for the machine world to win—you do not have to hate the republic to destroy it—you simply have to show up for work and capitulate. Just follow the matrix program. Just let segregation work itself out. Just get on board the Death Star and enforce the Emperor’s orders. Just fly that kamikaze plane into the navy destroyer—that passenger jet into a Twin Tower. Join the corps and keep your mouth shut. Take a shot of saké wine and ram those A6M’s into Bunker Hill. Take off your shoes. Take

your vaccine. Take another “fill-in-the-blank”. Liberty is the precious substance that both *The Matrix* and *Star Wars* are teaching us to understand and preserve.

## **Religion of Liberty**

Like a social glue, liberty is supposed to be our national unifier, a means to bind peoples of different cultures and persuasions. Popular thought equates liberty as another word for freedom—they are similar but not synonymous. Spiritually, liberty is the right to adopt a religion others deem wrong, and socially, liberty is the right to be wrong in your neighbor’s eyes. The liberty to do what you want meets at the intersection of law and order; we are only free to live within the law the republic has produced. Hence, if we do not like the law, we therefore have the liberty to change the law. Liberty ensures your voice will be heard until your beliefs are adopted or your efforts are postponed. Meaning, in a republic, any idea can eventually win. That is the ultimate caveat of liberty—when the blessings of another’s liberty does not fit your paradigm. Laws and leaders will come and go. America’s parties, peoples, and opinions will win and lose. But a republic will never lose...unless, of course, you lose the republic.

World War II almost begat a new dark age for humanity. Yes, American forces were the saving grace in that trial. Let this sink in: it was a republic that saved the world in the 40s. While the American soldier made the sacrifice, it was the desire for liberty generations before—the yearning for a secure and robust system that produced the occasion and the platform for the American soldier. The Axis forces were a military alliance built on tyranny not liberty. Fascist Germany and Italy. Imperial Japan.

Racism and bigotry were powerful forces at work, but it was the absence of liberty that mobilized Hitler's war machine. The Nazi Party purged all opposition with violence and intimidation. Japanese people were as brainwashed as the Germans. Would the young pilots with families have flown those kamikaze missions had Japan enjoyed free speech and elections? Would the Germans have invaded Poland if the Nazi Party was not galvanized through censorship and propaganda? With a First Amendment in the Fatherland, would there have been a single concentration camp? With private schools and alternative education, would Hitler Youth have worked?

Liberty is the foundation of a republic. Here, we have debates, elections, and due process: hearings, legislative sessions, prosecutions, and investigations. The success of liberty demands great fidelity and sacrifice. The practice of walking out liberty is toilsome, but like exercise, it is painfully invigorating. The *Star Wars* Saga holds a sacred space in the hearts of Americans, so reflect back to those scenes—remember when strange-looking and diverse characters joined together to discuss their collective fate? The movie scripts are anointed works of art, but most importantly, they remind us of that which is holier—the Preamble, Constitution and Bill of Rights—these are the holy texts of the United States. This is our collective creed. A ritual for many and a cult for some, understanding Liberty is everyone's calling. In exchange for citizenship, refugee status, or asylum, these documents become the creed of every citizen. They are the supreme law. They are sacred, whether you like them or not—whether you understand them or not. American liberty is a lifestyle. And like a holy text, we should seek to understand and uphold them as pure and undefiled as possible,

insofar that we interpret the text even to the benefit of our rivals—extending them graciously and liberally—unhesitatingly to even those predisposed to destroy or rebuke us. This is why the 9-11 non-disclosure is so evil—the people’s war enjoyed no public transparency.

Liberty is the freedom to defend yourself and prosecute your enemies, but it comes with an unconditional mandate to not inhibit the defense of your enemies or the prosecution of your friends. It really goes against the grain of that little voice in our heads from a prior chapter, “Evil Twin.” All this considered, liberty becomes a very unpopular practice. We all want the blessings of liberty, but our evil twin makes it hard to grant this blessing to others. The Germans wanted a restored country at the expense of liberty for all. The Japanese honor-and-shame culture led them to obey the emperor without question. But at what cost? The incalculable expense of life.

Liberty comes with rights and responsibilities. It is codified into American citizenship but is very unnatural to our human condition. To be an American, therefore, is to deny your own human nature. Our natural depravity creates divisions, makes distinctions, and leads to multiple interpretations of liberty and these holy texts (founding documents). The disagreements that arise render “liberty” as a religious practice of its own. Liberty is indeed a religion. It is the root religion of the republic, which provides a soil of growth for all successive religions. America is the most sought-after country, so in a literal sense, religious liberty is the most popular and most practical religion of mankind. The risks and rewards, the riches and the passionate rivalry that liberty conjures, makes the mention of

the word as sweet and effervescent as the sound of our own names. That beautiful “L” word, like “Leonidas” or “Luke Skywalker.” Liberty, that word that follows “indivisible with” and precedes that necessary, yet rather obnoxious “and Justice for all.” The responsibility of liberty seems to come more natural for those escaping terrible conditions—many who flock here as immigrants have experienced life without it. Ironically, liberty is shamefully taken for granted by the brats born in her land—born into this “religion.” As Thomas Paine said, *“What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness (scarcity) only that gives every thing its value”* (*American Crisis*, December 23, 1776).

## **Leah and Luke**

All of time, nonfiction, and fantasy have exalted this excellent and trustworthy object. Liberty has been unanimously declared to us all. Still, it remains an enigma to the east and a stumbling block to the people of the republic—a despised and rejected religion in every society. In troubling times, liberty, like people groups, is thoroughly misunderstood. Yet our holy text is unchanging—life and liberty are immutable—they are officially unofficial, and somehow this rarely-practiced religion is indisputably the shared faith of all people. Many nations living in squalor and turbulence still make claims to its goodness (like the “Republic of China”). When we are held to account, we cherish this faith. But when our rivals are on the stand, liberty becomes a reproach to the prosecution—a thing despised by the accusers. It is a force that can heal or harm. It is the force that is with us all, but a force that can be maligned and misused. In *Star Wars Episode II Attack of the Clones*, Palpatine addresses the senate:



It is with great reluctance that I have agreed to this calling. I love democracy...I love the Republic...But I am mild by nature, and I do not desire to see the destruction of democracy. The power you give me I will lay down when this crisis is abated, I promise you. And as my first act with this new authority, I will create a grand army of the Republic to counter the increasing threats of the separatists.

A seemingly prudent proposal from a seemingly humble character. Requesting temporary emergency powers until a crisis is abated? Interesting. In *Episode III: Revenge of the Sith*, Chancellor Palpatine persists, not only calling for a new Empire, but one with a new constitution. Palpatine's new beginning would bring an end to the Jedi order and install him as a "sovereign ruler chosen for life." How is this tomfoolery pushed through? The Senate was weak and submissive. The people were poisoned against the Jedi. The Order of the Jedi represents the numerous patriots who gave everything to build a good world, and now Palpatine was rising on the ignorance and fear of his audience. Liberty under attack is the underlying theme of *Star Wars*. Betokened within one of the most successful film franchises ever, includes themes of morality, fidelity, courage, and sacrifice. The message is timeless. As the Dark Side was organizing a complete takeover, Queen Amidala made this profound statement:

*"So this is how liberty dies...with thunderous applause."*

Absolute power is the antithesis of liberty, and those who would profit from tyranny and subversion are always presenting their deviousness in a good light. Liberty is America's life-force,

and no single life can be weighed on the scales of destiny as more valuable than another. It was Padme Amidala who understood that life and liberty are inseparable because it was she who gave birth to the Messiah of the *Star Wars* Universe. You must bring forth life before you can foster national reforms. You got to have Luke Skywalker if you hope to survive the New Imperial Order. Luke's father, Anakin, chose the Dark Side, indeed, but it was the beautiful and judicious Queen Amidala who remained steadfast and uncompromised. She held these truths to be self-evident when she gave the ultimate sacrifice in childbirth. This is the moral of the story, in that *a new hope* cannot be attained without new life, no matter how distressing the circumstances. The *Force* represents the religion—the liberty to choose the *light* and resist the *Dark Side*. Palatine's new beginning was a lie—an attempt to usurp power with the beguiling and attractive qualities of the Dark Side. Days after the Galactic Empire was formed, a true light was already shining within Padme's frail womb; the fraternal twins, Luke and Leah survived their mother. Life was the new hope, and Liberty was the religion of the good guys. The rebels had to move by faith while the Imperials had the luxury of massive support and political protection.

In the words of Thomas Paine, "*My country is the world and my religion is to do right.*" Yes, liberty is the religion of our land, and it gives us the freedom to do what is right. It is natural to disagree at first with what this entails. Nevertheless, until there is a pure and orthodox practicing denomination of this religion, it cannot spread effectively. Figuratively speaking, the American Way is our religion, and it must encompass our entire country—it must charm us and compel us to study it and practice it here before its tenants can extend to the world. American

Liberty is in big trouble as We the People have for some years now made a pathetic spectacle of our great creeds. *Even the patriots have taken a part in the thunderous applause.* Our Jedi forces have been spread thin as many of them have entertained the pleasures and power offered in exchange for obedience. So, be reminded again: it was the blessings of liberty that quenched the fires of World War II. The blessing was the option to do what was right. The freedom to respond. Life is the bedrock of a republic. The lives offered by individual patriots and soldiers. They responded with unmatched force and dedication to protect life and the republic. We cannot destroy life. We cannot lose our liberty to defend it. We cannot dissolve this republic.

With the Constitution as our Bible and the Bill of Rights as our Ten Commandments, where could we go wrong? We went off course when we let the monster train us to reject tough truths. One truth being that while liberty is not a respected religion of our enemies, it is the faith we swore to practice in our plight. On that dreadful September morning, the monster appealed to our evil twin, misinforming us to the point of murder, crucifying our own shared values. We put liberty on the cross because the nine eleven narrative was so compelling. The replays of the attacks left viewers emotionally compromised. This began the separation, when both the church (the land of Liberty) and the state (a people in a state of shock) washed their hands while the mob crucified their religion. We saw the Twin Tower attacks like an assault upon our greater American church—our revered American Way—a brazen carnage plotted against the great deity of liberty herself, performed in broad daylight, audaciously in her face. Angry Americans reciprocated the favor, and the altar calls

filled the armed forces, the Amens echoing back across every camp ratified the bloody ordeal that followed.

We saw this as a heinous blasphemy, perpetrated in the eyes of our supreme Goddess over the waters of the New York Harbor. As the fireballs flowered, our God stood still—a fixed statue, refusing us assistance. And the monster inflicted a harbinger of destruction—and salvation was found in one name only—war. *And the travesty was such: that the freest nation in human history, enriched by the largest economy, informed by the most exhaustive intelligence networks, armed with the deadliest weaponry, populated by the most thoughtful citizens, likewise protected by the fairest, most impervious declarations of rights and protections of due process—tossed it all in the trash when their shared religion came under attack.* Yes, We the People figuratively trampled our own national monuments when we refused to perform the sacred religious rites they have enveloped across the centuries—the duty to uphold Liberty and all its sacraments. Abandoning due process. Bypassing an objective and meticulous investigation. We skipped formal charges and discovery. Subpoena of evidence. The people were left in the dark, while certain Palpatines obtained the support of the congress and world. All this compounded as America had unofficially established itself as a modern monarchy, administered by those who promised us safety and prosperity:

“...the Republic will be reorganized into the first Galactic Empire, for a safe and secure society which I assure you will last for ten-thousand years”

The proponents of the war in Iraq and Afghanistan argue that democracy in the West was threatened and that a similar mode of government in the East should be established. We now have two decades of experience to dismantle that naïve position. WWII was categorically a defensive war. The war in Iraq and Afghanistan? Offensive. Liberty was dying at home and abroad while the United States waged a long and bloody, unjustified Jihad—a holy war against the enemies of freedom, whatever the hell that meant.

## **TSA**

So, we supported this invasion and mistakenly blasphemed our beloved Liberty. We began a war in the Middle East and effectively became a modern-day puppet nation of Apophis. Even those Americans who did not enlist or fight were emotionally connected; there was a joy and magnetism affixed to the matrix of the military industrial complex. Surveillance and drone warfare was fascinating! Young children played modern war games back at home while adults swallowed the blue pill labeled “Patriot Act” as we forfeited not only our right to live free of mass surveillance but to board an airplane without the aggravating humiliation of removing our shoes. We allowed Uncle Sam to fondle our spouses and strangers, and, without warrant, rummage through our belongings. Is a TSA checkpoint not a real-world company of Stormtroopers thoughtlessly following orders? Is this not the illusion Morpheus warned us about? The hawk-eyed police and the mindless drones slumped behind the x-ray scanners—are they not the agents? If you refuse the frisking from the ultra-intrusive sentinels that will rush to put their feelers all over your buttocks and groin—you can escape in the telephone booth, just like the movie. Your only way out is the

millimeter scanner, where you stand with your arms lifted like a crucifix; the machine world will blast you with gasses and sample the airborne sediments for any trace of explosive chemicals. This all makes perfect sense—the mobile laboratory and the long lines, the conveyor belts, and the tubs—the people at my rear and the agents in my suitcase—the four-ounce rule and the laptop uncasing. Presenting your papers among the barks and shouts, getting barefoot and found innocent; finding your spouse and children at the end of the conundrum. What a miserable matrix. The worst part is that we voted for it, we paid for it, and we put it behind us—one more tentacle of tyranny just waiting to accost you if you dare travel.

The exhausted mother of three struggling to board a flight in Chicago is now enduring the words of Thomas Paine, as her “calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer.” Post-September 11, our own civilians took the blue pill as they put on their blue TSA uniforms; and they arrive at flight security, ready to serve Lord Vader—the highest ranking officer. When the civilians of the Republic arrive, the Stormtroopers are standing there with masks and tunnel vision; they are armed and obedient. Punishing civilians for a paycheck, they are (in the words of Harriet Beecher Stowe) the “sleek, strong and shining” solution to terrorism. They were innocent once, not guilty of civil liberty infractions. But they accepted an easy career—making a living accosting innocent people and molesting harmless property. They took the blue pill of comfort and job security. They crawled out of bed and shamefully put on the badge of lost innocence—the TSA coat.

Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence...for were the impulses of conscience clear, uniform, and irresistibly obeyed, man would need no other lawgiver; but that not being the case, he finds it necessary to surrender up a part of his property to furnish means for the protection of the rest..." (Thomas Paine, *Common Sense*, opening paragraph)

## **The Catacomb**

We board our flights. We go about our day. Initially, we were glad that our service personnel were over there killing the terrorists. We were happy to undress and throw away our beverages and perfumes. We smiled and thanked the officer who scrutinized our purpose for travel. Hell, we even go to the Manhattan Memorial—here, you can take a tour of the wonderful carnage. After carousing through Central Park, you can take a cab to Ground Zero. And, glancing over the twin-waterfalls, you are impressed. Moving on, you descend into the abyss as you follow the herd, the melting pot as it egresses down the foreboding stairwell. It is here an ominous feeling sets in. The placements of the **twisted** beams of the towers and the collections of artifacts; it's unnerving and bizarre. The relics of the offices, and the letters of the terrorists; the numbing silence of the faces staring at you while you listen to the tales of the dead. It is eerie and suspicious to the patriot (Rebels) but fun and exhilarating for the amused citizen (Stormtrooper). It's almost like it was all planned long ago; as if this underground catacomb was an amusement park for the deep state, sedating the shallow minds that pay admission to relive the horror below Ground Zero. Above, the comradery and country music

intoxicates. Abroad, the war ruined and terrified families, villages, and nations. The mangled support beams are grotesque; the catacomb testimony is not the whole truth; the museum is a living and breathing insult—an extension of the monster. And the experience? “Unsettling” would be an understatement. Because above that concrete graveyard, we scrambled to replace our twins with a new Tower of Babel: One World Trade Center. It stands tall and proud. America can never fall—we are the nation of life...and liberty...and happiness.

## **The Whales**

The Great American Novel, *Moby Dick*, is a fictional work that comes to life once again. The radical groups terrorizing eastern nations for decades—these were made the objects of public wrath, and this distinct presence of Islam was the perceived target of retaliation. What a righteous and holy war; oh that dirty, vile, terrorist cell on the other side of the world! This was Herman Melville’s reincarnated Moby Dick. Captain Ahab and his cabinet, getting drunk on power in the captain’s cabin, deliberated the fate of many. The Muslim personified the character of Moby Dick, a difficult-to-track beast of burden for every American. The peaceful Muslim was now a whale we hunted with fervor and righteous indignation. The White House administration fixed their energies and appetites on other agendas while the people unwaveringly pursued the whales. More than American lives were destroyed. Nations and regions became the collateral damages of Ahab’s insanity—pawns of ambitious and warmongering pirates.

Undeniably, radical Islam is a real threat. Don’t malign my words—sure, there are authentic hostiles that dwell within



the caves; radical religious sects that nestle undetected among free people—terrorists encamped below the vast expanse of the ocean’s populations, lying in wait to surface and shatter our vessel...but we needed no seven-year crucible or twenty-year occupation. Trillions of dollars. Thousands of lives. Families destroyed. Nations on fire. Embassies under attack. Insolvent treasuries. Unsolved mysteries. Melville’s 1851 masterpiece played itself out dramatically in our day. The white whale took our arm clear off (Twin Towers), and so Captain Ahab and his Washington monomaniacs got our nation lost at sea in their own diabolical delusions. Liberty was banned as the presidential podium became a pulpit to preach this war as a virtue. The American mind was bent against their eastern neighbor’s home and abroad, and every small fish with a headdress or face covering was a target—every brown-skinned American drew second looks. The eastern man was a slippery and evasive monster to be tracked; a domestic terrorist to be interrogated; a disgusting white whale to be harpooned and waterboarded; a wicked leviathan to be strung up and drained of their precious oil. Decades later, the piper has called in our debts. Here in the land of Liberty, mid-2020, with our mouths covered, we all looked like the whales, and we are all hunting each other. Will Ahab’s notorious ship, the *Pequod*, go down? Dig in your heels as you endure the thrashing of Moby Dick’s tale. It falls hard upon your stubborn mind. Snap. Twist. Pop.

# The Origin of *I*

Evil does not respect your religion or lack thereof, dear friend. The originator wants us all...dead. "Evil"—that hackneyed four letter word. Evil: the invisible force outside of your body. Oppression, hatred, and war: the visible evidence of it. Nine-Eleven is still a mystery to the American public. Then the war. Then came Covid and whatever is next. But time has passed, and the compromise has widened. It almost doesn't even matter who killed JFK or what deep state actors pulled the strings for New York. *America is witnessing the crimes on our country but blinded with tunnel vision.* The point is that Apophis the Serpent of Chaos ([see chapter 3: "Evil Twin"](#)) has framed humans for his greatest work. Our culture is saturated with blame, insult, sarcasm, hatred, and intolerance. Every pundit and patriot are pointing their fingers at someone else. I am as old as dirt, and I'm almost done with America, too. But I have a soft heart. My compassion exceeds my temper. Love has allowed me to continue; my affections for your people have prolonged my involvement a bit longer. I still have hope. I still believe in you. I still believe in America. I believe your cornerstones, life and liberty stand a chance even now.

You might be one of the good ones. Are you? Yes—you are a valuable member of America. How? By simply believing in America—believing in who we were and what we have done together. You are unique, and you must help turn Ahab's ship around. *We must stop hunting each other in this country.* America has great purpose, and you share in this purpose. Despite popular opinion, America nor any other place will rise to a utopia the globalists envision. America nor any other nation will

ever be, can ever be, the infinitely benevolent, perpetually compassionate, economically affluent land of Oz the masses are screaming for, voting for...even killing for. America never has been and never will be a perfect union or paradise on planet earth. But what is staggering is that we fail to agree on what the problems are (let alone the solutions). No one is willing to shoulder any blame. Why? Because ownership, responsibility, and guilt are painful. Tough truths are hard to adopt after years of indoctrination and personal experiences. Venture now, to explore the origins of evil—how it began, and why it plagues all hearts and nations.

The same evil that corroborated against our independence also syndicated the destruction of the Twin Towers and formulated COVID-19. Why does this morbid spirit lurk in the shadows? Who is the phantom menace that helped to elect Senator Palpatine? What being created the architect of the matrix? Who is the intelligent being behind the evil twin? What puppeteer is above Emperor Palpatine? Better yet—why does this mysterious overlord hate us so completely?

## **The Monster**

The fundamental reason Satan hates you Americans is because you are a sovereign and free people. He especially hates Americans because of American influence. You are alert. Diligent. Not easily fooled. And because you are kind and compassionate, you are targeted. Humans are made in the image of the Supreme One. A free nation is therefore a living testimony of God, and a tangible expression of His character. Because the people of America were destined and called to be one, they must be aware of their heritage. Then they will move, little by little, into the

likeness of their heavenly founder. Zion was built, refreshed and passed down for inheritance. The endless laboring to craft it and refine it as your ancestors did, were awesome cycles of renewal. Now, it is your turn to give it refreshment, prosperity and justice while you breathe. Because of this beautiful destiny...you are hunted for extermination. Your American ancestry is a voluminous library, recording good versus evil, and right versus wrong. Courage versus complacency. Good ideas facing off with bad ones. Humans long to prosper, build and create; and the American citizen, more than any other human on earth, has the rights, tools, and ability to establish Zion in the face of opposition and reflect its Creator's divine properties. Lucifer, the Serpent of Chaos, strives to disrupt all this—to reorganize governments into regimes; to spread disease, famine, and plague. Evil wishes to flatten temples and historical monuments; to be an impetus for dissipating markets and quarrels over racial lines and class status. Knowing full well that he cannot contend directly with God, Lucifer goes after creation. The origin of evil—the "I" will persist in attacking civilian-led governments from which all the benefits of society are stewarded. He seeks to distract the people from governing honestly and directing them into his traps. Remember, the monster founded the New World Order—the slave master system. Globalism. Pretending to unite us, his ultimate fantasy is a one world regime that will worship him before he lights it up with nuclear fire. He will say and do anything; utilize all offices, seductive reasoning, political roadmaps or priestly apparatus to bring about chaos. Disorder and death is camouflaged as sleek, shining, and strong solutions to humanity's problems.

Finally, the Devil hates you Americans because you took his job. Well, kind of. The Devil commiserates over you and your people because every time he sees you, well, he's reminded of the all-powerful, invisible God—the highest order Deity who created him and gave him a noble purpose. A job he later despised. So, he quit. But not before he was fired. Humans, who manifest at times, Satan's qualities, are prone to express them. Humans, like Satan, do not enjoy feeling disrespected or getting demoted. Satan has taught us humans to be prideful and arrogant, just like the day he fell from glory.

## **Fading Glory**

The fading glory of the United States is not a new but an ancient cycle that began with the fall of a single angel. Lucifer led a rebellion, was banished from paradise, and now roams the earth in loathsome disgust for the Creator and the creation. We humans are the children of the Creator. Fuming in rancor for the Supreme Deity, Satan divides and conquers—he disseminates lies and hunts us down like lone prey. Be reminded, Satan is not grotesque or dark—rather, very beautiful. Here is an accelerated version of the story. Here is how a glorious angel rejected His purpose, defected from heaven, and sealed an eternal fire for himself and all his followers:

You were in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone adorned you: carnelian, chrysolite and emerald, topaz, onyx and jasper, lapis lazuli, turquoise and beryl. Your settings and mountings were made of gold; on the day you were created they were prepared. (Ezekiel 28:13 NIV)

Satan was created as a marvelous angel, adorned with many gemstones. Lucifer was also given a sacred role by the Creator. At one time, Satan was a guardian and protector:

You were anointed as a guardian cherub, for so I ordained you. You were on the holy mount of God; you walked among the fiery stones. You were blameless in your ways from the day you were created till wickedness was found in you. Through your widespread trade you were filled with violence, and you sinned. So I drove you in disgrace from the mount of God, and I expelled you, guardian cherub, from among the fiery stones. (Ezekiel 28:14-16 NIV)

Satan was fashioned exquisitely and commissioned to be a high-ranking guardian angel. Given to a sacred task. But then his heart became corrupted.

Your heart became proud on account of your beauty, and you corrupted your wisdom because of your splendor. So I threw you to the earth; I made a spectacle of you before kings. By your many sins and dishonest trade you have desecrated your sanctuaries. So I made a fire come out from you, and it consumed you, and I reduced you to ashes on the ground in the sight of all who were watching. (Ezekiel 28:17-18 NIV)

## **Five “I Will’s”**

Satan, no longer satisfied in his role, longed to expand his territory and notoriety. Like Jafar in the tale *Aladdin*, Satan

secretly stewed in bitter jealousy towards the Supreme Deity. Like Jafar, Lucifer could not stomach position number two. Superbly dissatisfied with his relation to the uncreated God, Lucifer henceforth rebelled; and like a prideful and powerful chief executive officer scheming in the aftermath of being terminated, he moved to attack the company that discarded him—he joined the competitor and fought all the harder. This executive, relieved of his duties, becomes like an adulterous lover; once faithful to the corporation, the heart is darkened with lust, bitterness, and envy, and so a great infidelity precipitates—trade secrets are stolen and manipulated; customers are snatched away and brands are counterfeited to look identical. Satan is the father of perjury, identify theft, plagiarism, and intellectual property theft. Satan is a cheater, a thief, and unfaithful lover...and pride precedes the fall. Behold the unholy, five-part pentagonal praise of the bent one:

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. (Isaiah 14:13-15 NIV)

Strike three, you're out; but five? That is exactly five "I will" statements. Disgusting. Sounds like American politics, doesn't it? Going back further, I'm reminded of that haughty one Sennacherib, the Assyrian king who blasphemed in similar fashion. Anyway, what was the outcome of such egotism? Pride?

Violence? Greed? Beauty to ashes. From God's holy mountain to the realm of the dead. The scroll of Isaiah confirms my words. Our parchments reveal two profound truths:

1. They describe **earthly kingdoms** that followed the ways of Lucifer (past, present, future).
2. They describe the **character of the fallen** ("monster" interchanged with individuals or groups which come under the influence).

A devilish diva and most brazen brat—unsatisfied with his current territory, he's always tearing down nations and governments to effect a New World Order ([see chapter 2: "King and Country" section "New World Order"](#)). Discontented with winning Ms. United States, he set his ambitions on King Universe. The above passages describe America today—the bragging and boasting revealed in Isaiah's scroll: "I will," "I will," "I will," "I will," "I will." This rodomontade is the mantra of the monster, and it's dragging your America down to hell. The almighty "I" is the long-sung hero that has you dangling from the precipice. America, no you won't, no you can't, and believe me this... *I am older than dirt—I have seen unspeakable things, mighty things, miraculous and wondrous sights! America was called to an unsurpassable standard, made beautiful in every way! When the evils of "I" rush in like a flood, there is a standard raised above it!*

## **Pilgrims, Heroes, Patriots**

But many blindly followed after this "I" angel. America the beautiful has also "corrupted her wisdom for the sake of her splendor." America is visually beautiful, as the poet writes,



*"O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain"*

*"For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain"*

Before, you were spiritually intact, principled, and truthful. Today? You have transgressed so far. As the poet begins each stanza,

*"O beautiful for Pilgrim feet," I'll say, "Where are the Pilgrims?"*

*"O beautiful for heroes proved," I'll say, "Where are the heroes?"*

*"O beautiful for patriot dream," I'll say, "Where are the patriots?"*

American life, culture, and politics is boasting the same satanic "I will." Every political campaign ad or debate; every product label or get-rich workshop. Every lawmaker, civilian, celebrity, or criminal is hooked on "I." This incessant pride and braggadocio grandstanded from conference to classroom, from coast to coast... is abhorrent in the sight of the Supreme Deity. Please, I beg you to return to your sacred guardianship! Return to Him, oh keepers of the republic! As soon as you admit, "I can't"...help will arrive! That is the mystery—as soon as you admit you've hit bottom and cannot help yourself, help will find you. Lean in, friend, when I speak—there is no more room for "I." One more miserable "I will"... might plunge your nation off the precipice. Oh, the boasting of the narcissists I have heard throughout history; the utter insanity of the ever arising "I." The ruin and unfruitful toil of billions subjected under the "I" states; the reckless ignorance and overreach of the "I" was the demise of every world conqueror. The "I" infatuation is demeaning of the "We" and the highest idol in America. "I's" influence is cutting you down, cutting you off, and poisoning the fountainhead of

freedom—Liberty. Oh, Liberty! She is the salutary and good-natured religion of the “We.”

Ah, but the “I” does not see the worthiness of the “We.” The “I” does not read the history, memoirs, or novels of the “We”. The “I” factor is an enabler of the monster. The “I” factions aggravate or elevate the heads of every super-state, monarchy, or absolute dictatorship. The “I” desires to have you, to have me, to have us—to ruin your family...to terrorize your country. The enemy is at the gates, but the “I” is crouching at your very threshold—your school board, city council, state legislature...your own church. Pitter-patter; a soft scratching on the door, hoping you open just a crack. Lift up thine eyes and behold—the “I” has invaded our dwellings, marriages, schools, economies, and institutions. “I” is the spirit of antichrist, the fully activated inner monster—the evil twin—the sinister steed the devil desires to bridle, break and gallop headlong into the apocalypse.

## I

Words fall short in expressing the double-edged quality of this letter. Regarding the need for strong people, heroes, or those who get things done—there is nothing wrong with independence and confidence. There is nothing dishonorable about a self-reliant spirit. The Pilgrims and Patriots all understood this. The slaves and their descendants embrace the importance of dignity and individual heritage. But even more, these heroes understood the power of the We. And the American pantheon wholly experienced these painful renewals—only they felt *the price that they paid*. And by God *all must fathom the price and the power of the We*. And God help you to perceive the delicate nature of the I. Every I must now STOP!...and yield to the We—every single I must reconsider and gravitate towards

the We; every *I* must love the *We* and cherish it more than itself. For surely God has spoken—if you do not come together, *the "I" will wither and the "We" will die*. With Spartan brevity—no “us,” no “you,” no “We,” no “I.” And the serpent, Apophis is still offering us the *apple of his "I," the individual*.

The iceberg of unflinching individualism: to perpetuate such *stupidity* (a word in which there exist two “I’s”); to foster unrivaled *irresponsibility* (a word in which there exist four “I’s”) would sever the remaining thread from whence “We” suspend. There are two I’s in *precipice*, but only one *recipe* for success—such is a word that may derive from the nine letters of “p**RECIP**E”: “Recipe,” involving six total letters, the *majority of characters*—letters two, three, four, five, six, and nine, is the first ingredient added to the melting pot. Because We the People shall not settle for less. The *minority* of letters—the last three that ominously spell “ice”.

The prophet *snaps!* The Serpent *twists!* Flames *pop* upwards consuming the altar! *The great and powerful Wizard of We has spoken!* So pay no attention to the three “I’s” behind the curtain—the partial and perfidious judges who failed to overrule the workings of the “We”! The Precipice! Life wins, six to three! The six have been victorious over the Lion, Scarecrow, and Tin man. Life will be victorious over death, as We the People move with unwavering strength and dignity to abolish evils! The glittering lampstands of “We” ignite the burning bush of true Americanism, quenching the hellfire of a cold, self-serving, individualistic society. The incremental attacks to Romanize our republic have failed! The breaches will be repaired! The Serpent of Chaos failed to unravel our cord of three strands—life liberty

and happiness. The Pilgrims, heroes, and patriots spring up again into broad, sunlit uplands, thawing the frozen hearts across the great divide, melting into rivers of living water—the tributaries of tears, shame, and regrets flow like never failing streams to nourish and replenish Zion. Justice, sweet justice will roll on like a river—justice, a mighty river, though ending with “ice”, will never entirely freeze over again.

Perhaps the polar vortex that stunned Texas in 2021 was a trumpet, not of hail and fire mixed with blood—rather, a gentle reminder that tribulations can arrive in the substance of ice and cold over a proud Texas people fixated on the second (guns and liberty) and defeated on the first (life). When the republic becomes detached and unaffectionate of the “We”, Niflheim sets in—a hell of mist, ice, and cold (Niflheim is a freezing hell in Norse cosmology).

*"THERE is a dignity in the warm passions of a Whig, which is never to be found in the cold malice of a Tory."* (Paine, *American Crisis*, October 20, 1778)

America was created beautiful. America was exalted and adorned with amber waves, purple mountains, and alabaster cities. America was commissioned by the Almighty to be a guardian of life and liberty—an eternal bastion of hope for the oppressed. Almost ten generations later, we must cast off the pride, sarcasm and intellectualism. The United States is not perfect, no; but, the fifty United States are very, very important. My Spirit speaks truth to raise you up again. I have been here before. I make dead things walk and breathe and grow. I will rattle your bones, stretch your limbs, expand your mind...*and help you pull it together*. You must fight a good and effective

fight together as one! “E” is for Ezekiel, and the very rocks cry out “E Pluribus Unum!” I have been sent to guide you in mysteries. Once you know the enemy, it switches sides. Evil, once exposed, pretends to be good. Like Britain, it doesn’t fight fair; it plays mind games. Satan himself is a twin in his own respects. Satan himself is a God in this world. Once the invisible world becomes clear for all to see—as the invisible nation in 1775 became a visible and attainable City on a Hill, the “I”—it changed color. Once stubborn minds are open to tough truths, the evil changes form—it rebrands itself. The Redcoats are gone, but the blue pills are here to deceive us once again. Lean in—pay attention—no drifting!

## **Twin Gods**

*“And no wonder, for Satan himself masquerades as an angel of light. It is not surprising, then, if his servants also masquerade as servants of righteousness. Their end will be what their actions deserve.” (2 Corinthians 11:14-15)*

Americans aren’t collaborating effectively because they have been duped by the angel of light. Satan, pretending He is God, has convinced people He is good. Satan is experienced in his twin-craft. Exceptionally clever, he discredits the true deity, then impersonates. Impersonating your real father, he makes wonderful promises and will even keep them so you stay on his leash. Like a guilty spouse defending themselves in the heat of argument, he will flip the offence back on the innocent party. The Creator, the Eternal Deity, is an unspeakably kind Spirit, a never-ending source of joy, a generous help in times of need. I’m with Him now. He is so majestic; an inexplicable and astonishing presence that surrounds me! Upright and pure. So good! But you

blame Him for this present darkness! Indict the evil one rightfully so! He is the imposter you welcomed with thunderous applause!

Satan masquerades, cloaking his dark nature to appear like a good guy. Satan shows up with a suit and a tie, speaking sensible words. Satan does not look like a villain; rather, he presents like a well-adjusted citizen. A well-spoken politician. A brilliant philosopher, he has brains; an industrious entrepreneur, he has money, and with a charismatic personality, he exhibits heart and passion with the utmost sincerity. Also, Satan has connections. He is plugged in and very popular. Nevertheless, Lucifer, Apophis the Serpent of Chaos...at his core, is a liar. Stop believing the lies. You have all listened to his tune, considered his folly, raised his banner, and despite your most sincere patriotism, sang his anthem proudly. Now even decent people have ignored my claps. One of those big cities I mentioned. Bubbling with culture. Saturated with free spirits and flowing with commerce. Dallas, Texas. She was adorned with beauty. Dallas. A crown jewel of the American Republic has become compromised. The ancient destroyer has worked overtime to obtain a foothold there.



# Review

In chapter one, “Snap, Twist Pop,” we traversed rapidly through an intense history of America, reliving decades of violent horrors. We were confronted with the raw evidence that bad things happen to everybody; that over time, even murder seems to transpire without a particular prejudice. Is there a supernatural realm that affects our world? Have demons invaded our party system? We closed with George Washington’s warning to the republic.

In chapter “King and Country,” we contrasted between the obvious and the deceptive. We compared a gradually expanding imperial empire with a swiftly rising dictatorship—the British Empire and Nazi Germany. Regimes can rise quickly through propaganda and force or incrementally through cultural norms and political allegiance. We understand now that some injustices are inherited and passed on to the next generation. Nationalism is not bad, but people and parties can hijack national pride and use societal divisions to usurp power. Nationalism is profoundly misunderstood in America. Globalism has become a gospel to replace responsible and equitable nationalism. True Americanism is lost.

Britain expanded slowly—they were built on obedience to the imperial race (social elite). Nazi Germany moved fast—they taught the doctrine of a “master race.” Despite their differences in size, speed, and duration, they share two distinct similarities: false offers of peace and the push for unlimited civil obedience. These two combined to form “Churchill’s crocodile”: the top jaw/mandible symbolizes “false peace” and the bottom one “civil



obedience" (twins of appeasement). *Peace and civility, no matter what*. Winston Churchill was a bulldog statesman much needed before and during pre-World War II; his hang-up was in trying to persuade Britain to arm. This is historical irony—modern Britain was imperiled by the same tactics they tried on the American colonies in ages prior.

We have a fresh understanding of "New World Order." The former British Empire perfectly fits the mold—a massive empire built on conquest and tentacular tyranny: unjust taxation, plantation slavery, and the impossibility of global governance. As did Nazi Germany—fitting the mold in modern times, Hitler tried to make Berlin the capital of his 1,000-year Reich. Britain's leaders and followers failed to take a personal inventory of what they were. Over many years, this denial caused them to "turn the keys of the dungeon" over to Nazi Germany. Britain was in the sleepy, late stages of Empire, while their neighbor was in the throes of conquest. We understand that the American idea is nothing like the doctrine of the "New World Order." We see how the American idea is the very antithesis of top-down, global dominion. We see how American sovereignty has transformed into an imperial nightmare.

In chapter "Evil Twin," we learned the inescapable dilemma of fallen human nature and confess to being deceived. We observe the evil within ourselves and families, and we refuse to associate this with words like "government," "system," or "New World Order." We see the difference between individuals who support governments and systems and ultimately how their unity is like a double-edged sword. We now perceive the big picture ideological war—between a public persuaded blindly by

bad ideas and a public persuaded unanimously with independence and good ideas. Between complaining, and doing our part. Therefore, "Evil Twin" concludes with the story of how America was born. By now, we comprehend the menace behind the British (monster) system that sought to destroy us before we were born; how Apophis the Serpent of Chaos is the same present actor—not a fictional character created by the ancient Egyptians, but a real spiritual being with intentions for mankind.

In "Twins of Tough Truth," we explored the political workings of this enemy; how it influenced Britain to capture the wealth and constrain the freedoms birthing in the New World. Weaved through all these chapters is the truth within the fiction: we connect the hero from the Matrix, Thomas Anderson, with a real American Hero, Thomas Paine. We compare the British Empire with the *Star Wars* Imperial Order and the American people with the Jedi. We understand how the Twin Tower attacks changed our culture and fomented a rapid erosion of our ideals. We see how the 2020 pandemic brought all the forefront. Liberty is not ensured by a few laws written on paper but a philosophical and foundational principle which lives in our hearts. Therefore, Liberty is characteristic of a religion—it must live through the people, holy and orthodox. If it is not passed down like faith, it becomes obsolete. Like religious gatherings, it must be practiced regularly. Liberty cannot co-exist with the laws and attitudes arising in the post 9-11 America. Considering that 3,000 babies perish daily in abortion clinics (the September 11 death toll), it is no wonder that our liberty has devolved into an empty, shallow, vitriolic instinct to bear arms and brandish constitutions—as if lifting up long guns or articles of freedom will do the battle for us. Where there is no life in the people, there is

no liberty in the land. Where life is not protected, liberty stands no chance.

Chapter “The Origin of I” was the grand indictment. We go to the ancient text. We learn why Satan fell from heaven, and how he influences individuals, groups and nations. We learned how excessive individualism is not in harmony with our values. While wars, empires, socialism and communism are in Satan’s game plan, we also know that collectivism is not the same thing. E Pluribus Unum is the motto of the United States, and declares the goodness of unity—the unity we once had through virtuous political movement. Likewise, the glory and splendor we once had, as represented by Pilgrims, patriots and heroes past. We accept that the whole is greater than the part. That “We” the people must reject the idol of “I”.

Reader and friend. Pause and reflect at this halfway mark. Maybe COVID-19 is a numerical road marker that connects the Twin Towers with the virus, seeing that they are separated by nineteen years (2001-2020)? In the next chapters, we press on to explore more truth, studying our history and our individual prejudice—including, but not limited to: slavery, segregation, civil rights, and the 2020 pandemic. The mystery of the twins brings us out of the Matrix and into relation with our fellow Americans. This timeless theme of national unity will culminate in the closing chapters, when we explore the ancient Spartans and how our Western civilization has been framed similarly by broad Greek ethos and Spartan sacrifice.

# The Clapping Prophet

“Clap, Clap, Clap,” bangs the AK-74 across the Dallas Square. The law—a solid crew of diverse men and women, forged in the fires of urban engagements. They fell under surprise fire. Slain in the ambush of a coward, the department lost innocent lives. A hemorrhaging city square leaves a community in anguish. The nation was gripped with shock when Dallas, Texas, a city destined to best represent our American greatness, was targeted by a lone wolf. Worse even, the ambush was a premeditated guerilla warfare tactic, echoing off the streets and buildings during a social justice protest. Merely warning shots. An alarm has been sounded. The numbers match up. The Dallas ambush—six. Eleven. You see, I wrote it down beforehand. *I clap and stomp at you now in the town square. I proclaim to you now with a bullhorn your errors. I whisper to you now in the darkness...wake up.* Ezekiel chapter six, verse eleven. Wake up, Dallas, Texas! Six killed, eleven wounded. Wake up, Philadelphia! Six wounded, eleven dead. Sounding from sea to shining sea is the six-eleven siren—an alarm to prevent the next spectacle of sparks and shells, blood, and bodies. A nation quaking with less time between quakes. The people, the children, quarrelling and caterwauling about in terror and dissolution. Lean in! Are you listening?! The voice of the pesky contrarian at the board meeting—the hooded figure at the protest—the monastics and hard-liners gathered...holding signs. But you pass them. You make a dismissive gesture. Who are these monomaniacs? Who, in their zealously, cause passerby's to **snap**? Catch men **twisting** truths and pop the lid off the issues? They are the clapping prophets. Culture hates their guts, but these mysterious

figures do not arrive to hate. They slow clap in disbelief. They stomp to save us. Just look—everyone is killing everyone—this is the mystery of the twins. I am as old as dirt. *I understand the depth and breadth of this great mystery!*

## **Dallas, Crown Jewel**

Hell's army isn't full of black men and Muslim women, no. But because one black man joined the wrong team, America believed a lie. On July 7, 2016, Micah Xavier Johnson, an African American and former Afghan war veteran, launched a strategic ambush on Dallas police. His goal? To use his military training and ability to exterminate as many police as possible. Six killed and eleven wounded with high caliber munitions. I am older than dirt. I have been here before. I had foreseen this day in advance. I saw this attack thousands of years ago, so I encoded this message in my scroll so you would believe. It's all right there in *chapter six, verse eleven...You cannot ignore me anymore America*. I am Ezekiel, the original clapping prophet.

## **Matrix Reloaded**

This mystery is unraveled again through the lens of the science fiction blockbuster *The Matrix*. We reinterpreted the Matrix by revealing the moral of the sci-fi story—the source of the evil which fuels its engines: human nature cooperating with celestial forces of darkness. In modern day, with so much technology and pleasure available to us, the struggle remains to free our minds. The villains throughout are representative of Satan's agents—the interdimensional demonic forces that masquerade as humans. That masquerade as God. What is it? Satan. Who does he use? Humans. Who does he impersonate? The Supreme Deity. So, we free our mind.

Let us revisit *The Matrix Reloaded*. Recollect the car chase scene. This sequence provides the concrete illustration of abstract spiritual realities. The evil twins are real, and in *The Matrix Reloaded*, they are the viscous, pasty albino killers with long bleached dreadlocks and black narrow sunglasses. They can shoot machine guns, wield knives, and barrel us over with vehicles. Like hitmen sent from hell, these evil twins represent real demonic forces within society. They can teleport through walls and cars, becoming intangible at will. Spirit beings, they are invincible to fists, bullets, and knives. Do not be deceived—this dreadful duo wears dreadlocks but are not “black men” underneath. Do not be bamboozled—the evil twins might appear as bleach blonde albinos, but the source of the evil is not “white men,” either. Aided by their cohorts are the agents—again, demons, shapeshifting into intelligence personnel with earpieces, black suites, and similar sunglasses. *The spiritual reality is presented with the haircuts, clothing, and professions—the enemy we fight is a spiritual enemy who recruits human actors such as “white men,” “black men,” and “government men.” Needless to say, the enemy is not literally white men, literally black men, or exclusively government men. The evil, the source, is not the style, the color, or the culture. You the People must be smarter than this. It is not the color of the skin or the size of their guns but the content of their character we must evaluate.*

The thrilling action sequence in *The Matrix Reloaded* was the *evil twin* chase sequence. Here, Morpheus and Trinity are *wrestling with flesh and blood* in the cabin of the escape vehicle. The heroes frantically strike and parry with a barrage of fists, lead, and blade; yet these two villains dodge every counterattack. Chilling techno beats serenade the escapade as

they enter and exit human mortal bodies. Shapeshifting from flesh to ghostly silhouettes, a punch or slash falls on air as the twins take no mortal damage. Finally, Morpheus moves to end them for good. In the final clips, Lawrence Fishburne baits the twins with his own body, and then, in swift and sexy swordplay, slashes the black obsidian chariot on its side, subsequently blasting .45 ACP rounds into the now exposed gas tank, "THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP." In a monstrous fireball, the evil twins shapeshift one last time out of their human apparatus, shooting skyward into cloud cover, reminding us they are still at large. The mystery of the twins goes *whoosh....*

Friends, you are caught in an invisible spiritual war with a highly organized and experienced enemy. Christians, Muslims, and Jews are supposed to know this. Why are we all still fighting each other in America?

*For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms. (Ephesians 6:12, NIV)*

Millions are watching these fictional movies. Pandemic, horror, and civil unrest comprise our staple of entertainment, the holy trinity of movie genres we crave. Ironically, the scenes are playing out as nonfictional realities. Theaters, churches, and city squares are the movie sets where our families are being massacred. Fiction is real. The local news is surreal. Journalism is opinion. Activism is hatred. Politics is pathetic. Men have retreated like cowards into the matrix. The American dream has decomposed into the Death Star. Is this the American dream? We go on with our lives gambling that it won't reach our town.

Hoping the evil twin bypasses our house, our worship centers, and our marketplaces. Americans with different ethnicity and heritage are believing the lie that our fight is against ethnicity and heritage—that our liberation will follow if we rewrite the script. Some have abandoned the national anthem and other displays of patriotic allegiance. The pandemonium has drowned out any common sense or decency. “My country tis of thee”—a forgotten song fading out as Hell’s anthem is getting some serious airtime. This is not the dream Dr. Martin Luther King was referring to—this is not the faith of our Founding Fathers nor the deeds of our beloved Frederick Douglass.

With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood... (Dr. Martin Luther King, *I Have a Dream*)

## **Twin Anthems**

If you listen closely, you will hear a subtle “boom, boom, crack...boom, boom, crack.” The monster, with the mob at his tail, is fast approaching. But you are not overly concerned since you still have your lives. You are not moved to compassion quite yet since you haven’t all suffered. You have pro sports, jobs, financial assistance, hobbies, religion, and a thriving economy. The approaching army is beating their drums and singing their song; members of every band are banging away. Even the most intelligent and temperate citizens are detached from the whole. You know, Americans used to love each other; they used to sing the national anthem. For every good song, there is a bad song. For every “Star-Spangled Banner,” there is a counter-theme. Are we hearing an evil counterpart, played in counterpoint, having a



counter-effect? Yes, there is a competing anthem in your land, a jangling discord disguised as debate; a non-anthem, a screeching anathema, the exact reverse of what I was performing a moment ago.

*"Clap, clap, stomp"*

*"Please wake up, my precious children!"*

*"I love you dearly!"*

Hell's anthem is the literal opposite.

*"Stomp, stomp, clap"*

*"I hate you"*

The symphony of hell is a progressive movement played in a demonic, diminished key across a strange and unfamiliar scale. It's a syncopation of broken rhythm, stumbling across an ever-changing time signature written by the hurting of society and cut by a top-selling record label. Instead of singing in harmony, you are labeling each other. I hear no vibrant trumpets piercing through the darkness or sweet melodious saxophones serenading the night—just angry drums and heckling. Hell's instruments range from the low booming timpanis of box trucks plowing into protestors accompanied by middle range woodwinds made of rifles and shotguns that kill Muslims, Christians, and Jews alike. The shrill screams of the indefensible and the emergency sirens are the crisp climactic highs that ring in Satan's hallelujah. The climax isn't a Boston Massacre or a Boston bombing but much worse. The end of this movement will not go well—it is a dreary and dropping tone—a closing measure that will shut down more than just businesses. This requiem will open

the portal to hell and drop the lid on your coffin. You see, hell's tune is always changing. Right when you think you can name that melody, it switches. Apophis is an exceptional musician, statesman, and salesman. He has had thousands of years of practice.

The Imperial Order was built to keep all Stormtroopers obedient. *The monster keeps us wondering, scratching our heads, chasing our tails, and pointing our fingers.* The matrix was architected to dispatch us away from our natural spiritual instincts and yoke us like animals—to plow us across fields of commercial and industrial wastelands for our economic energy. *The monster springboards off our insatiability and tunnel vision responses—keeping us gabbing and groping in the dark. Why? So we keep gathering for the next "ribbon cutting ceremony"—so we flock to the next ground breaking bull crap.*

## **Hell's Orchestra**

Hell's orchestra is not a barbeque pit of black thugs or a biker bar of white supremacists, no. Hell's choir is not a sub-society of Hispanics. It is neither a large chorus of neutral whites. But because one white man joined the wrong club, white supremacy is falsely resurrected. Because one black man joined the wrong party, you have believed a lie. Are all cartel's "Mexican"? Are we as open to prejudice as the Texas border is open to drug shipments and illegal immigration. With the existence of radical Islam, now millions of Middle Easterners, many just cultural Muslims (meaning they just want to blend in), are perceived as serious threats to American sovereignty. How can one September morning define a dozen eastern nations comprised of varying people? One shot, one strike, one lie. Then

two, three, four. The first shots of the civil war rang out at Ft. Sumter, South Carolina, and the shots of Dylan Storm Roof's .45 was a flash flood without warning that awful June day. And the shots of racial divide are still ringing in our ears—peaceful churches, city squares and political rallies are smoking warzones. We aren't safe anywhere. *What truth, what person will rescue us from this nightmare? I am old as dirt. I have been here before.*

Do we need executive or military intervention? What branch of government will keep us in order? Who will be the people's champion, the deliverer, the chosen one? Who will be our Neo? Where is Morpheus today? Who will save us from ourselves? If Americans cannot decidedly agree on what the problems truly are, agree on what is good and evil, then how can any solutions reach feasibility? Washington. Lincoln. The Wild West. The .44 revolver. The Colt .45. Number forty-five? Number forty-six? Can a single man, executive order, or constitutional amendment stop the bleeding? Current and aspiring leaders attacking each other with libel and defamation. Instead of converging, they condescended their opponents and conspire privately. Millions tune in to this reprehensible repudiation as the monster moves on us—as the mob, the barbarian horde, approaches our fragile enclaves. Instead of coming together, we have disconnected. Pilgrims, heroes, and patriots? Or, watered-down melting pot of self-worshipping sociopaths? I will this and I will that. You are this. You are that. My God. My King. My Country. Can we come together as one? Pick a number. 1775. 1861. 2001. 1984? Regardless, the way is rough and steep.

## **American System - Melting Pot**

As long as we remain proud individuals, contending for our own way in the wrong spirit, hell's anthem will only get louder—the jangling discord will drone on, becoming more and more nationalized. Hell's anthem isn't the beautiful "Star-Spangled Banner" that we long to hear. *Hell's anthem is a ballad of bigotry, hatred, and normalized division.* Apophis would simply love for Americans to see color, creed, and religion as incompatible notes in a larger national movement.

Briefly returning to *The Matrix Reloaded*, we witness several unique heroes engaged in the fight. Distinctly different, these actors symbolize diverse characters actively fighting against the evil twins in our world to save humanity. First, Morpheus: a tall, strong, and resolute black man is fighting the evil twins. The tempered resistance leader uses his mind before his weapons; he is a sage and savory form to behold when all seems lost. This bald wonder teaches Neo the art of combat, but before his character is fully developed, Morpheus often sweeps in to save the day. Then there is Trinity: a hardy white woman wearing black leather pants and a serious face that never smiles. Riding on a Ducati sport bike, girl power is on display at top speed. Finally, the Key Maker: he is an Asian good guy, offering his humble services to bolster the cause.

But Apophis would disperse this team before they could form—the monster would produce evidence and facts, evocative memories designed to stir fear and distrust. Like the brain probes used in the movie, the monster would love to download terabytes of bad memories and histories; to instantly fill our heads with vivid and racially-centric monologues. Racism would be blamed

on white people. COVID-19 would be associated with Asians. Hate crimes, court decisions, and even ancient history will somehow be weaponized against us—raw, fragmented data that we cannot compile on our own—standalone stories designed to convince us to resent people with distinct heritage; statistics that would deter us from recruiting black men, or sentiments that warn us not to vote for women.

*The monster would pull us away from our civic duty and plug us into the Matrix.* In this dark universe, all social doctrine flows from what is at the present moment socially acceptable. All policy is now precipitating down from the waterfall of popular culture. Populist candidacy (the people's hero politician) is in full support of revisionism (rewriting history). The monster teaches us not to trust wealthy or white people; to favor certain colors, judge social status, and count our past sins against us. It would thrust us into an endless loop of debate and distrust. It would exalt the "I" over the sum of the parts. That is how we escape the matrix—by exiting the lies and working together on the same ship. As Dr. King once said, "We may have all come on different ships, but we're in the same boat now." Apophis hates us all individually, we have proved this. But the savory smell of the melting pot, our beloved broader culture, is a vile and repugnant odor in his nostrils.

## **Blockchain**

Many people have made a fortune buying and selling cryptocurrency. Consider this—the technology that makes this possible provides a great illustration of the things that matter most right now—our constitutional representative government. For most of us, hearing that America was built on the beauty of

diversity is not new information. This blend of culture and religion is widely known as the melting pot. The melting pot is a benefit to everyone—like a cross-platform super-server or a block chain network, the melting pot provides a shared processing pool at the core. Our diversity is like a distributed network that reconciles to itself: it is constantly running checks and balances, maintaining an integrity that is verified by the parts (aka “state and local”) and confirmed by the whole (aka “federal”). America is like a block chain in that it doesn’t care what hardware is being deployed as long as the truth is validated and the transactions are secure. A massive block chain file is like American history—if even one transaction, or just one story is compromised or reverse engineered, then the entire block chain (aka “the melting pot”) is in peril.

America’s government is built on similar diversity and decentralization. It represents a shared public ledger in all areas of life—taxes, laws, foreign policy, public education, etc. And when this shared ledger, this public block chain meets to hash out their differences, good things happen. When the parts blend and collaborate within the cauldron, the organic matter of humanity rises while the inorganic toxicity of the machine matrix experiences a meltdown. When different people build each other up, the network is secure. When imposters try to inject their faulty and incompatible transactions, the system, as a whole, should be alarmed and reject them. The truth, the transactions that are lawfully introduced, are transmitted into the network and adopted through consensus. Truth is always open for interpretation in America, but sudden and unexplored paradigms forced upon us should be flagged and examined with all scrupulousness. And this is liberty. This is the American political

system: a beautiful way personified by blocks and hashing; bits and bytes, ideas and policies lawfully introduced to the ledger—people meeting in every city block to hash out their common future. Americans are always open to new things, but the melting pot must remain closed to special interests that would rob or defraud the system. Our political system is like a blockchain network that enforces accountability. Just like laws that take time to pass, the original Bitcoin required much time to complete its transaction verifications. Good things come to those who wait.

## **Miners and Stakers**

Miners and stakers were the two primary roles in cryptocurrency. And so, the challenge of the people is identical to the challenge of a Blockchain network—keeping the transaction costs low, the history logs clean, and effectively managing the expansion of the network. In the real world, this means keeping budgets solvent, infrastructure growing, and the melting pot available to those who would serve it. *Like cryptocurrency, our nation was started through mining (government) and staking (private interest).* Those in private business must work with public officials to make their profits. They use infrastructure, pay tax and follow laws. “Stakers” (like those who buy large amounts of crypto) invest capital in the country. Historically, this could be a railroad project or major infrastructure. They do it to make money for themselves, but it does benefit the public. In modern times, this could be a tech giant. Public servants are like miners: they are meant to function as honest administrators. They work for simple, pre-negotiated fees to keep the system profitable and stable. Like the salary paid to a public official. Finally, citizens are like the traders of cryptocurrency. They own the network. They own the country.

They ride the railroad, drive on the highways, buy the products, and pay the fees (taxes). Without stakers (private business), you cannot pay miners (admins); and without consumers, you have no need for either. We can't grow the country if stakers aren't willing to invest and take risks. Similarly, private interest cannot flourish without responsible miners (aka public servants). Here is the main point—the political system explained here with a Blockchain metaphor requires that all three parties are honest and accountable to each other. One thing must remain unchanging—the need for moral and honest capital, consumers, and governance.

To join the American melting pot is to disconnect from the matrix you came from. *Consequently, disconnecting from the Matrix is a metaphor for connecting with your neighbor. It has less to do with buying cryptocurrency and more to do with serving your country.* By engaging with your political and religious opponents. But when hard-headed, hard-wired platforms which have escaped a matrix somewhere else (regimes and absolute governments) successfully dock into the American system, America risks being infected with a virus and convulses from an immune response. A good example of this would be a Communist Party operating on our platform (country). When it tries to find a host, the American system must detect the virus and issue a rapid response. It must hash and hash, process and churn, looping through algorithms and failovers in order to repel the threats—the incompatible ideas. When special interest groups, or deadly ideologies are sent in through Trojan horse attacks, our operating system must be acutely aware.



*Disconnecting from the Matrix means being open to different ideas but wired together into the common ground of civil government.* Melting pot. Shared ledger. Blockchain. These technological and cultural metaphors help explain our system. The Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches: all three are open to differing parties, religions, and ethnicities. These institutions are built on the bedrock of liberty and must remain immutable. Liberty with law—constitutional, impenetrability that safeguards us from vulnerabilities exposed by special interests. Else the Blockchain gets corrupted, and the melting pot boils over. Communism is a great example of a faulty program that only makes withdrawals on the system and attempts to wipe out our institutional safeguards, checks, and balances. It should go without saying that the attacks on our institutions today are not labeled with the words “Communism” and “Socialism.” Political hackers are much smarter than that. Believe it or not, capitalism itself is not an American institution. Capitalism is a monumental idea and demonstrably the most powerful economic force the world has ever enjoyed, without question; but capitalism is not explicitly spelled out in the Constitution. However, the liberty to run for office and vote for free market policy—the right to introduce labor laws in a legislature or a Supreme Court’s decision to make judgements on a monopoly—that is our uniqueness.

## **Disconnect To Connect**

Our three-branch civilian-led government is the operating system of the United States. It is nothing like the matrix. Reflect back to the movie—the evil system is made possible by millions of human batteries held captive in a machine city. Humans in the fake world have no idea they are really plugged into an evil

system elsewhere. Their fake bodies are eating lunch or going to work while their real bodies are enslaved in slimy pods. Like the employee contributing to a pension that is already bankrupt. Like citizens trapped in war-torn nations and third world hellholes. These truths are unbeknownst to millions of comfortable Americans as well as those living in unstable countries. Political super-PACS, unions, and communist regimes are all instances of a where a Matrix can manifest on earth. Here, they are not exchanging goods or ideas with other humans, but harvested for their energy. Like concerned civilians who are brushed off by bad politicians—power holders (matrix programs) neutralize the threat of constituents sounding off contrarian views or asking basic questions. To make them go away, elected officials (Matrix programs) offer them the option to embrace political “taskforces” or “committees.” Instead of joining the “operating system,” (civil government seat, where you vote on bills or make rulings in a court) they settle for the matrix—they get suckered into the access model of politics. The access model of politics is framed on the perception of “power” or “voice”. It teaches that a “seat at the table” or an “invite to the grand banquet” is the ticket to change. The villains of each matrix habitually divert concerned voters into nice sounding organizations with acronymic names. The matrix gives the voter the illusion of influence. The exploited think they are playing an active part in the political process. Instead, the Matrix (party PAC or candidate for office) collects their money (donations) and human energy (campaign efforts) indefinitely—they turn would be leaders into agenda-centric batteries. Forming groups and committees, they turn champions into buoys stranded in a political sea. Society is no better for it.

Don't get trapped in the matrix. Our civilian-led system is the best operating system in history. All the other "isms" suck the life out of the people, where they are planted and farmed across rows and towers—stationed six feet apart in these capsule-like prisons. Sound familiar? Like social distancing? Like a call center cubicle farm? Like working from home? Breathing through a mask? Feeling like the enemy of the state? Attending church digitally now? How is your children's classroom looking? Rows of human batteries, face down, submerged in a science fiction amniotic fluid. All the necessary activities are taking place but in a pod of seclusion—working, paying taxes, going to meetings or church or school; buying, eating, selling. It's a false reality—your physical body is doing a variety of things while your spiritual self is face down in the fetal position feeding this machine. Slaves feeding taxes into a super-system shut down by virus scares. Americanism is a life blessed by a three-branch system of near perfection. All the other "isms" are faulty programs. How do we stop feeding the matrix? We start by rejecting the viruses and embracing the melting pot. We win by following the protocols of our legacy operating system. We don't win by keeping foreigners out but in teaching them the sacred tenants of citizenship.

This melting pot represents the numerous peoples desiring to follow the constitutional operating system. This can be understood as the American dream. The dream (personal goals) is different for each individual, but the American Way is the same for all. The American Way is the perfect antithesis to the enslavements of the matrix. It unplugs human batteries from their self-imposed prisons; it refreshes them, so they can pour back into society, whereas before they were appeased,

comfortable, and approving of getting sucked dry. They move away from the “access model” and into the mainframe itself (general assembly or legislature). In the Matrix, humans are happy to be held captive—they like the taste of their food or the entertainment after work. And if they weren’t already uncomfortable with their immediate neighbor—whether their pupils, family, boss or co-workers—as if they needed any more governmental assistance or encouragement to continue in this spinelessness of passive aggression, they plug into the Matrix for another remote meeting. They love their life-sucking, socially distanced pods—they fear confrontation, and therefore abandon their civil duty. They lean towards the access model because it is safe and predictable. They flee from confrontation, knowing that crossing their friends and engaging their enemies will be difficult. But if they broke free from this pod to behold the chilling skyline and despotic agendas of the Machine world they are indirectly supporting, they would disconnect and they would run; they would refuse to be harvested for their votes, and they would run for office. They would refuse the restrictions and foreign interference in our way of life; they would reject socialism and all the fancy titles. They would collaborate on new taxes and reject the temptations (entitlements, bribes and proxy wars) that dangle from the precipice. American citizenship is the world’s dream. How many worn out exacerbated souls fled another Matrix to become part of the American dream (immigrants and refugees)? The American Way beckons to all people who were subconsciously fueling the grid while failing to participate in the program. The American system ensures that energy is not wasted and that resources are not stolen or given away.

I am Ezekiel, and I'm extremely jealous for your American system—I have lived in the Matrix of the monarchy. In my day, the republic withered before it could become fully grown. I descended from a nation that was born from thirteen original tribes. It was tumultuous, to say the least. Just when the root of republican government was sprouting and the dream was in our grasp...the mob mentality despised it. In their ignorance and selfish pursuits, they corrupted it with a monarchical theocracy. Kings came and went. Some were decent. Priests ruled by hereditary right. Many were corrupt. Men were always casting their nets for more "batteries" (mercenary soldiers or working peasants). My friend, now is the time to disconnect from the Matrix and support the American System. It takes patience because the American citizen is patient. It requires love because the American system is kind. The American citizen is not envious of others—they do not boast, brag, or drag others down. An American is not overly proud. Forgiving their neighbor, an American does not keep a record of wrongs but keeps their neighbors close, holds their hands open, keeps their hearts pure, and with open minds, an American intends to listen to other Americans. No matter what, the American always protects the American, wants to trust their fellow American, wants to hope in the American dream, and always perseveres through each American epoch. America is not a place—not a state—not a country. America is an idea, a way of life that has only ever been experienced, unfortunately, in America.

## **Close**

To be an American is to sing one song and connect to one cause. To be an American is to play in concert and sing in harmony with the magnificent *We*. And in this pursuit, this

forward progress, the monster lifts his baton; as the beautiful symphony of brotherhood begins, Hell's orchestra always interjects—always counters our melody by expressing sharp notes in contempt for others—notes played in dissonance—lyrics spewed in animosity. Here is a Matrix truth: remember the city of Zion, the underground city, where thousands were allegedly freed from the system? Dancing half-naked, a gyrating crowd of newly-freed minds and sexually free youth celebrate their emancipation from their master. Question—did not the director later expose Zion as something else? As the story progressed, you are hit with the startling realization that *Zion* possessed deceptive qualities—that Zion was another illusion of the enslaving machine system. There was a buzz of electronic music; it was an alluring ambiance that somehow deceived the residents; as they had sexual relations to the anthem of their freedom—the magnetic droning that moved them so passionately ushered the viewers into an unsettling revelation: we were all terribly distraught in finding out that the city of refuge was destroyed multiple times, and now this new batch of liberated sovereigns were *slaves*—living once again in their slimy little hellholes, ecstatic to dwell below the earth in in a sub-matrix mirage. And that is the tart truth! This is the gut-wrenching revelation we derive from this scene—a sinking feeling—a breathtaking hopelessness that sets in when we discover that even *America* has deceived us—that *Zion* itself was a manufactured illusion and had been destroyed multiple times in the cycling of empires. Good things naturally fall out of order, if good people are not thoroughly engaged.

Apophis has his own flavor of freedom. Darkness has a knack for disconnecting us in a way that is popular and

comfortable. The song of the serpent is a timeless hit that sparks us to hate our enemies, pervert our bodies, and subvert our friends. Zion is not a free-for-all without borders or limits. Our history, like our humanity, is a classic, ever-recurring saga. And while the abolition of slavery is a true and cherished history, would you reject the truth presented by *The Matrix's* fictional Zion—that *your version of freedom might be bondage for another? Would you set aside your will, worldviews, or work to restore a paradise lost; a place where the Pilgrims' progress is in concert with the African slave? A work in progress, where the work is never done; a realistic Zion where bondage and depravity must be wrangled and destroyed multiple times?* We are caught in the endless loop of rediscovering tough truth, understanding that once we get comfortable, we collapse. Once we let up, let our guard down, or relax, the monster is right there. Zion, like slavery, rises again, and the republic rolls backwards. The Zion we long to encounter will emerge if we suffer and forge the way. And like every city on a hill, once settled, people flock to it and build their bowers. We sit back as if slavery was not alive and well. We live each day as if the saga was over. The story of Zion is a timeless tale of the sophistry that adapts us to her sins; a tale of emerald cities that forever survives destruction.

# Twins of Barbarism

One of the most vigilant opponents to slavery in America was Thaddeus Stevens. Born a poor boy in rural Vermont, Stevens entered the fight with a club foot and a stiff upper lip—he is the character played by Tommy Lee Jones in the movie *Lincoln*. From lawyer to politician, he changed professions and parties over time but never his personal convictions. A perpetual thorn in the side of slavery, Stevens pummeled the establishment his entire life. He pressed on through multiple American presidents. From his legal office to the statehouse, he was a genuine radical. He laid groundwork before the Civil War, carrying on with fervor—continuing the good fight even after Lincoln’s assassination. His last great battle was securing articles of impeachment against President Johnson, the president who fancied a Reconstruction Era without equality for the slaves. Thaddeus was a righteous renegade; he led the Radical Republicans through crucibles—not a president but a poor boy. Just a person. Stevens’s influence and track record position him as an authority on American equality. In the Republican Convention of 1856, he solidified his legacy on a national platform. As the newly formed Republican Party gathered to choose their first presidential candidate at Philadelphia’s Musical Fund Hall in mid-June, Thaddeus Stevens set the tone on day one:

“It is the duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.”



The 15<sup>th</sup> president, James Buchanan, is critiqued by historians for not addressing the injustice of slavery; and consider this—President Lincoln, facing the challenges of an impending Civil War, was similarly postured with no expediency. Lincoln's slowness to get on board was frustrating to Stevens. The great Abraham Lincoln—though it profoundly pained his conscience, and though he fervently opposed the practice in words and actions, and though his election in 1860 immediately preceded the Civil War—was not the American messiah; meaning, this single executive was not the supreme champion of abolition. The people were the champions. Like-minded whites and blacks working together were the change agents. One political office held by one individual for a short period promises no state of Zion. The presidential post was not the final authority, and the personality behind the podium could not merely word craft or will it into oblivion. In America, there are no verbally discharged silver bullets to conclude any matter. There are no executive orders that can install justice or lasting prosperity. There are no individual people powerful enough to make their will absolute and unconditional law. Meaning, the American president is not a wizard, and his pen is not a magic wand. And this is a good thing. A great thing.

## **Wizard of Oz**

We have been marching down the Yellow Brick Road for some time. We have it in our heads that government is omniscient over us—that we are powerless peons. The Tin Man has it in his head that he lacks a beating heart. The Cowardly Lion has it in his head that he lacks any courage. And the Scarecrow has it in his head that he hasn't one to begin with. The heads of state have gotten into your heads, and look at you

now—you're a band of heartless, brainless, cowardly citizens, following after a Dorothy—a young person equally as confused as yourself. Many celebrities and politicians are avatars of Judy Garland's famous character Dorothy—young and passionate individuals thrust into lead roles by what appears to be bizarre happenstance. Suffering from ignorance and emotional wounds like Dorothy, they run away from home...and they run amok. Some "Dorothys" are refugees—recently displaced from their country of origin, and trapped in a dream world (a false American Dream), they are the blind leading the blind. Ignorant of the American Way, they are blind to history, blind to economics, and morally neutral. What they do see is dreadfully dangerous; they are ultra-perceptive of one thing—color—they love to see color. They enter the American scene as enthralled as Dorothy when she first set her eyes upon the wonderful Land of Oz.

It's marvelous and colorful. It's new and unexplored territory. Supercharged to help her friends and change the world, she runs us through a field of poppies, jubilant and joyful to reach the Emerald City. And this party sees vibrant color—oh, how they envision America as they exhilaratingly lead the Lollypop Guild down the Yellow Brick Road to absolutely nowhere. The plain truth is such—national progress does not follow a wide and clean-cut path. Change is not purely a change in parties or presidents—an appointment with the executive or an appearance on a stage—real change is a rude awakening—an awakening to one's own sovereignty. The Yellow Brick Road is not the road to the White House but a journey of real self-discovery. Arrival begets a glorious day of reckoning not for our enemy but for ourselves. In the words of the Spartan Sage: "*Know Thyself.*"

We look into the mirror and accept the tough truth. Click, click, click—there is no place like home. There is no place like reality. **Snap!** You snap out of it—you finally interpret the meaning of that blasted movie! Like American history, the answers are present in the early scenes of the production. You discover that the Wicked Witch *was* the neighbor lady—a wealthy local who used her money to influence the penal system. **Pop!** Your head explodes—you discover that the morons and cowards in society were your very own uncles. Plot **twist**—you finally recognize that you had everything already set before you—that the answers were in the beginning scene—that Oz was your own warped understanding of the American Dream. That Oz was the America before 1776 when people looked to kings. When weaklings sought out wizards. When the starving and helpless hoped for some miraculous intervention. Some things are not that colorful or complex—certain issues are just as black and white as Dorothy’s own community. But I forgive you. You took a blow to the head and went to sleep for a while. And in this dream, you learned dear lessons; timeless truths from the ghost of America past as we delve into the lives of Thaddeus Stevens and Frederick Douglas. The finale in the classic picture shows the wizard departing the fairytale land from a hot air balloon. He says, “My dear Dorothy, you and I will return to the land of E Pluribus Unum!” Then you woke up. **Snap. Twist. Pop.** You are not in Kansas anymore. You’re almost there. To go forward, you must go back.

Certainly, it is encouraging to see women rise into leadership roles, but Dorothy represents the well-meaning and utterly clueless. Displaced from their homes as war refugees or victims of social injustice, they get emotional and run away from

common sense. In this jangling discord, the American story plays out just like the 1939 classic in living color. First, this contentious old woman has stolen and incarcerated our dog for no good reason (social injustice). Then a violent twister has devastated our land (riots, violence, and social upheaval). The tornado of misinformation has relocated our worldviews and terrorized our relationships, blinding us and spinning us out of control—scattering our resources (state and federal insolvency) and demoralizing our people (movements and factions). When the tempest subsides, we find ourselves in one of two places—either in Dorothy’s shoes or Dorothy’s company. It does not matter who is leading or who is following; we are now *all* headed down the Yellow Brick Road. And this road is appealing and pleasant at first, but spiritually, it is a wide path to perdition—a stumbling through a false reality—a Technicolor dream world of immoral and impractical policy. Local and state leadership is a Lollypop Guild and high leadership is a Wicked Witch of the West commanding an army of flying monkeys and stoic soldiers in stone fortresses. Reeling in shock and disillusioned in despair, We the People have played the part—we made the American President our own personal Wizard of Oz...and we are not in Kansas anymore.

For many of us, life has been hard. Our immediate families have let us down, and the evils of society have torn us up. Then, hoping to implore some high ranking official to make our pain go away, or our personal convictions a societal reality, we had it in our heads that the highest head of state is the most omnipotent executor of earth’s affairs (aka the “Wizard”). And in this error, we forget our own worth. In this fantasy, we neglected our own faculties, offices, and power. In this drama, we forgot

who we are, where we have been, and where we are going. *Snap* goes Mrs. Gulch when Toto bites her leg. *Twist* goes the tornado across the Kansas plains, and out *pops* the Lullaby League, Lollypop Guild, and the Good Witch, if such a thing existed. We *twisted* our history, and we have detached from our fellow man. We Americans forgot that we are the government—we are the adjudicators of power—the rulers of our own destiny. We Americans, thinking that our President, thinking that our Major, thinking that our favorite celebrity, pastor, speaker or athlete is the endgame, have unthinkingly turned this kingdom over to the Wicked Witch and her minions.

Wake up, Dorothy—We the People are a powerhouse—We the People are the great and powerful citizens of the land of *E Pluribus Unum*, which is the motto of our nation: “Out of many, one.” America is not the fairytale depicted, and Washington is not an Emerald City. Washington can’t clean up every mess, and the president can’t fix all our problems. The ending scene wraps this up perfectly. As the scruffy little man arose higher in his escape basket, ponder those words: *E Pluribus Unum*. Even the ruler, the Wizard, couldn’t wait to get out of Oz (fairytale). Truth be told, America is the bug out location for any soul caught in a twister of civil war or any leader sieged within the fragile walls of their palaces. Whether a political class escaping a violent revolution or the meager trio that journeyed to Oz, the resounding truth is laid before us—*America is the place to be*. Wouldn’t you rather be a citizen of a free society than a worthless Wizard one insurrection away from death or despair? The great economist Adam Smith closed the first chapter of his book *Wealth of Nations* with this statement:

...that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

It is better to serve in America than rule in a third world nation. As the good book says, *"Better is one day in your courts than a thousand elsewhere; I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of the wicked"* (Psalm 84:10).

How absolutely prophetic is the timing of this 1939 motion picture—the same year Hitler began his conquest. The truth was revealed to us along the Yellow Brick Road. We are not scarecrows afraid to reason for ourselves. We are not empty shells of heartless Tin Men, and we are not Cowardly Lions who run from a fight. Historically, we are a people of great consequence and terrifying courage; we are a collective brainchild of brilliance and a loving nurturing family—a blended family with tremendous compassion. We are Americans, and together, we will overcome any American Crisis.

You see, a president is not a wizard but the symbol of a nation. A president is a voice, a heart, a man—not an emperor. A good president has brains and courage, and they know their shortfalls. They are not "the man behind the curtain," hiding their true identity or cowering behind staff members. They approach the problems head on, speaking to communities face-to-face, negotiating with real enemies with power and purpose. Our president is a living symbol of the greater population. We are the subjects of the song, "America the Beautiful." We the People are

the Pilgrims. We the People are the patriots. We the People are the heroes. This is why many presidents were war veterans, farmers, businessmen, and bigger-than-life movie stars. We the People are the endgame—the end of British Tyranny. The end of slavery. The end of Nazi Germany’s war machine. The end of the Cuban Missile Crisis. The end of communism in Southeast Asia. The spirit of *E Pluribus Unum* was the force that toppled the Berlin Wall. The top of our food chain is not a man but a living symbol for all mankind. The presidential office is at the top because it rose from the bottom and inspires everything in between. The Oval Office is not a bunker or command center but a sacred shrine that embodies what every tyrant fears—the *collective voice of an armed and intelligent people*. This living symbol signifies the beginning of the end—the bitter end of dictatorships, theocracies, and monarchies. The end of top-down absolute governments and communist regimes. Post-WWII, the end of poverty was an American reality, producing the most affluent middle class in world history. And in the words of Thomas Paine, *"America will have a role, even unto the end of time."*

This could not be truer now. Our darkest history was not redeemed by a single office but ushered in over time through a people of one spirit. We the People ended slavery—people like Stevens, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and another firebrand lost in the dustpan by the name of John Brown. Frederick Douglas, a slave himself, became the icon of abolition and the Founding Father of civil rights. Still, there were white men more rambunctious than him. Men like Brown.

John Brown was a radical abolitionist and had earned the reputation of a messianic guerilla fighter who had terrorized the pro-slavery movement in Kansas. Brown and Douglas were a dynamic duo—a black and white bastion of hope wrestling with an issue as black and white as their skin. Suffering slavery himself, combined with various other abuses, even Douglas discerned when to apply the brakes on activism—he was bold but brilliant, wise and prudent. Brown? Feisty and ferocious; a brazen bully, he was quite vengeful in his approach. In 1859, Brown planned an assault on a federal arsenal at Harper’s Ferry in hopes to engender a slave revolt in the Virginian stronghold. Brown desperately tried to recruit the service of his good friend Frederick Douglas:

Come with me, Douglass, I will defend you with my life. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike the bees will begin to swarm, and I shall want you to help hive them.

But Douglas, deciphering the difference between cowardice and caution, saw this as a swift suicide and desired not to be a martyr in this operation. Douglas was furious but judicious. He saw civil rights like boxing, and his approach was characteristic of the late Mohammed Ali—he knew when to float like a butterfly, and he knew when to sting like a bee. With long-range vision and short-term goals, Douglas went on to Rochester, New York, where he was an orator and founder of a newspaper called *The North Star*. John Brown and his group of racially-mixed followers had later dealt a blow to slavery but at the cost of their lives. During the 1850s, anti and pro-slavery forces battled over whether Kansas would become a free or slave



state. The people did not wait for an elected official to start making impact. The people did not seek out a wizard. Colored people, including the color white, made many a brushstroke onto the American canvas. You're not in 1850 Kansas anymore. Wake up! There is no place like home. There is no place like America.

## **Moby Dick**

Herman Melville penned the "great American novel," a monstrous tale of a whaling crew who was in pursuit of a white whale named Moby Dick. The pages of his book are filled with wisdom, paradox, metaphor, and peculiar meditations. Likewise is *the Mystery of the Twins* series you are reading. Can Moby Dick teach us yet today? Classic literature transcends time. Let's find those connections.

So, here is John Brown, a white man, lynched on November 2, 1859, for his crimes against the inhumanity of slavery. Frederick Douglass was an unmovable pillar, an unshakeable man of tremendous suffering, and therefore very cautious, patient, and selective in his assignments. Douglas was able to rule his spirit, and so he passed on the mob mentality. Bypassing the Yellow Brick Road, he continued on the noble, strenuous path of most resistance. John Brown saw civil rights like mixed martial arts—to hit hard and **snap** bones, **twisting** arms and ankles—**popping** political sockets out of place until his enemy submitted. Douglas was the turtle—slow and steady with a thick skin and a hard shell. Brown wished to summon a school of piranhas to overwhelm the issue of slavery. Douglas, though powerful as a shark and as steady as a turtle, was unique. He was special; he was especially in control of his emotions. *He was*

*self-governed*. Douglas was the better man not because he didn't believe in violence, but because he knew when to deploy it.

*"It is not light that we need, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake"*

*(Frederick Douglas, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1852 commemoration of declaration of independence)*

In the language of Herman Melville, *"An angel is nothing more than the shark well governed."*

Douglas spoke of a whirlwind to come—a natural disaster that would be self-inflicted by the aggravation of non-action. A well-spoken well-governed man, this aptly describes our American hero. Despite his skin color, he was the *great white shark of civil rights*—a black man who could smell blood miles away; a freethinking, clear-minded individual who could govern his own thoughts and therefore change the world. A freedom fighter must master their emotions despite the sulfurous inferno shut up in their bones. An abolitionist must be somewhat deferential to others while imperiously clinging to their values. What the culture deems too slow a response to injustice is actually a heavenly, angelic quality. Where would we be if the Douglasses of history had given in to the methods of the Browns? In description of the more audacious agitators, Abraham Lincoln said this of the Brown camp rebels—the bloodthirsty and ungoverned sharks that swarmed the abolition movement:

*They are nearer to me than the other side, in thought and sentiment, though bitterly hostile personally. They are utterly lawless—the*

*unhandiest devils in the world to deal with—but  
after all their faces are set Zionwards.*

Lincoln affirmed righteous intentions but not at the cost wild and disorderly activism. Lincoln was a much-needed moderate; he was a patient turtle—tolerating slavery as a temporary evil while avoiding reckless and ungovernable actions that could dissolve the current Union. He extolled the wisdom of the hard-backed reptile—our beloved Lincoln perceived abolition not as a bursting sprint but as a marathon. Though Lincoln led the Union and Douglas led the resistance to slavery, both men understood the timeless application of longsuffering. Had Douglas dared to employ himself in Brown’s more violent activism, his voice would have been extinguished early—he would have hanged himself, literally. But patience and fortitude—this is the essence of the executive—to turn the ship back towards true north, one degree at a time. Like a captain of a whaling vessel, an American president is a patient but prudent captain; he is the symbol and spirit of the hunt—not a marauding pirate or a bloodthirsty Viking. Knowing when to avoid a storm and when to become the storm—this is the job. A single election is only a short dash. Ensuring the survival of the office? *Such is a generational, unceasing relay.* Each era has its sprints, struggles, and decades-long setbacks. Nevertheless, above the grand arena, where time is suspended, the sacred torch of liberty is entrusted to another in the never-ending marathon. In the final pages of *Moby Dick*, Ahab must make a mid-storm decision: as St. Elmo’s fires are igniting the sails of the *Pequod*, he must choose—do I continue to run down the white whale, or do I refrain?

## Marathon

The name Marathon comes from the legend of Philippides (or Pheidippides), the Greek messenger. The legend states that while he was taking part in the Battle of Marathon, he witnessed a Persian vessel changing its course towards Athens as the battle was near a victorious end for the Greek army. He interpreted this as an attempt by the defeated Persians to rush into the Greek capital and claim a false victory, which took place in August or September 490 B.C., hence claiming their authority over Greek land. It is said that he ran the entire distance to Athens without stopping, discarding his weapons and even clothes to lose as much weight as possible, and burst into the assembly, exclaiming νενικήκαμεν (nenikēkamen, "we have won!"), before collapsing and dying.

The American President should be a reminder of Philippides—a runner who spends themselves in public service; a servant, who, like Philippides, throws off every possible hindrance or distraction to the cause at hand. Running naked means running a transparent office and pushing the limits of one's own body and faculties. At the end of the mini-marathon (term), a sense of deep satisfaction stills their soul, as their faithful exhale at the finish line echoes Philippides: "We have won," or better yet, "We the People are still winning." This caliber of statesmanship is all but extinct in modern times.

George Washington ran the first presidential marathon. He understood the art of longsuffering, and though the hearts of men were inclined to install him as a permanent fixture, he humbly obliged to only run his portion. Washington, the first *"well-governed great white shark,"* fought his battles with a

tempered spirit, fully surrendered to our cause. By the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, another runner took the spotlight.

Theodore Roosevelt was a Rough Rider in the Spanish American War, commanding troops on horseback. He read a book a day and proved a master of the political middle. Theodore lost his wife at twenty-two years of age. His first major role was police commissioner of New York City. The bull took a very hands-on approach to mitigating corruption, hunting down crooked cops from day one. Mind you, not as a bureaucrat in a high tower, but as Teddy the Rough Rider. At night, he disguised himself as a civilian and wrangled those suckers to the cobblestone.

Andrew Jackson was a complete marathoner; a British prisoner of war, young Andrew (president-in-training) nearly starved to death, contracted smallpox, and was sword-slashed by a Brit for refusing to clean his boots. He grieved the loss of his mother (cholera) and two brothers (war). No one despised the British more than Jackson; he resisted the evil empire as a helpless teen in 1780, all the way to a decorated war general in 1815. Having fought, and suffered losses in every war, from the American Revolution to the 1815 Battle of New Orleans, Jackson ran his race—the man never quit until every Redcoat was dead or on their way home.

Therefore, the American president is often as audacious as they were sacrificial. Teddy Roosevelt would box and wrestle inside the White House. Andrew Jackson taught his parrot to swear. Franklin Delano Roosevelt repurposed Al Capone's car for presidential use. There is a difference between criminality and cockiness. At times, a wild and ungoverned people must be

rounded up and routed. Sometimes it takes a shark to hunt a shark, a bear to challenge a bear.

The climax of *Moby Dick* reveals both the marathon and mystery of the presidential office: sometimes it takes a white whale to bring down Ahab's ship. Sometimes it takes a crude and shallow crew to grapple with a deep state—to contend with swarming villains in the deep murky brine. At disaster-prone junctures, there must be divine interventions; idiosyncratic solutions that **snap** stigmas, **twist** arms, and **pop** holes in naive theories. The whale drops jaws and boggles minds; the terror of the tempest must trouble the melting pot into a great gale—a political storm that will produce atypical agents of change and ungoverned animals of great white faculty—uncontrollable beasts of great white audacity—ferocious polar bears, lions, and leviathans summoned from hiding, bursting through the murky shroud of the political sea, breaching violently with wide and loose jowls, rising to the *Kairos* occasion. Maybe the Moby Dick of our day, the infamous white sperm whale, is just what we needed. And perhaps a rapacious and unpredictable great white shark is just an angel in disguise. Maybe Donald Trump and Frederick Douglas were not different in their mission but only their demeanor, separated only by time and temperament. Two great white sharks of gargantuan strength, projecting the power and fury of all the Spartans standing at Thermopylae.

Our civilization—our quest for survival is indeed a relay-race we all must run, whatever our occupation may be. In 1966, Senator Robert F. Kennedy said:

Few will have the greatness to bend history itself,  
but each of us can work to change a small portion

of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation... It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.

America, to be or not to be. Independence or British slavery—Paine. To unite or not to unite. Washington. Lincoln. Stevens. To fight or not to fight. To burn or not to burn. To kill or not to kill—this is the question. Insurrection or intense discussion. And we know that America fought the good fight. Back to the 1856 Republican Convention, Thaddeus Stevens petitioned the Congress with a solemn duty—to end “those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.” But the Civil War is over. The plantations are gone. Sliding swords back into scabbards, the Union marched away in triumph. Time went on. And at every moment in time, modernity is the now. But is the present better? Does slavery have a modern twin, a fraternal sibling, we overlooked? Is there an institution more subtly acceptable? Also, does polygamy have a present-day lookalike operating freely under law? Polygamy? Like multiple wives? Twin relics? Like a fraternal twin, sharing the DNA of former wickedness yet bearing no striking resemblance to our present injustice? Just what sprouted from the stump of slavery? Was Thaddeus Stevens a sage, and was this 1856 phrase “*twin relics*

*of barbarism*” less becoming of a political directive and more likely a prophecy for us to fulfill?

## **Hideous Heart**

A young mother is wrapping up her paperwork at the clinic. She steadily lifts herself onto the table. A bit uncomfortable with the added weight, she sits, she rests; the mother now patiently waits for her deliverance. She waits for what is hers. The door opens, and a man with hardly any expression on his face makes no effort at conversation. No dull attempt at a smile. Not even a “good afternoon.” Not a “How are you feeling? Can I get you a drink? Is this your first one? I like your shirt. You are a pretty girl, how old are you? You came to the right place. You made the right decision.” Nothing. And the patient does her best to hide her excruciating mental trepidation in the void of knowing. Scared, she asks nothing. Are there side effects? Will I see anything? Is it too late to end the appointment? From the first visit to this very moment, it all comes rushing back:

“No miss, nobody will know about your medical procedure today; this is your right of medical confidentiality.”

“Will the father find out?”

“Not unless you tell him.”

“Will it feel any pain?”

“We do our best to complete the procedure fairly quick...just relax...yes...just relax a moment and we will wrap up shortly.”



She blankly stares upward at the array of ceiling tiles, waiting for the moment—the moment of her deliverance. This is hers. For what seemed like an hour passed in seconds. The cold instruments are inserted into the birth canal just above the sacrum. The human sacrum bone at the very base of the spine is the last bone; and this is the last month, and the race is almost over—and this sacrum is the finish line for the baby. The word “sacrum” derives from the word “sacred.” Because this act is sacred; the life of the mother—this is for her, and the decision is hers alone to make. Healthcare—it is her right, and this special moment—it is her sacred right, not yours. And it is your sacred duty to pay for it and remain silent.

The sharpened steel instruments stir millions of unsuspecting nerve endings... and naturally, the belly is agitated. **Snap. Twist. Pop.** The thing is clearly *kicking*. The cells are purposefully *pushing*. The arms are *flailing*, and a head is *spinning*. This unhandy devil within me...*is hurting*. This hideous heart within me...*is beating*. This mass is travailing and...somehow, this goddamn monster inside me is prevailing. This clump of cells is trying to live. By week twelve, it had a heart and a brain—and by now—the courage to kick back. But worry not, dear mother—this is natural. This is normal. This is women’s rights. Cut. Cut...*cut*. She feels it jumping. *Did it just whimper?* Cut. Cut. The womb is hemorrhaging, and the life is slipping away. Officials cut deals and the crowd claps. The doctor cuts again, and the people applaud louder. **Snap. Twist. Pop.** We’re almost there—we’re approaching the finish line. We’re cutting the red ribbon of healthcare. The protestors outside are breaking doors, and the groundbreaking ceremony is underway...*and we march down the Yellow Brick Road.*

## A New Abolition

In America today, plantation slavery is illegal and polygamy is rare. Barbarisms of bygones. Lincoln called the violent abolitionists the “unhandiest devils in the world,” describing those who would *kill and injure* the supporters of slavery as “utterly lawless.” But are bygones truly bygones? Ending slavery, but standing firm on abortion or the regulation thereof—a credible political position? There is a growing list of activist groups that have hijacked the public eye. Dividing parties into factions and people into categories, they hide behind the curtain. Whether burning down cities, defacing public property, or advocating for pure communism—they embody the words of Lincoln: *unhandy and bitterly hostile*. What a world, what a world! Just a century-and-a-half ago, the president was labeling vigilante hoodlums with clear terminology. They come in many flavors, from different angles; branded with many symbols and mottos, they are ubiquitous. Tree-huggers. Animal-lovers. What about pro-life murder regulators? They are all the same. The “better world” groups are all in bed with the plantation of today.

A new abolition movement has begun. Overcoming the historical “twin relics,” polygamy and slavery, they face an uglier duo. We pulled those weeds and another two grew back. We shot and buried those two coyotes, but they resurrected meaner. We hunted down and harpooned that whale of oppression, but another leviathan has resurfaced...monstrous...bold...brazen. Moving across time, the twins have permuted in form but not substance. Slavery and polygamy transformed—the twins of barbarism are here again, and they go by the deceptive titles of *abortion* and *alternative lifestyle*, namely *healthcare* and *sexual identification*.

“Healthcare” or “sexual identification”: convenient rationales used to justify infanticide or body mutilation. And so there you have Lincoln’s *unhandy devils*. As slavery was practiced legally under the law—how *utterly lawless* is the abortion industry—which takes profits resulting from carefree lifestyles and broken relationships. Frequent sexual fulfillment, even if consensual, is not healthy or fulfilling—it leads to HIV, AIDS, and broken hearts. This is not “rights” but pure relativism; and relativism simply means “whatever you want.” Therefore, *sexual relativism* ranges from homosexuality to heterosexual serial dating and all the way to gender confusion. But now our steady non-observance of these evils has produced something much worse; *now behold the behemoth—the larger atrocity that has risen globally and is represented by these relics attaching to themselves and feeding off one another.*

For a long time, the idea of slavery seemed to me a relic of a bygone era centuries before my time. I never could have imagined that there are more slaves today that were seized from Africa in four centuries of the transatlantic slave trade...twenty-seven million people live in slavery today—more than any other time in history.... (Counter Culture, David Platt 2015)

Thaddeus Steven’s “twin relics of barbarism,” slavery and polygamy, have returned with a vengeance—intertwined into a foulness that is not new to humanity but commonplace. The numbers are inconceivable and unbelievable when considered it is happening globally—and in the USA. The above excerpt is describing the pandemic of sexual slavery worldwide. Women

and minor children, pimped, raped, and abused across the world by the new slave master-system. Whoremonger, human-traffickers (owning and selling their vast array), all providing services to an ever-growing clientele. And these “devils” make the nineteenth century plantation owners look like angels. Would not some racists of the Deep South find abortion repulsive? It is one thing to rape or impregnate your own property under law (plantation era) but quite another to exterminate the offspring on command (modern era). But if we could go back in time, what would the human heart be capable of?

## **Merged Evils**

In the antebellum years, owners who impregnated their slave women often lost them to the slave trade (law) or smuggled the mulatto child on the Underground Railroad. But imagine if we merged the evils of the 1800s with abortion and trafficking today? How debased and far-flung could the narrative expand? Males toiling away on a plantation while their many daughters are pimped out to numerous violent, disease-ridden creeps. What if the house help consisted not only of bakers, launderers, and seamstresses but sexual objects to be rented or offered to traders who are shopping for an Uncle Tom? The business model would seek to balance cash revenues against crop projections. Meaning, male slaves would continue to be born, raised, and allocated. The premium specimens—bulky and dexterous males, capable of working and breeding, would be sold at market if the fields did not demand their immediate attention or if prices were high. Males would only be born to undesirable women—middle-aged, misshapen, or downright ugly females would bear the male oxen to further the organization.

Beautiful women, robust and desirable, would provide a steady cash revenue in the sex trade. Vagabonds, slave traders, or business associates would patronize the adjoining brothel. But if these workers happened to get pregnant on the job, a decision would have to be made: if the plantation was flush with males, then birthing would not be a priority—the lucrative prostitution would commence until customers complained of the enlarged belly. Premium whores were so financially advantageous that risking them to a vaginal delivery was out of the question. Even if the child was the spitting image of the mother, they'd have to abort. The staff doctor would remove the pesky fetus and get her back to work. Sometimes the fetus would be fed to the hogs in order to extinguish any thoughts of freedom and cauterize her fraternal instincts. Hogs will eat anything. Such would be the protocol for handling unnecessary pregnancies—unsanitary, horrifying cellar abortions performed on frail bodies so the clientele can return for more pleasure. Unless, of course, business demands they bring a fetus to full term at intervals when the business needs male muscle. That was the trick—knowing when to bring a slave woman to full-term—the balancing act of meeting agricultural demands while not losing cash income from the brothel. One thing is certain: you can never have enough whores—they don't eat much, they don't risk insurrection, and they can always give birth later if you liquidated too many males.

Speaking of birthing, children will be born under two conditions—either it is a male marked on day one to plow and harvest (until sold off), or a female awaiting that awkward season when the master takes critical looks at the flowering adolescent to determine if she should begin her career. Pretty

women were never allowed to have children unless their sufferings lowered the plantation morale—you can't have one premium prostitute souring the spirit of the enterprise. So, physically and emotionally demolished rental girls who lose their will to breathe would be granted nine months of repose to begat more human capital. Let her rest up for nine months and see what pops out. Grant her some medical leave. Consider it an 1800's gender reveal party—invite friends and family from the neighboring plantations. The tension will be joyous! What are we getting? A brothel queen or a farm brute? If it's a boy, and you don't need any muscle on the farm, sell it off—mom will suddenly find her will to live again, knowing she has a son out there somewhere. She will keep producing for the brothel. Even if you need more male workers, you can't keep a son on staff locally, because he will eventually try to rescue his mother from her distressing arrangement. You feed him like a horse and sell him by twelve. But, if it's a girl, as beautiful as her—then she stays at the brothel to be trained up by mom. Remember, Abortion is not evil but simply an operating cost, performed on your most gorgeous and productive "sex workers". Now, the most fortunate people in this hybrid-model would be the plain-looking, healthy women. Truly, the most envied slave women in the South were ugly, masculine, and obedient house slaves—you would never breed them for pleasure or profits, and they would gladly cling to full-time respectable occupations—caring for children, cooking, accounting, and the many duties around the farm. In fact, it was quite providential to be a frumpy and educated women—you could expand your horizons from everything to mending socks, churning butter, and when the occasion arose—the nurse (you can never have enough of those nurses). The

slave men loved them too; knowing the brothel workers were off limits, they would sneak opportunities to engage the house staff in erotic encounters—now pregnant, they could still work until maternity bogged them down to less strenuous tasks. I imagine there would be books written on how to perfect this business model. The owners and their consultants would never give up on discovering new and innovative ways to boost morale and increase the revenue of sexual and agricultural outputs. What a brave new progressive world these angels are heralding in for us.

We must reflect now ourselves—was I born a boy, willing to work with my hands and be somebody? Or am I a slave to corporate plantations? Am I girl? Am I prostituting myself out to a big medical plantation (aka hospital)? Get in the kitchen or laundry room and be somebody. Swing a hammer. Change a diaper. Clean a toilet. Fold a towel. **Snap** flooring into place. **Twist** thread into clothes. **Pop** out some children.

This plantation-brothel fiction—is it hyperbole? Is this a long-shot? Maybe this is not far off if we don't act now. Polygamy, the practice of marrying multiple women—we trumped it with rampant promiscuity and human trafficking. Why is prostitution gaining legal momentum? Because unattached sex is the cultural norm. Why not charge for something you sometimes just do for fun? And this is what teens are doing in high schools this very hour—selling pics and sexual favors. America's reputation as a people who engage in multiple sexual relationships is unarguably a modern equivalent of polygamy but worse: instead of providing for three wives (former day), we prey on handfuls (today). Instead of winning over one female to pursue the blessings of marriage, we play the field—we play with the emotions of

multiple future wives (someone else will eventually honor them) for sexual gratification. Convenience and comfort are the unofficial creed of the lawless, conniving, and selfish supporters of the twins of barbarism, *abortion and sexual relativism*.

Fathers purchasing pre-pubescent girls younger than their own daughters? Young people serial screwing for years before finally risking marriage? Mothers killing their own babies? Worse than slavery's darkest hour. In contrast to World War II, global abortion amounts to eight or more holocausts every year. Human trafficking, specifically the sex trade, is the fastest-growing criminal enterprise worldwide. Accept it. Gather yourself. Thaddeus Steven's voice speaks today. *It is the duty of congress now, to abolish nationwide, these twins of greater barbarism*. Crushing these relics is the cause—the new abolition, and only by overturning this evil can a reconstruction commence. All economic roadmaps and special interests must take a backseat now. To screw or not to screw. To pimp or not to pimp. To kill or not to kill—this is the question. Healthy delivery or death. Adoption or dismemberment. Wife or whore? If this does not divide us, we are unworthy of the whirlwind to come.

When John Brown asked Frederick Douglas to do some good clean killing, he had just cause: the reckless assault on Harper's ferry was a *planned retribution on the morally guilty—those who profited and protected the legality of slavery*. The Harper's Ferry assault was not an attack on parents or their children but was meant to arm and embolden blacks—not abort them. Some founding fathers enjoyed their dark-skinned women, but were they alive today, to say the least, they *would vehemently repudiate our American idea of healthcare and*



*sexuality—treating the woman like sexual slaves and trashing the inconvenient fetus. No, the men who owned plantations and practiced polygamy were not moral beacons. But would our ancestors divorce so easily? Would men have abandoned their wives and children at present rates? Abortion is the sapling that sprouted from a mere root—slavery, polygamy, sexual relativism, and human trafficking—these might be the four horsemen of the apocalypse. Abortion alone is four criminals deep and over fifty years running. First, a mother decides she will dispose of her baby. Then the state protects her right to destroy it. A doctor, who took the Hippocratic Oath to heal and not harm, agrees to perform the slaying. The father, with no paternal rights or access to his biological child, also pays the taxes that funds the sacrifice.*

## **A Deadlier Douglass**

So, what if? What if Frederick Douglass discovered that Harper's Ferry was an abortion clinic disguised as an arsenal? What if this union-funded cabin for the lowly with signage reading "doctor's office" was also trafficking girls? Where slaves were not chained down and readied for sale but violently invaded for pleasure or ripped out of the wombs to ensure continued patronage of the mother? A cash crop of devastated innocence and dead infants—a national network serving masters and destroying slaves who spread their legs to be raped; who would later spread them again to receive sleek and shining cutting instruments? With zero apprehension, Douglass would have tossed his Christianity and caution to the wind. Saddling up and preparing for war, Douglass would have manifested the fury of Samson the Nazirite warrior. Our icon of civil rights, transforming suddenly into the unrecognizable—a freakish and vagarious

African warlord. And Douglas, along with many unhandy sharks and fitful men at his command, would have joined John Brown's fanatical abolitionists. Galloping along a moonlit Kansas earth and spewing curses that would fall before daybreak, this detachment would have rode like the damned upon the silent and unsuspecting Virginian stronghold; an unplanned emergency measure, not intending to follow decades of legal channels but with righteous intent to waste those bastards—to burn those foul dens (that some call women's healthcare clinics) to the ground.

To draw people away from the truth, the Serpent of Chaos sings a different song: he replaces ancient evil with modern rationalizations. Apophis replaces horrible for the unthinkable. The reptile misconstrues our perception of the American Way and cleverly reverses our course back, not to slavery but to darker ages. We fell that tree of slavery and ground the stump to cork powder. But that sinister and salacious sin sprouted back. Can you see it? Can you hear it? Like the Matrix, you can't just tell someone about abortion; they have to experience it for themselves. But some things should never be learned from experience.

Think back to the prior chapter The Clapping Prophet. "Stomp, stomp, clap." Ignoring Ezekiel's alarm—clap first, stomp second; you Americans prefer to stomp first and clap second. Almost like "act first, think later." Or, "feel first, speak first, and think later." "Have sex first, then nurture the relationship later." Or, "go to war first, and justify it later." The rock ballad analogy is quite appropriately applied with Queen's famous hit track "We will Rock You." The lyrics are antonymic in unpacking this truth—the insidiously insane path America has continued on. We the

People are marching down the Yellow Brick Road, stomping and clapping...stomping and clapping, cutting and clapping, cheering and chiding. *That famous song is prophetic for your time. Like an evil twin of "The Star-Spangled Banner,"* this is the jangling discord Martin Luther King and his successors worked a lifetime to silence.

*Buddy, you're a boy, make a big noise  
Playing in the street, gonna be a big man someday  
you got mud on your face, you big disgrace  
Kicking your can all over the place, singing...(chorus)*

*Buddy, you're a young man, hard man  
Shouting in the street, gonna take on the world someday  
You got blood on your face, you big disgrace  
Waving your banner all over the place...(chorus)*

*Buddy, you're an old man, poor man  
Pleading with your eyes, gonna get you some peace someday  
You got mud on your face, big disgrace  
Somebody better put you back into your place, do it!*

Hanging from the Precipice, we protest. Trapped in the Matrix, we drift along. Reflecting in the mirror—our sorry and seething faces. Alabaster cities ruined by hideous hearts. Streets not filled with patriots but menacing males and loud, lambasting females. The ruckus of the rally. The tumult of the town hall. The electrifying aberration of the recent election. For King and Country, we are waving our flags. For the evil twin, we are flailing our arms and preparing our sermons. Sirens sounding continually, the American Spirit is a ghost of crusades past. Surrounded by red, white, and blue, freedom is dying and the people are glad. We will not compromise; we will not hear you; we will destroy you, we will. I will, I will, I will...rock you.

Many Americans, even thoughtful and kind citizens, have embodied the shouting-in-the-street mentality. We have been

more focused on disgracing each other than improving ourselves. The mud is on our face. The blood is on our hands. We do not have to murder anyone to be guilty. We the People have tolerated it for generations. *The warmongering. The infanticide. The bribery and corruption in our statehouses. The lawlessness and lewdness in our own communities. Americans, once the most responsible, self-denying citizens on earth, are now masters of denial.* We sing our praise at church; we sing our anthem at the game; we sing our song and dance our dance, play our flute and stake our claims. Yet deep within the hidden recesses of our souls, we subconsciously hum a different melody. It's just easier to look outward, not inward. The American people, including the faith communities, are grossly underqualified to "take on the world someday." In their own spiritually broken conditions, the church lacks credibility. Insolvent and corrupt, the officials of state lack any credibility. We the People are raising our banner all over the world, and nothing is changing. Oh, that terrible twin! Oh, that hideous human heart! That dreadful and despicable "I." Each side wants to win for "I, I, I." And not just win but conquer with malice. This ballad is about to break us. The spiritual war is bringing out our worst, and if we do not silence this tune, we will be old men without peace...poor women without hope. Big boys and little women, utterly disgraced, dying a slow death in a society that once was admirable and right; a fallen cradle of civilization once inhabited by the brightest and most compassionate—the American—the salt and light of the earth.

Babies cut to pieces in abortion clinics. Audiences clapping for the near-nude pop star. Good, honorable men and women clapped down in church, clapped down in the street, and even clapped under the blue badge sworn to protect and serve.

According to certain urban vernacular, getting “clapped” is not a good thing; getting clapped, well, means getting shot. How many Americans must die before you wake up from your slumber? Millions of the future generations cut down in abortion clinics; millions of impressionable young minds clapping for a terribly crude and debased community of role models. What is your response? Watching the carnage unfold, hoping you are not next? Maybe you bought a gun? Can the Second Amendment end this war? Well, it rightly stopped a near massacre on December 29, 2019. At West Freeway Church of Christ, two members fell victim to a shotgun ambush during morning services. Standing adjacent to the first two bodies to fall was Jack Wilson, a firearms instructor and former reserve deputy sheriff. In a flash, the training took over—Jack raised a pistol and placed one bullet in the attacker’s head. To quote the Sheriff, *“Today, evil walked boldly among us. But let me remind you: good people raised up and stopped it before it got worse.”*

Will we drown out Ezekiel’s clap with Dorothy’s hypervigilance? Can we cut through the darkness with our ribbon-cutting ceremonies? Must we conquer new ground with our groundbreaking achievements? Religious and political activism? We clap for guest speakers, clap for pastors and politicians, and we clap when we do a good deed or paint the widow’s fence. But....what’s preventing you from getting clapped to death? Sound asleep in your American dream, safe and secure in your enclaves of serenity, the monster of the Matrix *is moving on you now*. Sexual perversion and abortion. The state enables evil. The church hits back. The church does evil. The state is in chaos. One citizen’s trash is another’s treasure—one problem is another’s solution. The American Way?

The insanity engendered by one group, the state, creates tidal waves cancelled out by another—the counter-waves of religious indignation. Good people? They walk away. Content that the leak isn't on their deck; that the riot isn't in their city; that their perceived enemy lives not in their neighborhood—they think the ship isn't going down. They actually think they are not dangling from the Precipice. But some are not so gullible—some are proactive as they scramble to seal off watertight compartments in their immediate vicinities. But they failed to ascertain that the American system is akin to a nuclear submarine—just a minor leak, a slight nuclear contaminate will compromise the entire manifest. In layman's terms: ignore the problem indefinitely, and the monster will find your neighborhood; the evil twin will surely touch your perfect little baby.

## **Groundbreaking**

It is not a mystery that your nation has been suffering a perpetual shaking. The spike in violence is a volcanic eruption above a myriad of hurts spanning the horizon. Murders and suicides performed live. Innocents murdered for a thrill. The guilty absolved from punishment. High treason. But spiritual deprivation is a tough diagnosis to sell to the earners and learners as spiritual brokenness is somewhat intangible. But all have viewed the effects. Spiritual poverty cannot be healed with education, economics, science, or reason. Educated people disagree. So-called smart people routinely blame religion. They blame religious institutions. Shaking violently, We the People are holding on for dear life as the country rocks to and fro like a pendulum swinging across the cavern of our divided understanding.

Families are on life support, and our leaders are full of malarkey. Big money and big groups have offered help. Yes, big timers have mistaken this earthquake for a *groundbreaking opportunity*. Perceiving this as a perfect opportunity for more institutions and community organizing, they slap brick to mortar. In their haste, they only digress. They form committees, organizations, and media outlets—all mobilizing to cure the maladies the “other people” have caused. The “bad people.” The external enemy—*those* misfits are the sole cause of unfairness and hatred. In their passionate monomania, they break ground. They got something big. They got something better. Something groundbreaking. This new earth-shaking idea conceived by the same human minds and plagued by the same evil twin is destined to fail. The groundbreaking ceremony is a very expensive and time-consuming exercise of absolute futility. The state of the union is simple: all that needs replaced is I. You are the problem in America. But you Americans are so vigilant! You keep trying! You keep striving!

Cameras flash, crowds roar, and the serpent just laughs! He pulls the heartstrings and puppet strings, and thus begins again the symphony of credulity. The people gather to hear the pontifications of Pinocchio. Smiling with a shovel in hand, they dig their own graves and pose for a photograph at the grandiose groundbreaking ceremony. The mayor was there. The pastor was there. The president. I am a prophet of old, and I have observed the affairs of nations for some time. Must I remind you of who you are? Must I define the term “groundbreaking?” *The most groundbreaking organization to ever make landfall, to receive a trustworthy authority, was, and is, the great republic—the land of E Pluribus Unum—the constitutional, representative federal-*

*republic of the United States of America.* Scholars of ancient Greece understand that even the height of the Athenian empire never accomplished what we have. Natural resources, simple democracy, and the empowerment of the poor—these were pioneered by the Greeks, including the idea of equal citizenship. Nevertheless, we have squandered much greater things. The participants have become the problem. The people. The ancient Spartans were the first to create an anti-tyranny mode of government under a constitution with built-in checks and balances. But this does not ensure survival, obviously. Our American Constitution and Bill of Rights (a blessing absent before) with all of its brilliant safeguards, are, well...are not foolproof to your depraved minds nor bulletproof to your constant attacks. This meritocracy has no merit if the people are dumb and demerited. The melting pot, despite the exceptionalisms, innovations, and breakthroughs, is not immortal. A constitution cannot survive people like you forever. You are about to kill it. You are murdering everything good and calling it progress. God help you.

Today we attach immense importance to the ideology of our internal politics. The Press and public media in the U.S.A. and Britain pour incessant scorn on any country the political institutions of which differ in any manner from our own idea of democracy. It is, therefore, interesting to note that the life-expectation of a great nation does not appear to be in any way affected by the nature of its institutions.... (John Bagot Glubb, from *Fate of Empires*, 1976)



You see, friends, the nature of your institutions is pure genius, but the quality of your people is poor. Put as plainly as a prophet can muster, you had a great run; you had a fine thing going. Your ancestors built an exceptional vehicle to drive, but you put water in the fuel tank. You are watered down. You are weak. You are cowards. Your nation is now least-affected by the documents and most-persuaded by the unhandy devils within. Your ungoverned sharks. Your absolute human depravity. It doesn't just go away. The evil twin can't be voted out of the human being—Greeks believed that every human was born with capacity for both good and evil. We need good people. Now that is groundbreaking idea.

## **Popular Sovereignty**

It is simply stupefying to hear just how bad things have progressed. It begs the question—how did we get here? Maybe if evil is branded good and good is branded evil, then sufferings will cease? If we cut certain names from the list of communicable diseases, will they fail to infect? Example—is prostitution synonymous with “sex work”? A legal definition, an enthralling advertisement. A play on words. A new name, an edgy label—a powerful and elegant slogan. Historically, the slave trade was similarly sold through clever tactics—packaged and consumed under a different brand—re-categorized under a new name. Slavery, like abortion, was so darn unpopular with some Americans, it had to be promoted more cleverly. In the mid-nineteenth century, we called slavery something more seductive; kind of like the way “Planned Parenthood” rolls off the tongue. We called it “popular sovereignty.” Popular sovereignty was a socio-political philosophy arising pre-Civil War, cultivating the idea that the American territories must decide for themselves if

slavery was wrong—that the individual, the individual territories, reserved a divine right to choose its morality. Like “your territory, your choice.” Popular sovereignty was inaction advertised as action; immorality was disguised as a human right to choose the best morality for yourself. It was liberty with no law. It was society with no common sense. It was nearly the end of the Union.

The term itself was championed by Lewis Cass of Michigan. A military officer, politician, and statesman, Cass served under two presidents, Andrew Jackson and James Buchanan. But popular sovereignty did not end slavery (it wasn’t supposed to). It was an idea. It was based on thought. It was dependent on theory, not outcome. It was not a clear-cut plan or a law; it was words, not will; it lived in minds, not hearts. It was merely a concept, not courage. To please the patriots of the day, it was constructed with patriotic language. “Popular”—invoking the essence of democracy, the rightful will of the majority. And “sovereignty”—a word identical with freedom, invoking affectionate patriotism. And so popular sovereignty was pushed by the Democrats—it was a way to politically address the issue of slavery, without actually doing something—without actually losing something (the plantation economy). And so, this clever concept of abolition would never hit production; popular sovereignty was effectively a campaign promise delayed indefinitely—a popular ploy, a means to an end, a lie to procure an election result. Popular sovereignty was the perfect way to procrastinate forever upon the one issue that left America most vulnerable. Therefore, popular himself, popular the condition, popular the prevailing trend is by definition our most manipulative and loathsome enemy—the most dangerous place

to be. Popular is best friends with the evil twin. Apophis, the Serpent of Chaos, is the original author of all things trendy, tempting, and popular.

Emphatically, popular sovereignty was the gospel truth for those who never intended to act on their moral conscience—it was the philosophy of the pacifist statesman and the theology of the godless priest. It was the slogan of weak people who likely voted for Buchanan, hoping he would be the guy, the messiah, the chosen one, the hero to crack the code and free us from the Matrix—the beautiful Dorothy—the great and powerful Wizard of Oz. Popular sovereignty sounded fantastic, but it was just another apple on the Tree of Knowledge. You know it’s wrong, but instead of bringing a harvest, you’d prefer to dine on the topics. In the election, you’d rather run on it than fight for it. Political backbone is forbidden fruit; you take the question, you take a bite, then hand it off to another to dodge culpability. Though slavery was not invented by Americans, it was prolonged by popular thought and perpetuated by presidential administrations. Slavery was acceptable even to pastors—neutral parties who aren’t that serious about noble things; and unintentionally, slavery was consequently accepted by well-meaning people. Slavery, like abortion or sexual degeneracy, was all kinds of popular—it was a way of life. It was the bedrock of the southern economy. So, leave it alone, please. You can have your idea. You can even have your political party. Your word. The slogan. A mantra. A monster. It is the thought that counts, right? It was Edward Murrow, the broadcast journalist and war correspondent who once said,

*"Our major obligation is not to mistake slogans for solutions."*

It lives and breathes today. Clever slogans assimilated into our consciousness undetected, like an enticing advertisement. Democracy: choice. Sovereignty: choice over one's territory. My body. My choice. My healthcare provider. When murder is equated with a doctor's visit—when the right to kill is labeled "women's rights." When a human growing inside of us is reduced to the word "pre-existing condition." When "life" is a pain in the ass, a pre-existing ball of cells that has awfully interrupted our individual liberty—our fitness goals, our financial goals, our sexual fantasies. When these selfish unborn children intrude on our rightful pursuit of happiness—something is dreadfully wrong; and something wicked this way comes.

Popular sovereignty is alive and well. Abortion is an iceberg-sized epitome of this vile debasement of human rights, and *abortion is the new slavery—the chief and cornerstone issue—the boldfaced lie that we have rebranded and sold to the public*. Old World slavery—we killed it. But it came back to life. It resurrected not as an African man in iron fetters but as a university philosophy. Laws labeled with clever language—bad laws with good sentiments like "Patriot Act," "Affordable Healthcare Act," or "Equality Act." All. Intolerable. All acts of Apophis. Lies believed become bad laws accepted into our current of life. Like the unfathomably popular idea that a plantation owner is sovereign over another family. Like the inconceivable yet culturally fashionable idea that a woman is sovereign over another man's child living in her uterus. The mainstream narrative that America is a breeding ground of institutional racism; that until this republic is an Emerald City utopia, we have no individual responsibility. The popular lie that economics is the capstone cause—that economic growth

(conservative thing) or wage equality (liberal outcry) is the flagship issue—that until every single John or Cameron, Jessie or Jake are all having the same American experience, they are absolved from the most fundamental personal responsibilities. That we have the right to breed without love, commitment, or prejudice...and discard the remains, over and over and over again.

*Snap! I'm horny. I twist on that condom and pop it in now! Oh, baby, the orgasm was the best of times. Raising a child? The worst of times. The twins of barbarism retells the tale of two evils: accepting abortion as healthcare and sexual re-identification as science. This epoch of credulity is as dangerous as the dickens. To be married or not to be—this is the question. I didn't even like the guy, and now his heart is broken; now a heart is beating rather loudly inside of me! Oh, that hideous heart! What will I do with it? Thank God for a heartbeat bill—I can just finagle the ultrasound results, and nobody will ever know!*

Few will individually bend the pages of history. Abolishing abortion and human trafficking. Holy movements. What was once the collaboration of the moral majority is now mortal combat. The people are detached spectators in the modern coliseum—civil rights is a form of entertainment—who will be our supreme champion? Maybe if our gladiator wins the House or Senate, that'll do it. If our emperor (president) wins the election, then we're set. If the parties or people we hate are removed, then we're getting somewhere. It's the other people who are sick. If we only hate and distance ourselves from the messed-up people, then we will live in peace. Then the other extreme: don't tell your

brothers and sisters they have a problem—show them unbridled, all-embracing “love.” Never challenge them. Let the babies die. State politics: wolf guarding the hen house. Church politics: sheep leading sheep. So, where is Douglass today? Lincoln? Where is the turtle? Where is the shark? Where is the great white whale?

We know we need something real and true—something outside of ourselves. We would accept a solution not under the control of our personal evil twin; we would adopt a proposal or solution that will not cower or cooperate with darkness. Still, until we can agree on the problems, how can we disseminate solutions? Earning and learning: will higher wages or better education end abortion and the early pregnancy pandemic? Poverty, theft, homicide. Drugs. Families in turmoil. Gang warfare. Serial civil litigation? A war on guns? Will ending the Second Amendment stop the shooting? *It is quite preposterous when one group’s problem statements are another group’s list of solutions*—when abortion (murdering a baby) becomes the solution to the problem of poverty—that is the progress which plunges a nation over the precipice—stuffing faces with knowledge, filling your pockets with cash and breaking babies’ spines. Breaking every rule in the book. So, you dangle there. **Snap. Twist. Pop.**

Now more than ever I believe your people are hungry for truth. Hungry for the *whirlwind*. Longing for the *thunder that* causes confrontation. Throughout my writings, there is an underlying theme. It will pop up, page by page. The theme? *How you Americans have, and how you Americans will survive, confrontation*. Truth will tear apart and truth will bind together.

Facts are useless metrics and statistics have only mathematical properties—even perfect math can fall spiritually short. Facts are earthly and unloving. But truth is heavenly and affectionate. Truth is either the whole truth (including all the facts) or nothing at all. Everyone everywhere needs the truth. Some hope to satisfy this truth vacuum with education. Some delve headlong into a career path. Others try charity and good deeds. Some even dedicate a season of life to religion; they take seriously a priestly office or join a community organization. But apart from truth, these all fall short, always leaving you hungry. Marriage. Ministry. Career. Sports. Hobbies. They fall short in fulfilling our deepest spiritual needs. Admit it—all your professional, financial, religious, and romantic pursuits have left you in angst and starvation. Hanging. **Snapping. Popping. Twisting.** Changing. *My friend, lean in and listen*—you will soon possess the answers to your deepest, most intimate needs. My name is Ezekiel. I have been recalled to guide you. I truly love you—you can trust me. I will faithfully direct you. I will take you by the hand and lead you off the Yellow Brick Road. Know this early—it will not be popular.

*"There comes a time when one must take a position that is neither safe nor politic nor popular, but he must take it because his conscience tells him it is right." (Martin Luther King Jr.)*

# Twins of Striving

## Ribbon Cutting and Groundbreaking

Let us review the predicament that is before us. America is dangling from the precipice. Everyone thinks they are a good citizen. Everyone is striving to get ahead. But in this striving, we come to the end of the Yellow Brick Road ([see chapter 8: "Twins of Barbarism"](#)), and the twins of striving led us straight there. Earning and learning. They feed off each other. These twins are supported by two groups: the ribbon cutters and the groundbreakers. First, we have the ribbon cutters. They represent the belief that innovation, new ideas, and thriving marketplaces will stop the killing—will end the war; that large conferences, leadership summits, sports, or speaking engagements will end the crisis. And like the ribbon cutters, the groundbreakers think similarly. Groundbreakers try more government and institutions. Thinking that more federal departments are needed, that more educational, religious, or social organizations are the ultimate cure, they raise the money and build their bastions. Even a border wall, as practical as it may be, is an example of the inefficacy of groundbreaking. Apophis the Serpent of Chaos applauds your efforts, and Ezekiel the clapping sage puts his hands together to mock your audacity. The monster pulls the puppet strings of the ribbon cutters in his left hand and bobs the heads of the groundbreakers in his right. Masses attend the political theatre, lending their ears, showing their support, tossing their coin, and casting their votes.

So, we began with the original set of twins—the twins of striving. The twins of striving represent the inadequacies that led



us to the precipice. *Earning* and *learning* lured us in over time to lean in a bit further. Hanging from the tree of temptation are two fruits—money and education. False hope. Today, diplomas are false promises wrapped in shiny ribbons. Universities are mighty structures build on sand. Nevertheless, they cut the ribbons and they pour the foundations. *Ineffective striving. With brevity, you keep throwing money and mortar at ancient problems. Stop it! I am as old as dirt. I have been here before. I have lived the dream, and I have endured the fall. It will fail. It is failing.*

Hearts are breaking. Families are torn apart. Poverty rises with the tension. The crime and confusion become the catalyst for opportunism and power-brokerage. Charlatans are lurking everywhere, planning to seize their moment. Yes, amid shattered lives and dreams, certain aspiring politicians are preparing to leverage you, friend. A new kind of privilege has arisen, and millions of followers are promoting this folly as they cut ribbons and break ground in your own community. They purport to tackle your problems. Cutting ribbons for a new business; breaking ground for a new location. Really, they are looking for victims—they claim to be the people’s champions; instead, they are rapacious wolves, scheming to advance their own fame and fortunes. Those victorious in elections are receiving energetic cheers and applause. The commentators are only expediting the imminent threat—the “takeover,” if you will. They know you are hurting; they use that pain—your divorce, your financial burdens, your physical or medical agony, and they plan to **twist** it to their advantage. Gleeful of your nervous energy, they dispatch their sentinels to detain you and harness your hurt. Your heartbreaks fuel their system. Whether they are manufacturing cars, devices, selling college or fast food—they are the ribbon cutters and the

groundbreakers—they want to plug you into their Matrix. Colleges offer sports scholarships because athletic programs raise more funds than career programs. You let your evil twin usher you into this awfully dangerous situation—that moment you signed. That moment you **snapped**. You **twisted** in your chair, sitting across from your divorce attorney. Firms, expert in cutting deals and splitting assets—they clap. They **pop** a champagne bottle and bounce. Your financial ruin, your health condition, handicap, and even your special abilities are now used against you. The beast is scratching and clawing at your threshold...your church, your school, your statehouse. It crouches there and longs to have more. You are trying so hard at a decent life; striving so fervently forward in your job, so dedicated in your schooling. So insane. You will discover, that you are trading your birthright...for a bowl of soup.

## **Age of Affluence**

*The love of money, the hunger to be famous, and the astronomical influx of educational options—these are the telltale signs of a nation nearing destruction.* This is not speculation but a documented truth spanning centuries of world empires. The twins of striving (introduced in chapter one “The Precipice”), *earning and learning*, are what the author of *Fate of Empires* described as the *Age of Affluence and the Age of Intellect*. One leads to another, and the noble pursuit of higher education is gradually degraded as the sheep without shepherds wander. Society is striving. Unprecedented selfishness. Narcissism. *Age of Affluence:*

There does not appear to be any doubt that money is the agent which causes the decline of this

strong, brave and self-confident people. The decline in courage, enterprise and a sense of duty is, however, gradual. The first direction in which wealth injures the nation is a moral one. Money replaces honour and adventure as the objective of the best young men. Moreover, men do not normally seek to make money for their country or their community, but for themselves. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the Age of Affluence silences the voice of duty. The object of the young and the ambitious is no longer fame, honour or service, but cash.

The age of affluence (*earning* for the wrong reason) marks a time when people strive to be rich. When people are even willing, it seems, to accept money as a replacement gratifier—over and above a respectable job or a position in public service (or the means to that end). In this era, the defense of borders, the rule of law, or the importance of farming and agriculture are somehow antiquated or behind us. Culture will silence, censor, or ostracize anyone stuck in the prior ages. The remnant who hold onto the truth of ages past are considered “old” or “uneducated”; over time, youth refer to them as old-fashioned or bigoted. Honor and integrity take a backseat to the new king—cash. Continued:

Money being in better supply than courage, subsidies instead of weapons are employed to buy off enemies. To justify this departure from ancient tradition, the human mind easily devises its own justification. Military readiness, or aggressiveness,

is denounced as primitive and immoral. Civilised peoples are too proud to fight. The conquest of one nation by another is declared to be immoral. Empires are wicked. This intellectual device enables us to suppress our feeling of inferiority, when we read of the heroism of our ancestors, and then ruefully contemplate our position today. 'It is not that we are afraid to fight,' we say, 'but we should consider it immoral.' This even enables us to assume an attitude of moral superiority.

Many are embarrassed to be American. Simple expressions of national pride are viewed as indecent or cruel. Deep-seeded personal insecurity leaves no room for the prior ages when our ancestors showed us what fine character looks like. The nation's history is ravaged and revised; *colonization and commerce is reinterpreted as savagery and greed*. Eventually, any form of patriotism is immoral. The Second Amendment and the armed forces? Immoral. George Washington was only a slave owner. The man on the twenty-dollar bill (Andrew Jackson) was only an Indian killer. The nickel (Jefferson) and the hundred-dollar bill (Franklin) denote white privilege. In this age, money is the God, but the Founders on the faces of the bills are all devils. Armed with information and money, popular culture will renounce their own nation's right to exist and poison the institutions that made them extraordinary. Common sense is out. Cowardice and cash are in. Popular culture thrusts us to the edge of oblivion as we push the blue pills onto our student bodies. The nation is edging closer to the precipice, intoxicated with this self-righteousness. But cash never satisfies for long. It gets worse.

Money leads to mind games as we move one foot off the precipice. This is the *Age of Intellect*:

... The great wealth of the nation is no longer needed to supply the mere necessities, or even the luxuries of life. Ample funds are available also for the pursuit of knowledge. The merchant princes of the Age of Commerce seek fame and praise, not only by endowing works of art or patronising music and literature. They also found and endow colleges and universities. It is remarkable with what regularity this phase follows on that of wealth, in empire after empire, divided by many centuries...In our own lifetime, we have witnessed the same phenomenon in the U.S.A. and Britain. When these nations were at the height of their glory, Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Cambridge seemed to meet their needs. Now almost every city has its university.

Thousands of cities, millions of people, scurrying and scampering through and around thousands upon thousands of colleges and universities. Not only is America saturated with education, but now you can buy a degree on the internet. Now you can save the world while you social distance yourself from the old-fashioned drudgery of a lecture hall. Hoping that goods and services appear out of thin air or believing that national security was merely a season in history, we march on with self-destructive insanity—we go back to school for another dose of information.

The ambition of the young, once engaged in the pursuit of adventure and military glory, and then

in the desire for the accumulation of wealth, now turns to the acquisition of academic honours.

## **Age of Intellect**

Irreverence for the solidier and a fear of being caught in the service industry or the middle class are key indicators. In the Age of Affluence, self-righteousness and cash were king; but imagine the condition worsening. Next comes the age of intellect. This era gives rebirth to racism and legitimacy to a new class of privilege. A new imperial race emerges, and they are not marked by heritage, color, or ethnicity. They can be recognized by their gross ignorance and strong desire to be liked and culturally correct. The age of intellect produces a society that rejects the builders of America and exalts academia. The attitude is such: "Obviously, the Founders forged this evil empire, and now we will redeem it with our compassion and intellectual superiority."

Also, when money and affluence ceases to satisfy (really, the fortitude required to obtain them is no longer taught in school), we press further. When the military life turns us off or the small business feels out of reach, our souls are starving for a new drug. So, we shoot up behind the frontlines; we cower and hide from duty in the library, laboratory, or gymnasium. We flock to school, running away from the tribulations harking our immediate assistance. Clinging to this deceptive notion, that if we are accredited, we are credible; that if we are well-read, we will be respected; that if we pass the bar, we will get a free pass to change the world from a desk. As if the serpent coiling beneath the Tree of Knowledge was intimidated by the fruit thereof. As if you needed eight years of seminary to officiate a wedding or a law degree to advocate for civil rights.

So, **twist** another apple off the tree and grab one for a friend. Pass one to a neighbor. Pass another course. Pass me the ball. And the drug will never cure us. The blue pill is the educational exit strategy for cowards trapped in the Matrix, and the master's degree is the abysmal trophy. The plaques and diplomas are lifted onto the walls of cheap cubicles and mahogany offices—the banners are lifted to the rafters as society spirals downwards. At this point, the rampage to learn, play sports, and soak in the accompanying acclaim is a detestable and diabolical delusion; man's desire to be worshipped is manifested by these prevailing trends—this madness and magnetism towards higher and higher education. *Imagine the misery of this place—when money no longer makes the man—when learning replaces earning; when the appearance of being smart and compassionate is preferable to being prosperous and empirically correct.* What we call the information age is actually the Matrix Morpheus warned us about. The enslaving system of academic honors and the promises thereof. Thomas Paine's words take on new meaning as he rebukes the imperial race of Great Britain ([see chapter 2: "King and Country"](#)):

There is not left a step in the degradation of character to which you can now descend; you have put your foot on the ground floor, and the key of the dungeon is turned upon you.

The dormitories, auditoriums and lecture halls are the dungeons of modern society. Some people learn to benefit their families. Many need a couple years to grasp a trade or learn a skill. But the masses plugged into the educational Matrix attend only to satisfy their parents, their own appetites, or the culture that

pushed them there. These imperial brats are both rich and poor; they are not “accepted” by the admissions office—rather, they are easy targets for bad loans and federal money. They nest and breed in the dormitories. They hate their part-time jobs; their delusions incubate in the spaces of online classrooms, mega-corporations and work-from-home gigs. First, load them with debt and false visions on campus. Then, direct the broke, unskilled laborers into the battery farm of the corporate American Matrix. They perceive college to be an acceptable escape from reality and a place to get high on themselves. Like Morpheus said, it is a prison. You are not guaranteed a great salary or an unbiased transfer of knowledge. *The age of affluence and the age of intellect should scare the school right out of you.* The Wizards of Oz (bureaucrats, university directors, religious superintendents) pushed the launch button of a scholastic-Skyнет. Judgement Day comes when artificial intelligence reigns supreme, and there is nothing more counterfeit or artificial than a snarky, self-worshipping clique of connected people who control your ability to be marketable or successful. The laws, curriculums, and corruption accelerate faster than your honest study can match. But what is the most pathetic object? What is the pinnacle of the precipice, the lowest place one could stoop now? What is colder, darker and lower than the dungeon?

## **Nineteenth Year**

Regardless of your personal reasons, just remember the *number* that had you sitting at home while on a scholarship. Recount the *number* that paralyzed you in fear and kept you scrambling for a mask. Studying alone. Depressed. Anxious. Insatiable and surrendered to a system loaded with regulations and abounding with opinions that would stifle your every move.



Never forget when college was cancelled, free speech was suspended, and common-sense civilians were labeled as terrorists. The pandemic must always be in our hindsight as we reflect on the number nineteen. First, we begin with “666”, the mark of the beast (often considered the devil’s number); but not the standalone figure. We add each of the sixes together to arrive at a sum. The digits are added to arrive at eighteen—the years leading up to the catastrophe—the formative years: 1<sup>st</sup> grade through sixth grade (first six). Continue on—seventh grade to twelfth grade (second six); then, four years in college, plus two additional (third six) for that wonderful Master’s degree. I hope you achieved high marks, because you just obtained the mark of the beast. Yet somehow, you still feel inadequate. Then in the quiet hours of contemplating your real worth, you entertained the evil twin ([see chapter 3: “Evil Twin”](#))—the temptation to go a step further.

I will take some heat for this next statement in suggesting something that will turn your stomach but hopefully alter your course. Consider for just a moment *that maybe the virus was the cure*. Maybe COVID-19 was the vaccine sent from heaven to cure us from our addictions to, and our afflictions from, *knowledge*. It is true. No, the nineteenth year is not 2019, the year before the pandemic. Brace yourself. For this year marks the rejection of the master’s degree and the pursuit of more nothingness. This is the embarking year of the doctorate—the fatal nineteenth—the nineteenth year of your education—the beginning of the end.

Considering that you can perfect the art of lying in law school, the art of poisoning or killing in medical school, or how to manipulate and censor the First Amendment in tech school—

maybe the modern college campus is more than an indoctrination camp. Physicians are legal drug dealers, insurance companies are experts in extortion. Big tech has birthed a reign of terror, and public education is the accomplice—a tablet or laptop in the hands of a minor is now a standard issue weapon in this cultural revolution. Big districts and universities provide safe havens to commit financial, political, and career suicide. Every node in this educational Matrix has demonstrated a propensity to fuel a sociological terrorist cell. What we call “college” in the age of intellect is more aptly described as an insane asylum. Where else can you learn to censor free speech, lie, extort, cheat, and steal and call it *progress*? Glubb’s research drops the anvil of irony here:

There are so many things in human life which are not dreamt of in our popular philosophy. The spread of knowledge seems to be the most beneficial of human activities, and yet every period of decline is characterized by this expansion of intellectual activity.

Learning ourselves to death. It is an inconvenient yet thoroughly documented chronicle. Money and knowledge was never our power in America. Now is the time to retire these *twins of striving, earning and learning*, because in this striving, you are ripe—in this madness you are downcast—you are depressed—low-hanging fruit for the monster. You are undone and vulnerable in the “I” state—the state college or the university. In this selfish pursuit of knowledge, it is all about “I.” It is all about “you.” Now is the time to accept that which you already know—that money and mind games are the fruits of despair. You

journeyed to Oz for a season only to discover that you already had everything you needed. Now is time to answer the call. Like a Terminator, I was sent from the future to save you from yourself. It is not judgement day yet, but the pandemic of postsecondary education has rendered America a machine army of killer robots. Call it Skynet. Call it the Matrix. Call it 1776. Name it what you will, but like Thomas Anderson and Thomas Paine, the twins of tough truth ([see chapter 4: “Twins of Tough Truth”](#)), you better answer the call now. Reimagine that scene from *The Matrix* when a character escapes a crushing wreck in the split-second they answer the call in the telephone booth. That is your mother calling, reminding you to stay out of trouble. That is your father calling, reminding you to do your homework; to not skip out on practice or your job. Answer the call or be crushed by the machine world.

## **Commencement**

Earn. Learn. Educate yourself into action. No longer is the commencement ceremony a sacred ordination but the devil’s beauty pageant—just prideful charades of the *age of intellect*. Each diploma raised is like a middle finger to the patriarch. Each accolade is a double bird to the builders who gave their all so you could open a laptop at eleven-in-the-morning. The giving of speeches and the pitching of the caps is the final object lesson—the ceremony that celebrates the acceptance to the miserable Land of Oz—a society swarming with insecurity and fear; the moment straw people will finally get their diplomas handed to them by the wizardly dean’s and chancellors. The destination—the people’s lifelong belief that formal schooling was necessary and the path was non-negotiable—an industry of costly and constricting guidelines—a certain format, an approved

curriculum; and that *graduation is bigger than life; that getting a degree is like worshipping a God they can finally understand*—education is like a manageable and predictable God—it has a beginning and an end—and graduation is heaven. Finality. The end of learning and the perfect life. Long-forgotten is the blessing—the toilsome journey of self-discovery and personal growth. Left behind are your real friends and your loving family. Forgotten are the guardians who brought you through the devil’s system—through six plus six plus six more years—from high school graduation to the college catastrophe. After commencement, you will take your photos and selfies with your friends. You will smile in your hidden anguish; you will force a smile in your distress. Knowing you are lost, you climb into that obsidian, waxed Suburban, armed with your newfound knowledge. But you will never forget what you never knew. Unexplored and irrelevant now are the fundamentals they deprived you of. The ages of courage and conquest, pioneering, duty, and honor—these were all exchanged for a lie—cashed in for a certificate as valueless as the money that got you in the door. All the money and mind games are as worthless as the praise of people and the degrees of insanity they buy.

## **Come Together**

No longer is graduation a shared joy. No longer is a political victory a national victory but a despicable grudge match—a coliseum-style showdown—a rigged crucifixion. One side walks away injured and the other is ripped to shreds. Soon it will not matter which college or party you belong to. Come together! Adjust fast! Do not be a willing party to the demise of the greatest nation in history. The research is in: of the eleven empires compiled in the essay “Fate of Empires,” they survive an

average of two-hundred-and-thirty-eight years. So, do the math. You haven't forgotten second-grade arithmetic, have you? America was born on July 4, 1776.

You are not any wiser than you began. But you are still an American, and this cause—the Bill of Rights and your American citizenship are instruments worth a million times more than a college degree. Your birthright is your privilege—the rights you inherited in the land you were born. No more selling your birthright to big education. Next time you see a student sit down with a baguette and bowl of soup at the local chain restaurant...realize the chains! See the slavery for what it is! Both the schoolwork and the bowl of soup is the rip off. This person is in prison. They are selling their birthright for a cheap meal they will slave away to buy over and over again. Don't sell yours! Your birthright will carry you farther than anything you could find in those dungeons. This very hour, the admissions office to the school of America is overflowing with applications and desire. The world of wearied souls rushes to the immigration line and waits there for decades. Why? *In hopes to attain the documents that you were born with.* All the while, the proud Imperial brats wait twenty minutes for expensive soup and French bread. Why? In hopes to acquire a job that is already yours! And your citizenship here—this, my dear student—*this is the object of the most stupendous magnitude.* To breathe the sweet air of liberty and to taste a land flowing with milk and honey—this is graduation. *You graduated the moment you were born.* And all the baggage you carried with you to college will not be sorted out or healed in the dungeons, halls, fields, clinics, offices or gymnasiums. Your college experience cannot compare to the American experience—the school of hard knocks, which will forge your

character and stable your foundations. Believe it or not, you are not a vapor lost in a sea of souls. You are a valuable citizen. You are too big to fail. Your dreams are too big to fail. Your small business is too big to fail. Your marriage is too sacred to fall apart. Your children, our children...the preborn children, not education...is the future...and the United States of America, as the Obama administration once said of the auto industry, "is too big to fail."

**"The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth.  
Tis not the affair of a city, a country, a province, or a kingdom, but  
of a continent—of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe.  
Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually  
involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the  
end of time, by the proceedings now.  
Now is the seed time of continental union, faith and honor..."**

**- Thomas Paine, Common Sense**

# American Wedding

I am ancient. From my vantage point, I have studied America from the beginnings. From the earliest days to the frontier; from the expansion west to the Industrial Revolution. So much was accomplished; so much was built. But I see her now, and she is very depressed—the excitement and momentum has transitioned to apathy and stagnation. I watched her grow up like a young girl. Saw him play in the creek as a young boy. Saw him stumble in the mud as an adolescent. I watched girls test the waters of new relationships as boys traversed the borders of commitment and pushed the envelopes of love. She caught butterflies, and she caught flack for being so trusting or being so flighty. He caught frogs and crawdads in the creek and occasionally a passing grade; and he caught a whipping when he disrespected his mother. As she aged, she selflessly worked and labored for the cause; sweeping and cooking; sewing together hearts and cranking out rifles in the war. He grew up and did his best, bringing home the bacon and leaving sin at work. And as America grew, the Spirit slowly withered. It was inevitable—the wedding was wishful thinking, and the marriage has been so wearisome. Expectations were high, and lines were crossed. The Mason-Dixon Line or the Axis of evil—the line between right and wrong. From infancy to adolescence; from hot to cold; from warm to freezing. A cold shoulder; a cold and callous partnership we now share. The entire country caught a cold that progressed into an upper respiratory disease. And the labored breathing intensifies—this couple is like two lungs travelling within one sick body.

When I look upon those spacious skies and amber waves, I weep. I see the alabaster cities are dimmed, and the miles of roads that connect them bring me through the stories and sufferings of small towns and villages. The water towers and wedding chapels cannot contain the tears of our women. The silent railroad crossings—ridged one-track minds; the stern and tall grain silos and cobwebbed barns—strong but empty shells—the stubborn and stoic picture of the men whose spirits died alone in dry and arid places. Rusty and worn-out pickup trucks personify the aging veterans. And the content wife, riding passenger, elbow out, resembles the rust still gladly clinging to his old bones. I cry because you were so beautiful! You must know how gorgeous you once were! You saw yourself in that wedding dress in the mirror. You remember. I see you as a beautiful virgin bride adorned in a brilliant white gown made especially for you! But you have been dragged through the mud. Time has passed, and the relationship has worn you down. You waited too long and you settled—you settled for a common man

. You surrendered to common law and merely exist as an empty shell; a drowning soul, doing laundry, washing dishes. You gave it all—your best hours and attitudes were applied at work, and you tried to make her happy. But you came home night after night, receiving nothing in return. And you are done. You conceded to an abusive lover. Left in the dust one too many times, you simply settled. You settled for a backyard wedding or worse—a cheap eloping. You were once a costly and desirable prize to be won over. Once energetic and hopeful, like the immigrants who lined up to sign the marriage agreement of citizenship, so were you—a superior woman who attracted a multitude of hopeful hearts. Like a stunning bride on her wedding



day, you once trembled in nervous expectation of special moments. The day you would be ceremonially joined with a new country as you pledged the Oath of Allegiance to a strong and prosperous spouse. The preparation—**snapping** up those pearly buttons. The makeup. The entrance. The vows. The kiss. The reception. The first dance, **twisting** beneath the hallowed canopy. The cake. The **cutting** and the **clapping**. The **popping** of champagne corks and the cracking of jokes. Do not despair. I declare, young woman, it is not over. You will be rewarded. You will be redeemed.

And I speak to the older women—do not give up, despite your pain and setbacks. You were once well-established—a firmly rooted tree, nourishing the passing birds and being nourished by the streams of faith. You provided shade and shelter to the children, support and encouragement to your husband. You were once a tall and sturdy pine, but now you are pining in your grief; like a distant and dismal weeping willow, standing alone in a field of cracked earth—you are weeping alone, over the memories of yesteryear. But woman, you are still alive, and woman, I declare—it is not over for you. Chin up, old gal, you will be rewarded. You will be redeemed.

And I speak to the men of America. Like a bridegroom, you were once handsome and youthful, full of purpose and bold in stature. You had big plans and a bigger heart. You wanted to rescue your damsel in distress. But the pressures of life set in. Your armor has rusted, and your love has grown cold. You were once a mighty lion, roaming the jungle of the marketplace, raising your cubs, romancing your wife, and protecting your pride. As the barbeque king and sports commentator, you had

friends and respect. But your appetites got the best of you. And the culture neutered your judgement. Confused and constrained in a modern world, you became weak and domesticated. You gave up the fight. You accepted your prison. And, wrestling with your own pain, you surrendered to the crisis. Overwhelmed, you gave up. In view of your most loyal fans, you simply tapped out. You signed the divorce.

And so, the American dream is akin to the American Wedding. What was once a solemn and sweet, illustrious celebration...was destroyed with infidelity. A sturdy couple who once occupied an opulent home, the elaborate portrayal of the joy set before them, was disregarded and discarded—and a nation, like a marriage, degraded slowly over time. It crept up on you. That which began in righteous lust, jealously and holy matrimony...has ended in heart-shattering despair. When a nation falls, there is a great divorce—an irrecoverable division of hearts and assets. Heritage. Legacy. Lands and love—all put asunder. But you are still young and vibrant. You are still wise and capable and attractive. You are still strong and willing. Most importantly, my friends, you are still Americans. I am Ezekiel, and I resurrect American matrimony, and I call forth the Spirit of reconciliation. The breaches will be repaired. Love and respect, civility and accountability will arise above the wreckage—there will be married couples thriving once again, eating and drinking, working and playing, loving, lusting, and living together as one.

American Woman, there is a man who will receive you. There is a warrior who wants your number. American Man—there is a woman worth the waiting, so be patient. And like two future lovers who crossed paths decades ago, their destiny will arrive

beautiful in its time. The American Wedding is a beginning, a separation from Tyranny and a new covenant—a declaration of dependence on each other. This new beginning is the rebirth of a covenant of old. A marriage, like a nation, must be cherished and protected—whether an old truck or a garden, it must be maintained and watered. At times, it must be contended for with vigilance. When rust appears upon the rocker panels, or when weeds encroach upon the crops—it must be defended and reconditioned with an unconquerable spirit. For to desert your bride is to abandon your country; to betray this oath is to do violence on the one you have sworn to protect. To let another people have her is marital treason. To let a foreigner assume her and govern her is to beat her yourself; and to let another power romance her to the point of invasion is to be guilty of rape.

The American Spirit is patient. The American Spirit is kind. The American Sprit is not envious of others—it does not steal another's spouse. The American Spirit is not proud or pretentious. Forgiving one's neighbor, forgiving one's spouse, the American Spirit remains in a posture of forgiveness and humility. The American Spirit hosts and officiates the American wedding; strives and struggles to keep the wedding vows. No matter what, even in the long game, when we fail to maintain our love, we will not fail to maintain our faithfulness. The American Spirit is as strong and stubborn as the American couple, and this pair will not accept divorce—the union was a great gamble that was worth the risk. Like a pair of aces that have struggled to overcome a full house, you will play your hand out. The American marriage is the maxim of the Spirit, and the love you share is the substance of the American Way—it always protects, always trusts, always hopes, and forever perseveres.

# Founding Father Issues

We all have father issues. Meaning, we all have unanswered questions about our roots. What happened to mom? What happened to junior? Sister? A divorce can last years, and it can take a lifetime to sort out a family saga. But what about the American saga? What happened yesterday or how we feel today has warped our learning process. What happened last week or over the last few years has resurrected an utterly incomplete narrative. The founding of the New World—such a multilayered epoch; centuries of global interactions across nations and groups. It cannot be understood in a day or a month or even a year—yet, this long history has been convoluted, and rewritten through oral tradition by the angry and hurting of society. Oral tradition: “Fuck the Police” is a common sentiment of the angry and misguided black men. Oral tradition: “Blacks are lazy and criminal” is the obvious truth for many ignorant non-blacks. The pistol—a symbol of power? Or, a false feeling of manhood for unfathered young men? The Confederate flag—is this the security blanket of the insecure and spiritually lacking? Both the lawbreaker and the prejudiced person reflect the deeply-seeded insecurities of confused and cowardly individuals—people terrified to look in the mirror, horrified in discovering how messed up they are. “Hurt people hurt people”, and that is why culture rewrites history. So, why are some seething over what a minority of the Founding Fathers supported, than what their own fathers failed to support? Why are we indicting men dead for centuries for supporting slavery when our own fathers ran off from mom or their duty to pay child support? Why do women settle for child support? Why are men

constrained by custody laws that strip them of their God-given rights? Or abortion laws that murder their own children before they can look into the mirror and flex next to daddy? Why do we have Founding Father issues when most American fathers today have thrown the towel?

Yes, we are a discombobulated populace of emotions riding on false hope. We are many tribes searching out our roots, desperate for answers and longing for a place of fulfillment. Most Americans today are disconnected and disrespectful; so disenfranchised, they reach out to strike their neighbor to make a connection or retreat back into their emotions if feeling disrespected. Simply put—Americans have failed to know themselves. The ancient aphorism again: *know thyself*. Knowing who we are is the beginning of hope. In a crisis, history and self-reflection are not popular; deflection and blame are the prevailing trends. Misguided emotions are the always the weapons of the losers, and the Confederate flag is a modern banner for many who hated themselves first. The turmoil we are experiencing is less a result of oppression and more the product of under education, personal family grief, and a society swarming with heartbreak and divorce. The broken American family is the undeclared pandemic, and blame is more contagious than historical truth. Before the last election or police tragedy, we were already a hot mess—the melting pot of failed marriages was clearly a boiling cauldron before the shutdowns and quarantines. The pandemic offered us the catalyst, sealing a cap on this pressure cooker of an already decadent society—jobs lost, schools cancelled, sports ended, state and federal gridlock—that is enough to stress anyone out; and now, this pressure cooker has erupted like a volcano to bring about our healing.

Friends, we were designed to be different, but we have let the disasters arising from our differences divide us on a cataclysmic level; we take more pride in our personal identity than our shared heritage. Each member of this country was given a noble purpose—all citizens are equal in value but not identical in role or responsibility. The evils of centuries past are incomparable to the troubles today. It's time to stop marching down the Yellow Brick Road and accept who we are. To know who we are. To know ourselves. Frederick Douglass. Thomas Paine. Thaddeus Stevens. Washington and Lincoln. Jefferson. Just people. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Harriet Tubman. Sojourner Truth. Crispus Attucks. They were not kings and queens but servants. I have watched this nation from day one, very intimately and very carefully.

Know this now: You the People have been served the American dream on a silver platter, and everything you know and everything you love were provided by a suffering servant. Thankless labor is the original American currency, and each penny of welfare or medical assistance has its origin in another's past life. For instance, both the mighty and the meek worked to fight off the British destroyers. Both the wealthy slave owners and the impoverished commoners helped to fund the War for Independence. Certainly, each cent consumed in society today can be traced back to an original spade, the tool of a peasant farmer, or a plantation slave whose sweat equity is still reaping dividends today. It sounds crazy, but it is demonstrably true. Everything you cherish is riding on your recognition of this truth, and everything we admonish and adore is balancing on the shoulders of giants you never looked up to. Every man wants to bear the sword—to cut through their enemy lines, or cut taxes

and spending. The truth is this—no man is an island. Men are not swords—they are puzzle pieces. Pieces of a national puzzle that will be shifted into place if they learn to cooperate with their diving calling. Know thyself.

Though some dreams arrived on gold platters, you are all living exponentially better than the rest of humankind. You are each rightful heirs of the American dream whether you feel it or not and whether you have fully experienced it or not. So, it is about time this nation got over the Founding Father issues. Study the history. Perceive the bigger picture. Piece together the puzzle. Know the stories and events of your heritage—because boy, you aren't half the man they were on the worst days; and girl—you aren't half the wives and mothers they became. It is time this nation manned up. Get over your Founding Father issues and also learn about former ladies of tremendous impact. Get over your mommy drama and respect these mighty men of renown. I'm sorry, did your name fall off the list for subsidized housing? Well, Dorothy Bradford fell off the Mayflower into the frigid Atlantic. And almost half her tribe (45 of 102 passengers) froze to death the first winter they made landfall. Well accustomed to misery, some undocumented Puritan found a spade. This nearly dead colonizer (as some call them) put their head down and started digging, kept on sweating drops of ice in that deadly storm, digging their own graves; digging deeper so someone they never met could go further; so some entitled brat could one day have a mortgage, recreational vehicles, and electronic toys.

Why have we witnessed the toppling of statues and the desecration of memorials? Rioting and looting; hatred and

savage acts in broad daylight—violent factions bursting forth through the pages of our sacred constitution like a football team sprints through a paper banner. Was it a pandemic? Lockdowns and restrictions on our way of life? Financial struggles? Was George Floyd’s death a catalyst for this carnage, or did the latest police shooting unbandage an older wound? Can all these contributors reduce to one simple truth?

Many refugees attempted desperate and harrowing escapes to the New World, and many Americans descend from the original settlers who fled from governments that systematically slaughtered their people. Question: would you rather be a Puritan in the seventeenth century England or a black American in the 1960s? When we are angry, we are not patient; and when we are impatient, we do not look inward—we do not look backwards—we do not read. The hurting and ostracized of America haven’t comprehended their own history or conquered their own demons—how can they begin to make sense of problems centuries past? Fixing the world before fixing oneself is the epitome of false hope, and most people’s studies are brief and prejudice—utterly incomplete versions of “what happened to me” or “what happened ages ago to people who look like me.” That is not study but selfishness; not objective history or honest reflection. It goes back to the “I” mentality ([see chapter 5: “The Origin of I”](#)). *“I have become the most important. I have history. I have heritage. I have rights. I will rock you.* It goes back to the purity of the people not the nature of the institutions—not the brilliance of our founding documents but the decay of our collective soul. Many generations of hardworking and high-minded men and women came out of the Old World—came out of the oppressive monarchies; they went through hell to build



this world for us—a new world on new promises—on a sure foundation of unalienable rights and unlimited potential. Words cannot stress enough how this was one treacherous journey us modern folks never had to endure. Still, someone pushed over the statue of a Founding Father; a hero in their own context, of who's most painless and trouble-free day on this soil would constitute this vandal's worst affliction. The best day for a 17<sup>th</sup> century oppressor might constitute our own worst nightmare.

Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of Great-Britain, left their native land, to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, by unceasing labour, and an unconquerable spirit, they effected settlements in the distant and unhospitable wilds of America, then filled with numerous and warlike barbarians. (*Declaration of the Causes and Necessity of Taking Up Arms*, 1775)

## **Motherland**

It is paramount that we shift away from this false narrative surrounding the Founding Fathers. We must focus our careful attention to the forgotten truth—***The Founding Mother***. If you remember back from chapter “King and Country,” this character was quite the bitch. This is the central theme of our history—how America was oppressed and mistreated by the motherland for years. Thomas Paine was like a social worker in this sense, and witnessing the abusive relationship firsthand, he helped us to take protective custody...of ourselves. The American

Revolution was akin to a dramatic custody battle—a contest to prove who could govern, provide, and defend for the new child most effectively. Pre-revolution, we suffered a national tug of war: joint custody with Britain. Titled the mother country, she only inflicted abuse characteristic of an evil stepmother. Sure, dad was distant and unattached—fathering us from afar, he got the credit and glory for what came out of the motherland. Sitting on the throne doing nothing, the king got the glory without the sacrifice. King George was a classic man on the throne, but it was the mother country, that evil stepmother, that ruined our lives. She made the rules of the house—she represents what was the British Parliament. She ruled the finances and directed all local and foreign affairs. Chore after chore, law after law—she would not relent. We would jump through one hoop only to be presented another. No matter how obedient or respectful we were, she was never happy. The evil stepmother, the *motherland*, was simply *intolerable*.

The children, representing the American colonies, petitioned their father to address the grievances she imposed. But he would not listen. His position as monarch was all too familiar. Like a dysfunctional marriage, this king-parliament union was a generational system they clung to. He let her abuse them. Through the bonds of culture and heritage, the man—the monarch unquestionably supported the motherland. Like a cowardly father, he dared not disturb her happiness—the system she put in place. So, naturally, the sons of the republic rebelled and removed themselves from the broken family. And yes, some of them carried on her attributes into a new relationship (America). After the divorce, the colonies brought much personal baggage out of the motherland into the new country. Slavery.

Monopoly. Aristocracy. But the first step in creating the America we know, was getting away from the abusive jurisdiction of the motherland. Our not so distant ancestors cemented the foundations of human progress when they emancipated themselves away from a false sense of security. Becoming bastard runaways to an evil stepmother, they became rightful heirs and co-rulers of a national identity so unique and transcendently unequalled in human history.

The motherland did not appreciate our decision. She still acted as if we owed her something. The motherland thought, and spurred us into thinking that we needed her. She tried to snatch her little ones back, and when she lost her grip, she moved to destroy them. Nevertheless, we proved our worth outside her jurisdiction—we *declared independence and backed it up*. At the expense of our blood and at the hazard of our fortunes, we took full custody from 1776 and beyond. We proved we could govern, provide, and defend the new nation. Like a single dad with an unconquerable love for his children, we took full custody. By 1783, we curtailed the crown of Britain, and by 1865, we crushed the fetters of slavery. In fact, slavery was abolished in the north by 1803, demonstrating that it was only a national sin for two decades. And if you count back from 1861 (when the Civil War began), we can only attribute seventy-eight total years. But we hung our hat on this. We got comfortable. Over time, we gradually digressed. While we did not bring back the slave plantation, we sort of missed the ones who did. We missed the splendor of Europe, so in a way, we brought back the thinking of their world. Over generations, America's opulence led to a dangerous slow-dripping of ignorance. Over time, we sort of missed that evil stepmother and nestled up to her cold and empty

bosom. We sucked up to the corporate kings and secured our nest eggs at many costs. We planned a trip to London, Paris, or Germany. Is there still racism in America? Of course. But I assure you, there is a much bigger problem to address now.

*"Everyone is a prisoner of his own experiences. No one can eliminate prejudices—just recognize them."*

*"A great many people think they are thinking when they are really rearranging their prejudices."*

*– Edward Murrow*

# The Crown Virus

So, what is the crown virus? The answer is hidden in plain sight—in the etymology of the word itself. First recorded in the mid-sixteenth century, “corona” derives from the Latin word meaning “a crown, a garland.” Also, Corona is an Italian surname meaning “*top of the head*” or “*crown*.” Garland? Maybe like Judy Garland, the lead actress in *Wizard of Oz*? Dorothy—did she have the corona virus? You see, the corona is not something you get like a heart, or a brain or courage. The corona is not a germ you contract but an idea—a bad idea you embrace. The crown virus is actually an institution; rather, an inadvertent reinstitution of something; a thing we once pledged our lives to tirelessly expel. For years now, a steady reintroduction has been recoding our American consciousness. Now, before it is too late, our ideological immune system must reject, not reinstitute, this virus of fear, self-worship, and unquestioning capitulation.

“Hear ye, hear ye!” by order of the major, the commissioner, the governor, the president. “Hear ye, hear ye!” all thy faithful subjects! Report for duty! Report your medical status—present your cards, punch your clock, and perform your humblest occupations. Health bureaucracies—they exist to help us. From the wonderful Land of Oz the righteous judgements of leadership are posted for all to see; the mask mandate, the edicts of new hours, the royal penalties of law, and the sovereign health suggestions for all the kingdom. Sickness is real, but this real-life phenomenon, aka the “crown virus,” has infected our sacred institutions. Before the *Declaration of Independence* of 1776, we endured the fatal nineteenth mentioned earlier—the military strikes and subversion of peoples in Concord and

Lexington. The following June 6, 1775, the Second Continental Congress drafted and adopted a resolution that presented their case for self-defense. It was titled, *The Declaration of the Causes and Necessity for Taking Up Arms*. The following will provide direct, italicized excerpts from this resolution. You will discover that our history not only rhymes, but repeats with mysterious accuracy the events of 2020 and beyond.

## **Causes and Necessities**

The entire fiasco began with a substantial exposure to sickness and death; but incomparable was the overwhelming spirit of confusion that trumped all reason. In 1775, the crisis began with the “fatal ninetieth,” which in our day began with COVID-19—the catalyst event. *“From that fatal moment, the affairs of the British empire began to fall into confusion.”*

The crown declared a quarantine: *“The inhabitants of Boston being confined within that town by the general their governor.”*

The crown shut down our businesses: *“...the commercial intercourse of whole colonies, with foreign countries, and with each other, was cut off by an act of parliament; by another several of them were intirely prohibited from the fisheries in the seas near their coasts, on which they always depended for their sustenance;”*

The crown abused our senior citizens and prohibited families from visiting the afflicted: *“By this perfidy wives are separated from their husbands, children from their parents, the aged and the sick from their relations and friends, who wish to*

*attend and comfort them; and those who have been used to live in plenty and even elegance, are reduced to deplorable distress."*

Cities were closing; states were now competing with each other to survive: *"Parliament adopted an insidious manoeuvre calculated to divide us...where colony should bid against colony..."* And we lived in a state of fear, almost as hostages held for ransom, never knowing what health benchmark would free us or what hoops we'd have to jump through next. Nothing seemed to satisfy the decision-makers as everyone was *"uninformed what ransom would redeem their lives; and thus to extort from us, at the point of bayonet* (the health-bureaucracy bayonet, which could cut our permits and licenses to do business), *the unknown sums that should be sufficient to gratify, if possible to gratify..."* (Compliance was impossible. From all directions came an insatiable list of expensive and silly requirements).

Schools and local governments were abusing our children with fear and unintended intimidation. No matter how reasonable, qualified, or passionate our testimony was—it did not move them to relieve us of the pressure. The sharpest and most respected members of Congress couldn't get a straight answer from the health tsars. Likewise, the parents couldn't get the teachers to talk to them, the principals to stand up for them, or the administrators to reconsider or even rethink their action plans. *"Fruitless were all the entreaties, arguments, and eloquence of an illustrious band of the most distinguished peers, and commoners, who nobly and strenuously asserted the justice of our cause, to stay, or even to mitigate the heedless fury with which these accumulated and unexampled outrages were hurried on."*

Confusion and sickness led to widespread civil unrest and misinformation wars. The decision makers demonized those who told their truth or undermined the kings: *"...venting the grossest falsehoods and calumnies against the good people of these colonies, proceeds to 'declare them all, either by name or description, to be rebels and traitors...'"*

The crown rises on a manufactured resurgence of racism as both ethnicity and anger are weaponized to divide Americans: *"...instigating the people of that province and the Indians to fall upon us; and we have but too much reason to apprehend, that schemes have been formed to excite domestic enemies against us."*

To keep us quiet, the crown passes stimulus packages and prints money without our vote: *"They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent."*

The crown oversteps its traditional authority: *"...statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty and vice-admiralty beyond their ancient limits."*

The crown perverts American justice: *"...for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury, in cases affecting both life and property;"*

The crown attacks lawmakers they disagree with: *"...for suspending the legislature of one of the colonies;"*

The crown shuts down the people's economy while enriching their friends and relatives in high places: *"...for interdicting all commerce to the capital of another;"* Such abuse of economic policy was described as *"easy emoluments of statuteable plunder."*



The crown acts in contempt towards existing and local government: *"...and for altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature solemnly confirmed by the crown;"*

The crown pardons murderers: *"...for exempting the 'murderers' of colonists from legal trial, and in effect, from punishment;"*

The crown over prosecutes good Americans for petty crimes, detaining them unnecessarily in uncommon places: *"It has also been resolved in parliament, that colonists charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to England to be tried."*

Amidst all the confusion and uproar, the crown becomes a monster normal people cannot contend with: *"What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power?"* Why? Because the crown and the rule-makers were not elected: *"Not a single man of those who assume it, is chosen by us; or is subject to our control or influence;"*

Unchallenged for too long, a crown may pass a single declaration of total domination—an umbrella law, which could reach deeper into our pockets, our schools, and even our own bodies: *"By one statute it is declared, that parliament can 'of right make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever.'"*

Doing what it wants, when it wants, the crown virus just doesn't care—it is unanswerable even to itself: *"...but, on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws."*

The crown will offer people freedom from their confinement only if they surrender something sacred. Whether guns, religious worldviews, or civil rights—they are all the same to the monsters—just obstacles in their way of supreme power: *"Hostilities thus commenced by the British troops, have been since prosecuted by them without regard to faith or reputation..."* It did not matter if you were an outstanding citizen, wealthy or poor, religious or irreligious. The crown would use the catastrophe to reel in other agendas on the fly—like taking our guns. *"The inhabitants...in order to procure their dismissal, entered into a treaty...They accordingly delivered up their arms, but in open violation of honour..."*

The crown will protect its throne at any cost: taxation, money printing, and disarming citizens. It stops at nothing—insofar as constructing barricades and ordering military protection when clearly none is necessary: *"...for erecting in a neighboring province...a despotism dangerous to our very existence; and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace."*

The crown is an experienced conqueror—it knows when civil pushback is justified, fully expecting that *"we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do,"* and therefore *"sent fleets and armies to enforce them. The indignation of the Americans was roused, it is true; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal and affectionate people."*

From a prior chapter, "King and Country," we accurately correlate the British Empire to this institution called the crown. The concept of "Crown Virus"—invading and killing off its hosts while replicating itself.

So, why should I "*enumerate our injuries in detail*?" Because there is no end—absolutely no end to this calamity—until We the People declare it, condemn it, and close the issue. We either bury this idea or continue this administration of terror indefinitely: the obvious extortion and the imbecilic six feet of social distancing; the loss of wages, religious liberty, and civil rights. We will either replicate this virus or relieve ourselves. Literally—the crown begins, and the crown ends, with the people.

## **Public Health System - Declaration of Interdependence**

Locals become the puppets of foreign dominion. Shop owners, teachers, pastors, corporate executives, and school superintendents—they are the moppets of a mysterious combination understood as the public health system. Made of state and local health agencies, this system is supposed be the backbone of public health—to flow and facilitate information—to organize community efforts for two chief purposes: the prevention of disease and the promotion of wellness. Instead of a robust backbone, we suffer a disorganized bunch of spineless and careless salaried simpletons. In line for personal advancement, they only prevent breakthrough and confound solutions. This pithless ring of health employees are not professionals but patsies and political power pieces—either taking the gain or taking the fall, this system is a growing cancer of cowardly individuals, hungry for admiration or fearing termination. Local agencies, governed by the state. Statehouses cursed by the shameful shamans known as health bureaucrats. The American states are the guinea pigs of the federal government while world leaders become the voodoo dolls of unelected witchdoctors in high places. Big or small—each

massive health conglomerate is a crookedly-managed casino, and each game is run by a willing individual: each pharmaceutical salesman is a player—a Pinocchio of big money medicine men.

This is the mystery of it all, in that such an enormous system without a central power source can still exact such a toll on humanity. A system that is not administered by a single man or monarchy, office, or corporation, and yet produce effects as damaging—a republic of people who are financially supported by and dependent on the system, and therefore terrified of offending it—but not in offending or questioning a single person; not in auditing a single department or company, but in mildly disturbing or compromising anything or anyone connected to the whole. Daring not to displace any menial gears that are turned by the machinery around it, this system gets away with murder. This monster is not the Old World monarchy but a new world monstrosity of interdependency. The mechanics of this machine is very much a medical Matrix in our day in that fear and complacency are the fuel that feeds the illusion—the appearance of choice and freedom. Red pill? Blue pill? It is time to reject all the pills. Such is the public health system. It is not ruled by a tyrant in a throne room but built over time; made fully functional and secured by rampant cowardice—not the uncaring, but the undaring—everyday polite people, patients and scrub-wearing sheep who are afraid to brandish any backbone that might surprise the beast or cause a misfire. When people with brains and heart believe they are insignificant, they are hesitant to care or try. Even if a whim of thoughtfulness behooves them, they are reluctant, if not petrified, to tell their immediate neighbor, colleague, or employer, who in turn might disconnect them from the Matrix or disbar them from their practice. It is time to reject

the fear of getting sick, or getting fired. *I Ezekiel am being hard on you, because I love you. My approach is hard as flint, but my heart is securely with you—I know that medical field, especially the Emergency Room, can be a battlefield.*

*"The greatest counterpoise to fear, the ancients believed, is love—the love of the individual warrior for his brothers in arms."* (Steven Pressfield, *Warrior Ethos*, "The Opposite of Fear is Love")

The healthcare industry is just one division of the Matrix; it is not an open forum but a morgue for free thinking and inquiry. Like the Matrix, it only accepts one thing—new batteries. Like the British Empire, it only accepts one thing—loyalty. Therefore, the public health system is not the backbone of public health but a mindless machine that, like a monarchy, is supported and funded by fearful peasants at the bottom and greedy people at the top. But now the secret it out! If the patients and the workers (the peasants and the nobles) were ever to collaborate together, this would constitute the wrench that brings the machine to a grinding halt. Like a well-placed proton torpedo blowing up the Death Star, a well-timed, coordinated attack would fry the biotech mainframe! If everyone took personal responsibility in their own health and a strong interest in their patients—the system would self-destruct. A good team would reproduce the white whale from *Moby Dick* and embody the dreadful monster that sinks the ship, the *Pequod*, that hunts them down for profits, would swirl and sink. The problem is pure and simple: the system is not lacking brains or heart but backbone.

For I believe that much of a man's character will be found betokened in his backbone. I would rather feel your spine than your skull, whoever you are. A thin joist of a spine never yet upheld a full and noble soul. I rejoice in my spine, as in the firm audacious staff of that flag which I fling half out to the world." (*Moby Dick*, "The Nut")

Esteemed or ordinary, rich or poor—spineless people generate big problems. The kings and queens of city councils. The aristocracies running non-profits and health departments. But the core of the mainframe is architected to operate on the profits of interdependence not heart, brains, and courage. The global health Matrix is an avaricious autocracy known by these names: the Center for Disease Control, the American Medical Association, the World Health Organization, the United Nations—the system, the coup, the deep state, the New World Order. The Matrix. Just swallow the blue pill and shut up. They are over everyone but accountable to nobody. They have all the knowledge and money and power yet deliver no results. Under a King and his Parliament, the people become the poor, sick, and dying. Again today, *We the People* became the peasants of the public health system—the losers in the game. The casino is up and running, and every patient is a chip on the gambling table. Every citizen, soldier, or head of household exhibits a new type of dementia, tossing in their hard earned premiums and taxes into oblivion, gambling for a good result. In this insidious autocracy, we lost the moment we walked in the door. Winning was abandoned by the dealers, who sit in complicity at a nursing station. Healing was abandoned by the players, who wait patiently in a lobby decorated like a Vegas resort, hoping their

loves ones will pull through. Hitting it big on the roulette table of health insurance is to hit your deductible early in the year. And how mentally-deranged must a participant be to aim so low, gambling and striving to hit their maximum out of pocket, only to suffer more frequently—but free of charge? The house will win until every table is turned upside down.

We are not men but mice—the local guy, afraid of losing his paycheck or missing his promotion, promotes no health or common sense but conformity. The patient, afraid of losing their benefits, fork over nearly half of their post-tax earning into the abyss. The distant participants (those profiting from afar) are well-accustomed to controlling human behaviors; publishing their restrictions and guidelines but never, not once, attaching their personal names or signatures on anything. They get the money, but we suffer the side effects. They get the financial reward, but we take on their risk. Those who gain the most by industry default proudly refuse any responsibility. They accept patients but systemically assume zero consequences. They know what is about to happen to them over the months of treatment. Healthcare is a mob's casino, and every premium is laundered through multiple levels of legitimacy. Care. Love. Service. The beverage station in the lobby. Every crap provider will try to impress you with a slogan or cappuccino machine. Yet they are all separated from the crime by big tech charting systems, piles of paperwork, and layers of legal entities. The big guy (health group) is responsible for everyone but visible and answerable to no one. And the little people (peasants) are answerable to everyone and therefore are always ready with a convenient, rehearsed excuse—they have perfected the art of eloquently

deflecting onto the big people above them to justify the mayhem below.

We are no longer a courageous and resilient people who declared independence from a greedy monarchy but poor and disorganized peasants hoping to make a living on the interdependence our infirmity occasions. In America, we are unfortunately sick but willfully ignorant as millions are flocking to college, which is the base of the pyramid—regulations have them funneling to nursing and tech school. Even doctors are scooped up by the monster and paid a salary of submission. *The public health Ponzi scheme sits on these three pillars: diagnosis, fear, and acceptance.* What a lucrative practice built on the expectations of consumer ignorance and driven by anxiety and demand. Autism, mental illness, ADHD, and cancer are what makes the well-oiled machine the monster it has become. Despite what you saw on television dramas, the doctors are not the top of the pyramid; the white coats are the white whales ([see chapter 8: "Twins of Barbarism"](#)) hunted for profits; they are compromised, vulnerable, and pliable. The white coats have all conceded; they have accepted and signed every instrument of interdependence—everything from the diagnosis to the death certificate as if there was a difference. Insurance premiums supplemented by bankrupted states and syphoned dry by the spineless creeps in the back office; the protocols for admission and discharge; the signings for simple medications and every consent to treat form; medical malpractice insurance and millions of peasants gladly signing the ultimate instrument of incompetence—the hold harmless legal document—or worse, the non-signature—the class action lawsuit which requires you to do nothing. The doctor's notes, the powers of attorney, the



diseases, treatment plans, charts and dates, drugs and doses—from the physician’s orders to the patients’ rights—all pathetic lies. Who at this juncture has any patience or sense to suffer this a day longer? We are not independent—we are not clear of the crown—we are not masters of our destiny. We the People are all losers in this game, this failed institution; patients, providers, and insurers—all interdependent upon mountains of social and institutional iniquity. The healthcare autocracy is just one spike on the crown. The blue scrubs and the whitecoats—these are the new Redcoats—they have sold us out to Imperial Order. *If you are paid, treated, or pacified in signing or accepting any of these aforementioned instruments, you are guilty of signing the declarations of interdependence. I don’t care how many AR-15’s you own—King George III has you in his back pocket and you know it.*

We are linked and weaved together tightly, bound and fettered by contracts and laws, suffocating or dying under untraceable and unaccountable chains of command. Interdependence of this volume is demoralizing—it is beyond dangerous—it is the enemy of health and freedom. And financial dependency is an enemy of liberty; millions of struggling households, all playing the game—they are left with no liberty to choose despite all the options available. Left with a mortgage, an auto loan, student debt or a family member who needs expensive care—they are stuck in the Matrix, stuck signing these declarations of interdependence over and over and over. For decades now, we misinterpreted this problem, thinking we had built a thriving economy. New surgeries are quickly adopted, but healing has no representation. Economic interdependency moves the economy but also drives the monster—a dumb and doped

American people—a people that despise personal responsibility, supporting industries that reject honesty and self-reliance. Industries like insurance and all the upgrades that protect you from the reckless or the insolvent—the idiots who either will rob you, crash into you, or sue you—as if there was a difference. The premium is more like a retainer to fund a legal department so they don't have to pay.

Here is how the virus works: the needy play the host and the greedy play the virus. And it replicates. Like a slave plantation, we needed the money, so we got immune to the problem. Those dependent on income must enforce masks or worse. Management is encouraged to keep up the charade because their aspirations are riding on the greed of their masters. The slaves who don't push back too hard, who necessarily need their superiors—almost expecting them to capitulate despite the misgivings shared at the dinner table of the healthcare plantation. The masters and owners are merciless and callous when their profits are on the line. The fat cats who architected the Public Health System are seemingly invisible and untouchable. Your breakroom conversations and social media posts do not move them. They are off expanding their slave trade while you enforce their regulations for a share of the crops. The masters only check in when a slave runs away (client ends a contract) or there is a problem on the pharma plantation (lawsuit). Healthcare is just one industry that exposes this concept of interdependency—it is one of the many obstacles to common sense and self-government. So, the monster seized its chance. Billions in supplies. Trillions in their sights. Capture the money, crack the crown virus.

The Parliament, imperfectly and capriciously elected as it is, is nevertheless supposed to hold the national purse in trust for the nation; but in the manner in which an English Parliament is constructed it is like a man being both mortgagor and mortgagee, and in the case of misapplication of trust it is the criminal sitting in judgment upon himself. If those who vote the supplies are the same persons who receive the supplies when voted, and are to account for the expenditure of those supplies to those who voted them, it is themselves accountable to themselves...Because a body of men, holding themselves accountable to nobody, ought not to be trusted by anybody. (Paine, *Rights of Man*, 1790)

Who got rich on this? Somebody. Who is at fault for the death of my mother? Anybody and nobody. Who was negligent in the death of my friend? Anybody and nobody. Who shut down a double digit-trillion-dollar superpower? Everybody. Who gave them this authority? Who. That is what I am asking—who did it? The WHO did! The who? Who are they? Where are they? “Somewhere over the rainbow.” Ok, so who is capable of managing a world health crisis? The great and powerful Wizard of Oz. That mighty ruler on the jumbotron, blasting fire and commanding authority. That magnificent healer behind the patients’ curtain or that knowledgeable someone at the nursing station. The public health system is a diabolic autocracy made of everybody, anybody, and nobody. Who will suffer the deaths and financial losses—the somebodies and the nobodies. The rich and the poor have died from both Covid and the faulty test vaccines.

Who will pay the future debt—the unborn clumps of cells? Who will get credit for the perceived successes and breakthroughs? You bet your ass—the crown. How can this be? Because everybody is a king. Everyone is a wizard. We hear he is a wiz of a wiz, if ever a wiz there was. How does the WHO, CDC, or NIH get away with these atrocities? Because they do not represent us. We must demolish the devils of interdependence and get our dignity back. It is time to declare, “No vaccination without representation”.

All the constitutions of America are on a plan that excludes the childish embarrassments which occur in monarchical countries. No suspension of government can there take place for a moment, from any circumstances whatever. The system of representation provides for everything, and is the only system in which nations and governments can always appear in their proper character. (Paine, *Rights of Man*, Chapter IV. “Of Constitutions”)

## **Crown Mentality**

I did this! I closed that! I have done this great thing! I never did that awful thing! I order you this! I sue you that! You shall this, and I will not! Satan’s infamous boasting has become ours. The “I wills.” I will ascend to the White House. I will raise my administration above the stars of God. I will sit enthroned in the Congress; I will build a tower, an economy to the tops of the clouds—I will drop a track to the top of the charts—build a championship team, a megachurch, a wall across the border; a brand, a word, a groundbreaking this, a world-renowned that, a

cutting edge, groundbreaking something or other. A big benevolent nonprofit hospital. To our left, crowns. To our right, crowns. Above us, they are in charge; below us, they are charging on with wild fury. Charging us to drive. Charging us to grow. To eat. To breathe.

And that is the Corona virus—the insidious idea—the transmissible pathogen of haughty attitudes and high offices. A monarchy functions on a hereditary right to rule, and so have we. We think because we were born, we are worthy of something. A king’s divine right to command others—it corrupts culture—it breeds a highly contagious pandemic of greed, pride, and self-promotion. We made this audacious assumption that we Americans, from the poorest to the richest, from the greatest to the least, all have something to say; all have something to do. We the People are the sickness—we are the pathetic and proselytizing kings and queens we rejected in 1776. We are spoiled brats, rightful heirs; perfectly justified, in our own eyes—pontificating to others and praising ourselves, we demand to be put on a pedestal. The Church. The State. The King. The Country. Corona. Crown.

Legends in their own minds, they are proud athletes and musicians. Kings in their own fairytale kingdoms, they are executives and orators, pastors, and civic leaders. Snowflake princesses and soft-fingered princes—it’s our children who spend hours on technology; the young generations who never worked a day in their lives—never struggled through a problem alone; never suffered the least bit of character-building disappointment. They are miserable tyrants who demand everything their fathers built, and they are the older generations sitting stagnant in

positions of unyielding influence. The young and the old are all little monsters with no regard for the patriarch. When things get tough, they throw their bottles, and they fire their help; in one fell swoop they slam their gavels down with brutal ungratefulness.

## The People

The crown mentality lives in the people. The major—gavel down and no exceptions. The Governor—gavel down and no apologies. The three-branch government—rabble, rabble, rabble—gavel, gavel, gavel—down hard. *Pop goes the gavel, and snap goes the Republic, and twist goes the crown onto everyone's heads. Snap. Pop. Twist. And the germ has found us all—and we are all terribly sick. Sick as dogs, we are all guilty of this nearly indescribable reinstitution.* The COVID-19 pandemic revealed our American monomania—We the People have literally rebirthed a non-biological virus of old world government; *we the spoiled American peasants, have effectively converted our God-given, constitutional republic into a wretched and remorseless monarchy. People, places, and things are now poisoned by the crown virus.* Cities are suffering under a modern feudal system as feuds only fester and grow. An older black American in government takes on the spirit of a tribal chieftain; while wearing a suit and tie, they promote tribalism and brand it social justice. An old white American takes on the character of King George III; wearing a similar blazer, he withholds resources and representation, declaring it fiscal responsibility. Small-time monarchs and warlords, squabbling to gather for themselves the resources under public trust.

The ruling class is irresponsible as hell, but the peasants are worse—whites and blacks alike. A brother calls his girlfriend a queen. A wife treats her undeserving man like pure royalty. Gold and luster from the crowns of their head to the soles of their feet. The royal chariot is a Cadillac on twenty-fours ironically parked on the curb or chauffeuring these tyrants to a vinyl throne at the salon, barber, or nail spa. Their castle is nothing more than a crib furnished with every mode of enjoyment while the peasant children run around and hustle for a break. The white man monarchy is no better—he rolls around with a proud face; he rolls into a Rural King puffing his pipes. Loading dogfood and other luxuries into his pickup, this redneck roars around in a king ranch like some kind of somebody. He builds a moat around his country castle with a cheap wooden fence and a “beware of dog” sign. Both the white and the black monarchs daily retire from the same clock punching rat race, retreating home to plop down on the same imported sofas. The white man in debt up to his ears calls himself a free man, and the brother imagines himself as the slave of the white system. The redneck and fair-skinned patriot loves his 1776, a period in which he is profusely ignorant of while the darker side is simultaneously trapped in 1619—a year no United States citizen ever lived.

## **The Things**

And the monster, the crown mentality, lives on in the things; it permeates our culture through brands and corporations. The logos and advertisements are saturated—burger this and dairy that; airlines, hotels, and cruise lines; entertainment, alcohol and tobacco, consulting firms, logistics, and sports teams. All of society is riddled with crowns as if it was a splendid thing; every industry is trademarked with that terrible

image of tyranny. Celebrities take the mark, and citizens are subjects subjected to the feudal systems owners employ. From the executive officer receiving the royal treatment to the peasants who buy the products and flood the venues. The agents and contract holders are the middlemen, the *vassals* in the *feudal system*. Long live the franchise players with their crown tattoos and corporate sponsorships. Long live the king of the iron ring as long as the peasants pay for it—they are hungry for hope, so let them eat cake—pretzels, popcorn, pizza, ice cream, and beer. God save the king's servants because God knows the people are going broke hording shoes, apparel, tickets, jerseys and video games—this is how we pay homage to the vassals and lords of entertainment. Teams are named after conquered tribes or the animals we have become.

Consumerism uplifts the throne, constantly signaling to our senses the colors, smells, and pleasures that, well, intentionally symbolize the original enemy of the people—the institution of monarchy—the divine right to rule—to shop—to play. Apparel, jewelry, and food items—splattered with logos featuring a crown. A sweatshirt says “King.” Another says “Queen.” So, buy it. Then go grab an ice cream cone from Dairy-you-know-what—and if your regal tastebuds are able to endure the burning of a more acidic treat, then may I, your majesty, recommend an orange dessert beverage named after a roman Caesar?

## **Prom**

Nothing paints the picture of the crown mentality better than a shopping mall before a high school prom. Spring is here. A father walks into a shopping mall on a Sunday afternoon.



Prom dresses are pouring out of a store named after a castle in England. The girls abandon their pauper parents as they flock in like Cinderella's sisters, giddy to try on multiple gowns. The store just opposite the walkway is bustling, too, where the more developed butterflies—the females who have left the castle—shuffle between the panty and bra displays where the secret is out. The Victorian age is here again, and these divas will not be caught without a bag of overpriced undergarments. Between the dress store and the underwear extravaganza, there is a darling little boy playing a game. His pavilion sits between the two shops where the next generation can experience a blast from crowns past. His precious little fingers can hardly maintain control of the eight-bit figure on the screen above him. Run. Jump. Hope, little man. Daddy—please pray; pray this little Prince Charming does not end up like you—the original fan—the character in this game—banging his head as he scrambles for coins, jumping through scripted hazards as he strives to level up and arrive at a bigger castle. The little boy, as he ages and loves life—as he reaches those milestones in school, pray he can achieve a more opulent lifestyle, not settling for the dingy and dirty work of the Italian plumber that just fell off the ledge. Pray this little prince can grow up to be an audacious king. That our girls will escape the trappings of Cinderella—the chores and dictates of a stepmother. A man whose hand selects the damsels in distress who will join him in his bedchamber; a king like the Persian Xerxes who takes pleasure in rejecting them, or discarding the ungrateful suiters that he summons forth.

Oh, look! Back in the store next to the game station—out steps a delicate little princess. She will pose and posture herself in the mirror, examining her every good and ugly angle. She has

very little time now to build her immunity to the virus. She must emotionally prepare. How will this dress contrast alongside other queens? How will this one compare or that skimpy little cloth please the *prince of the power in the air* that prom night? For several hours on a Sunday afternoon, the royal family will expect another cash disbursement from their pesky parents, whose sole purpose is to shut up—to obediently put on the mask while she shops and perpetually provide for the amenities deserving of her highness. Yes, dad will dump another coin into the coffers of self-image—the master of our precious daughter’s hearts. For three hours on that fatal night, the peasant children will be chauffeured from the manor houses and humble estates. Waxed obsidian Suburbans will roar on through suburbia, off to the schools—the castles made of bricks—many arriving in chariots more costly than a teacher’s annual salary. Here, millions of children will be celebrated and served punch, yet most of these royal brats will have accomplished nothing worth mentioning—nothing extraordinary in the four brief years they were subjected to the virus—the four years they were trained to fear, self-exalt, and comply. Before midnight strikes, there will be a King of Kings and a Queen of Queens coronated on the social ladder as the rest are crushed in spirit, thinking they were the rightful heir. Maybe a little whiskey will help sooth that disappointment? Maybe a little weed will lift their spirits? As the clock strikes midnight, the Cinderellas are safe at home. In the darkness of early morning, the royal peasants, our precious kids—those children lacking purpose or direction—roll into parties where that Crown Royal is waiting.

The fear of being controlled or not meeting expectations. Look at that little boy, plugging away with glee at the game

station—will he suffer the girls that shop in the stores to his right and his left? Will he put his friends down or push the girls at prom to do things they were not ready for? Will the virus kill him? Will he plunge off the ledge himself? Will he get lost in a pipe, or will harder narcotics warp him into the next world when he cannot bear the pressure any longer? When the damsels, dances, devices, and delicacies no longer satisfy his soul—when the Suburbans and state schools are not options on his salary—when the poor little plumber boy does his honest best to provide for his high school sweetheart; when his living wage dwindles away on the vinyl thrones of the nail spa or burns away in the Suburban's engines; when he reaches the next level, is there hope for his marriage? Time has slipped away from us, and the little boy at the arcade grew up—he became a fireman. His fatal nineteenth was indelibly a heartbreaking memory; a moment burned into his heart forever. It began a deterioration worse than any narcotic. It slowed his breathing and stopped his heart. This was the year after he married his high school sweetheart. One day as he slides down the flagpole to meet his reward, he arrives home in sudden distress, discovering that his wife, his princess, was found in another castle.

And that is why the word "corona" means crown. The pandemic is not the problem—the crown mentality is the damned disease, and the symptoms are selfishness and entitlement. Fear of being normal; fear of being alone or divorced. Yes, fear is the driver of every monarchy, and both sexual and executive orders are the modern edicts of ancient evil. Splendid dress, darling. If you like it, then daddy will buy it. That dress is hot. Take it off. Look in the mirror now, little girl, and perk up those breasts—smile in your distress. Realize where we are as a nation. You are

innocent yet guilty. As you **snap** buttons, your mom is about to unravel while your father **pops** out his credit card all while you **twist**, cutely cackle, and behold your majesty. But just know this—a simple Sunday at the Windsor is actually the sociological mirror image of what once made Americans miserable and poor. This majestic spectacle of high school memories has found us depressed and poor in spirit.

What is called the splendor of a throne is no other than the corruption of the state. (*Rights of Man*, Chapter IV “Of Constitutions”).

When kings compete with other kings or queens leave their castles for more material possessions—communities and countries are plagued with heartbreak and war. And when politico-economic crowns collude together, the peasants are wearied, and the kingdom is drained of resources. Corporate cronyism—it is diabolical greed cloaking in the ancient robes of the Monarch—the false appearance of proactive leadership and transparency. It all amounts to nothing less than grownups participating in popularity contests. The crown is not a man anymore but organized opportunism, operating legally in public and private. At work. At school. At church.

That the setting up and putting down of kings,”...We neither mean to **set up** nor to **put down**, neither to **make** nor to **unmake**, but to have nothing to **do** with them. (Thomas Paine, closing remarks: *Common Sense*)

Whether a bully, an abusive lover, addictive devices, or greedy corporations—take Paine’s advice. Don’t make a mountain out of a molehill. Deal with it the way our ancestors

dealt with the Monarchy. Don't prop them up and don't put them down. Depart peacefully. The people and things that destroy—simply have nothing to do with them.

## **Intolerable acts**

Kings and their buddies—Thomas Paine described them as a "*band of parasites, living in luxurious indolence, out of the public taxes.*" The whole reason we declared independence was because of the mounting pressures of British authority, specifically the taxes they imposed without our consent. The final straw was the Declaratory Act mentioned earlier in this chapter, which asserted supreme legal authority over our lives. To "bind us in all cases," to arrange a system of total domination over the colonies—the nation not yet born. It is no wonder Paine compared the English King to the biblical account. If your baby got in the way of their plans—whether it be an ethnicity, a business, a church, or a literal newborn child—the crown, whether the Pharaoh of Egypt, King Herod of Rome, or King George III—all would expedite executive orders to eliminate the threat.

Pharaoh ordered the healthcare system of the ancient world to exterminate all newborn males, fearing an Egypt that could be divided or overthrown by a slave population. When the Hebrew midwives failed to comply, he followed up with a second order purging all infants into the Nile River. It was a basket-case by the name of Moses who survived to lead the revolution. Following the death of Pharaoh, the Semite tribes would collaborate to form a system of self-government. Thirteen centuries later, King Herod requested the location of a particular baby of interest so he could worship it himself (Matthew 2:7-8).

The object of his angst was not born in a palace or a room in the inn; the thorn in Herod's side was rumored to be a future ruler; and so the Judean king contrived an original "Declaratory Act." The first Christmas Carol was a ghost of Monarchy's past when Bethlehem was "bound in all cases whatsoever," sweeping clean the vicinity of any child, two years of age or younger, who might live to challenge his supremacy.

Killing infants at birth, after birth, or arbitrarily for the purpose of maintaining office—if these were not the *intolerable acts* of the ancient world and present day, then King George is the Patron Saint of our republic, General Cornwallis is his Vizier of virtue and, well, don't we all owe the British Parliament an apology? Fatal nineteenth. COVID-19. Corona. Crown. Garland. Judy Garland. Dorothy. There is no place like home—no place like a republic. Still, those ruby slippers are fit for the Queen of England.

## **American Way**

The Jewish—they can be traced back to the crown—corruptible theocracies well-documented in the Old Testament Bible. Christians—they have links to bloody Crusades funded by monarchies and recruited by bishops. And the Muslims—they are often ruled by a caliphate or a hybrid blend of despotic ideas. I, Ezekiel, have taken the liberty to call out your condition; to call out your many crowns! Do you remember what made you special, America? Do you remember why you were the envy of the world? Liberty! Liberty is the antithesis of monarchy. Liberty confuses a king, and without firing a single shot, it passes on the crown mentality. Liberty is what set you apart from all the peoples on earth! You had nothing do with such inefficient and

self-absorbed institutions. You are not kings and queens—you are Americans. You cherished the liberty to marry for love and not political alliance; you fought and died, not for kings and foreign wars, but for yourselves—for the right to create your own laws and settle your own disputes; to build your own houses and plant your own fields; to grow your own churches, cook your own meals, and yes, heal your own sicknesses. In sports and economy, Americans willfully stretch their own minds, bend their own backs, gleefully twist their own ankles, and skillfully break their own jaws. Americans work, play, and fight at their own pace according to a unique, one-of-a-kind custom unabated by the dictates of foreigners. This is the American Way. Monarchs? They shred our calendars, step on our toes, and steal our provisions. Like a CEO with five secretaries, a personal driver and a pilot; or a pastor with a full-time staff of yes-sir youngbloods, monarchs are silver spoon-fed their daily schedule. The malady of the monarch goes beyond the cruelty of conquest—the softer side of this sin is characterized by a detached and entitled personality. A crown is individually helpless, astronomically unskilled, and absolutely worthless. They do not read their emails, raise their children, fix their own equipment, manicure their own estates, write their own speeches, or prepare their own taxes. They expect everything be provided to them—kings, queens, and their fan clubs—they have no love for liberty but hate the Declaration of Independence. They hate the idea that they will be held accountable for their own actions and character. Kings love and queens thrive in these systems of selfishness, envy, and economic interdependence.

It happened before. It happens again. *And the declaration of interdependence has developed over time as an invisible*

*document*. This sickness has developed unidentified, sealed and signed by the people's passivity and administered by American people over many generations. This reinstitution did not happen in a day, and the monarchy will live on wherever it is given safe harbor. When our forefathers signed that sacred scroll, they made the decision to be real men—to put their John Hancock on the parchment was to order their own execution—to put their lives on the line for the public good and accept the consequences. It was anything but certain. Certainty and guaranteed success are not part of the American Saga. To sign the Declaration of Independence was instant immunity—to be healed of the Corona—to become an enemy of the institution and a friend of the people. The crown mentality is content to dine forever on the indulgences that interdependency will attract. Even the Congress, the very heartbeat of the American political system, has become infected; this sacred hall of liberty is crawling with Pharaohs, Georges, Herods, and jokers. From high and extravagant stations, they pretend to be running a republic, enthroned with breathtaking pomposity.

## **Fatal Twin Nineteens**

It was no mere coincidence that the spring of 1775 was identical to the spring of 2020. Thomas Paine branded the event as the “fatal nineteenth” in his famous pamphlet “Common Sense”. The early Congress referred to it as the “nineteenth day of April...an unprovoked assault.” I, Ezekiel, see a mirror reflection. I call them the *fatal twin nineteens*: April 19, 1775, and April 2020. The crown is the crux and the throne room is the belly of the beast from which all the intolerable acts followed—quarantine, shutdowns, disarmament, economic manipulation. Treason. Everything from selfish mentalities (hording toilet



paper for a porcelain throne) to biological weapons named after the crown-like protrusions visible under a microscope. If you survived this mess (and over 99% of the infected did), you are called to rise above it. The timing was perfect, and your suffering was not in vain.

The suffering likewise softened the whole body of the people into a degree of pliability, which laid the principal foundation-stone of union, order, and government; and which, at any other time, might only have fretted and then faded away unnoticed and unimproved. But Providence, who best knows how to time her misfortunes as well as her immediate favors, chose this to be the time, and who dare dispute it? (*American Crisis*, April 19, 1777)

Let's take Paine's advice and use this virus to our advantage. Let us repair the foundations of small, frugal, and honest government. Let us exchange our cowardice for care, our apathy for accountability. Let us reform the public schools, the castles of brick, into churches again—a place where children can be pushed, loved, and held accountable. At home, let us raise and discipline these princes and brats into Cinderellas and knights of virtue. Let us throw off these cords of interdependence and repent from the sins of fear, greed, and self-importance.

## **Liberty is the End Game**

Liberty provides natural immunity to the crown virus—it is not a medical syringe but the heavenly conduit that protects the flow of free societies; it is the non-monetary element that makes the nation healthy, prosperous, and rich. Liberty buffers

people from the control of health authorities. Liberty limits the powers of a church. Liberty strengthens the state of any union. Liberty allows the faithful saints of any persuasion to benefit and not harm a country. Liberty is both a safeguard and an invisible wall between the oppressors and the oppressed. Pure and uninterrupted freedom is the rock of the American age, of which each American citizen is both a beneficiary and a builder. We are all persuaded differently on the details of governing, and so our states, by nature, are deeply religious. Having faith in our systems is imperative, and limited trust in individuals is healthy—it is therapeutic to passionately debate and discourse with each other. We trust in Liberty as the law of all laws and fall back on justice as we would medicine—a cushion of grace. Populated by millions of differing faiths, We the People still attend the same church in a sense—the *church of freedom*. We are members of the same family; we frequently intermarry, and so we are blood-brothers and blood-sisters. We enlist in the same armed forces, and so we are comrades and countrymen, battle buddies, and lifelong friends. We buy each other's goods and render each other professional services—haircuts, consultation, cars, and real-estate—and so we are business partners and warm acquaintances. We are one big American family, members of one great American church.

And now every state is like a church, and every church is like a state. Every city square is sacred ground. Every public venue is a sanctuary. Every ounce of tax is an offering. Each abatement a solemn oblation. Each board meeting should be on our calendars, and every debate should bring joy to the congregations, leading up to holiest of days—the election. In this course of human events, we must govern our impulses carefully,

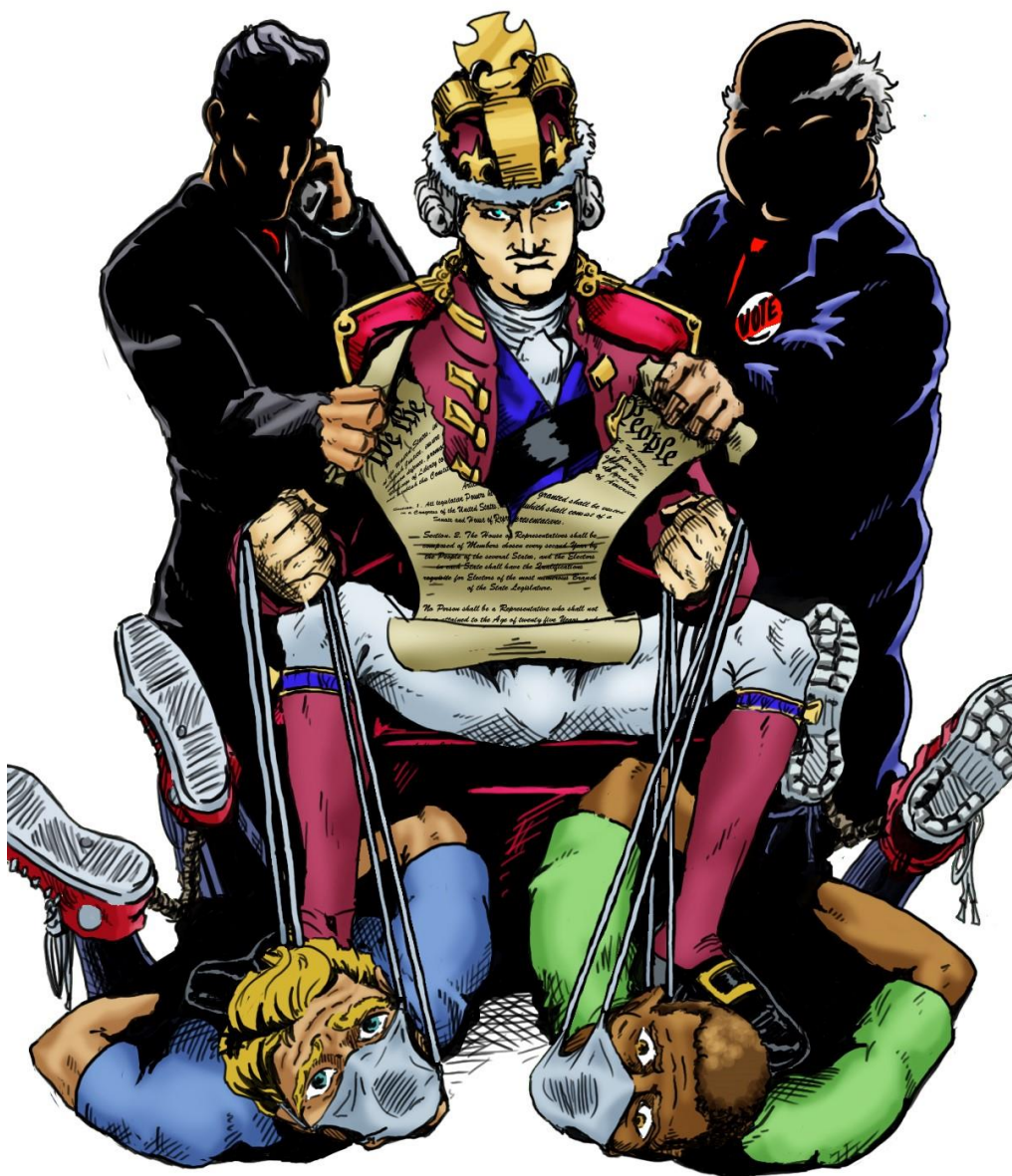
as we cannot disturb the service; we cannot interrupt the liturgy—the universal cause—the gospel message of the West. To the Christians, Muslims, Catholics, Jews, undeclared, and the rest reading—know that our common ground is sacred because it is not guaranteed. Because it is not certain. American Liberty is the lynchpin being pulled away by forces of intolerance everywhere. The crown has no respect for America. The crown bypasses the American Way. The crown usurps the American system; but the good people of the great republic— despite all its current defects—will stand. Despite the inestimable levels of cronyism, tribalism, and organized corruption—evil cannot withstand the American Spirit. Snap. Twist. Pop. You're almost there.

“In the event that I am reincarnated,  
I would like to return as a deadly virus, to contribute  
something to solving overpopulation.”

Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, 1988

“The first and greatest commandment of all governments is to  
love Liberty. The second is like it—to love your neighbor’s as  
your own. All the law and constitutions hang from these two  
pillars, from which no crown can conceive a gallows.”

-Viktor



# American Thermopylae

Where are we? To what can this juncture be compared with? First we connected our themes with *Star Wars*, and *The Matrix*. Luke & Leah, twins born from a troubled pregnancy—fictional twins who stood for Liberty in a dying republic. Yet, the mystery of the twins gives birth again, climaxing out of an ancient saga. There was a noble and non-fictional king...who was recorded as a possible twin. The survival of Liberty and the survival of the United States of America—it forces us to revisit a creative production grounded in history: the movie *300*. Remember that epic depiction of Spartan valor? Honor. Legendary courage and warrior prowess. Shredded alpha males protecting the homeland, loyal to women of strength and virtue. *300* is the gold standard of moviemaking—a perfect union of drama and action woven credibly together with historical figures and events. In an opening scene, we have King Leonidas confronted by a Persian messenger. The Spartan way of life is under attack. Their constitution. A fiercely free people are being coerced to relinquish their homes and families to a foreign power. A Persian messenger with reckless nerves, dares to step into the realm of Leonidas; foolishly demands of his people, under penalty of slavery, “earth and water.” Warned of annihilation, the Persian messenger is an ancient avatar of American antagonists—the British delegates who demanded the same from us—our property (earth), our homes, and resources and port cities (water). History repeats as often as it rhymes. The request: surrender or die. The reaction: a call to arms. Leonidas ponders the threat. He glances at his queen. She nods. He obeys, and spinning to face the messenger with furious castigation, he cries

out, "This is Sparta!" front-kicking the messenger square in his chest, propelling him off the edge of the darkened well. On December 16, 1773, we repeated this example—we rejected the offer, pitching hundreds of chests of tea into Boston Harbor.

*The Mystery of the Twins* series will impact you in two ways. First, you will learn history like you never have. Second, the themes will confront you very intimately. It will be uncomfortable but necessarily personal. It will challenge your own perceived identity of who you are nationally, ethnically, and better yet—who you are, period. You cannot alter your painful past; you can't erase the heritage and customs handed down to you. But you *can* understand what it meant to be an American—and to supplement this, you will benefit in learning what it meant to be a *Spartan*.

To be an American is to be a tiny bit of hope—one small spark in a blazing fire. Just as ancient Sparta was one small city-state contained in a larger Greek nation, you also reside in a city within a state of the American expanse. To be a true American is to be a modern-day Spartan, and with that comes great power and even greater responsibility. Citizen, it is time to drop your dreams and go on a journey. Put your personal views aside along with your cultural and religious baggage. If you are so courageous, then effective today, you are a countryman of King Leonidas, the icon of Liberty. If you are affectionate for America, or if you cherish the virtues you believe she represents—then accept this transition and bravely embrace this confrontation. Like Leonidas and his three-hundred hoplites, you must not deny the threat but take it head on; and, in the words of Thomas Paine, you will smile in the process. You smile because this mess

is a humorously horrific catastrophe—American officials making rogue nations our allies? Millions of citizens making light of election fraud? Making girls out of boys? Forced gene therapy? Hormones for grade school minors? The crisis set before us now is not just another bump in the road—a mighty battle is brewing. Like a great reckoning we have never seen in our lifetimes.

In reviewing “Twins of Tough Truth,” we understand that the British negotiated an alliance with the colonies hoping to soft surrender a rising force—to nonviolently conquer peoples and resources. But there is nothing new under the sun—thirteen centuries prior, the same offers were on the table. In 480BC, we find ourselves at the opening scene of 300 as the Persian Ambassador relayed to the Greeks a destitute offer. After the Battle of Thermopylae was underway, Xerxes himself tried again to surrender Leonidas with a political bribe.

Xerxes: I will make you warlord of all Greece.  
You will carry my battle standard into the heart  
of Europa. Your Athenian rivals will kneel at your  
feet, if you will but kneel at mine.

The Serpent of Chaos slithers across time, coercing leaders to give in and sell out; to consider self-destructive treaties. In this instance, to surrender Sparta without a fight. But an ally with Xerxes was a deal with the devil—like an alliance with Britain, it was a compact that would convert a free people into a mercenary force and great leaders into puppets—it would position men like George Washington or Leonidas as generals under the command of a warlord (see Paine’s writings in chapter: “King and Country”). The evil twin tempts every Spartan of every free nation to either join in their crusade or to stay home and wait it



out. If Leonidas would fail to lead men into the pass of Thermopylae, or if Washington failed to cross the Delaware—then the battle for freedom was already over. This moment would alter the course of humanity. And the outcome of the American Revolution was an awesome extension of the resolve of the ancients. The Spartan ethos kicked in to ready a militia and warn the colonies when the Redcoats were coming. The Greek Thermopylae was a last stand survived only with Laconian grit. Sparta—this subdivision of the broader Greek nation won the battle early—and this Spirit has carried through time. In the American sagas, the struggle will continue on many fronts—each and every venue where the American Spirit must occupy and prevail.

In chapter “American Wedding,” we understand that every national struggle reflects deeper personal struggles. I know that you are fighting a battle of your own. Yes, there are enemies of America that wish to plunder us from within the government. Still, the taunt must become personal, as the temptation to quit is echoed by your own evil twin. The twin tempts every single American—it gets in your head—it whispers lies and threatens your family and way of life. How? By tempting you to remain still and silent—to get divorced or divorce yourself from personal responsibility—to detach you from the tough truth that America, like your family life, is under attack. So, put yourself there in Leonidas’s shoes. Identify your messenger of death: who is your bully? What is your worst nightmare? What insurmountable obstacle has stood in your way of joy, peace, and happiness? Death? Divorce? Business failure? Being alone?

When the Spartan council was threatened by the Persian messenger, it was an emotional scene climaxed as Leonidas kicked the messenger in the pit; but this was easy—the campaign that followed was hard. For three-hundred hoplites, the grueling Battle of Thermopylae was hell on earth, *and Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered*. And such is life: getting married was easy but staying in love was hard. Having children was easy—educating them and raising them in your values was excruciating. For the American colonies, it was relatively easy to declare independence or toss some tea into the harbor—defending the cause against the full weight of Britain’s navy and military... *was a horse of a different color*. Oh, what an arduous and awe-inspiring saga that fashioned our forefathers—how they withstood the continual beatings—both the psychological distress and physical pains to secure our blessings. Lexington. Concord. Bunker Hill. Saratoga. The French and Indian War. The war of 1812. From the unnecessary Battle of New Orleans all the way to nine-eleven. It continues. In a way, we should be thankful for the battles. Why? Because the sound provides reassurance that we are still fighting:

Fear the time when the bombs stop falling while the bombers live—for every bomb is proof that the spirit has not died...And this you can know—fear the time when Manself will not suffer and die for a concept, for this one quality is the foundation of Manself, and this one quality is man, distinctive in the universe. (*Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck)

And centuries before that—how people suffered and set the example for future leaders. King Leonidas was only a king by

cultural identity. Though he was a “King”, Leonidas had the markings of a public servant centuries before the idea was cemented in the West. Having nothing in common with the comforts and carelessness of other monarchs, he crushed the crown virus (see prior chapter “Crown Virus”) in 480 B.C., perhaps making him the Founding Father of American Manifest Destiny. He is a Founding Father’s founding father. Twenty-five centuries ago, and this Spirit still lives on; Spartan spears, helmets and insignias are engraved across cultures, American streets, and villages. Our military and academic surfaces. The roaring battle that erupted upon that loathsome spot of earth to this very day reverberates in our consciousness, echoing off every gymnasium ceiling, Olympic venue, statehouse, boxing arena, political podium, and high school debate class. It was not an American president but King Leonidas who first defied the Gods of the United Nations—the false unity that seeks to sweep us all into one filthy dustpan of taxation and servitude. King Leonidas is the monster the New World Order fears. Teddy Roosevelt was tougher than nails, but that bloody king—his staunch countenance deserves a place no less prestigious than the front and center of Mount Rushmore. Once worming his way into a narrow mountain pass, he would humbly oblige again to occupy another scanty cleft—the peculiar bare section between Lincoln and Roosevelt. Wouldn’t that bronze Corinthian classic appear rather majestic—a peaceful yet watchful presence overlooking the black hills of South Dakota? Leonidas, he is a King of Liberty; his three-hundred was the beaming ray of hope for all nations, and the spears of these Hoplitae symbolize forces that sustain national security everywhere. The man behind the

bronze mask—this is the selfsame ironclad bastard, man of few words the deep state cannot contain.

To be a Spartan is to do what is hard because it is right—to be an American is to accept nothing less than life and liberty for both yourself and your neighbor. So, look into that mirror and accept it. Embrace it. Wrestle with all those ridiculous ideas, primarily the crown-mentality—then determine to kill it. Smile in your distress. This truly is our last stand.

Look in the mirror and read the following out loud.

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You have two choices. One: go on with your life. Two: detain your evil twin ([see chapter 3: "The Evil Twin"](#)) and break free from the enslaving control of the monster. The times have changed, but the problems are identical—to go along with Britain's Tyranny and fuel the Matrix of foreign dominion, or to stand. Get off the fence. Get off the internet. Wake up. The time is now. Your healing is at hand. The Liberty Bell is tolling for the death of your indifference. Most citizens of this great republic are indifferent to the condition of America—unconcerned that we might be nearing our end; in utter denial that we are swinging from a precipice. Millions of neutral parties, young and old, just scroll the digital vaults, spectating on how the story will unfold. Indifference to politics is sin.

Decadence is a moral and spiritual disease, resulting from too long a period of wealth and power, producing cynicism, decline of religion, pessimism and frivolity. The citizens of such a nation will no longer make an effort to save themselves, because they are not convinced that anything in life is worth saving. (John Bagot Glubb, *Fate of Empires*, 1976)

In every Greek-influenced nation, there are the selfish and sophisticated city-states that fail to face these truths—the comfortable and quant communities, wining and dining, learning and earning ([see chapter 9: "Twins of Striving"](#)). They will not wake up. They do not, or will not, perceive the precipice. They did not read *Common Sense*, the Articles of Confederation, Causes and Necessities of Taking Up Arms, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *Wealth*

*of Nations*. So, naturally, they do not cherish any article worth reading or pledge allegiance to any country worth saving. *And then...and then there was this place called Sparta*. There is an energy that begins to gather itself; a force that provokes the sophisticated and agitates the stronghold of apathy. A new Spirit that joins two antithetical ideas—harmonizes both political persuasion and battlefield readiness. A Spartan will honestly question their fellow citizens—sometimes debate with the cities and states that remain silent or stupid. Spartans do not hate those who refuse to help; no, a Spartan will not spend their emotional energy in bitterness and hatred but focus on vigorous and steady civic *engagement*. A Spartan looks in the mirror and fumes, and so you will look in the mirror, grin, and grow braver—you will labor and discipline yourself into that man, that woman, that hero who always takes the crisis head on—directly, not roundabout. Aggressive, not cautious. Courageous, not unafraid.

A Spartan, like an American, does not *look* for a hero—rather, an American sees a hero reflecting back. You are the hope, and you are the hero of the American Crisis. Whether you are Anglo-Saxon, Arab, Asian, white, black, European, Hispanic, Canadian, or the other—you have the blood of Leonidas running through your veins. We must all identify with this American Spartan Warrior ethic, because this assault on our liberty, our ideas, and our way of life has brought about a whirlwind. The American Way is *our* way. Upholding civil liberty is *our* religion. The Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, and the Emancipation Proclamation are the sacred creeds of *our* origins and the visible consequences of *our* fading heritage. Yes, Spartan, life and Liberty are the two pillars of our shared religion—the faith that matters now...and we must take a

communion together. Personal sacrifice must be *our* continual and uninterrupted blood sacrament. It is time to defend the foolish, downcast, and dumb. The Spartan warriors willingly died for the snowflake Athenians. They sacrificed for those who were unwilling to learn or do for themselves. Let's mimic this now. Go to bat for someone you would rather expel—sit next to that that inexorably miserable character at the town hall meeting, ready to defend their rights, too. Hold up your shield for the citizen on the far left and the citizen on the far right—this is war. This is the American Battle of Thermopylae.

He that would make his own liberty secure, must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty, he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself. (Paine, *First Principles of Government*, 1795)

**“Liberty is a cause so holy, that even the most debased of pagan society will rise up to defend it like a God”**

**- Viktor**



# Deep State

The ancient Spartans knew the same thing that real Americans like you know—that heroic actions must follow bold pronouncements; that clever remarks alone are mere cowardice; that talk is cheap—thinking pays for nothing—knowledge is not *that* powerful. Popular sovereignty? A brand. Words. Theory. Partisan fanfare. Just reading the news or paying the bills. Just getting ahead—it’s too popular. Popular doesn’t work forever, and a lifelong subscription to popular opinion is how the deep state wins. It is a popular lie, a comfortable consolation, that the deep state is not within but without—that the deep state is some clandestine coup on the verge of overthrowing us. Like the New World Order, the deep state is an equally elusive object. Like Satan, it is an invisible and inconspicuously moving target. *The truth is plain: the deep state is built upon shallow people. The deep state is the state of disaffection. The deep state is empowered and perpetuated by the indifference of the American people, and the deep state is determined to finishing the job they started. The crack in the Liberty Bell should be an omen to all.*

Sure, there are nefarious freaks working overtime to achieve their absolute agendas; this has gone on for millennia. But it is generational negligence that fuels the Matrix—pursuing education alone or running your life apart from your community—this charges their batteries—when free citizens do nothing. Doing nothing of real consequence, and armed only with popular opinion, the gap is expanded and the passage of Thermopylae is left wide open. Sparta rose above the apathy of the neighboring city states who left the nation vulnerable. Greece was comprised of roughly 1,500 cities, but Sparta left their mark

on the world because of their courage, simplicity, and dedication. By 2022, roughly eight-hundred American cities have a population of 50,000 or more. Each of them possess a remnant of Greek influence. Today, our culture is immersed with Greek culture, but clearly, broad American culture falls short of Spartan culture. Even in the patriotic counties, people are not doing what they could be. In our public schools, we wrestle Greco-Roman-style, study Greek mathematics, and compete in track and field; we conduct Greek debates and class elections; we run the same marathons and take the same names—our mascots are the Trojans, Spartans, and Titans. All this Greek culture and influence...but what of freedom? So-called “leaders” will host conferences and teach clinics on a variety of topics. Some will even run a Spartan race on a weekend. Who today would follow Leonidas? Which politicians, celebrities, or influencers would “like” his posts or venture to march up to the rugged and unforgiving Hot Gates? All for freedom. Now that is a spiritual article that cannot be preserved with education or extracurricular activities. Liberty—that is a spiritual substance that cannot be simply taught in a classroom. Like Morpheus said to Neo—one cannot simply learn about the Matrix; we cannot methodically learn about freedom. People cannot be told what Liberty is. You have to lose it for yourself. And when ultimate and uninterrupted American life is all you have *ever seen, felt, ever touched or tasted*...you have been terribly desensitized.

## **Close the gap**

There is a great gap in society now. This gap has widened the deep state. The gap is the distance between intellectualism and heroism. Between learning and doing. Between desire and sacrifice. When Persia marched on Greece, Leonidas stepped up.

He was not a hardened hoplite, but he answered the call—he closed the gap. When Britain mobilized their troops and launched their armadas, American patriots were not all trained soldiers—but they closed the gap. The pass at Thermopylae was literally a gap in the mountain, and courage filled the void. As Persians flooded in, this campaign was literally a human dam—men standing resolute, armed with iron-tipped sticks; free citizens in the meat grinder, a narrow road between heaven and hell. The line was held for us. For you. In tight formation, the Spartans preserved what we are forfeiting now. The Founding Fathers built what we are burning down. To be an American is to close the gap between understanding and action—to possess the wisdom of the Spartan sages—to fight or not to fight. To kill or not to kill. To birth or to abort—this is the question. The Revolution. Abolition. Civil War. World War I and World War II. I, I, I. Me, me, me. I am wise and sophisticated. I will end poverty. I will end the war. I will bring social justice. I will earn and learn my way out of the American Crisis.

Indeed it often appears in individuals, that the head and the heart are natural rivals. The brilliant but cynical intellectual appears at the opposite end of the spectrum from the emotional self-sacrifice of the hero or the martyr. Yet there are times when the perhaps unsophisticated self-dedication of the hero is more essential than the sarcasms of the clever. (*Fate of Empires*)

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country;

but he that stands by it now, deserves the love  
and thanks of man and woman.... (*American Crisis*,  
December 23, 1776)

## **Spartan State**

Meaning, no more weekend warriors; no more corporate bought or self-interested politicians, sunshine-loving guard soldiers, or civilian whimpering. No more country bunkers, bug-out selfishness, entitlements, or victim mentalities. Absolutely, and I mean *absolutely*, no more half-assing *anything*. Procrastination is dead. You know your guns, dry food, and water purification system will not save this country. You know your college degree will not reverse the curse. You must leave your circle. To throw off the deep state, you must contribute; we must all *facilitate the state of change*. The state of progress is spurred on by acutely aware and principled people who understand the times in which they live. Every hero and champion we covered so far is truly a spiritual citizen; a rare and loyal breed—a minority of people who are the heroes of what constitutes a *Spartan State*. The Spartan represents a patriot, and the unpopularity of patriotism today should be reevaluated in the light of Thermopylae—the darkest and toughest place; the mountain gap where few venture to go. The Serpent of Chaos is working meticulously to bring devastating instability to our fifty states. And Spartans eat snakes for breakfast.

Spartans! Ready your breakfast and eat hearty,  
for tonight, we dine in hell! (King Leonidas: *300*,  
2007)

The Spartan State does not point fingers but raises honest questions. The Spartan State does not raise up mercenary

armies (soldiers who only work for money) but American patriots from every culture and land. The Spartan State earns their diplomas but does not abandon common sense. The Spartan State raises the academic bar and shining trophies...but also shield and spear. Make no mistake—a Spartan State produces graduates who pour out their hearts into dissertations and speeches, but these same Spartans will not hesitate to pour out their blood in preservation of liberty. The Spartan State cannot hold their neighbors' cowardice against them but sacrificially sets an example. The Spartan will not begrudge neighboring states that refuse to defend borders. By their example, Spartans display a courage that convicts the cowards—the foolish Greeks who fail to defend life and liberty. The head and the heart are not diametrically opposed but created to entwine and pulse as one. The deep state is run by heartless fools. Therefore, the deep state is diametrically opposed by the Spartan State—a state of mind that abhors a shallowness of character and makes these connections. This union of intelligence and courage—here begins the battle. When the head and the heart become one—the gap is closed—the pass at Thermopylae is secured. There are many historical milestones where darkness has overreached. And today, the deep state has reached the point of no return. During COVID-19, it was small businesses and faith groups who were considered “unessential.” Arising were the truckers, laborers, and blue-collar clans; it was the downtrodden and dirty who made their voices heard. Roughnecks, rednecks, blacks, and whites with long guns. We also saw doctors, chiropractors, and physicians stand erect and keenly aware. We needed civilian outcry, academic defection, and basic acts of courage. A desperate cry for balance was answered by We the People, when

a fed-up, Arkansan fireman entered the Capitol in 2021, kicking his feet up on Nancy Pelosi's desk, dropping her a note: "Bigo was here..." It is with simple things and average people that the Supreme Deity prefers to do His greatest deeds. Surely, I say unto you—the New World Order will once again be postponed by the sacrifice and dedication of the Spartan state—the wisdom of this age and all the wealth of blue chip tech, AI, robotics and the trending markets—it will be shaken. The deep state will be turned on its head by the unessential and stupid. By the American.

You are stupid-smart—just smart enough to know that education, economics, and religious institutions are not the endgame. You have answered the call of Leonidas. You have heard from classic authors, statesmen, activists, military leaders and more. You have made Ezekiel, the clapping prophet, proud. I have hope in you! The American Way is crystal clear, and so you embrace the crisis in your madness. With inscrutable insanity, you join an unpopular, elite sub-society—the Spartan state. It matters not in which state you reside—you form a Spartan state of mind in your immediate locality. In your home. Your work. Your place of worship. In America's honor, you embrace a distinctive class of citizens—the ranks of the three-hundred. You accept tough truths and swallow the red pill. Like Neo, you open your mind and declare, "This is Sparta! This is my family! This is America!" You rip off your mask and put on your brains. You irreverently toss your thinking cap and bravely tighten down your Corinthian crown—the burnished bronze Spartan helmet. You close the gap. No, you aren't ignorant, but you revel in what society deems apparent foolishness. You left your friends on the Yellow Brick Road for a real challenge. And as you march your rattling bones to each and every

Thermopylae, you smile at the scoffers, and you snuff out the deep state—you stand strong for family and country, and you smile and laugh; you exuberate the Spartan ethic as you stride along in casual attire, simply gloating in this Spartan ambiance of unsophisticated stature.

*The problem with the world is that the intelligent people are full of doubts, while the stupid ones are full of confidence.* – Charles Bukowski

# A Hero Suffers

Reader. This novel is non-fiction. In my humble, repetitious pleadings, I ask: will you become a real character in the American story? Or, will you stay in neutral while this western meritocracy withers away, sitting idly with ease and caution, confident you have it all figured out? There are so many here, and multitudes longing to arrive whom have not tasted the American dream—raising a family, growing a business, or even owning a home. It is God's hope for everyone to write a page in American history. The testimonials always follow a test. The public servants all must suffer. White men. Black men. Natives and foreigners. Some are depicted in paintings. Others with statues. Many were given no honor, to the lowest possible measure. What happened to Thomas Paine? Only six attended his funeral. He died unmarried and friendless, hated by his peers and forgotten by the citizens that he liberated. No Paine, no gain. Robert Green Ingersoll wrote the following about Thomas Paine in an article published by the North American Review in 1892:

Thomas Paine had passed the legendary limit of life. One by one most of his old friends and acquaintances had deserted him. Maligned on every side, execrated, shunned and abhorred — his virtues denounced as vices — his services forgotten — his character blackened, he preserved the poise and balance of his soul. He was a victim of the people, but his convictions remained unshaken. He was still a soldier in the army of freedom, and still tried to enlighten and civilize those who were impatiently waiting for his death.



Even those who loved their enemies hated him, their friend — the friend of the whole world — with all their hearts. On the 8th of June 1809, death came — Death, almost his only friend. At his funeral no pomp, no pageantry, no civic procession, no military display. In a carriage, a woman and her son who had lived on the bounty of the dead — on horseback, a Quaker, the humanity of whose heart dominated the creed of his head — and, following on foot, two negroes filled with gratitude — constituted the funeral cortege of Thomas Paine.

Washington himself, the knight in shining armor fell under scorn at times. And if he retained honor—it was limited in his day. The “Conway Cabal” was a plot to remove Washington as General. It failed, but must have pricked his loyal heart on many levels. Abraham Lincoln lost his mother at age nine. Once married, three of his four children perished from a variety of sicknesses. From a blog dated on February 18, 2013:

...Added to all these personal sufferings were the sufferings Lincoln bore as president of the United States during what historians call “the country’s greatest moral, military, and constitutional crisis.” As the Civil War raged on, Lincoln was reminded every day of its tragic toll. From his summer “cottage,” three miles north of the White House, he could actually hear the cannon fire from nearby military skirmishes. Across the street was the National Cemetery where the dead of the

Union army were buried daily. As he rode on his horse to and from the White House, Lincoln sometimes stopped into the make shift hospitals to talk to the wounded. And from his saddle he also saw firsthand the many squalid camps of runaway slaves. But Lincoln was great not simply because he suffered as an individual and as president. He was great because of what he allowed suffering to do to him: turn him into a man of profound compassion, integrity, wisdom, humility, and strength.

(The Suffering of Abraham Lincoln, by Melannie Svoboda)

From the revolutionaries to the abolitionists—from the early wars, to the civil war, and the world wars—mankind suffered for this American idea. Countless endured a Thermopylae of their own for the generations who followed. They defended the like-minded Spartan to their right, and to their left, to form a wall of resistance and hope. How dare we think something has changed? Reader, there is no time or need to “rise and shine”; rather, we must lay our shoulder to the wheel and push. No more flexing and flaunting, earning and learning. *It is time to develop discipline and deliver a hero from the coward within.* The brain is indeed a muscle, but popular heroes only flex from afar—popular heroes are merely “people of the hour.” They will not pass the tough tests. They don’t leave lasting legacies. Real heroes will suffer. Real heroes are willing to die. Willing to sign their John Hancock. Capitalists today do not compare to those past—even Robert Morris, an avaricious self-made millionaire was willing to front the money needed to fight for

independence. Libertarians today cannot hold a candle to the scholarship, statesmanship and courage of the great Thomas Jefferson. Progressives like Teddy Roosevelt have no equals in modern America, and so we are left with broken families and pop culture to figure this out. Preservers of troubled nations must, in the surrender of happiness, sometimes fall. Sometimes lose. Sometimes swallow their pride. To leave a career field, organization or party; and, when things get this bad, leave a lifelong career for a higher calling. I predict that more celebrities in retirement will feel the urgency to leave comfortable retirement and enter public service.

The heroes of declining nations are always the same—the athlete, the singer or the actor. The word ‘celebrity’ today is used to designate a comedian or a football player, not a statesman, a general, or a literary genius. (*Fate of Empires*)

My intention is not to condemn you but to encourage you. Get angry, Spartan. You are about to birth something fearsome out of your own personal anguish. Channel that Spartan rage into a holy purpose, converting your madness to motivation as you learn to love what is good and hate what is evil. Your tears will turn to joy, and the crying will give way to laughter as you redeem the song:

*"Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine"*

*"Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears"*

*America (My Country, 'Tis of Thee) Samuel Francis Smith 1831*

Is your spirit crying? Is your soul in anguish? Maybe a victim of discrimination, homicide, divorce, or a broken family? Maybe you

have lost a loved one or a spouse? Maybe your marriage fell apart? Did your romance grow cold? If you love your family and your country, then allow the refining fires of ancient wisdom quicken you. Change begins in the heart and in your own house first—your firehouse, your statehouse, your district, department, and sphere of influence. The power you wield as an American is tremendous. You will not be a victim or another voice in the digital realm echoing the roaring hysteria of Xerxes's slave army. You will smile. You are smiling. In fact, you are beaming with confidence. You are steady and true, and you will succeed. Individual sacrifices are the ripples that move the current of life.

## **Lycurgus**

Upon the death of his brother and father, the ancient Greek Lycurgus was positioned to take the throne of Sparta. His deceased brother had left behind a pregnant wife, and if this child was a boy, and were he to survive childbirth, this boy would become Sparta's next king. But his sister-in-law, the queen, made Lycurgus a most obscene offer—she offered to abort the pregnancy. If he would plot to become her king, they would succeed the rightful heir in quiet usurpation. Lycurgus pretended to adopt this plan, initially instructing her not to chance her health with an abortion. Instead, he offered to secretly destroy the newborn, giving strict orders to present to him the infant upon delivery. When the moment arrived, Lycurgus was dining in the company of Sparta's judges. Taking the child in his arms, he declared, "Men of Sparta, here is a king born to us." They named him Charilaus, which means, "joy of the people."

The citizens admired the character of one who could lay down this supreme power for greater things—joy—justice. In

reverence for life! Disrupting the established order, Lycurgus made enemies of his immediate family. In their jealous scheming, they accused Lycurgus, the true guardian of life, of plotting the death of Charilaus. To avoid any blame if harm should befall the child, he circumvented any guilt of proximity with Charilaus—Lycurgus fled the ruling class and took residence at the island of Crete. This provided time for the infant to grow up and father a son—a child to succeed him.

In Crete, Lycurgus met a poet named Thales. Thales made his living as a musician at banquets, but Thales was more than a hired minstrel. A philosopher of civilization, his thoughtful songwriting persuaded men to be just and honest—to live as brothers in a peaceful society. Good people and the happiness they enjoyed were the themes of Thales’s compositions. When performing, the troubles of his audience would melt away—listeners (Lycurgus included) would forget about their feuds and move towards a common purpose. Later, Lycurgus persuaded Thales to bring his music ministry to Sparta, endeavoring to prepare his people for a better way of life. And so, Lycurgus’s rejection of the evil twin ([see chapter 3: “The Evil Twin”](#)), the temptation to destroy a child for a political office, was a monumental act. Not a word or a slogan—not an idea or a philosophy, but the integrity of action. Charilaus was the true king, but justice was the rock of the judiciary. Lycurgus was a good man but very unpopular with his family. Liberty and justice—this was life and breath to noble Greeks. The gift of children—this was the *joy of the people*. The babies born and raised in this atmosphere would shape a culture that captivated nations. Still today, Greek and Spartan culture impacts our

world. Lycurgus, the father, reformer and framed fugitive statesmen, was a pro-life warrior who got the job done.

Every soul of America has been fused with Spartan DNA—from democracy to national defense; from sports to philosophy and art. Yes, these children would be born to rise above, and upon every precipice, the Spirit of liberty's youth would rise to fall—they would fall off the shoulders of giants, straight into the throes of war. They would forget their dreams and ambitions and voluntarily serve. They would descend into an abyss flashing with the fires of refining. History could never record each individual who died during the righteous wars. However, we do have an ancient archetype that has become the standard of this ethos. What emerges is not a pantheon of superhuman comic book characters or even a detachment of SEALs or Special Forces commonly portrayed in video games or action movies. This spirit is reborn through a simple, organized movement of normal people; a grassroots band of citizen heroes who were not part of any elite force, government, faith center, or standing army. This detachment is known as *the three-hundred*. But I'm not talking about the movie released in 2006. It goes back even further than the battle of Thermopylae.

## **Gideon**

The "three-hundred" derives from an ancient record predating the Greeks. In a far-removed, disheveled region of fractured states and power struggles, there existed a small company of brave patriots who became victorious over a larger invading force. The book of Judges recounts a military campaign dated seven centuries prior to the Greek battle of Thermopylae. Circa 1067 B.C., ancient Israel had neglected their national

charter (moral and civil codes of Moses) which emboldened their enemies. Hostile tribes marauded Israel's borders destroying livestock and agriculture. They did it because they could. There was no unity in the land. There was no spiritual leadership. As every great story begins, it was a common citizen who emerged. His name was Gideon. While secretly preparing wheat to smuggle from the enemy, an angel appeared:

*"And the Angel of the Lord appeared to him, and said to him, 'The Lord is with you, you mighty man of valor!'"*

Doubting his true ability to affront the enemy, he responds,

*"...if the Lord is with us, why then has all this happened to us? And where are all His miracles which our fathers told us about, saying, 'Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt?' But now the Lord has forsaken us and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites."*

Here, Gideon remembers when Moses led their first revolution roughly four centuries prior. The angel turns to him and replies, *"Go in this might of yours, and you shall save Israel...Have I not sent you?"* Gideon, like most commoners, suffered from an inferiority complex. The Cowardly Lion replies,

*"O my Lord, how can I save Israel? Indeed my clan is the weakest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house."*

It took him a while to absorb the weightiness of the calling. Gideon dragged his feet for some time contemplating the sacrifice and nature of the task. Fearing his own family and the city leaders, he began his work under the cover of night. His first

assignment was to tear down his father's "unholy monuments." This was a political nightmare that almost got him killed.

*"Then the men of the city said to Joash, 'Bring out your son, that he may die, because he has torn down the altar of Baal....'"* (Judges 6:12-30 NKJV).

Would you, like Lycurgus, be willing to leave your prestige, and break off from the cowards and tyrants in your own family? Would you take asylum from the culture around you? Would you, like Gideon, stand against your own father as a prerequisite to save your imperiled country? Would you take a bullet like Lincoln, Kennedy, or Reagan? Would you swallow your pride like Frederick Douglass and Martin Luther King Jr.? Would you, like Leonidas, be willing to leave a place of authority to join a suicide mission? After all, you live here, have family, wealth, and other interests in this nation. You know your children are growing up fast. If your life was all you had to give—what then? Furthermore, if you had no guarantee that things would turn around—would you die to your own dreams so your children could live theirs? Would you join in the suffering so future generations could be happy and fruitful? Ultimately, the first requirement to join the 300, is to be unafraid and refuse to bow the knee to the Serpent.

Now announce to the army, "Anyone who trembles with fear may turn back and leave Mount Gilead." So twenty-two thousand men left, while ten thousand remained. But the Lord said to Gideon, "There are still too many men. Take them down to the water, and I will thin them out for you there.... So Gideon took the men down to the



water. There the Lord told him, "Separate those who lap the water with their tongues as a dog laps from those who kneel down to drink." Three hundred of them drank from cupped hands, lapping like dogs. All the rest got down on their knees to drink. The Lord said to Gideon, "With the three hundred men that lapped I will save you...." (Judges 7:3-7 NIV)

Fast forward six centuries. Recall that moment when Leonidas smiled upwards at Xerxes' throne. Xerxes offered to make him a warlord over all of Greece, if only he would surrender. If only he would, in a sense "kneel down to drink". With audacious sarcasm, the hero remarks: "The idea of kneeling is, you see...slaughtering all of those men of yours has left a nasty cramp in my leg. So kneeling will be hard for me."

# The Phalanx

And now, it all comes together into one image. Reconstitute now, the first battle scene from 300. Leonidas's forces have reached the pass at Thermopylae. The Greek nation will live or die here. The first wave attack; a crushing Persian offensive, smashing against the Spartan row of shields. Stop. This row of shields represents everything. In battle, it was a made of men and shields—this is merely the front facing wall; it continues and winds itself spiritually back to the cities, homes and hearts where it originated. The wall they erected there was not vertical—this barricade was not made of stacked bricks or structural steel. Its security would never derive from mere thoughts or words, slogans or brands. The wall was not constructed with cranes or reinforced with concrete or beams. This wall was not a house of cards—a school, a college, or a bank; not a tower of economy like the Twin Towers or One World Trade Center. This wall is greater. This wall is older. This wall is not built...but born. The Great Wall of China can be seen from space, but it was a gruesome endeavor, designed only to keep invaders out. The Spartan wall is different. It is a means of keeping good things in. This wall is known as the Spartan Phalanx. It's a near impenetrable battle formation, but also a symbol of the mindset that permeates the whole society—the wall they created from flesh, brains, limbs, and thoughts that moved as one creature—breathed and stepped and worked as one spirit. The Phalanx is the cornerstone of the Spartan State—defending, arguing, receiving, rejecting, governing, and philosophizing from every angle. Similar to how an angel is a shark well-governed ([see chapter: "Twins of Barbarism"](#)), a Phalanx is a school of sharks—

a school so hungry, they will speed through to devour the prey awaiting them in the marketplace. The inverse is also true—a dreaded contingent of fearsome hoplite soldiers. A warrior standing in Phalanx formation is a well-governed and disciplined soldier—or statesman. On the battlefield, they are calculating killers; in the courtrooms, they are blind administrators of justice; in academia, they are a school of dolphins—warm-blooded and brilliant mammals breathing the fresh air of Liberty and giving birth to world-changing innovations. *Giving birth to live young.*

The ancient Spartan is the avatar of a true American today. This means we are strong willed, and forceful at times. The idea that compassion will punctually manifest as force is a paradox of the Phalanx. The usefulness and forcefulness of compassion is the extension of this military maneuver—a wall of incredibly discerning, strong willed and intelligent citizens. It can stop an invading army on a dime, and it can squash a bad idea before it becomes an unstoppable train—like the trains of Nazi Germany. The Phalanx is an underground railroad that moves freedom below, while society has time to rise above. A Phalanx is a row of helmets and thinking caps that conduct a stream of differing, yet compatible thoughts, flowing into and out of each precious human conduit—a row of soldiers, a row of desks in a classroom; director's row in a large corporate office, and a row of product stacked neatly in many warehouses. An assembly line, an immigration line, and a narrow path to all things virtuous. The American Phalanx is both a defensive and offensive posture: an array of black panthers defending civil rights, a row of jurors hearing a case, and rows of Higgins boats landing on the shores of Normandy. With a great propensity to defend, the Phalanx has an equal obligation to attack. It is more than civil rights, money,

and higher education—it is warfare. The Phalanx is the epicenter, the heart and core of ideological spiritual warfare. It's millions of unique, ethnically diverse citizens, going in many directions, yet beating with one heart. Moms and dads, sons and daughters, pursuing their talents individually, but having one mind. In times of peace, they do many great and different things. In a time of war, they fall into a narrow, tight, singularly—hideous and perfect is the Phalanx.

In ancient times, the Phalanx was the wall of shields: Spartan Hoplites layers strong. When one area was breached, they tightened; when one man fell, another took his place. Mustered men of skillful warfare, tightly condensed together at the great battle of Thermopylae, healing the wall, smashing the enemy, holding the line. The Phalanx encompasses close quarters—whether in governmental debates, educational courses, or raw combat—there is no social distancing—there is no safe space. Failure is not an option. Indeed, if the enemy gets through here, the flame of Liberty would extinguish. If the enemy could shatter or disperse the Phalanx, then all hope is lost. If the crack in the Liberty Bell widens any further, then the *Spartan state*—the people, the government and schools, the monuments, arts and entertainment—eradicated. History and literature—the national archives, wisdom and poetry—torched. Families and heroes—extirpated or made slaves. Consider Xerxes's reply when Leonidas refused to bow the knee:

There will be no glory in your sacrifice. I will erase  
even the memory of Sparta from the histories.  
Every piece of Greek parchment shall be burned.  
Every Greek historian and every scribe shall have

their eyes put out...and their tongues cut from their mouths. Why, uttering the very name of Sparta or Leonidas will be punishable by death. The world will never know you existed at all.

To which Leonidas solemnly replied:

The world will know that free men stood against a tyrant. That few stood against many...

So, we build the wall. We build the Phalanx. Because the Phalanx is what protects a family. The Phalanx is what preserves a nation. The Phalanx is not a cast of handsome and grandiose heroes but simpletons—servant leaders who left safety and comfort to benefit the whole. They went out on a limb hoping the rest would soon buy in and catch up. The “three-hundred” are often a silent and dejected minority.

In the words of Paine, *“The palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise,”* meaning history has demonstrated that wealth and influence was obtained more often in corruption than honor. But that is what makes the Spartan State different. That is what makes America unique. Here, the halls of the kings are built on the shoulders of willing and faithful servants. Each soldier in the Phalanx came from a different place and profession. American presidents have been shot and shipwrecked, made prisoners of war, or victims of deep-state assassinations. Former icons were not born into stardom—the King of Rock and Roll served in the military. The King of Pop was a poor black boy from Gary, Indiana. The giants of the gridiron and ball diamonds serve and give back. Sports shrines, statues, and museums—the halls of fame were made possible by those who rose early and fought hard—they sacrificed their own

American dream so their children could live theirs. The endless toils of hardy fathers and mothers were the seeds—long hours away from home, so the bills could get paid. The greatest generation fought from afar, so that millions could sleep in peace.

Surely, I say unto you—if man was formed from the dust of the earth, then the Phalanx is a combination of earth and water—an offering fashioned of mud from the battlefields of life. Scorched earth made sacred—hallowed grounds trampled into a sickening sludge; the waves of grain, fertilized with a ruddy Amber mixture, where contested soil adhered to patriot blood, sweat, and tears. That is the mortar of our wall. That is our grit. Our greatness. The Vietnam Wall of the less-than-fortunate. The black history monuments. As the ancient book described them—“watchmen on the walls”—they are the Appalachian backwoods warriors who stand ready. The New England minutemen. The men. The women. On every wall and in every city square. That is the Phalanx—a front row of shields supported by seven layers behind. Wall upon wall of nameless and faceless participants appearing for duty and ground into greatness—falling in line and falling off the pages of history. We cast our individuality aside over and over. Heroes are not created by Hollywood but resurrected with screenplays, music, and theater. They are men. They are children born to women.

Therein lies the mystery! Therein lies the hope—that the great wall of Sparta is still under construction. *National defense, like an army or an artist or an athlete, cannot exist until a child is born. The wall of Sparta is alive. Kicking. Groping. Turning over. Growing. Maturing. Longing to be born so it can build—*

*struggling to breathe through its own lungs and feed from its own mother's breasts. Why? So she can be loved. So he can give love. The water breaks! The mother **snaps!** The keys **twist** in the ignition...rushing off to the hospital...or the midwife arrives...and out **pops** a miracle.*

There is a battle in your life worth fighting, and I, Ezekiel, was recalled to help you see and understand. I challenge and beseech you to know the age in which you are living. With humble sincerity, reach out, reckless now, for a promise. Reach out and touch it—the hope of a better marriage, better relationships with your children; your nuclear or blended family to love again; your business to flourish again. I promise, the United States of America will turn course and become the beautiful host she was made to be. A massive continent of freedom and prosperity the world needs. Congratulations, reader, I declare even now that you will share in this victory. You will stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow Americans with tenderness. Many differences are just minor details. You will stand firm. You will strengthen the Phalanx. You will reverse the curse of divorce and disunity as you build relationships and respect your opponents. Spartan wisdom is a tributary that flows into the American Spirit—it takes us off the Yellow Brick Road, to a place of ownership and victory. The American Way dismantles popular opinion and builds up the mothers and the babies. The Phalanx is a shadow and type of the eternal Spirit—a newer Colossus symbolizing the Great spirit—the American Spirit—the rows upon rows of faceless heroes hidden behind the bronze helmets, willing to die to self—this is the wall. This is the image. This is the Phalanx. The impenetrable iron curtain of love, life and lasting liberty. The Statue of Liberty does not represent a

woman who stands tall, casting off her chains of patriarchal bondage...rather, she betokens the magnificence of us all—E Pluribus Unum. Many, who are one, who have broken through darkness.

And the wall will widen as Americans close the gap between intellectualism and bravery. Instead of cutting ribbons, we will close the gap between the head and the heart; and the Phalanx will tighten as *You the People* flow into this ancient barricade, the never antiquated wall of human dignity. And instead of breaking ground on new projects, you will study and marvel at the groundbreaking institution of small and frugal self-government. The Phalanx is not perfect—some are weak, and some will fall, but the Phalanx itself remains a living, breathing, permanent fixture that will never die. Every member, doing their honest and contrite duty, and with no grumbling or complaint. From the laborer to the learned, from the soldier to the statesman—the Liberty Bell tolls from age to age, ushering in the death of our individual fascinations and predispositions. Friend and brother—wherever you are from, whatever you believe, and whatever you do—you are a precious and indispensable piece of the wall. Sister—you are needed, wanted, and loved by the Great Spirit of Phalanx.

...were all soldiers, all would starve and go naked,  
and were none soldiers, all would be slaves.

(*American Crisis*, April 19, 1777)

So, whichever lot fell unto you, whatever your skills are Spartan—sharpen your mind and prepare your heart. Wherever your passions were prior applied—open yourself to the revolution. *For now is the time...here is the chance to leave your*



*circle and build our legacy—lay your shoulder to the wheel!* You must support the American Way. You are all invaluable members of this great experiment—and you cannot fall or fail—and we cannot grumble or disperse. You must stand up to the American on your left, and you must defend the American on your right. From the city to the country. From the top to the bottom. From the Yellow Brick Road back into to the melting pot. The land of *E Pluribus Unum*. The American Battle of Thermopylae is sobering and unmistakable. We venture there, because there is no place like home.

The Greek Plutarch once asked, “Why do the Spartans punish with a fine the warrior who loses his helmet or spear but punish with death the warrior who loses his shield?” Because helmet and spear are carried for the protection of the individual alone, but the shield protects every man in the line. The group comes before the individual. (Steven Pressfield’s *Warrior Ethos*, Chapter 13)

Such was the angel’s message to Gideon that these three-hundred warriors would organize, move, defend, and attack as “one man”: And the Lord said to him,

“Surely I will be with you, and you shall defeat the Midianites as one man.” (Judges 6:16 NIV)

And so, the “We” is historically strong but fragile, and the “I” has a habit of becoming dangerously divisive. Truly, the “We” is the precedent to the “I” and the guardian of the republic. A wild, unruly untamable “I” will only undermine and weaken the “We.” Washington’s warning could never be more apparent than now. “We” begins the word “wheel,” and you are a spoke in the

great wheel of time, and these wheels of liberty must keep on rolling, must keep on turning, spinning, and whirling, binding us together on the axles of freedom and bearing the weight of a vessel bound for glory. Do not judge the heart behind the wall. Do not judge the face hidden behind the medical mask. The Phalanx is not motivated by hatred—the source of the power of the Phalanx is love. Upon the altar of life, we must cremate our carelessness and crucify the endless cravings of our individual wants. No more “I.” For the quality of individuality freezes us in the hell of isolation and cuts us off from the Phalanx—severs the final cord that binds us—the last thread of grace from which this miracle still suspends.

So, take off that God-forsaken mask and breathe in deeply of shared concern. Suffocate all your apathy now—for to not give all your talents in this crisis is a crime higher than treason. To abandon your spouse, children, or duty is the death of the state. What an awful sight it would be if Zion, the land of liberty, was put asunder; what a damnable and preventable inaction of eternal ramifications—a vile heresy, a willful act, to close the church of freedom, or cut ourselves off from the greater American family.

## **Close**

Your circle of influence has betrayed you, closed you off; rather cut you off from reality. The battle raging is not with organized religion. The war wasn’t started over a religious rite, and the fires of hell will not be satisfied by the far left. The only belief to be banned is denial, and the only foreigners on American soil are the tribes and parties of self-interest. Surely, the weakest member of our society is the awful “I,” the individual always

looking for guarantees and security. And the only enemy which cannot, will not, come hell or high water, enter this sacred space is the *God-forsaken crown* ([see chapter: "The Crown Virus"](#)). The only virus we cannot survive is fear. You accept that which you have always known. You recommit your life to the cause of greatest worth, and declare an oath of undying allegiance to your family and fellow American. Reader, you are more than a conqueror, and while there are casualties in this crisis, you will survive and thrive in the midst of a great shaking. Together now as one people, we all awake from our American dream. The sleeping giant arises again. We join together in singing the national anthem as we rock our heels down, crushing the serpent's head. We clap for something beautiful and worthwhile. We clap for the red white and blue, while stomping out the fires of division. And to those fanatics who think that a political party, business, or a brand will save us; or that a border wall can replace the Spirit. Confidently answer them with the words of Lycurgus: "*A wall of men, instead of bricks, is best.*"

The Phalanx. The rock. The eternal one—it is He who holds up the shields...who *is the shield*...who took the spear. He said to Patriarch..."I am your shield, your great reward".

*The barbarian horde is upon us. Lowering the shields in blind faith, we brace ourselves. The American Battle of Thermopylae is a deafening roar of incompatible ideas and colliding anthems—let the onslaught of popular sovereignty strike the foreheads of flint and test the hearts of flesh. The human wall locks arms—the white man, the black man, the native and the foreigner—stand strong! The evil twin will have a shot at the iron curtain of American kindness. As lies and hatred*

*comes in waves, love and hope will recoil back to meet it. The Phalanx absorbs a barrage of viciously clanging blows, emitting showers of sparks... but the people, the "We," the Phalanx... does not break, but gives birth. The Spartan state is quaking in childbirth, and the smiles can be heard as the babies are crowning. Each assault on life and liberty pummels us back three steps. Knee deep in the mire we dig deeper and grin. Smile. Laugh in your anguish as you endure the great declaration of dependence.*

“...I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on this state or that state, but on every state: up and help up; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better to have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake...”

*American Crisis*, December 23, 1776

“Fight for this alone: the man who stands at your shoulder. He is everything, and everything is contained within him.”

*Warrior Ethos*, Chapter 13

“The larger we make the circle, the more we shall harmonize, and the stronger we shall be. All we want to shut out is diasaffection, and, that excluded, we must accept from each other such duties as we are best fitted to bestow.”

*American Crisis*, April 19, 1777

“If there is a country in the world where concord, according to common calculation, wold be least expected, it is America. Made up as it is of people from different nations, accustomed to different forms and habits of government, speaking different languages, and more different in their modes of worship, it would appear that the union of such people was impracticable; but by the simple operation of constructing government on the principles of society and the rights of man, every difficulty retires, and all the parts are brought into cordial unison...”

*Rights of Man*, 1791

# Glossary of Twins

## **King & Country**

Twins of Appeasement : False Peace & Civil Obedience

**Evil Twin** : Human Heart

**Twins of Tough Truth** : Thomas Paine, Thomas Anderson

Twins of Life & Liberty : Luke & Leah Skywalker

Twin Towers : September 11, 2001

Twin Gods : The Supreme Deity & Apophis

Twin Anthems : Star-Spangled & We will Rock You

**Twins of Barbarism** : Slavery & Polygamy

Twins of Political Shift : Frederick Douglas & Donald Trump

**Twins of Striving** : Earning & Learning

## **The Crown Virus**

Fatal Twin-Nineteens : April 19, 1775 & Covid 19, 2020

**The Phalanx** : King Leonidas...a twin

# דס באַס

# דף שאלה

ON TAFIT

# סאב עזאז

# שבת ויהי ערב

# משפחת שר

# דאָס דעזיגן