

Salvation Day II:

The Fire of Michael

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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Preface

The critics are calling it outrageous, infamous, scandalous.
Right now all I need to do is see it on pay per view.

-- The Author

Acknowledgements

To the innumerable "little people" who keep the greatest work of fiction ever written _ab ovo usque ad mala_ so very interesting. (That means from the eggs to the apples.)



Chapter 1.

Their great spaceships met in the sky. Every eye on earth saw it. The clouds parted. One took off for space. The other landed in Brooklyn.

The former U.N. building was gone, but the Jehovah's Witness complex in Brooklyn stood untouched. Michael's spaceship landed on the roof, amid a throng of adoring witnesses, the Governing Board officiating. The war was over, the Chairman announced. Now the work of rebuilding the world was to begin.

Michael had great white wings and golden hair and deep blue eyes and supernatural gold skin with no hint of blue veins or rosiness in the cheeks. His great golden throne was at the apex of his ship, which was in the shape of the pyramid of Giza.

Throughout the great war the Jehovah's Witnesses were left untouched, not involved in the fighting, and not touched

by either side. Now they revealed that they had long been building a massive worldwide secret government organization, complete with their own electronic Net, a host of translators for every language on earth, and a trained cadre of princes, which Michael duly ordained and split the world among. Worldwide gladness and joy attended the constant announcements from Brooklyn. The world was going to be turned into a paradise where people would live forever. Jerusalem was to be rebuilt.

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Not all eyes seeing it were glad. Although all the governments of the world had been destroyed, armed people still held out. In the deepnesses of mountains they held out. In the inaccessible places they held out. Underground they held out. Above ground the survivors were as sheep, no fight left in them. To be above ground was to accept the new world order of Christ under the vice-regency of his archangel Michael.

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The news about Lucifer shone on peoples' worshipful faces like a rainbow after a storm. The world had been deceived by Satan for ages. Michael was Lucifer, the light, the shining one. Satan had tried to palm himself off as Lucifer in order to gain their allegiance. Now that Christ had won and Satan lost, and Michael returned, the truth was known.

"All hail Lucifer!" was now the mandatory 5-time daily public prayer.

The Jehovah's Witnesses now revealed that they had been disguising their true name, Adonai's Witnesses. The name Jehovah is just a cover for the vowels in the word Adonai, or Lord. The Lord Lucifer. Now that their Lord had won they could openly proclaim him.

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"This is too freaky to be real. Somebody pinch me and

wake me up!"

Dr. A'ny had gained forty pounds couchpotatoing in the Dear Old Wickiup, the DOW, as he had named the underground lab in Turin where it had all started so very long ago and far away, so it seemed. It too, like the JW empire, had remained untouched, despite half of Turin being in ruins. And you should see New York. It was like he had sanctuary. He had despised the Shroud Man, had openly sought to worship Satan, had even taken up arms at one point, had killed Shroudmen like shrimp, like they had killed Prep H. Had a bad attitude toward pain. But he was the reason why, the do or die. They needed him. They musty must must.

Perhaps they thought he was mad, had been humoring a madman. He was harmless now. He hadn't gone above ground in three and a half years. He was so out of shape the regimen of pills alone took a pill wheel a foot in diameter. He was pasty faced and red eyed, shell shocked, desperately searching the Net for answers, while watching the world go to manure. Knowing he had caused it. Yet if he had to do it over again. The same thing all over again. He was a mushroom. Use Avino for brighter radiant skin.

He had lost the love of his life. Not Shania. Da Peak. He had left him in Australia, never seen him again. No presence on the Net. No comm. Nothing. He felt sorry for himself. His coconut milk was so sweet.

Shania had burned her bridges with him. She was an officer and a gentleman, a brass in the new world army. He knew where to find her. She'd be around a long time. She was history. She had built the wall between them, and he didn't care. They weren't even on speaking terms. He just didn't care. Didn't care. Didn't. Care. He had nobody to speak to. Not even himself. He was all wall jacked into the abyss. A surrendered wife.

Time was starting over with year one. It was not real. It was not really really really realrealreal. Spaceships and ray beams. This Michael guy. Who was he? No more shrouds left. Was he a Q-Psohot product? Not from here he wasn't. We didn't make any Michael guys here. It's so unreal. So

out of control. So off the wally wall wall. Where is all the bad guys now?

The conspiracies have all hit the fan. Who would've thunk it? Oh for the much simpler days of Indy Jones and the bad guys who wore black hats and swastikas. The Americans were the good guys. Them and the Hollywood Jews who were in charge behind the silver screen. The facetiously subcontinental. The orange purple silver month. The degenerescence indivisibility nonannouncement. The Lee Harvey Antichrist. Play Carmina Burana for me.

The first really bad sign that Shroud Man had really won was the Jews' giving in. They had always been so reliable. So immune from Christyshock. But when Michael was handed the baton, they saw the light. They accepted Christ, now that he was two, two, two messiahs in one, double your messiah double your fun, came out of their deepnesses, embraced the new world gov and its deepness in the sky. It can't be real, Jews working with JWs in this lifetime. But they were now AWA, like the root beer. Barq barq barq! The fever. I'm dead and this is helly hell hell. Iz I the only person left who iz sane? Why is English the only language that insists on capitalizing the word for self? Life in prison on a paradise earth after a courthouse bloodbath. Where did the rock and roll bands all go? How many have disappeared? Was that a pre or post trib rapture? Does that make me a dispensationalist?

People would now live forever? That's what the Chairman said. The Chairman, now there's another bacon wrapped enigma. He couldn't be more than twenty-three years old. Every time he'd seen Jehovah's Witless chairmen, they were old white codgers of Scottish extraction who never got anything but sheep. This kid could have been a rock star. Fresh, skinheaded. Could do extreme stunts on a skateboard. Was obviously gay but now nobody cared. It turned out that all the top JW brass had been gay all along. It was now legal to be gay worldwide. This was paradise all right. I guess if people live forever they can't be allowed to overpopulate the earth.

The funniest feeling was the disappearance of the great

American empire. Their only legacy was their language, and the world capital of Brooklyn. All the American founding father patriotic bullshit was now dustbin history. The true layout of Washington D.C. as a sigil of Satan may have been somebody's idea of a good joke, but now there was no Washington D.C. Kaput. No sacred American documents remained now, no Constitush or Brillo Rights. Except the works of Pastor Charles Taze Russell. The Divine Plan of the Ages indeed. So many had been disappeared now that there was no longer any American people, any more than there was a Catholic Church, or any kind of church, or any national identity of any sort. Where have all the Jesuits gone?

All cities were nationless. Princes now ruled weird new zones that cut across old maps. There was no more any semblance of democracy. There was what they called theocracy. All rules were set down from the top and handed down. New scrolls were being written, so went the official prop. Everybody had seen Christ in the flesh, had seen him take off. He ruled invisibly now, in heaven. Some say the star Pleiades, some say Arcturus. Old JW books described this and many laughed. Ha ha. Cool is me. Black and white. Don't you ever see? That we can't see? Through a shell. The right from the wrong. See this way. Philadelphia strong. Let's get a courthouse bloodbath going here.

Don't fight it. Accept it. The new order is a fact and don't look back or you'll be jack. This is as good as it gets. Teledildonics or how to traffic in geeks. Kilts and Scots' balls. Urban hebe. TEOTWAWKI. Coningsby. The first human clone. Dopo le due. Cricket sucks eggplant. Sweet and trusting Oith. How to write startling knowledge fiction. Lap dogs of our creation. More communication equals less violence. The obscene midget. Lesbian I. Chill Coma. The Three Mars. Crazy criminals from the 20th Century. The red heifer. Spiritual police and symptom warriors. My life is a piece of shit. Kid warriors. Tools of death. Electronic science fiction. Blind leap of faith. An Army of one. It's all in the mix. Open mike night. Bookmark this site before you forget. Knowing the Abigail (Tenderly). Einstein's Tongue. All

Along the Watchtower. A Mammoth Laughing Ah-So Loud. The end of free speech and copyright. Unemployed in Denver. An extremely thing. Professional corpses. Lesbian Golfers by Indiva Busch. Lieutenant Skip Beete Boots Feete Armstrong in Unusual Move. Saurco. Count Basie at the Famous Door of the Knowledge Highway. Public, static and void. Hugh's ding. Emotional trashtalking. Score zero zero. What do you think about objects? Jude 6 and Going After Strange Flesh. Mortet Confundis Margoose Serge Mensa. Projectile Vomiting. The Gengineer: Tastes Like Chicken. Forty Three Million Bites. The Moistitute. Result of a Clone Rapist. Are you a Good Paperboy? The New Aquarium at the Water's Edge, or Baloney It's Cold. Cruising for Diaper Meat. Rape of the Royal Person. Noch Ein Bier Bitte. Email My Heart. Revelation Tim La Haye Disappears. The Trillion Dollar Brain, or Dead Aims. The Brain Patent, or The New Immortals is a Bad Ideas. Shakespeare's Shit, or Roaches of the Second Kind. We struggle against time but time always wins. Where went Heaven's Gate and Bo and Peep? He's a brainiac rock superstar, say Cheese. Pimp baddy dot com. Make that baby. People as products. El Productio. So You Want to be an Antichrist. Not That Space Riot, or Thy Neighbor's Ass. E-caves, or Clone Free. Aromatherapies, or Beauty is a Curse. Damned If You Do. Uterus Removed. Good With Honey. Melchizidek. Oh, Jerusalem. Unclean Expressions. Mouth Frogs. City of Crowd. Quality Life. Insane Rodent Western Wear. Well of Souls. Tale of Two More Cities. World of Ungodly People. The Yes Fate. The Yessing. Love's Last Stand/Chance. Paul [Paul Paul Paul Paul]. The Temple of Baal. Clashing Rocks, or the Wyle Wyle Planette. The Book of Moron on Boron. The Cartilaginous Happy Toy. Eating Lesbians. People Eating People. Logorrhea. One Little Girl to Another. Gearheads: May the Clutch Be With You. Miso Horny. Running Scarred. The Town Armor. The Round of Sixteen. The Martian Monocles/Barnacles. Particles. Protocols. Fire in the Hole. Vicious Hits, or I Married a Cheap Shot. The Kid Who Can't Learn: Baditch Mitch. Sex Junkies. Fame is a Shuttlecock (needs to be batted on both ends). Think and Grow Witch. Der Bazillenherd. Autofellatio and ontology. Eisenhower on the Vietnam War in 1953. In insula. Cum puella.

Sine pecunia. Clem steams clams in Siam. The 12th planet. Who claims to have the next hot stock tip? What it is. What it feels like. Over ten million people suffer from overwhelming anxiety that can interfere with social life. Tell people what medicines you're taking. In time life can feel like life again. New Age music and swooning with androgynous lads. Finally got out of college and got a job. Now what? Marriage, kids, and appliances. How do you make meatloaf that's extraordinary? Add a can of Rotelle? You can rotelle the difference. Tagi, Pagong, Rattana. Whatever happened to the Galloping Gourmet? Is Baphomet a he or a she? Could he-she be lactose intolerant? What's in your wallet? Mamma said there'll be days like this, days like this. Mamma said? Who's Mamma? And who is Minute Maid, anyway? Ester of Wood Rosin.

Enough.

Back to, er, reality. Somebody's knocking at my doory door door door.

* * * *

The AW knocked, entered A'ny's lab, letting himself in, introduced himself as Kenbo Stark, and made himself at home.

Maybe he didn't know, but now he do know. A'ny was on their A-list.



Chapter 2.

Arthur Duncan, that black dude who tap danced on the Lawrence Welk show, like a yo-yo. That's what he looked like, thought A'ny. Always dressed up, like a yo-yo. Like Fred Astaire. But no matter how fine the tux, he was still just a dancin' negro buck watching the nickels tinkle into the can from a white man's hand. Then back again into his

hand. He couldn't win a white girl with high hat means like Fred always did, no matter how many magic steps. When he had to dance with a partner, he always got the Hispanic lass Anacani.

"Greetings in the name of Adonai. My name is Kenbo Stark and I've been sent by Adonai to bring you to the truth."

"Yegods, dude! Where's your Watchtower?"

"That old scroll is closed. How do you feel about Adonai?"

"Well, if you put it that way, I feel like shit on a stick. You doorknocker guys give me the willies."

"Before you say anything more to risk your soul, let me remind you that we're living in a new world order. You may not like it, but it's the way it is. If you look outside you'll see whole cities put aflame while Adonai's people were safely sheltered in the canyons and valleys. You should have been destroyed with the other unbelievers, but we let you live, and now you owe us at least your sincere attention."

Kenbo reached out for his shoulder, took his hand. The smile. The look in the eye.

The strangest electric moment was coming over A'ny. It was like when Adam and Eve did the nasty and hid from God and heard him walking in the gard. He began to drift off, his eyes to glaze. Kenbo's hand snaked down his side, toward his reptilian shapeshifter.

"Can I suck your dick?"

"What?" He didn't want to say what. He wanted to say nothing, to say yes. Dear old Preparation H.

From Hinan Island to Guam to Hickam AFB in Hawaii in a chartered 737 in an electric second, Kenbo had reached for his crotch crotch crotch and found it. A'ny began to freeze, then thawed, as Kenbo petted him like a pampered pussy cat. Visions of the Gay/Lesbian Book Club of the

Month danced in his heady head as the serpent in his pants aroused. Soon it was too late. The mouth doth trout, but the serpent lets the trout out. The erection was flying like a flagpole and Kenbo was giving him sweethead. Snake and mouth, hard and soft, it's the dilemma in the garden again, the original sin, the times like this that make time go by and go nowhere. It's times like this when worlds collide. Eve wasn't enough. The Gone with the Wind theme. As Time Goes By. The Truth.

A'ny lost his will to fight. So this was the new JWs. They went door to door giving head. Maybe this new world order wasn't all bad. He had been bad. Memories of feeling strange attractions for Robert Reed, the guilt when he found how he died in ninety-two. Maybe deadly sin viruses are a thing of the past now. And look what they were doing for him. What is the truth? The truth sucks. There is no truth. But there is a truth. And it sucks. Oh and how it sucks. And swallows. It's time out for paradise.

Time flied like shit flied lice. Who would you list as a loser? The 25th hostage? Another convert to the Adonai's Witnesses studying for baptism.

* * * *

Laying in each other's arms on the floory floor floor, clothed except for Any's open fly, there was an air of expectancy in Kenbo's Sears suit pants. A'ny lay passive, silent, dreamy-eyed, licking his lips. Like in the Victorian days, it is the man who does the asking. Then Kenbo spoke.

"Now you suck my dick."

Kenbo unzipped his fly and took out his huge black one-eyed trouser snake. It smelled like chocolate. It was soon in Any's mouth, like a delicious chocolate bunny with two big Easter eggs. He made love with a chocolate Adonai's Witness in his proper faux British dress suit with a nice leather briefcase on the floor of his labby lab lab, and indeed it was paradise, this new world order that swept away the old world's troubles on chocolate and Easter eggs. If I could

ask the real Jesus one question, what would it bebebe? Are you gay? Can I suck your dicky dick dick? He said he would come again. Florence Henderson something.

* * * *

A lingering big O.

Then it got serious. The clothes came off.

The night was spent in positions. Like Cro-Magnon museum exhibits. No more cornered mammoths, now it was bunnies. Giant chocolate bunny in every orifice on his boddy bod bod. White bunny in every orifice on Kenbo's bod. Bizarre positions. Mind blowing positions. Sucking every juice out of each other's orifices, and liking it. Total acceptance of sexual love between two men. Men as trees of life. It was what Adonai had planned all along. The worldwide paradise where the garden would be everywhere, where love would be all the time, where all were gods who got perfect and lived forever by giving up reproduction for how do I love thee let me suck thy water of life. Somehow this wasn't what the old JW literature showed. The herds of zombie people in their cartoons were multiracial and multicultural yes, but always fully dressed, and in monogamous uniracial heterosexual family units, sitting on the grass like at a Kansas church picnic, denying their sexual attractions and acknowledging the color line. But maybe that was just a cover story for the world until the NWO came in, and most of the bad people who could hurt them were dead. Now the naked truth could come out. Men would love men and women would love women. That way the world would never overpopulate. In the kingdom of heaven men and women no longer marry each other.

If he could ask Kenbo one question, what would it bebebe? Would A'ny ever want or need women again? That would be his first question to Cadbury his chocolate bunny. Maybe in this NWO heterosex was forbidden. If so, that would be somehow fitting, so right.

One question he couldn't ask. Why, when he was in the throes of the hottest of the hot, did he always see her?

Saturday afternoon was a great Easter. Now the Easter bunny was in the JC Penney spring clothes line. Easter is homo day in the NWO. It's amazing, yet so cornflake it could work.

Look what heteros did to mess up the planet. Look what males fighting each other for females did to mess up the world. Now males eat each other like candy and can't remember what to do with a female. And if they could, they haven't got the strength. Those positions. Mind blowing indeed. The end of war is in those positions. It should make me sick, A'ny thought, but it doesn't. No, not after all the changes. I don't have anybody to pretend for. I did have urges for John Wayne, I diddy did did. I did it with women to try and fit in to a world that I didn't fit into. I was looking for a NWO and it found me.

Remember the briefcase. They had their clothes back on now, and were back in the lab. A'ny didn't want Kenbo to open that briefcase. No, he decided to become an AW without reading a word of their litty lit lit. Kenbo did open the briefcase. To his relief, they didn't have any lit. No more magazines, no more books, only a computer device, which he brushed by on his way to the top pocket, where he pulled out some sex toys.

The door knockers all did it Kenbo's way. Direct and to the point. Hail Michael and his Adenoids. Buy low sell high.

I guess, thought A'ny, that if this were a novel there wouldn't be any story now, just endless paradise on the floor. But get real. This is the real world. No paradise is perfect. There was soon a complication. The devil was still not dead. Before the two home boys could get their clothes off again, Shania walked quietly in the front door of the lab, wearing a trench coat, came up to them as they were grappling for big O's, undid her trench coat, and revealed a bodacious set of tatas, a bewitching chain around her nude belly, and a curvaceous violin shape smelling as delightful as he didn't remember.

As he watched dreamily, Kenbo's snake falling from his

lips, trying hard not to remember what use a woman would have for men like them, she pulled a gun out and shot Kenbo dead between the cab drivers.

"I'm with you in Satan now."

Fred was dead, but he got the last laugh. Another white girl a black tap dancer couldn't have. He was gentle on carpet.

He couldn't remember but he could imagine. She smothered him with tatas and belly and woman smells, as the dead Kenbo's eyes watched unblinking, his shrunken snake retracting most of the way back into his fly, dripping.

He was saved.



Chapter 3.

Smile on. Smile on. That makes the picture.

The days when he could purr her to dot com here were history. She had gone butch mil.

For three hours Shania led A'ny through a burning world piled high with bleaching bones picked clean by birds to a mountain lair in hard hard rock. A giant heap of human bones, picked clean by birds. Some rosemary, some garlic. Does anyone know what marinating means here in the outback?

The hidden lair had no bone pile. It was pure rock. This was part of the disguise, necessary for self-protection. The rebels were hanging by a thread. There were too many rocks for the Shroud Man army to look under at this time, that's all. True, the cleanup efforts were underway, and the new world people would get to the nearby bone dump eventually, perhaps a year from now. Let them eat cake.

Those little Italian Vespas came in handy after an apocalypse. So did bungee cords. He demoed to her a little technique for curing the hiccups. He slightly sprained an ankle. She nurtured him back to health. Ah, women, the nurturing subspecies. He tried not to dream about sexy sex with his cutie pie by musing on how a world could operate without money.

You may be entitled to money damages. If you used Phenfen or Redux to lose weight you may be entitled to a cash settlement. Half price isn't half bad. The price you see is cut in half, and you won't need a calculator, because you don't pay for ninety days. You're dreaming. She's way out of your league. But I was that type of guy. I just never had the chance to prove it.

The former Turin metrop was a giant dump, but without the little kiddies rummaging for yummys. The lair, in contrast, was pristine, appearing to be untouched by human hands. Too many Miami Vice episodes. Fran Drescher before The Nanny giving head to big D with Seka. In other words, you're on camera? Right now? At all times. Viewer discretion advised. Fairy tales like Hansel and Gretel. Teach the little kids to use the password when adults want them to come with them. Six Flags. Johnny Pepperseed. Aisle after aisle of the hottest styles from your favorite brand names. Charlie, Pony, Tony, Antonio, all the rejects from Benihana.

Their security was that they didn't have any. That's their disguise. Not that they couldn't have been picked off by the army if they had just tried putt-putting in broad daylight, or even night, but Shenia had an electronic map on her wristtop that showed her how to use sewers, culverts, basements, empty castle holds, anything. She scored over a million on the Turin Escape video game before they even started the Vespas.

Necessity makes what? Like lawyers, who are much maligned and misunderstood, the anti-Michael forces were an alliance of former enemies who forgot their differences in their unity of fear and loathing of the NWO. Even as she spoke to the invisible leader in the tiny little webcam he was taken by the two guards, one a Moslem woman with a veil wearing

khaki trousers, the other a Catholic priest with a smock over his, half-tucked in. A'ny mused about Catholic D in Moslem P. The strength of the Roman arch. Cheap tickets. In this cadre it was haute couture to wear a retro uniform even if it had no organization left to back it upupup.

A'ny wanted to, but didn't ask. How could they all be with Satan now? But then, lawyers will represent anybody. Norman Vincent Peale went into biz with Dale Carnegie, so why shouldn't they go into biz with Gee Whiz?

The mountain lair had a long natural channel cut out of rock by nature that guarded the entrance, which was behind a waterfall. Once inside, the wretchedness rankled the nose and stung the eyes and pricked the ears. Coughing noises, whimpers, cries, despairing sobs, madhouse sounds. If it was a law firm they would have a very big bill after challenging the hospital.

"Throw this on here," Shania told him, handing him a black garbage bag with holes cut out for the head and arms. A second bag with eyeholes was then placed over the head, followed by more bags for the hands and arms, like surgeons scrubbing and dressing for working on filth duty. The red crosses of the Shroud Men suddenly came to A'ny's mind. He chuckled, but not much.

They had a long damp walk through heaps of human misery to the big vault door, which was an instant sensation, like three friends forming a garage band. These characters were definitely based on the Archie comic book, a cartoon come to life. Real life just fills in the colors. Welcome to your party. Let's all go goth. It's a little scary when you think what's behind those innocent eyes and shoes that are untied. It was like the JW paradise cartoon only ass backwards. The multicultural people were here, hanging on to rock and roll by the skin of their drums. A'ny was so impressed. He began to wonder if they'd offer him a job.

Inside the vault it was dry and clean. The black bags came off, taken by the guards. A feeling of positive forced air, of a HVAC system, the toilet out and the tub gone, but comfortable, civilized, pre-apocalyptic, pre-kingdom-come.

Life in prison after a terrible bloodbath. Sometimes I love him sometimes I hate him. Sometimes I'm not even thinking about it when a little door opens up inside me, and Whoopi Goldberg is there.

Yes, Whoopi Goldberg was there. She was like her public persona in America, a ho' slash actor who is a people mover. She was dressed in khakis that could have been worn by Norman Schwarzkopf in Desert Storm. She was clearly a general now, surrounded by aides and maps, quietly giving orders. He scanned her uniform for stars and saw two. This cave was the crossroads of the world, and fate brought them together. Should he tell her that his white girlie girl had just done a bro' between the cab drivers?

His girlie girl girl. Yes, he wasn't that gay. She moved juices inside him. Her cunt smell was swell. Man and woman would always get it on. Yes he did love her. He'd always love her. He wanted his penis inside her vagina, where it was truly happy. They'd always be true loves, even if they toured a nation. If only your house could talk, what would it say? The walk makes the doe. Why did it say that? It was an efficient design, one not seen often today. But then they weren't exactly in Honolulu with Rick and Magnum. TC got it between the cab drivers.

Summer would be a short 94 days this year. Wonder what that translates to in 666? Shania was pointing and clicking on her wristtop device, while Whoopi was eyeing him with that big white teathy smile that could be a cumon for sex. Would she too ask to suck his dick? It was on empty now, but half a nut was busy churning it out for Shania, and if she pulled rank, Whoopi could soon be tapping that in some private office.

Whoopi gave him a hand signal and he came over like a trained pet. Why me? But more to the point, why you?

"Dr. Anton McDaniels, the inventor of the Q-Psohot! Pleased to meet you, doctor."

"That's Anthony Daniels and I prefer A'ny. Are you really Whoopi Goldberg?"

She grinned big African.

"That was my former stage name, A'ny. You can call me General Carol Jones."

"Why aren't you up there with all the adoring A's kissing Michael's golden buns and building a new world order?"

"Why aren't you?"

"Because I think the whole bloody deal sucks. I don't want to be ruled by no Cadbury Easter bunny."

She smiled, then seemed to pause to reflect, her eyes diverting down and right, then returning, accompanied by a big African laugh, teeth as white as semen.

"Doctor, you're a natural comic. Too bad there's no more Hollywood or I could get you some main gigs."

He was a world class scientist, and almost told her, stifling himself. An awkward silence. She came down, gave him the nod.

"Close enough. We want you to come to our conference room where we want to show you something."

He glanced at Shania. She nodded yesyes.

The trio walked down a rock tunnel lined with military style interrogation rooms with nobody in them, to a larger conference room at the end around a corner. It was well lighted, and filled with people of many races and both genders, most in military khaki. As he walked, the general fell first to his side then slightly behind, and goosed his buns with one assertive hand. Looking for Shania, he was surprised to see her in the rear, in her panties alone, no bra, in front of a locker, changing into khakis. When the general saw him looking, she motioned for him to undress in front of the locker next to Shania, and change too. The crowd inside had their backs turned and didn't notice, so he took off his white shirt and lab slacks, revealing his

well-sucked dick, since he had no underwear. The general looked on appreciatively. She obviously liked dick. At least there was some sanity left in this new world.

He got an erection from the general's stare, and she grinned big as a crocodile, and licked her lips. He thought it might turn into a blow job on the spot, but she smiled at him and motioned him to get his khakis on, and hurry. Shania had now come to him and helped him. The three of them went into the conference room, Shania shuttling him into a chair next to her while the general went to the front.

World class scientist, indeed. What world?

* * * *

"The situation is as follows. We all know by now that the Shroud Man was not Jesus Christ. He was a plant by aliens from outer space who wanted to stifle opposition to their world takeover. The Shroud Man got all his technical information from them. The spaceships, the ray guns, the blue light. The aliens are preparing to colonize this planet, and want only a few of us left, trained to be their slaves. Even now their big ships are entering the outer fringes of our solar system. They will be here in three years. Meanwhile this Michael guy is one of them, an alien hidden inside a golden android. They have been studying us for millennia, and have decided to turn our superstitions against us. And people fell for it beautifully."

A general chuckle from the crowd, followed by looks of guilt from those wearing religious clothes, priest collars, veils, other shit. The general waited for it to die down in response to her stern looks.

"We have with us Doctor A'ny Daniels, the genius who invented the Q-Psohot technology that was used by Russell McMuscle to create the Shroud Man. Doctor, stand up please."

The heads turned. It was heady back there. A'ny stood like a soldier. No applause. Heads drifted back to the general, particularly the feminine ones. Must have been the 70-plus

face and the extra forty. He sat back down. Shania took his hand, then soon moved her hand to his crotch, felt his boner through his khakis. He was a stud in his own mind. The penis part of him was still under 40. Something about the spirit is willing but the flesh weak.

"Well, Doctor, I've got news for you. You were spoon-fed the technology by the Hive. You were just made to believe you discovered it."

A pause that refreshes. Nobody said anything. Whoopi's stern face looks over the crowd like an eagle scanning a field for mice. She could be ho' mean, that ho'.

"Not that you aren't brilliant, doctor. Most other people couldn't even be fed the information and make it work if their life depended on it. You did well, very well."

She folded her arms, tapped a forefinger against her noggin' pensively. A'ny saw it as a disguised allusion to the beejay she wanted to give him. That's why he had a boner, he realized. White boy want black mammy again to milk his cow, like in de Old South. He was game. All she had to do was say when. And Shania could watch if she wanted. It was not like he was still gay and had to be cured. And she couldn't shoot a general's lights out. His mind wandered, so he couldn't follow the general for a while, then he reentered the present reality.

"... forces are preparing a push on New Jerusalem for early summer. Doctor A'ny, do you know what the name New Jerusalem refers to?"

Shelter. Life is mean and steam is clean. Suddenly the music in his head got ripped, chopped, like a needle skipping on an old vinyl.

She guessed right. So did he. He suddenly caught himself assuming that black women had inferior intelligence, and his bluff called.

"Old America, centered around Brooklyn?"

"Correct. The Hive plans to run the world from New Jerusalem, and that's why they have totally wiped out the population of America from one pole to the other there. All, that is, except the JWs, who it turns out have been under their secret control since the late 19th century."

"I wondered what drove them to knock on all those doors," A'ny cracked, wishing he'd kept quiet.

"Right. Anyway, the Resistance is dug in deep in Newjew, especially in the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, and in general we have many bases in deep mountain strongholds like this one. With ELF coded comm giving us the element of surprise, we have an effective fighting force, especially with the Shroud Man army spread thin now acting as a world police force and babysitting service to the new zombie slaves."

"General, how many of us are left?" asked Shania, surprising A'ny by breaking silence. He had somehow expected her to keep silence as long as she was holding his boner. Now he was afraid people'd look, so it began to soften and shrink. She kept her hand on it anyway. Nice girlie girl girl.

"We've got three million troops who are fight-ready, plus another five million sick, wounded, and refugees. Sorry, guys, but that's all. At least this round is a little more even, after we discovered the Signing Device."

"And how do you expect to win? March in, like Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen at Fort Ticonderoga, get them to surrender without firing a shot, under the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress?"

A'ny was showing off his knowledge, but the sharpness of it was blunted by the lameness of the point he was trying to make. There was no answer. He took up the slack by getting real again.

"What year is it?" piped A'ny. He really had lost track.

Whoopi started, then stopped. A'ny repeated the question, as earnestly as a man seeking a promotion from Mel Torme.

There was something puppylike in his eyes. The general relented visibly.

"It's April, 2012. Hmmp. It seems like just yesterday that the Shroud Man came out of that mansion on the television. Yet I feel so very, very old."

She broke a tear. Sniffles were soon heard in the audience. A'ny now discovered that he didn't know what she meant by Signing Device, but he didn't feel like exposing himself again by asking. Just then, a Russian-sounding voice came from the peanut gallery.

"It's April, 2014, General."

Another voice chimed immediately.

"No. It's Nissan, 2016."

"2017."

"2020."

"Wow!" groaned A'ny, dehydrated as from licking envelopes all day. That put a stop to the auction. Finally, a Kodak moment.

Peace still had a chance? A'ny's bork was completely speechless at that point. He had a hard time keeping his breath. The cup, the weight of the moment. La vida loca. Stop the bugs. Hasta la vista ants. Call 1-800-TERMINIX. He wanted to just reach out and touch someone, feel what is real.

"I just don't know what to think sometimes," continued the general, visibly depressed. "Christ claiming to return, having to fight Christ, Christ is Antichrist, and all the time I thought I was a black Jew and didn't think Muslims were my friends, even the black kind. Now (looking at a row of Muslims in the audience) I see war makes new combinations, new alliances. We all gave up our faith to fight something not of this world."

"There's long been people who thought aliens come to our people millennia ago and founded our religions."

Who said that? A'ny ran his eyes through a spiral search and acquisition pattern. Lock. A Muslim, a pretty female one, judging by the way she filled her jeans. Not the same one he had seen before. They must run in packs. Harems.

"Some even thought Muhammad was visited by aliens."

A'ny again grew sorry he had said that, but what did it matter since they were going to lose anyway?

Whoopi looked reflectively into the mist, sniffled, then chuckled, the kind of chuckle that says this is a good day to die and let's get some of them first. But there was more on her mind. Her roving eye locked crocodile-like on the babe's tush, her tongue leaving her lips before she caught it and reeled it back in. Immediately it came back out to the lip line, moving across like a windshield wiper. Now she was like she was trying to ask for a date.

"Shit. I used to work for Steven fucking E.T. Spielberg!"

A little laughter thawed the room.

"One thing we all believe in. We want our world back. We don't want no fucking aliens moving in. Will spoil the neighborhood."

More laughter. Final sucking up sniffles, clearing up sniffles.

"Doctor A'ny, can I ask you a personal question?" Whoopi was in a jovial mood now. Too late he noticed her grab her own crotch and rub on it with her thumb.

"Sure."

"Can I suck your big white dick?" She grinned. Giggles from the crowd. A'ny scanned the room, got the clues, grinned back.

"Now?" He assumed they'd get to that in private.

"Heck yes now! It's a new world, and we party hearty to kill the time."

A'ny already saw an exposed female breast in the audience, some half-undressed people looking back and forth between the general and him, like he was holding things up. The Moslem girl's khaki pants fell down to the floor like a magic carpet. He got the message. They were, after all, Satanists, right?

"Come and get it, general. It's ready for action now."

At that people began a general orgy, half in and half out of their clothes. Whoopi climbed up and back to find Any's fly open and his bishop ready for mass. As Whoopi went down on it eagerly, Shania began to kiss her and try to pull off her pants, then her panties. She wasn't wearing any panties, just a garter belt and hose, purple all.

It's that kind of world. Morgan Stanley, move your money, get well connected. He orgasmed in Whoopi's commanding expert mouth, only to see the Moslem girl lowering her shaved lips over Whoopi, getting immediately wowed by Whoopi's lipillect. In the meantime he saw Shania being spread open and loved by four women and two men at the same time before he fell into a Catholic priest's arms, and more bad news on channel four.

"Oh, go to hell!"

"Yes, I walked to easy street."

"More like sleazy street."

"Mister Feeling."

"Mister Fiddling. Cum to me."

An hour of orgying with man and woman alike, of many races, taught him the true meaning of freedom, of what it meant to be truly human. One good effect of the alien invasion was the freeing of minds from the age-old grip of morality, which, like religion, was acknowledged now to be truly moronic and

provincial, on a galactic basis, a primitive earthling ignorant belief system that could only harm them if not cast aside. The old debate had been won by the infidels, but not on the debating floor, rather the orgy floor. The last remaining religious nuts were above ground in their kingdom of heaven, still clinging to a moral code, albeit an inverted one, while the free were down here reveling in their mental and sexual freedom even while commiserating at their loss of the surface area.

New world, old world. Surface, deepness. A&W root beer. All along the watchtower. Door to door. Visitors on the way via the Milky Way.

Time to think deep. Time for philosophy. Pardon me while I laugh. Woo woo woo woo woo woo woo woo woo.

So this was the new world, free of religion and morality. The one above ground actually was more straight laced and rigid, requiring homosexuality and outlawing hetero. Real freedom fighters went both ways.

Pass a tata and a penis on the side. Ever try to kiss both at the same time while their owners play Twister?

FF

Chapter 4.

Aliens from outer space? The Hive? I need to study over again. Where is Da Peak now that I need him? Unlike him, I'm still frozen in the marble of a single lang. Even stranger, the Net is closed. Not down, just closed. Luckily I saved a lot of web pages on my hardy hard drive on my little ole PDA. Whoopi was in again out again of their beddy bed bed with him, Shania, and her new girlfriend, the veiled Moslem girl named Um, giving him time to clicky click click when he wasn't thinking through his dicky dick dick.

Click.

In 1188, after the Crusaders took control of the Holy Land, Hugh de Payens, a vassal of the count of Champagne, petitioned King Baldwin II for permission to establish a new religious order. To the patriarch of Jerusalem they made vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. This new order would devote itself totally to the military protection of pilgrims to the holy places. Over the centuries to come they would be referred to as the Order of the Temple, the Knights of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, and a number of other variations. Two things remained standard, however. Whatever the form of their name, it was always based on the Temple of Solomon, and it always took second place to the popular name they bear still, the Knights Templar.

And Freemasons also obsess with the TOS, along with AOL. 100 Center Street. Yes. It's movie time. It's game time. I'll decide. With hundreds of channels to watch, who can decide. Gotcha.

In 1127 King Baldwin II petitioned the Pope Honorius to obtain papal sanction for the new order of Knights Templar, and asked him to establish a Rule for the life and conduct of its members. Over the next few centuries the Knights Templar grew in stature, authority, and blessing of the Popes. They also became exceedingly wealthy and influential. No matter what in country they may have resided, Knights Templar members recognized only the authority of the Pope. Consequently, the kings of the various countries in which the Knights Templar dwelt regarded the order with hostility and disdain.

Click.

By 1307, King Phillip of France had his eye on the tremendous political power and wealth of the French Knights Templar, where the Templar Grand Master resided. Finally he decided upon a plan that would bring the order down and deliver their power and wealth to him.

Click.

King Phillip turned the responsibility of destroying the Templars over to Guillaume de Nogaret, who then planted twelve of his own men in a number of Templar commandaries.

Is that like twelve disciples?

Click.

These spies served the King well in his plan to destroy the Knights Templar. When the King struck at dawn of October 13, 1307, he was well prepared with a list of offenses with which the Knights Templar were accused.

That wouldn't be Friday the 13th would it?

Click.

These are some of the offenses:

1. Heresy against the Roman Catholic Church.
2. Rejection of Jesus Christ, as exemplified by spitting and trampling on the cross.
3. Sodomy and other acts of homosexuality.

Robert Reed, the father of old doomed America, would have made a good Knight Templar.

Click.

4. Several of the French Templars confessed to witchcraft, including one of the King's spies. Templars confessed to worshipping a bearded idol, apparently a head, which they called Baphomet.

This is a very serious charge, because it would label the Knights Templar as a Satanist organization. The fact that the confessions were obtained under torture, however, has led historians to deprecate them. But let us not overlook the testimony of the King's twelve spies, at least one of whom personally witnessed the witchcraft of Baphomet.

Now, we have the testimony of the Satanists themselves. They are simply informing their brethren of the truth. Let us examine their testimony, for it is much enlightening.

[_Click._](#)

The symbol of Baphomet was used by the Knights Templar to represent Satan. The Baphomet represents the powers of darkness combined with the regenerative fertility of the goat. In its pure form, the pentagram is shown encompassing the figure of a man in the five points of the star -- three points up, two points down -- symbolizing man's spiritual nature.

In Satanism the pentagram is also used, but since Satanism represents the carnal instincts of man, or the opposite of the spiritual nature, the pentagram is inverted to perfectly accommodate the head of the goat, its horns representing duality, thrust upward in defiance, the other three points inverted, or the trinity denied. The Hebraic figures around the outer circle of the symbol, which stem from the magical teachings of the Kabbala, spell our Leviathan, the serpent of the watery abyss, and identified with Satan. These figures correspond with the five points of the inverted star.

These are the traditional representations of Baphomet. However, since neither of these symbols fit the confession of the Knights Templars, above, of a bearded idol of a head, we need to look further to see if Satanism has yet another representation of Baphomet.

Read this quote from the "Encyclopedia of Occultism" on the subject of Baphomet:

[_Click._](#)

"Baphomet: The goat-idol of the Templars ... Some authorities hold that the Baphomet was a monstrous head, others that it was a demon in the form of a goat ... A pantheistic and magical figure of the Absolute. The

torch placed between the two horns represents the equilibrating, intelligence of the triad. The goat's head, which is synthetic, and unites some characteristics of the dog, bull, and ass ... The hands are human ... they make the sign of esotericism above and below, to impress mystery on initiates... and they point at two lunar crescents ... The lower part of the body is veiled ... The belly of the goat is scaled ... The goat has female breasts ... On its forehead, between the horns and beneath the torch, is the sign of the microcosm, or the pentagram with one beam in the ascendant ... " [Encyclopedia of Occultism by Lewis Spence, copyright 1959, originally published in 1920]

Clearly, this is the symbol which was described in the confession of the French Templars, including one of the twelve spies for the King. However, this occult encyclopedia also mentioned that several other Templars reported other representations that seemed to correspond with the first two symbols of Baphomet, reported above.

Listen again to the Encyclopedia:

"Many Templars confessed to having seen this idol, but as they described it differently, we must suppose that it was not in all cases represented under the same form. Some said it was a frightful head, with long beard and sparkling eyes; others said it was a man's skull; some described it as having three faces; some said it was of wood, and others of metal; one witness described it as a painting representing the image a man (ima.-o hominis) and said that when it was shown to him, he was ordered to adore Christ, his creator. According to some it was a gilt figure, either of wood or metal; while others described it as painted black and white. According to another deposition, the idol had four feet, two before and two behind; the one belonging to the order at Paris, was said to be a silver head, with two faces and a beard.

"The novices of the order were told always to regard this idol as their saviour. Deodatus Jaffet, a knight from the south of France, who had been received at Pedenat, deposed that the person who in his case performed the

ceremonies of reception, showed him a head or idol, which appeared to have three faces, and said, 'You must adore this as your saviour, and the saviour of the order of the Temple', and that he was made to worship the idol, saying, 'Blessed be he who shall save my soul.'
[Wright, _Narratives of Sorcery and Magic_, writing on the Baphomet, as quoted by the _Encyclopedia of Occultism_ by Lewis Spence.]

Thus, we can see that the Baphomet was worshipped under several different forms, including some of which we have not pictured. Hence, we can now be pretty certain that the Knights Templars were Satanic. We place great credence in the testimony of fellow occultists, because they are simply reporting the truth, and are not trying to discredit anyone or any organization. In this case, they heartily recommend the worship of Baphomet, since they worship him also.

Click.

Maybe the Baphomet was an alien from outer space. Maybe Christ was too. After what's happened I'd be thrilled with that call.

Click.

Now that we have established the fact that the Knights Templar was a Satanic group, we must return to the core premise of John J. Robinson. In his book, _Born In Blood: The Lost Secrets of Freemasonry_, Robinson firmly establishes the contention that the Knights Templars fled the combined persecutions of King Phillip of France and Pope Clement V by fleeing to England and Scotland and renaming themselves Freemasons.

Click.

And the game of golf, then, is a Satanic ritual played without sheep.

Click.

Robinson's conclusions were supported by several Masonic authorities.

1) "If there is only one book you read concerning the beginnings of Freemasonry, I would highly recommend this one. It is a fascinating account of the Knights Templar after the death of DeMolay in 1313 to the establishment of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717." -- _The Montana Masonic News_

"This is not a good book: it's excellent. But it will be hated by many, including the Roman Catholic church, religious bigots, some Masonic ritualists, and some Masonic 'historians'." -- _The Philalethes_

"This is a fascinating book. It is the best that I have ever read about Freemasonry that was written by a non-Mason. It is exceptionally well researched ... I recommend it wholeheartedly." -- _The Maine Mason_

Not only does John Robinson conclude that Freemasonry directly descended from the Knights Templar, but so does the venerated Freemason leader and author, Albert Pike. In his book _Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite_, Pike states, "Therefore, it was that the Sword and the Trowel were the insignia of the Templars, who subsequently, as will be seen, concealed themselves under the name of Brethren Masons. This name, Freres Macons in the French, adopted by way of secret reference to the Builders of the Second Temple, was corrupted in English into Free-Masons ..." [Page 816]

Since they derived directly from the Satanic Knights Templar, whom Masonry venerates, it is only logical to realize that Freemasonry is Satanic also. This fact is the real reason Masonry has remained so secretive all these years, because they knew if their secret got out into public view, they would be rejected completely and totally,

Click.

Until the Harry Potter generation grew up, that is. That

must be part of the conspiracy too then.

All conspiracy theories are fiction except the one about my life.

FF

Chapter 5.

Why would an alien pose as Michael? Michael and Satan are arch enemies, right? Paradise Lost, from high school. The most boring poem ever written.

Click.

PARADISE LOST, by John Milton

Thank Satan it's Tuesday.

Click.

MICHAEL BATTLES SATAN

Michael ordered the sounding of the archangel trumpet, and through the vast of Heaven it blew, as the faithful armies shouted praise to God. Nor did the adversaries stand gazing at each other, but joined then in terrible collision. Storming fury rose and clamor such as never was heard in Heaven till now, the sound of mighty armies in pitched battle. Arms clashed on armor, and the madding wheels of brazen chariots roared, as fiery darts hissed overhead in flaming volley. Vaulted with fire, each host rushed against the other with ruinous assault and inextinguishable rage.

Click.

_All Heaven resounded, and had she been then, all Earth would have shaken to her core. And no wonder, when

millions of fierce encountering angels fight on either side, each armed hand a legion in strength, the least of which could wield the elements! Imagine then that power multiplied, army against army, their might limited by their omnipotent King only just short of Heaven's total destruction. Each warrior here led in fight seemed every one himself a leader, expert in judgment when to advance, or stand, or turn the sway of battle, when to open and when to close the ridges of grim war. No thought of flight, nor of retreat -- no unbecoming deed betrayed fear. Each relied upon himself, as if in his arms only lay the decision of victory. Wide and varied was the conflict: sometimes a standing fight on firm ground -- then, soaring on force of wing, it would ascend, and all the air would become agitated as if on fire._

Click.

_The battle long hung in even balance, till Satan, ranging through the dire tumult, wielding monstrous power, discerned where the mighty sword of Michael struck and felled whole squadrons by its fury. With huge two-handed sway, high its menacing edge would swing and with destruction wide descend. To confront and halt that deadly sword was Satan's aim. At his approach, the great archangel desisted from his violent toil, welcoming the opportunity here to end internal war in Heaven by subduing the archfoe. His countenance all aflame, to the advancing enemy Michael shouted:

Click.

"Author of evil -- unknown until the crime of your rebellion -- these acts of hateful strife will justly fall heaviest upon your own head. Heaven casts you out from all her confines. The seat of bliss does not endure the works of violence and war. Evil go with you and your offspring, your wicked crew, once upright and faithful, now proved false, instilled with your malice; go all to the ordained receptacle of evil: Hell! Take your quarrels there, or let this avenging sword speed your exile with heightened pain!"

Click.

"I have sought you specially over all this battleground," cried Satan, nearing striking range, "Nor will I flee from your utmost force, though it be aided by him called Almighty. Much less expect airy threats to subdue me where with deeds you cannot. Have you turned the least of my followers to flight? -- or if to fall, have they not risen again, undaunted? Yet with me you presume to deal more easily -- by arrogant words to chase me hence. The strife of glory which you call evil shall not so quickly end. To win is our resolve, or turn this Heaven itself into your fabled Hell, here to dwell forever free, if not to reign!"_

Click.

Here parley ended, and the two commenced the unspeakable duel; for who, but in the language of angels, can relate this fight; or to what familiar things on Earth compare, that may lift human imagination to such heights of godlike power? Like gods they seemed, in stature and motion -- in arms, fit to decide the fate of Heaven's empire. Their fiery swords waved circles in the air; their shields blazed opposite, as two broad suns in terrible expectation of attack. Till now each had met no equal in might. Where moments earlier the battle had been thickest, now lay a spacious field, as from each side the angelic throng withdrew, unsafe within the wind of such commotion. Imagine nature's harmony shattered and war sprung among the constellations. Envision two planetary spheres in dire astrological configuration, rushing in fiercest opposition into jarring combat. Such holocaust in earthly skies would afford weak imitation of these clashing angels._

Click.

The contest climaxed when together, with next to almighty force, each uplifted his sword, taking aim for that one stroke which would need no repeat. Neither

seemed to have advantage over the other in assault, or in swiftness of defense, but the hard sword of Michael, given him from the armory of God, was so tempered that no substance sharp or solid might resist its edge. Descending steep with force to smite, it met the sword of Satan and cut it sheer in half, nor did it stop, but with swift reverse arc entered deep, shearing all his right side. Then Satan first knew pain. The gaping wound brought him down, contracted and writhing. From the gash, a stream of sanguine nectareous liquid flowed -- such as celestial spirits bleed -- brightly staining his armor._

Click.

"BEGONE SATAN!" -- ST. MICHAEL

At the very mention of St. Michael Satan began to recoil. He was tortured by that part of the prayer which refers to the solemn petition addressed to St. Michael. He absolutely refused to listen to the statement that St. Michael, as leader of the faithful angels, cast Lucifer together with his legions into the very abyss of hell. It was astounding how much he dreaded the prayer in honor of St. Michael commonly recited at the end of the Mass.

The prayer is as follows:

"St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. Restrain him, O God, we humbly beseech Thee, and do Thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God cast him into hell with the other evil spirits, who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen."

Would that we as Christians recited this prayer in honor of St. Michael with greater fervor and devotion.

A rather peculiar circumstance induced Pope Leo XIII to compose this powerful prayer. After celebrating Mass one day he was in conference with the Cardinals, when he suddenly sank to the floor. A doctor was summoned and several came at once. There was no sign of any pulse

beating; the very life seemed to have ebbed away from the already weakened and aged body. Suddenly he recovered and said: "What a horrible picture I was permitted to see!" He saw what was going to happen in the future, the misleading powers and the ravings of the devils against the Church in all countries. But St. Michael had appeared in the nick of time and cast Satan and his cohorts back into the abyss of hell. Such was the occasion that caused Pope Leo XIII to have this prayer recited over the entire world at the end of the Mass.

Click.

QUESTIONS FROM THE GREAT CROWD

Question: If the archangel Michael fought mano a mano with Satan, who would win? Can you explain why Michael and Satan were fighting over the body of Moses? Is Michael stronger than Satan, or vice versa, since Michael just said God rebuke you? Thanks.

Answer:

I count three separate questions here.

Q1 - Why did Michael and Satan fight over the body of Moses?

Q2 - Is Michael stronger than Satan?

Q3 - Why did Michael merely ask God to rebuke Satan, rather than engage him in combat?

Answers.

Q1 - Why did Michael & Satan fight over the body of Moses?

I have highlighted two keywords in Jude 1.9.

"Contending" translates the Greek word diakrino, which means to separate thoroughly, i.e. literally and

reflexively, to withdraw from, or by implication, oppose.

"Disputed" translates the Greek word, *dialegomai*, which means to say thoroughly, i.e. discuss in argument or exhortation.

My conclusion is that Michael & Satan had a heated argument over Moses' body. They did not actually fight in the sense of exchanging blows. Yet Michael the archangel, in contending with the devil, when he disputed about the body of Moses, dared not bring against him a reviling accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke you!" (Jude 1.9).

God personally buried Moses in a secret location. God did this so that the gravesite of Moses would not become an object of worship by the Jewish people.

Satan wanted to take Moses body so that it could be enshrined in a public location known to the Jews, thus causing the body of Moses to become an idolatrous object of veneration or worship by the Jews.

Then the Lord said to Moses, "This is the land of which I swore to give Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, saying, 'I will give it to your descendants.' I have caused you to see it with your eyes, but you shall not cross over there."

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He (God) buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, opposite Beth Peor; but no one knows his grave to this day. (Deut. 34:4-6)

Concerning the possibility of idolatry towards Moses, remember Mt. 17:1-4.

When Moses and Elijah appeared with Jesus on the mount of the transfiguration, Peter wanted to build tabernacles for each of them. Had Jesus given Peter his way, these tabernacles could well have become sites for worship.

Now after six days Jesus took Peter, James, and John his brother, brought them up on a high mountain by themselves, and was transfigured before them. His face shone like the sun, and His clothes became as white as the light.

And behold, Moses and Elijah appeared to them, talking with Him.

Then Peter answered and said to Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if You wish, let us make here three tabernacles: one for You, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." (Mt. 17:1-4)

Why would Satan want the Jews to worship Moses? More to the point, why does Satan sponsor all forms of idolatry and false religions?

He does so in order that people will worship anyone and anything other than the one true and living God. Again, the devil took Him (Jesus) up on an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. And he said to Him, "All these things I will give You if You will fall down and worship me." (Mt. 4:8-9; see also II Thes. 1:3-4 & Rev. 13:15)

Q2 - Is Michael stronger than Satan?

As noted above, Michael and Satan did not engage in an actual fight over Moses' body (Jude 1:9). However, angels can engage in combat with each other, as recorded in the verses cited. What we do not know is the exact nature of this combat.

If Satan and Michael battled "mano a mano" I'm not sure who would win, but I would sure like to watch! In any event, Michael won in both the two references (Dan. 10:13, Rev. 12:7-8). (The angel said to Daniel...) "But the prince (an angelic prince) of the kingdom of Persia withstood me twenty-one days; and behold, Michael (the archangel), one of the chief princes, came to help me, for I had been left alone there with the kings (angelic kings) of Persia." (Dan. 10:13)

And war broke out in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon (Satan); and the dragon and his angels fought, but they did not prevail, nor was a place found for them in heaven any longer. (Rev. 12:7-8)

Q3 - Why did Michael merely ask God to rebuke Satan, rather than engage him in combat?

The verses that precede and follow Jude 9 make the answer clear. Jude 8 condemns people who were rejecting authority and speaking evil of dignitaries. Jude 10 repeats the condemnation.

In contrast with those who speak evil, Michael's forbearance in his dispute with Satan was given as an example of not speaking evil of dignitaries. Yes, Satan was a dignitary.

Jude, Chapter 1:

8. Likewise also these dreamers defile the flesh, reject authority, and speak evil of dignitaries.

9. Yet Michael the archangel, in contending with the devil, when he disputed about the body of Moses, dared not bring against him a reviling accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke you!"

10. But these speak evil of whatever they do not know; and whatever they know naturally, like brute beasts, in these things they corrupt themselves.

Before Satan rebelled against God, he held high office in the mountain of God as "the anointed cherub who covers." It was God who established Satan in this high office. It was God who cast Satan out of his high office in the mountain of God.

Clearly then:

ONLY God may appoint to high office

ONLY God may depose from high office

ONLY God may decree the degree of punishment or dishonor to befall those who rebel against Him.

God said:

You were the anointed cherub who covers; I established you; you were on the holy mountain of God; you walked back and forth in the midst of fiery stones. You were perfect in your ways from the day you were created, till iniquity was found in you. By the abundance of your trading you became filled with violence within, and you sinned; therefore I cast you as a profane thing out of the mountain of God; and I destroyed you, O covering cherub, from the midst of the fiery stones. (Ezekiel 28:14-16)

In conclusion it is God's prerogative, and His alone, to rebuke the dignitaries He appoints. Thus, Michael did not rebuke Satan. Rather, Michael asked God to do so.

By the way, I have a problem with those Christians who go about saying words such as, "Satan, I rebuke you!" It is God's prerogative to rebuke Satan. Not yours or mine or any other creature's. Amen.

Click.

THE PREACHER'S SOAPBOX

TEXT: 2 Corinthians 2:11; Revelation 12:9

SUBJECT: SATAN

INTRODUCTION: Every doctrine in the Bible has been denied in one way or another by those under Satan's influence. The Bible teaching regarding Satan is no exception. There is nothing that advances the cause of the Devil more than false ideas about him. False teaching about Satan gives him an unspeakable advantage. By the same standard, there is nothing that disturbs the Devil more than to be exposed by the Bible. There are

many who deny his existence or explain away the Bible truths concerning him. Satan is referred to both in the Old and New Testaments. All the New Testament writers mention him.

There are many names, titles, and designations that identify and describe Satan and his activity.

- (1) LUCIFER (Isaiah 14:12).
- (2) THE GREAT DRAGON . . . THAT OLD SERPENT . . .
THE DEVIL . . . SATAN (Revelation 12:9).
- (3) ADVERSARY (1 Peter 5:8).
- (4) ENEMY of Christ that sows tares among the wheat
(Matthew 13:25). (NOTE: He opposes everything Jesus
does.)
- (5) THE TEMPTER (Matthew 4:3).
- (6) THE ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN (Revelation 12:10). This
is his role in the Book of Job.
- (7) THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD (John 14:30) & THE PRINCE OF
THE POWER OF THE AIR (Ephesians 2:2).
- (8) THE SPIRIT THAT NOW WORKETH IN THE CHILDREN OF
DISOBEDIENCE (Ephesians 2:2).
- (9) THE GOD OF THIS WORLD (2 Corinthians 4:4).
- (10) A ROARING LION (1 Peter 5:8); AN ANGEL OF LIGHT (2
Corinthians 11:14).

I. THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF SATAN - Isaiah 14:12-15;
Ezekiel 28:14-17.

a. Satan's Origin - Ezekiel 28:15. 1. He is a created
being. 2. In his original estate, he was created
perfect by the Lord.

- b. Satan's Original Condition - Ezekiel 28:14. 1. He was a holy angel of the cherub order. 2. Now, he is a fallen angel.
- c. Satan's Original Position - Ezekiel 28:14.
- d. He once occupied a special high position in God's organization.
- e. Satan's Original Sin - Ezekiel 28:15, 17.
- f. His sin was pride. He had "I" problems.
- g. Satan's Original Rebellion - Isaiah 14:13, 14.
- h. He attempted to overthrow God and take His position.
- i. Satan's Original Expulsion - Isaiah 14:12; Ezekiel 28:16, 17.
- j. Because of his sin and rebellion, God cast Satan out of heaven.

II. THE PRESENT WORK AND ACTIVITY OF SATAN.

- a. Satan is not imprisoned in Hell at this present time, but the sphere of his activity is THIS WORLD WE LIVE IN (Job 1:7; 2 Corinthians 4:4; Ephesians 2:2).
- b. Satan TEMPTS people to do evil - 1 Thessalonians 3:5.
- c. Satan OPPOSES the servants of God - Zechariah 3:1.
- d. Satan CONFUSES people about the things of God - Matthew 13:25.
- e. Satan DECEIVES people - 2 Corinthians 11:13-15. (NOTE: The lie is one of his most effective tools - John 8:44).

III. THE FUTURE DEFEAT OF SATAN.

- a. The basis of Satan's defeat is the crucifixion of Christ - Genesis 3:15; Hebrews 2:14.
- b. Satan is destined to be apprehended, bound, and imprisoned for the duration of the Millennium (the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth) - Revelation 20:1-3.
- c. Satan's final defeat and his eternal fate are foretold by the Scriptures - Matthew 25:41; Revelation 20:7-10.

CONCLUSION: The reality of Satan in the Scripture is obvious. The fact of his activity in the world is evident by the opposition we face as we serve the Master. The destiny of Satan is assured by the faith we have in God's Eternal Word. Satan is not to be feared unless we forsake God and attempt to live our life without the power and presence of our heavenly Father. The victory has been assured over him by putting on and using "the whole armour of God" (Ephesians 6:10-18).

Click.

THE BIBLICAL TRUTH ABOUT THE DEVIL AND SATAN

INTRODUCTION

The subject of the Devil has suffered from a history of misinterpretations which are not in accord with the truth of Scripture. It will be the purpose of this article to lay down a series of scriptural quotes to ascertain that what the Bible refers to as the Devil and Satan is actually:

Sin in the flesh

Those who manifest flesh

THE DEVIL IS SIN IN THE FLESH

The key verse to begin a study of the Devil is found in

Hebrews 2:14:

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil."

If the Devil is a fallen wicked angel, then taking on flesh and blood is a strange way to battle a powerful immortal angel. "He took not on him the nature of angels" (v. 16). Why was the Devil destroyed with the death of Jesus? Wouldn't life been more suitable? Doesn't this verse say that the Devil is now dead, not actively out deceiving souls? The popular ideas of the Devil are inconsistent and incapable of answering the thoughts put forward in this epistle of Paul.

Hebrews 2:14 gives us several clues to identifying the real Devil:

Jesus took on our human nature to overcome the Devil.
Jesus destroyed him that has the power of death. The Devil has the power of death.

Equating Hebrews 2:14 with other scriptures we find that what Christ did in his death by destroying the Devil is analogous to the destruction of sin.

(Heb. 9:26) "For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

(1 Cor. 15:3) "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;"

(Isa. 53:5) "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

(1 Pet. 2:24) "Who his own self bare our sins in his own

body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed."

(1 John 3:5) "And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin." COMPARE (1 John 3:8) "He that committeth sin is of the Devil; for the Devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil."

Sin in the flesh is the principle!

(Rom. 8:3) "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:"

There are other scriptures showing that the Devil, which has the power of death, is actually sin.

(Rom. 5:12) "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned:"

(Rom. 5:21) "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

(Rom. 6:23) "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

(1 Cor. 15:21) "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

(1 Cor. 15:56) "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law."

Sin comes from within a person and can only be equated to the Devil by seeing that it is man's nature or his flesh. The author of sin is not some wicked fallen angel but can only be attributed to man.

(James 1:15) "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." See also James 4:1.

(Mark 7:15-23) "There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man... (23) All these evil things come from within, and defile the man."

(Jer. 17:9) "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

(Eccl. 9:3) "This is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event unto all: yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."

The Book of Romans is largely concerned with sin, its origin, and how Christ's death can save man, yet there is no mention of the Devil and only once is the word Satan used.

The real battle is between the flesh and spirit, two principles which are at enmity in ourselves.

(Rom. 7:18-21) "... another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind".

(Rom. 8:6-7) "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. (7) Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

(1 John 2:16) "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

(Gal. 5:17) "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

THE DEVIL ARE THOSE WHO MANIFEST FLESH

Sin, like the Devil, is personified in the Bible.

(John 8:34) "Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

(Romans 5:21) "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

(Romans 6:16) "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"

The serpent in Genesis becomes representative of the false accuser because "thou shalt not surely die" was the first lie in the Bible. All those who manifest flesh and sin are termed the "seed of the serpent" or "of the Devil".

(Gen. 3:15) "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

The Pharisees - (Mat. 23:33) "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers (seed of the serpent), how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

(John 8:44) "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

(1 John 3:8) "He that committeth sin is of the Devil; for the Devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil."

Groups of people manifesting sin are termed the Devil or Satan.

The Roman power - (Rev. 2:10) "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the Devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Pergamos a seat of Roman power - (Rev. 2:13) "I know thy works and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth." - not hell?

The world versus Christ's kingdom - (Rev. 20:2) "And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,"; which is analogous to (Rev. 11:15) "And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

Click.

SATAN IS NOT A PRINCIPLE BUT A PERSON

There are those who say that Satan the Devil is not a person but some kind of principle. Well, my King James Bible begs to differ with them.

Satan was named Lucifer before his fall:

Isaiah 14:12 How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! [how] art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

Satan was in the garden of Eden:

Ezekiel 28:13 Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone [was] thy covering, the sardius,

topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. 28:14 Thou [art] the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee [so]: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. 28:15 Thou [wast] perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee.

If I see Ezekiel chapter 28 quoted again I'm going to need some baby aspirin.

Satan was a cherub not an archangel (there is only one archangel, Michael):

Ezekiel 28:14 Thou [art] the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee [so]: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire.

Satan fell by pride:

Ezekiel 28:17 Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee.

1st Timothy 3:6 Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil.

Satan tried to steal God's throne:

Isaiah 14:13 For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:

Satan wanted to be like God:

Isaiah 14:14 I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

Satan has intelligence:

2 Corinthians 2:11 Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.

2 Corinthians 11:3 But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.

Satan has memory:

Matthew 4:6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in [their] hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Satan has a will:

2nd Timothy 2:26 And [that] they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.

Satan has desires:

Luke 22:31 And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired [to have] you, that he may sift [you] as wheat

Satan has wrath:

12:12 Therefore rejoice, [ye] heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

Satan has great organizational skills:

1st Timothy 4:1 Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils;

Revelation 2:9 I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and [I know] the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but [are] the synagogue of Satan. Revelation 2:24 But unto you I say, and unto the rest in Thyatira, as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the depths of Satan, as they speak; I will put upon you none other burden.

Satan has his doctrines:

1st Timothy 4:1 Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils;

Satan has his throne:

Revelation 2:13 I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, [even] where Satan's seat [is]: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas [was] my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.

Revelation 13:2 And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as [the feet] of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

Satan has his kingdom:

Luke 4:5 And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. 4:6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.

Satan has his worshipers:

Revelation 13:4 And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who [is] like unto the beast? who is able to make

war with him?

Satan has his angels:

Revelation 12:7 And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels

Satan has his ministers:

2nd Corinthians 11:13 For such [are] false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. 11:15 Therefore [it is] no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works. 11:14 And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.

Satan has his miracles:

Matthew 7:21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. 7:22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? 7:23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

2nd Thessalonians 2:9 [Even him], whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, 2:10 And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

Satan has his sacrifices:

1st Corinthians 10:20 But I [say], that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.

Satan has his armies:

Isaiah 24:21 And it shall come to pass in that day, [that] the LORD shall punish the host of the high ones [that are] on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth.

Satan sows tares among God's wheat:

Matthew 13:36 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. 13:37 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; 13:38 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked [one]; 13:39 The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. 13:40 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world. 13:41 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; 13:42 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. 13:43 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Satan instigates false doctrine:

1st Timothy 4:1 Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; 4:2 Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; 4:3 Forbidding to marry, [and commanding] to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. 4:4 For every creature of God [is] good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving

Satan perverts the word of God:

Genesis 3:1 Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? 3:2 And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: 3:3 But of the fruit of the tree which [is] in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. 3:4 And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: 3:5 For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

Satan hinders the works of God's servants:

1st Thessalonians 2:18 Wherefore we would have come unto you, even I Paul, once and again; but Satan hindered us.

Satan blinds men to the truth:

2nd Corithians 4:4 In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

Satan steals the word of God from the hearts of men:

Matthew 13:19 When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth [it] not, then cometh the wicked [one], and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side.

Satan accuses Christians before God:

Job 1:7 And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. 1:8 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that [there is] none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? 1:9 Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? 1:10 Hast not thou

made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. 1:11 But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. 1:12 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath [is] in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD.

Job 2:3 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that [there is] none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause. 2:4 And Satan answered the LORD, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. 2:5 But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face. 2:6 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he [is] in thine hand; but save his life.

Zechariah 3:1 And he shewed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the LORD, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. 3:2 And the LORD said unto Satan, The LORD rebuke thee, O Satan; even the LORD that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: [is] not this a brand plucked out of the fire? 3:3 Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. 3:4 And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.

Revelation 12:10 And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

Satan lays snares for men:

1st Timothy 3:7 Moreover he must have a good report of

them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil.

2nd Timothy 2:24 And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all [men], apt to teach, patient, 2:25 In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; 2:26 And [that] they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.

Satan tempts:

Matthew 4:1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

Ephesians 6:11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Satan afflicts:

Job 2:7 So went Satan forth from the presence of the LORD, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

Luke 13:16 And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day?

2nd Corinthians 12:7 And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.

Acts 10:38 How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

Satan deceives:

Revelation 12:9 And the great dragon was cast out, that

old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

Revelation 20:8 And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom [is] as the sand of the sea. 20:9 And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them. 20:10 And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet [are], and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

Satan undermines the sanctity of the home:

1st Corinthians 7:3 Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence: and likewise also the wife unto the husband. 7:4 The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband: and likewise also the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife. 7:5 Defraud ye not one the other, except [it be] with consent for a time, that ye may give yourselves to fasting and prayer; and come together again, that Satan tempt you not for your incontinency.

Satan prompts both saints and sinners to transgress against the holiness of God:

1st Chronicles 21:1 And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel.

Matthew 16:22 Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. 16:23 But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

John 13:2 And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's [son], to

betray him.

Acts 5:3 But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back [part] of the price of the land?

Names of Satan:

Satan (adversary) used 52 times in Scripture.

The Devil (slanderer) used 35 times.

The prince of the power of the air - Ephesians 2:2

The god of this age - 2nd Corinthians 4:4

The king of death - Hebrews 2:14

The prince of this world - John 12:31

The ruler of darkness - Ephesians 6:12

Lucifer - Isaiah 14:12

The dragon - Revelation 12:7

The deceiver - Revelation 20:10

Apollyon (destroyer) - Revelation 9:11

Beelzebub (prince of demons) - Matthew 12:24

Belial (vileness, ruthlessness) - 2nd Corinthians 6:15

The wicked one - Matthew 13:38

The tempter - 1st Thessalonians 3:5

The accuser of the brethren - Revelation 12:10

A liar - Genesis 3:4-5, John 8:44

A murderer - John 8:44

The enemy - Matthew 13:39

A roaring lion - 1st Peter 5:8

Satan was bound by Christ:

Matthew 12:22 Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb: and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw. 12:23 And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the son of David? 12:24 But when the Pharisees heard [it], they said, This [fellow] doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. 12:25 And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand: 12:26 And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand? 12:27 And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast [them] out? therefore they shall be your judges. 12:28 But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you. 12:29 Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house. (See also Mark 3:22-27.)

Satan will eventually be cast into the lake of fire (Gehenna) forever:

Matthew 25:41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels

Click.

Enough! I'm sicker than play-dough. Gimme some bloody lamb.



Chapter 6.

Now let's study Stan the Man with the Door-to-Door Plan.

A'ny was sitting on the beach with a glass of wine while Great Whites were guarding him from Shrimp Men. Just a paperback junkie who can't control himself when given a Robin Masters novel. The stench of their underground bunker made him breathe shallow, made him so depressed, but at least he could surf through his multigig hard drive to stay alive.

Click.

THE WATCHTOWER BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY REALLY A FRONT FOR FREEMASONRY AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER

No matter how many conspiracies spin themselves out to confuse the mind, and no matter how many wars mankind has seemed to have waged (4100+ at last count), there is and has always been only one real war, Christ versus Antichrist.

Click.

A common Antichrist organization that is behind all the trouble is the Masons, but don't let even that confuse you. Still, tracing an organization to the Masons saves time.

Click.

One organization claimed for decades that it was the only organization of Jehovah on earth: the Jehovah's Witnesses. They claimed simultaneously that all other organizations were of Satan. Every year their worldwide octopus, based on saturation publishing and mind control, grew.

This startling claim was a lie.

Haha. They should see them now. Pass the moonshine in the mason jar, grandpa.

The Jehovah's Witnesses were founded by a Mason. See any early edition of The Watchtower magazine, with its Masonic crown and cross on the cover, and notice the surrounding wreath. Yes, Gene Roddenberry, creator of Star Trek, was a Mason, and that's why the Star Trek logo has the wreath. Yes, the United Nations is made up of the same people who want to bring about a New World Order, and its logo also has the wreath. So what is so all-fired unique about the JWS? By their fruits shall ye know them, saith the LORD.

Notice the pyramid in the U.N. and Star Trek logos. While not in the Watchtower logo, the same was erected over Watchtower founder Charles Taze Russell's grave.

The JWS used to march in public carrying placards that stated: "Religion is a snare and a racket." According to them, they were not a religion, but the truth; baptised believers were said to be 'in the truth'.

"It is not a form of religious persecution to say and to show that another religion is false, for an informed person to expose publicly a certain religion as being false, thus allowing persons to see the difference between false religion and true religion."
-- The Watchtower 11/15/1963, page 688.

Funny how, ever since they took the crown and the cross off their masthead, they prohibited the celebration of Christmas, or even the placing of a Christmas wreath in the home, under pain of disfellowshipping and shunning. A deliberate coverup?

Click.

THE WATCHTOWER AND WITCHCRAFT

The Watchtower Society has long condemned witchcraft and sorcery in its publications, yet the fact is that its top people have been involved in Enochian magick since its founding by "Pastor" Charles Taze Russell.

Russell himself, as will be shown, was from a Satanic bloodline, and was constantly operating with key figures whose agenda was a New World Order. We all know how important the bloodline was to Christ through David; so is the bloodline to Satan to bring about the Anti-Christ New World Order. Russell was part of this bloodline.

About the same time that Russell founded the Watchtower Society, a seemingly diametrically opposite group led by D.M. Bennett founded the Truth Seeker (1873), which became the leading organ of so-called Freethought in America, first of the Robert G. Ingersoll and Tom Paine kind, later agnosticism and militant atheism. Both pandered a second line of opposition to orthodox medicine. Both were run exclusively by white males and either openly or secretly fostered white supremacy, even though the Watchtower recruited a large number of blacks into its lower ranks, where they could enjoy limited status as elders, even while the top ranks remained closed. For several crucial decades in the 20th century the Truth Seeker leader was one Charles Smith, later James Hervey Johnson, both avowed white supremacists.

Be not deceived. These two groups are in fact controlled by the same NWO forces playing both ends against the middle.

Look across the ocean to England.

At the very time that the TS and the WT were being founded (1874), Lord Disraeli, a Jew who became a nominal Christian and rose to be the head of the British aristocracy, handed the country over to the NWO with a landslide election victory for the Conservative Party on a platform of socializing Britain. It was Disraeli who wrote that the forces running society are hidden from the public's view; but then, he wrote it in a novel palmed off as fiction.

Later, when it served their purposes, the Star Trek media empire was founded with exactly the same agenda,

namely, to soften up the brains of the masses to accept a NWO. None of these groups is of Christ, i.e., God. They are Antichrist, of Satan.

Click.

The Top 13 Illuminati Bloodlines that Vie to Rule the World

The Astor Bloodline

The Bundy Bloodline

Al and Ted, right.

The Collins Bloodline

Joan and Tom, sure.

The Disney Bloodline

The DuPont Bloodline

The Freeman Bloodline

The Kennedy Bloodline

The Li Bloodline

That's about half of China.

The Merovingian Bloodline

The Onassis Bloodline

The Reynolds bloodline

The Rockefeller Bloodline

The Rothschild Bloodline

<The Russell Bloodline>

The Van Duyn Bloodline

Click.

THE RUSSELL BLOODLINE

In examining the families that are involved with the Illuminati who use the Watchtower Society as a cover, we find large contingent of Scottish and also Jewish bloodlines. For instance, one JW Illuminati family was the Udell family (Scottish name) who married Picketson Milliken (English maiden name with Jewish first husband). This type of combination typifies so many of the elite in the Watchtower organization. The Illuminati operating

within the higher levels of the Watchtower Society use the Enochian language in their ceremonies, which has its own alphabet (letters in boxes). Sir William Sinclair in the 16th century was one of those who introduced Enochian magick to Scotland.

The Scottish connection in the Watchtower Society is overpowering. Both the Russell and the Rutherford families came from Scotland, as well as MacMillan and many other key early Watchtower leaders. From this it appears that the Scottish type of Illuminatism that created the early Watchtower Society has always practiced Enochian magic. Always remember that knowing the Watchtowers is the key to Enochian magic. The same type of winged-sun-disk that C.T. Russell used was also used in Enochian Magic. Indeed, two phrases that were popular among satanists who practiced Enochian Magic in Rumli's day were Millennial Dawn and Golden Age.

LET'S NAME NAMES

The following are some of the Illuminati operating within the Watchtower Society today:

Chris family Domelie family-Irish bloodline Karrls - JW Overseer in Miami, FL Prince George McKee-Monroeville, AL Melers, or Myer-Jewish Satanic bloodline. Sharon Russell - left the Illuminati, still a JW, worked with police showing ritual sites. Princess Proud Swift - lived in Delaware, with the travel industry Jim Tifton-important WT official and elder in So. Calif. A secret Satanic serial murderer. Walt family Woomer family.

The areas which have been identified as strong Satanic stronghold within the Watchtower religious empire are:

Southern California (San Bernadino Valley), Florida, the Caribbean, Scotland, Bethel Headquarters in Brooklyn, and various places in New York.

According to an eyewitness of the Illuminati within the Watchtower Society, the following items can be ascertained:

_Some type of trauma-based mind control is being used to create MPD and control children born into the Illuminati within the WT Society. The rank and file JW's have no awareness that the WT Society has a secret upper level of Illuminati who have a hidden agenda that is separate from the published goals of the WT Society, although they also support many of the goals of the Society.

OTHER ITEMS.

The Watchtower Society is interlocked with a lot of major corporations. As a consequence they have been closely watched by the FBI, which has over ten thousand pages in its files on them. This figure does not include its extensive files on individuals, of which every one of the WT Society Presidents has had a file. The WT Society performs a secret ritual every year, their primary ritual, which is actually the ancient Gnostic/Satanic ritual of saying no to the body of Christ. The rank and file are actually made to cooperate under the guise of the Lord's Memorial Supper, where the elements of communion are passed through the congregation with nobody partaking of the elements. Thus are the rank and file made to follow Satan without realizing it.

Yes, that is the strangest topper of the JW religion, going to celebrate Jesus' last supper, yet passing the food and drink around with nobody touching it. Where does it end up? A JW elder takes it home and has a peachy party? "Do this in remembrance of me always," Jesus said. Gimme a break.

Click.

UNDERSTANDING CHARLES T. RUSSELL

What is the big picture? The Watchtower is but one branch of Satan's One World Religion which includes the Mormon authority structure, the Catholic authority structure, the Pentecostal and the Presbyterian authority structures, indeed all authority structures. One researching the subject will continually run into evidence that indicates that Charles Taze Russell, the man who

started the Jehovah's Witnesses Watchtower Society, was secretly an important Satanist, and that's why he was allowed to set up and run an authority structure in the first place.

Some of the outstanding clues about C.T. Russell are:

a.) C.T. Russell was definitely a Mason, yet he puts up some great smokescreens in his writing concerning his membership. b.) Russell's Bethel staff became concerned about his occultic activities and required him to take an oath forswearing any further occultic activities. c.) Russell's writings had 35 parallels with Masonry. d.) Various items from magic were part of Russell's religious beliefs, including healing handkerchiefs, phrenology, the Winged-Sun-Disk, Enochian Magical planes, etc. e.) Russell's family's possible Illuminati links, and his wife's possible connections with a family line of Satanists. f.) Russell's apparent secret Rosicrucian membership with the Quakertown, PA group of Rosicrucians, as revealed by the pyramid he ordered erected, his use of the Winged-Sun-Disk. and his cremation three days after his death. g.) Russell owned a cemetery in Pittsburgh. Leading Satanists try to own cemeteries for several reasons. First, it facilitates the disposal of human sacrifices which are buried in pieces below the fresh holes dug for someone else's burial. When the casket is placed in the hole, it would be rare for anyone to dig below the casket level ever again. Second, magic power is associated with cemeteries. The spiritual power of the dead is pulled up by making a circle of light over them, then within the circle a naked Satanist lays. Third, specific bones are sought such as the skulls and left hands. Left hands are preserved in order to hold candles for certain ceremonies. h.) Contacts from various places today indicate that the modern Watchtower Society is working with the New World Order. This implies that at some point the Society began cooperating with the New World Order. Russell seems to be the likeliest starting point.

As with all occult organizations, a veil of secrecy is maintained by requiring initiates to take secrecy oaths

on penalty of death. As in Witchcraft, Masonry repeatedly demands secrecy oaths at every new level. Charles T. Russell began participating in this secrecy when he took the

Click.

THE WATCHTOWER SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE

Because of numerous problems within the congregations of Jehovah's Witnesses with Satanic Ritual Abuse (S.R.A.), the Watchtower Society put out an article in the Oct. 8, 1991 issue of the Watchtower. Lee Waters of Bethel Headquarters kept a file on his computer of Jehovah's Witnesses who were reported to be victims of SRA. It is possible headquarters told him to delete the file.

The actions of the Governing Body in squelching any serious action against the high level Satanism secretly operating within the Jehovah's Witnesses proves that very secret high level Satanism has long been controlling the Watchtower Society. One of these two eyewitnesses to Illuminati activities within the higher levels of the Watchtower Society realized that something is seriously wrong at the top when the Watchtower leaders do not really care for those people in the congregations who are becoming the victims of SRA. One elder in good standing lost his position because he warned the Watchtower Society of Satanic infiltration. It is obvious that the Watchtower organization is more interested in public relations than in having a clean organization.

Click.

THE FEAST OF THE BEAST

The god of the world is Lucifer (aka Satan, Sanat, Venus, etc.). For thousands of years, The Plan for World Domination has been passed down from occult generation to occult generation. Spaced every 28 years is a Feast of the Beast, a year-long holiday during which Satanists receive new instructions from Satan on how to carry out The Plan.

We read of the great holiday and its Great Councils in Externalization of the Hierarchy, where Satan's instrument Alice Bailey writes (page 389):

"The past year... has, however, been the year in which the greatest spiritual Approach of all time has shown itself to be possible - an Approach for which the initiates and Masters have for centuries been preparing, and for which all the Wesak Festivals since the meeting of the Great Council in 1925 have been preparatory. I have, in past instructions, referred to the great meetings held at intervals by Those to Whom is entrusted the spiritual guidance of the planet and particularly of man."

ONE SAMPLE OF THEIR PLANS: PHONY DRUG WAR

As example of how ingenious these plans are to create a One World Government, consider the following part of it. The Drug War is not what it seems. It is a very ingenious scheme to enslave the American people, and destroy all their civil rights.

Click.

"The only salvation for civilization lies in the creation of world government, with security of nations founded upon law... As long as sovereign states continue to have separate armaments and armament secrets, new world wars will be inevitable." - Albert Einstein, 1945

"I do not believe in a personal God and I have never denied this but have expressed it clearly. If something is in me which can be called religious then it is the unbounded admiration for the structure of the world so far as our science can reveal it." - Albert Einstein, quoted in Albert Einstein, The Human Side, Dukas and Hoffmann, eds., 1979.

Click.

THE BLOODLINE OF THE RUSSELLS

The mysterious Watchtower Society and its founder Charles Taze Russell is the premier example of an organization that is secretly serving the New World Order. The Russell family appears to have moved from Germany to Scotland and from Scotland to northern Ireland. In the 1820's Alexander G. Russell went to New York City and then on to Orange Co., NY. He could write firsthand how good it was. When the Potato famine hit during the 1820s, the Russells did not have the roots to Ireland that the original Irish had, and the rest of the family moved to America, except for Fannie's husband Alexander Harper, who stayed behind in Donegal estranged from his wife.

Russells keep appearing throughout the course of the history of the New World Order. These various Russells have been prominent members of the Illuminati, the Masons, the Fabians, the Mormons, the Jehovah's Witnesses, the Jesuits, the Royal Society, and the Media controlled by the New World Order, even a deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve. Typically they have been merchants and lawyers, with a fair share of them also being Christian heretics. It will be easier perhaps to illustrate how the Russells keep popping up in the New World Order storyline by listing a representative sampling of them.

Click.

SAMPLE RUSSELLS OF INTEREST

RUSSELLS WHO FOUNDED FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

William Huntington Russell - founder of what is believed to be an American chapter of the Illuminati (Skull & Bones Order). Its legal name is Russell Trust.

John Russell - founder of the fraternity of Daughters of Isabella (DOI) in May, 1897 in New Haven, Conn.

Click.

TEN RUSSELLS CONNECTED TO FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Charles Taze Russell - Knights Templar Mason of York Rite, in Allegheny Pa. and founder of the WT Society.

Harvey D. Russell - KT Mason leader of Pittsburgh, PA Beaver Valley Lodge No. 8412

John Russell - Pastor C.T. Russell's stepmother was executor of his will. His mother was the one chosen to dance with famous Mason and Illuminatus Lafayette when he was in Philadelphia.

William H. Russell - Mason and part owner of the Pony Express, which was a firm made up mainly of Masons.

George William Russell (1869-1935) - leading member of the Dublin Theosophist lodge, wrote art. for the theosophic periodical The Irish Theosophist. Initiated into the Lodge of Isis (with its sexual rites). The keynote of his work is from the Bhagavadgita. He was a good friend of Golden Dawn leader William Butler Yeats who wrote some of the Satanic Masonic Rituals for the Golden Dawn.

James Russell- President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh which was associated with esoteric groups like the Masons.

Archibald D. Russell (1811-1871) - A Presbyterian Mason who graduated from the Univ. of Edinburgh, Scot. He studied at the Univ. of Bonn, Ger. and was active in setting up various organizations in the United States.

Benjamin Russell (1761-1845) - Mason and early American Journalist.

Charles H. Russell - Governor of Nevada, 1950-58, and 32nd degree Mason, also in the York Rite, and a Shriner.

J. Stuart Russell - Mason and newspaper editor and deputy chairman of the Fed. Reserve Bank in Chicago.

Lee M. Russell (1875-1943) - Mason and Lt. Gov. of Miss.

1916-20.

Louis A. Russell (1854-1925) - Mason, organist for South Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, N.J.

Richard B. Russell (1861-1938) - Mason, judge, editor and business exec.

Richard B. Russell, Jr. - Mason and Gov. of Georgia, 1931-33 and Sen. from Georgia since 1933.

Before going to our next section would be worthwhile to cover the family that Bertrand Russell came from. They hold the title of Dukes of Bedford. Ordo W. Russell served in Lord Palmerston's office from 1850-52. He served as unofficial ambassador for Great Britain to the Vatican from 1857-70. His son Baron Ampthill was Grand Master of the English Masons 1908-1935. He joined the English equivalent of the Knights of Malta - that is the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and served as the Grand Master of the lodge formed at the Bank of England! He was appointed head of the Indian Masons of Madras, India (home of the Theosophical Society). Ordo Russell's son also served in some high political positions.

Click.

RUSSELLS CONNECTED TO GROUPS THAT TIE BACK TO THE ILLUMINATI

Charles Edward Russell, Jewish Socialist who worked for N. Y. Life controlled by J.P. Morgan, and also for N.Y. Tribune and Herald.

James E. Russell, Columbia University professor who introduced Wundt's Hegelian philosophy to his students at Columbia.

Thomas Russell (1767-1803) - a revolutionist of the Illuminati stream of Revolution.

Samuel Russell - represented Baring Bros. Helped open up the Port of Shanghai for the International Financiers.

Bertrand Russell - famous Fabian socialist, and One World Order philosopher. Author of an exhaustive treatise on pure logic.

Alys Russell- ex-eccentric Quaker, wife of Bertrand and also a Fabian Socialist.

Rev. Matthew Russell (1834-1912)- Jesuit writer.

And let us not forget Athina Onassis Roussel, born 1985, the richest little girl in the world.

Click.

There's a nugget. Connections to the Kennedys, Greece, Monte Carlo, so many paparazzi.

Click.

RUSSELLS CONNECTED IN SOME WAY TO THE IBSA (NOW CALLED JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES)

Charles Taze Russell, Sr. - Pastor Russell's uncle, broker and real estate agent.

Moses F. Russell, Postmaster of Saltillo, Hopkins Co., TX, near where Hayden Cooper Covington's parents moved.

Brother Russell - an early elder of the Belfast, Ireland IBSA congregation.

Click.

RUSSELLS CONNECTED IN SOME WAY TO MORMONISM

Elder Isaac Russell- a prominent early Mormon missionary to Great Britain in 1837.

Captain Joseph H. Russell- original investor in stock in the Mormon Deseret Manufacturing Co. which was intended to be an umbrella company for many early Mormon enterprises.

The Russell who opened a store with Mormon blessings in the newly created Salt Lake city. The store was called Miller, Russell & Co., a branch of Russell, Majors, & Waddell, and was a primary source of goods in the area of Utah.

Click.

OTHER RUSSELLS

Baron Charles Russell (1832-1900) - Solicitor (Lawyer) in Ulster and advocate for Ireland.

Jerome Russell a Greyfriar, burned in 1539 for heresy with John Kennedy in Glasgow, Scot.

Philemon R. Russell - editor of the Christian Herald & Journal, in the Mar. 19, 1840 issue he stressed 2,520 years in prophecy, which was an idea C. T. Russell would later pick up and promote.

William Howard Russell - first war correspondent for London Times newspaper in 1854. The London Times has long been part of the NWO; that William was the first of his kind is quite significant.

Click.

THE MORMONS, SATANIC BLOODLINES, AND THE PRIORY OF SION

The connection of the Mormon leadership to the Satanic bloodlines and the Priere de Sion is supported by several independent sources. One descendent of Joseph Smith who took part in Satanic rituals has been willing to tell about the family's occult history. A Christian who was once part of the Satanic hierarchy who ran verbal instructions to the Mormon First Presidency from the Council of 13 collaborates their connections. The historical roots, even those that the Mormon leaders themselves have printed, expose the genealogical ties to some of the most powerful occult bloodlines.

Click.

The Mormons are heaps of bleached bones now, I think. Skip them. They're for the birds.

Click.

C.T. RUSSELL'S FAMILY HISTORY LINKED WITH THE RUTHERFORDS

The successive presidents of the Watch Tower are linked.

Once there was a Jewish family whose name was Roessel. They lived in early 17th century Germany, then moved to Scotland. There they changed the family name to Russell, and took on the ways of their new homeland. The English tried to settle Protestants from Scotland in Ireland in order to control the Irish. When the opportunity opened up to go to the Emerald Island with the Scottish settlers who went to the plantation Ulster, the Russells went. It is possible, but not known for sure that they learned to know the Rutherfords either in Scotland or Ireland. J.F. Rutherford was the man who succeeded Russell as President of the Watch Tower. Scotland repeatedly appears as the source of much of the religious heresy connected with the Power. That C.T. Russell's family were in Scotland for a period, and also came from the German states which seem to be a hot bed for Jewish Satanism may be only a coincidence and then again it might be a clue to understanding the origin of the Watchtower Society. The Arian heresy, which denies that Jesus is God, began at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland and spread to the the Presbyterians of the Synod of Ulster. C.T. Russell's family in northern Ireland were Arian in belief before coming to the U. S. and chances are they were involved with Freemasonry also. The Jehovah's Witnesses are leading exponents of the Arian heresy in the world today. They claim that Jesus was just an angel, in fact, the archangel Michael.

THE ACKLEY-RUSSELL CONNECTION

In The Watchtower and the Masons the early history of C.T. Russell is given. Charles and his father married

two Ackley sisters a number of years after Charles' mother died. What is an intriguing item is that C.T. Russell's mother's will indicates she owned land in Iowa. A description of that land shows it was north of the town of Ackley, Iowa. It turns out that a man named William Ackley had purchased the land in that area, and had sold it in large part to Scottish-Irish settlers of the Presbyterian faith as they were coming to America. At the time C T. Russell's mother died a town named Ackley had been staked out in 1857, but the Civil War had interfered with construction plans. A Presbyterian congregation had been formed in the area during the early 1860s in the Ackley area, which indicates some settlers had arrived. What connection did the Russells have with the Ackleys years before Charles T. and his father married Ackley sisters? Who are the Ackleys? Maria Ackley, who was Charles T. Russell's wife, was well-educated and an excellent writer. Interestingly, in the 19th century she believed a socialist revolution was coming. She wrote, "This great revolution has not yet come, but where is the statesman or the intelligent citizen that does not see it coming?" (Russell, Maria. This Gospel of The Kingdom, p. 26.) She was the ghost writer and ghost editor for much of her husband Charles Taze's work. Her family was well-off. William Ackley, the land speculator/seller in Iowa, traces his ancestry back to Prence Doane and Elizabeth Godfrey. Elizabeth Godfrey in turn was the great-granddaughter of William Brewster of the Mayflower fame. The Ackleys were Puritans to begin with and seem to have been concentrated in the Connecticut area, and from there their family members moved out into NY and PA. Another Ackley (1832-1881) at that time was Richard Thomas Ackley, a Freemason who worked for the Miller, Russell and Company store in Salt Lake City in 1858 soon after the Mormons built Salt Lake City. Granted, these are all simply tantalizing leads for the investigator but nothing solid. There seems to be much more to Charles Taze Russell than the little that the public has been told.

GOD'S "ANOINTED SEED"

In 1852, the Joseph Lyttle Russell family had a baby who

they gave the same name to as his uncle had. This baby, named Charles Taze Russell, had a brother Frank who was two years older, but Charles ended up the favorite of his father. Later Charles would get a sister Margaret M. Both Charles T. and his sister Margaret spoke on various occasions that his had been chosen before his birth for the work that he was to carry out. Margaret referred to her brother as the greatest man alive, "a giant unmatched." She stated that he had been chosen for his religious work before his birth.

Perhaps, Charles Russell's family, and his father Joseph L., (like Joseph Kennedy who had goals for his son to be president) had goals for Charles. If Charles had been encouraged to meet such expectations and had gone forward, then that could account for his sister's great admiration for him. He had fulfilled her father's wishes. At the Put-In-Bay Convention his sister Margaret had outlined how God planned and chose her brother. First God had planted a seed with the early church. But the seed had laid dormant for centuries. "In due time", she says, the seed of truth grew and was watered according to God's plan. During the Dark Ages the seed of truth was barely kept alive waiting for God's Chosen One to bring it to fruition. When it was time, God "anointed the eyes" of her brother at age 17, and "God's smile of favor rested upon him." Margaret said her brother was the one, the faithful one who God could depend upon, the "one despite the burden and heat of the day" would remain faithful to God.

Click.

THE ILLUMINATI'S SECURITY SYSTEM

Russell Trust is the legal corporation that, as the Order of the Skull and Bones, financed the creation of hosts of security companies under the Wackenhuts, including a Security Service called Wackenhut Corporation. Another part of this is Wackenhut World Technologies, Inc. or WWI Inc. Wackenhut operates worldwide. Their headquarters are in Florida. They have branch offices even in places like Portland, Oregon. Wackenhut handles all

intelligence-related and super secret work - classified ULTRA for the US. worldwide. They are the ones who guard the UFO bases topside, along with the CIA's Delta Teams, and various MP units, etc. Their branch in Las Vegas provides security for the Groom Lake UFO facility. The Las Vegas Review Journal of Fri. 7/26/91, pp. A1 and 3A had an article about 3 Wackenhut agents who lost their lives in a helicopter crash near the Groom Lake. The telephone number to Wackenhut World Technologies, connects first through the Russell Trust. Wackenhut's board of directors are CIA, FBI Div. 5, NSA, ISA, and NRO officials. The girls who answer the various local Wackenhut Corporation numbers are not in the know about what Wackenhut Wd. Tech. are all about. George Russell Wackenhut is their security services executive. He is also the Chairman and CEO. He worked for the FBI, and is a Christian Scientist. Richard Russell Wackenhut is the President and COO. Wackenhut has in the neighborhood of 40,000 employees.

Click.

THE MORMON LEADERS & THE 13TH TOP ILLUMINATI BLOODLINE

The Mormon president Ezra Taft Benson (considered a prophet by Mormons) was a fan of the John Birch Society. Both organizations were initiated and have been run by the Illuminati. The Mormon church has long prophesied that they would defend the U.S. Constitution in the last days. They are moving to fulfill that with men like Bo Gritz, who sprinkles his talks with buzzwords from Mormon prophecy. The John Birch Society was part of the process of the Hegelian dialectics of the Cold War. They pretend to be the defenders of the people against the New World Order, but they are a fake opposition. The Mormon leadership is connected to the 13th top Illuminati family, the holy bloodline of what purports to be Jesus' lineage. There are numerous other connections between the Mormon leaders and the elite Illuminati bloodlines. Ezra Taft Benson's genealogy helps tie together some of the various parts of the Illuminati beast. The Taft in Heusen's name is because Ezra Taft Benson is a descendent of Alphonso Taft, who along with one of the Russell

family, William IL Russell, started the Order of the Skull and Bones (legally known as the Russell Trust). George Bush Sr. was a Skull & Bones man, and a descendent of the 13th top Illuminati family, the family that ties in with British royalty and the Merovingians.

Click.

CLINTON IS OF THE RUSSELL BLOODLINE

Guess what? The man who beat George Bush in the Presidential race, who was almost impeached, and who reigned as an uncrowned king ever since he lost the presidency to Bush junior - William Jefferson Blythe Clinton - is a descendent of some Russells.

The Russells are responsible for starting the Skull & Bones Order, the Pilgrim Society, the Watchtower Bible & Tract Society, and the Masonic Daughters of Isabella (DOI). Archibald D. Russell (1811-1871) a Mason from Scotland set up still other organizations. Scotland has played a key role in the Illuminati. One example of thousands is Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and supporter of FDR, who is a member of the wealthy Mormon Illuminati Eccles family which came over from Scotland. Remember your Pat Robertson reading and you know just how insidious the Illuminati, the FRB, FDR, the UN and the CFR are. Now ecce Russell! They are sky blue fire hot actor pains in the butt. The curtain goes up...

The Russells played a key role in the opium trade in the early 1800s and early Mormonism. One of the Russell business partners was Warren Delano, Jr., chief of Russell and Company operations in Canton, China. Delano was the grandfather of guess who? President Franklin Roosevelt. The very president who always ordered the most expensive thing on the menu for the American people.

The Russell and Company logo was a Skull and Bones, which is the logo of the Knights Templar. The Taft family (which is also related to George Bush by blood) and the Harriman family are two other Establishment power families that have

been intimately connected to the Skull and Bones Order, which is an entry point into the Illuminati, although on the surface just an exclusive fraternity.

The Harriman family is also very prominent in President Bill Clinton's life. Averell Harriman was the CEO of George Bush's father's company. Averell Harriman's wife was Pamela who played an extremely important part in Bill Clinton's life. For example, she raised more money for the Democratic Party than any other single person (Newsweek, 5/15/1987). She created a political action committee nicknamed PAM PAC. When Bill Clinton lost his race for governor, Pamela made Bill Clinton head (chairman) of her PAM PAC. Why did the establishment media carefully keep their relationship secret, while blowing the head off the Monica Lewinsky relationship? Like Einstein's mother said, put down your books and come the hair on your palms.

When Bill Clinton was in high school, he shook hands with President John F. Kennedy, a member of one of the Top 13 Illuminati Bloodlines. The master of ceremonies at the affair where JFK and Clinton met was Winthrop Rockefeller, another member of a Top 13 Illuminati family, and at the time Governor of New York. In the film clips of this event, the establishment media edited out Winthrop Rockefeller from the scenes of Clinton and JFK. Winthrop filled the White House with tips.

The Astor family, another one of the Top 13 families, was intimately connected to the creation of the Rhodes Scholarship. Clinton was a Rhodes Scholar and looked up to Prof. Carroll Quigley, the archivist of the CFR, as a mentor. The Quigley-Clinton connection introduces more connections between Clinton and the Illuminati. Quigley sidetracked people by making them think the elite were Anglophiles who wanted the British to rule the world. Although the elite are partial to the English language as a lingua franca, in their heart their allegiance is not to Britain but to Satan, who unscrews all heads and speaks the language of all. Don't you feel good and poor now? We just got rid of that Clinton twerp and now he's on every TV show in New York.

RED FLAGS ABOUT BILL CLINTON

Several ex-witches, now Christians, identify Clinton's running mate Al Gore as a witch. Al Gore's book promotes several witchcraft themes such as Mother Gaia worship. Gore has intimately worked for years with other men who are Illuminati. He was close friends with Armand Hammer, the Illuminati courier who shuttled back and forth between Moscow and America on a regular basis, and had homes in both countries. Hammer bankrolled both Al Gore, Jr. and his father Al Gore, Sr. Al Gore and Bill Clinton raised their hands at the Democratic National Convention and declared that their administration would be the "New Covenant." Bill Clinton's brother ended up in prison in connection with the illegal drug trade that Bill Clinton was suspected of helping while he was Governor of Arkansas. Bill Clinton's chief campaign advisor James Carville is pictured in People Magazine (page 50) wearing a pentagram in the middle of his forehead.

BILL CLINTON "FORCES THE SPRING"

Bill Clinton called his first press conference as President-elect according to the astrologically correct full moon day. In his inaugural speech he said, "This ceremony is held in the depth of winter. But, by the words we speak and the faces we show the world, we force the spring." Why did he use that peculiar expression, not once but twice? Clinton repeated the words "we force the spring" later in the speech. That expression is very peculiar, unless you're a witch. In witchcraft and Satanism, Lucifer (Baal) rises from the underworld on May first (also known as Belthane, a major European holiday, Communism's and the Illuminati's chief holiday, and Walpurgis). The May 1st rising brings forth the season of fertility, which the witches each year take credit for, by claiming that their magic rituals force the spring. The ritual magic that forces the spring is done on three Sabbats. The first is Imbolg (also known as Candiemas by the Catholics and Ground Hog Day by the common swine). The second is the vernal equinox (Mar. 20) in which blood and sex rituals are carried out. The

third is Beltaine (May 1) in which fire festivals are held. Witches believe that on May 1st the female force completes her takeover from the male force. There are 12 cabinet members which when they assemble with their head Bill Clinton make the number 13. Bill Clinton choose to force the spring with his cabinet coven. In true witchcraft tradition, the Cabinet of Bill Clinton followed the pattern of forcing the Spring. In order for the female to overtake the male force, Clinton chose a mannish female for the position of Attorney General. The title General has a male connotation. All the rest of the cabinet members are called Secretaries, which has a female connotation. In order for the witchcraft ceremony and timing to be right, the woman couldn't take over until after Feb. 2 (Imbolg), and there had to be 3 female candidates, from which one is traditionally picked by a witchcraft coven. This is why the selection of the Attorney General was not confirmed until Feb. 2, and sure enough all three candidates given by Bill Clinton were women, from which one was selected. Bill Clinton did indeed force the spring! Further, Clinton told us how he would force the spring in his inaugural speech. On the 666th word of his inauguration speech, Clinton launched into a sentence on sacrifice, "it will not be easy; it will require sacrifice. But it can be done, and done fairly, not choosing sacrifice for its own sake, but for our own sake." Clinton gave the hand signal of Satanists at the end of his speech. How did Newsweek magazine headlined its story? "New Age President Takes Office" (01/25/93). That Clinton would consider his Cabinet a coven is not so far-fetched. Most of his cabinet tie-in closely with the Illuminati. The Council on Foreign Relations is an upper level of the visible arm of the Illuminati. The Jan. '93 newsletter explained that the CFR was the equivalent of the 4th degree of the Bavarian Illuminati. (Note that many of these people, especially at the lower levels, do not realize the full Satanic implications of what they are involved in.)

Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen -- Bilderberger, ex-CFR, connected to S&L scandal, henchman for the Illuminati.

Secretary of Health & Human Services' Donna Shalala --

CFR, TC, close friend of Hillary Clinton.

Secretary of Defense Les Aspin -- CFR. Socialist Les Aspin chose for his top assistant the pro-communist Jew Morton Halperin. Halperin was also a director of the ACLU, and worked loyally for Henry Kissinger at the National Security Council.

Secretary of State Warren Christopher -- CFR

Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt -- CFR. He has been involved in various activities for the elite.

Secretary of Labor Robert Reich -- a Zionist Jew (over 50% of Clinton's major appointees were Zionist Jews, which is strange considering Jews only make up 2-3% of the population)

Attorney General Janet Reno, murderer of innocent people at Waco, TX. Unlike Tim McVeigh, she got away with it, which goes to show how the Establishment can turn black white and black white, until you follow the green. The people at Waco believed that they were the true Jews and flew the Jewish flag at Waco. Reno, who is Jewish and was on the board of directors of the Jewish Illuminati terrorist organization called the ADL (Anti-Defamation League), could not stand the idea of Christians believing that they are the true Jews. Hence, they burned them as witches.

Click.

Now let us assume we lose Indochina.

Click.

Secretary of Housing & Urban Development Henry Cisveros -- CFR

Secretary of Education Richard W. Riley -- participant at Renaissance Weekend.

BILL CLINTON AND HOMOSEXUALS

A number of Clinton's high appointees are homosexuals. There is a high correlation between homosexuality and the occult and also a big correlation between the type of Jews Clinton has chosen and Satanism. Historically, some of the most rabid anti-Christians are Satanists from Jewish backgrounds. During the inauguration week witches, homosexuals and homosexual witches gathered at the White House for various celebrations, to perform and hold rituals and other events. These people were invited by the President for various things. It's sad that those who are known publicly as witch or homosexual are even considered honorable by the President of the United States of America.

Click.

BILL AND HILLARY CLINTON = JEZEBEL AND AHAB

Whenever YHVH God has raised up prophets like Elijah to turn the people back to God and morality, Satan has sent out the Jezebel spirit. Along with the Jezebel spirit goes the Ahab spirit. Hillary and Bill fit the Jezebel and Ahab spirit exactly. When is the last time you personally heard prophets of God warn about the Jezebel spirit? If you think your church is immune from it, think of attempts to select women as elders. Unless one is aware of the connection between the Jezebel spirit and the Elijah type of prophet, and knows the full orb of what the Jezebel spirit is, it is not likely that a person would notice the connection between the two. Baal worship was simply an ancient form of Satanism. Jezebel was the daughter of King Ethbaal of Tyre who was an ardent Baal worshipper. Jezebel was a Satanic High Priestess, a real witch. She had 450 prophets of Baal and 400 prophets of the groves. She put the true ministers of God to death. Her husband used his political office as she directed to further the power of darkness. We are now seeing history repeat itself.

Click.

Lucy the red-headed Jezebel and her lesbian lover and friend

Ethbaal Mertz?

Click.

SEALING RITUALS

Do you understand who a Keeper of Seals is? Do you know why Mormonism is closer to Satanism than it is to Christianity? How can you determine if someone who claims to be an ex-Satanist really is?

Click.

The Mormons again. Groan. Okay, I'll bite this once.

Click.

SEALING AND MORMONISM

If one leaves off studying Satanism and begins studying the many cults and religions of the world, one begins hearing about sealing again when one gets to Mormonism. Mormon men and women are sealed to each other in their Mormon temple marriages (see Luke 20:35); the early Mormons, and thousands even today, got sealed to many spouses. The Mormon sealing is very similar to what in witchcraft is called hand fasting, and to marriage sealing in Satanism. Joseph Smith's family practiced witchcraft, and had many types of seals around their house which were used in magic. According to a magic book of 1830, Demonology and Witchcraft by Walter Scott (pp. 165, 220-221), seer stones were to be anointed with oil, and sealed with holy characters. In 1837, Mormon leaders performed such a magical sealing for James Cohn Brewster (Mormonism and the Magic World View, p.209-210). Joseph Smith had a cane with a serpent on the top of it, and astrological seals below. Magick staffs or canes are important in Satanism. The seal of Mars was carved on the Smith family athame (ritual knife) which was used by the family to draw circles for magic incantations (Mormonism & the Magic World View, p. 142). In 1835, a ritual done by Joseph Smith to commune with a spirit messenger was recorded by Oliver Cowdery.

Joseph Smith used two Seals of the Earth to conjure up the spirit (Ibid., p. 120). Smith's ritual was in accordance with the best occult guidebooks, then The Book of Knowledge and Barrett's Magus. The 1830 edition of the Book of Mormon says that about itself "... their voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit ... They shall write the things which shall be done among them, and they shall be written and sealed up in a book" (2 Nephi 26:14-17). The Mormon scholar Quinn writes, "The Book of Mormon's use of the word 'sealed' also suggested a magic context. Isaiah 29 uses the word 'sealed' only twice, but the Book of Mormon's commentary on the chapter uses 'sealed' eleven times in eight verses (2 Ne 26:17; 2 Ne 27:7-8 ..) Throughout the entire text, the Book of Mormon refers to itself with the words 'sealed' or 'seal' more than twenty times. Modern Mormons have often pictured a physical seal, but the Book of Mormon nowhere describes a physical seal, evoking instead the seal as a non-material restriction: "For the book shall be sealed by the power of God" (2 Nephi 27:10).

Click.

Within both the Generational Satanic covens and the covens made up of recruits to Satanism there is the office of Keeper of Seals. The Keepers of Seals show the importance of sealing to Satanism. Almost everything done in Satanism involves sealing. There are many vows that are made, and there are always exchanges made during these vows and then a sealing. In the exchanges there is always something lost by each person. Satanic Hierarchy individuals are sealed to others, and the part of a Satanist that is put into another is magically infused. In one ritual, there is a black stone with the Satanist's name written on it that is given to the Queen Mother. By giving something of oneself, that item supposedly gives magical power to the person you have vowed before. If you break your vow, they can take the item you have given and work destructive magic against you. In the Satanic Hierarchy, they have a Moonchild ceremony where they demonize the fetus while in the womb. In the Anti-Christ ceremony, the item that is exchange with Satan for a

woman's vow to Satan is to sacrifice her child. Then of course this vow is sealed. The Keepers of Seals hold the books full of written pacts, and the items exchanged in all these countless rituals.

Click.

Carroll Quigley was Clinton's mentor. He was one of those intellectuals who, like H.G. Wells, believed in a New World Order and the elite that wanted to bring it in. Read H.G. Wells' books The New World Order (1940) and The Open Conspiracy (1928). Another good book to understand what the elite have planned is Manly P. Hall's book Facing the Future. Oswald Spengler also has a good book called The Hour of Decision. The last few chapters of Lionel Curtess' World Order (1939) also is good in explaining how they want a world commonwealth of states. People like Clinton were fed this type of stuff like pigs are fed their own poop. Another book that is worth looking at is Pat Robertson's The New World Order (1991), which came out before Clinton became President, and didn't even mention him in the index, yet predicted his later rise with precision.

But there is a much greater hidden agenda. Manly P. Hall was part of Lucis Trust, as was the late leader of the Scottish Rite Freemasons, as well as Rockefeller. Lucis Trust's Externalization of the Hierarchy tells us what the agenda is, namely to externalize the Satanic Hierarchy, and on page 107 it tells us who will rule the world on the earthly plane: that's right, Lucifer. On the Spiritual level (shambala) it will be the Lord of the World, Sanat, aka Satan.

The conspiracy is not an economic conspiracy nor a political conspiracy but a religious conspiracy.

Click.

People, let's just lay it out on the line. Clinton is a Satanist. He knows what the hidden agenda is. The real details of this New World Order come directly from the Master of Evil himself, directly from Satan to his

hierarchy, who copied the plans in detail. The people who will implement the New World Order are men like Clinton, who have no moral code, who will glibly tell one lie after another to advance their plan.

Ironically, they won't implement H.G. Wells' plan, but instead they will implement Satan's plan. But the final victory will be YHWH God's. Prideful Satan will unwittingly implement His plan at the end.

Click.

It's good to read an optimist in a world of bleached bones. Look me over when you come to Hawaii. Over the wall to look for the black sheep. General Whoopi ordered A'ny and Shania to go to Egypt to look for a missing puke on some waterfront, or some such shit.



Chapter 7.

Can you bind the chains of the Pleiades,
or loose the cords of Orion?
Can you lead forth the Mazaroth in their season,
or can you guide the Bear with its children?
-- Book of Job, Ch. 38:31-32

A'ny sat naked in bed with a Dantean collection of nudes in passionate, mainly oral activities while he tried to do some more research on the PDA he had carried from the lab, the best move of his life. Just one more short night of resty rest rest and off he'd go on an adventure to Egypt to pay his way with the rebels. After all, without them, where could he go? Not that he ever showed any angst. He hmmmphed absorbedly as he recalled the once great expectations of the computer industry, now in ruins, for example, storing a person's entire genetic code on a PDA and diagnosing medical maladies instantly. But that was before the second coming of Christ, who could heal with a wink. Was the computer industry now dead, and all computers fossils that would eventually stop

working and not be replaced without hordes of low paid slant eyed Asians to make them? The coming genetic engineering industry would no longer be coming? Did Christ not want people to know how they had been made? He tried to motivate himself to study stale ancient subjects even as an entire civilization crumbled around him. The Net itself was still running, but on what computers he couldn't imagine. Like everybody over 50's doing Yoga. And it was closed to everybody but princes. Them and clever hackers like A'ny, Slam Dunk Prince. The Net was the one love of his life who never let him down.

Click.

Pleiades: open cluster of stars in the zodiacal constellation Taurus, about 400 light-years from the solar system. Catalog number M45. It contains a large amount of bright nebulous material and several hundred stars, of which six or seven can be seen by the unaided eye and have figured prominently in the myths and literature of many cultures. In Greek mythology the Seven Sisters Alcyone, Maia, Electra, Merope, Taygete, Celaeno, and Sterope, daughters of Atlas and Pleione, were changed into the stars. The heliacal (near dawn) rising of the Pleiades in spring in the Northern Hemisphere has marked from ancient times the opening of seafaring and farming seasons, as the morning setting of the group in autumn signified the seasons' ends. Some South American Indians use the same word for Pleiades and year. The cluster was first examined telescopically by Galileo, who found more than 40 members. It was first photographed by Paul and Prosper Henry in 1885.

Click.

Alcyone: Fixed star. Constellation: Eta Taurus
Longitude 1900: 28TAU48. Longitude 2000: 00GEM00.
Declination 1900: +23.57'. Declination 2000: +24.06'.
Right ascension: 03h47m. Latitude: +04.03'. Spectral class: B7. Magnitude: 3.0. Suggested orb: 0' 45"
Planetary nature: Moon-Mars

History of Alcyone: Called "the Central One", Alcyone is the central or main star and also the largest star of the

Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, the seven stars which are situated on the shoulder blade of Taurus, the Bull. Alcyone is often used to represent the whole group, which are all situated within one degree of longitude.

This cluster of stars were seen by some Romans as a hen with her chicks, with Alcyone as "The Hen". The Pleiades have been called "The Guardians of the Sky". Pleiades (Peleiades) means, "flock of doves", also related to the Greek verb plein "to sail". In order to flee the sexual advance of Orion, the Hunter, the seven sisters were transformed into Doves. In Greek Mythology, Alcyone was the daughter of Aeolus who, in grief over the death of her husband Ceyx, threw herself into the sea and was changed into a kingfisher. Other versions make her one of the daughters of Atlas. This star is now at exactly zero Gemini.

Influence of the constellation Taurus: By the Kabalists Taurus is associated with the Hebrew letter Aleph and the first Tarot trump The Juggler.

General influence of the Pleiades: According to Ptolemy they are of the nature of the Moon and Mars, and, to Alvidas, of Mars, Moon and Sun in opposition. They are said to make their natives wanton, ambitious, turbulent, optimistic and peaceful, to give many journeys and voyages, success in agriculture and through active intelligence, and to cause blindness, disgrace and a violent death. Their influence is distinctly evil.

Influence of Alcyone: It causes love, eminence, blindness from fevers, smallpox, and accidents to the face.

Click.

Accidents to the face?

Click.

Ambition and endeavor, which gives preferment, honor and glory. Not a good omen with regard to relationships to

the opposite sex.

Desire to be well dressed and even misuse beauty aids, such as an excessive amount of perfume. Likely to drink too much. Success in trade conducted upon the seas.

Bereavement, mourning, sorrows and tragedies.

If rising: Blindness, ophthalmia injuries to the eyes and face, disgrace, wounds, stabs (operations nowadays), exile, imprisonment, sickness, violent fevers, quarrels, violent lust, military preferment. If at the same time the Sun is in opposition either to the Ascendant or to Mars, violent death.

Impudent in speech if poorly positioned Mercury.
Homosexuality.

Click.

They got that one right.

Click.

The Pleiades sisters who vie with each other's radiance. Beneath their influence devotees of Bacchus (god of wine) and Venus (goddess of love) are born into the kindly light, and people whose insouciance runs free at feasts and banquets and who strive to provoke sweet mirth with biting wit. They will always take pains over personal adornment and an elegant appearance. They will set their locks in waves of curls or confine their tresses with bands, building them into a thick topknot, and they will transform the appearance of the head by adding hair to it. They will smooth their hairy limbs with the porous pumice, loathing their manhood and craving for sleekness of arm. They adopt feminine dress, footwear donned not for wear but for show, and an affected effeminate gait. They are ashamed of their sex. In their hearts dwells a senseless passion for display, and they boast of their malady, which they call a virtue. To give their love is never enough - they will also want their love to be seen.
-- Manilus, book 5 of Astronomica, 1st century AD

Click.

The Hive. From the star Alcyone in the Pleiades. What did the Jehovah's Witnesses say about it? Of course there has to be some kind of connection with dear ole Egypt.

Click.

THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AND PLEIADES

For years the International Bible Students, later known as the Jehovah's Witnesses, taught that Jehovah lived in the constellation Taurus, in the Pleiades cluster, probably in or around the star Alcyone.

Click.

Turin was originally settled by the who? The Taurini.
Yeow.

Click.

The constellation of the seven stars forming the Pleiades appears to be the crowning center around which the known systems of the planets revolve... It has been suggested, and with much weight, that one of the stars of that group is the dwelling place of Jehovah and the place of the highest heavens... The constellation of the Pleiades is a small one compared with others which scientific instruments disclose to the wondering eyes of man. But the greatness in size of other stars or planets is small when compared to the Pleiades in importance, because the Pleiades is the place of the eternal throne of God. -- J.F. Rutherford, Reconciliation, 1928, p. 14.

Click.

When the 1878 novel Seola was revised and published by Bible Student J.G. Smith as Angels and Women in 1924, the Watch Tower Society believed and taught that Jehovah was a being who eternally existed in the time and space

of this universe. For example, Rutherford said the following:

Jehovah is and always was. From everlasting to everlasting he is the Lord God... How unsearchable to us are the thoughts which he must have had as he communed with himself when he was all alone in the immeasurable eternity of time and space! -- J. F. Rutherford, _1928 Yearbook of the International Bible Students Association_, Daily Texts and Comments, January 1.

Rutherford thus believed that Jehovah lived eternally in infinite time and space before he created anything. This is an occultic conception of God, completely different from the historic Christian orthodox view of God that He transcends all time and space as he created all things, spacetime included, and is Infinite and Eternal.

In the August 15, 1925 WT publication Golden Age it was stated that the City of Zion in heaven was associated with Alcyone in the Pleiades star group (_The Golden Age_, Aug. 15, 1925 p. 755). They probably got this belief from Piazzzi Smyth and Joseph Seiss' works on the pyramids. For example, C.T. Russell's _Thy Kingdom Come_ (1891; vol. 3 of _Millennial Dawn_), p. 327, quotes Seiss as saying:

Alcyone, then, as far as science has been able to perceive, would seem to be 'the midnight throne' in which the whole system of gravitation has its central seat, and from which the Almighty governs the universe. -- _Miracle in Stone or The Pyramid of Egypt_, 1877 p. 91.

To Seiss and Russell, the Great Pyramid of Giza was viewed as God's Stone Witness that pointed to the Pleiades as the place where Jehovah God lived. The connection between the Pyramid and the Pleiades starts with the book's cover which has a drawing of the Pyramid and seven stars. In this book Seiss claimed, based on Smyth's earlier work, that when the Pyramid was first built, the entrance passage:

... pointed to a [Alpha] Draconis, the then pole star, at its lower culmination, at the same time that the Pleiades, particularly Alcyone, the centre of the group, were in the same meridian above. [Ibid., 2nd ed., 1878, p. 83]

In the September 10, 1924 Golden Age they were still echoing Smyth and Seiss' words about the Pyramid pointing to the Pleiades when it was first built:

... the position of the Pleiades at the time of the completion of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, "God's Stone Witness," is a very prominent feature of that building in the midst of the land of Egypt. For these and other reasons Bible Students have good cause to believe that in the region of the Pleiades is located the throne of Jehovah God -- The Golden Age, Sept. 10, 1924 pp. 793-4.

Because it was viewed as being where Jehovah lived, i.e., as the location of heaven, it was found worthy of the Bible Students' reverent study (and worship?):

If somewhere in the space among the Pleiades is the throne of God, then this group is worthy of our most reverent study. -- Ibid., p. 794.

When the Watchtower Society finally repudiated, in 1953, its belief that God lived in the Pleiades, they stated that this reverence could lead to star worship:

Were we to think of the Pleiades as his throne we might improperly view with special veneration that cluster of stars. - Deut. 4:19; 2 Chron. 2:6; 6:18.
-- The Watchtower, Nov. 15, 1953 p. 703.

Deuteronomy 4:19 states:

... and that you may not raise your eyes to the heavens and indeed see the sun and the moon and the stars, all the armies of the heavens, and actually get seduced and bow down to them and serve them... (New World Translation)

The footnote to this in the 1984 NWT with references says:

"and serve (worship) them."...

Which is the way others translate the passage. The other two passages cited by the 1953 quote above states that God cannot be contained in the universe. They also stated that God and heaven are invisible, and cannot be seen by scientific instruments such as telescopes. This apparently ended their belief that God exists in the universe.

Click.

1953. The year of my daddy's birth. His comprehensive genius at discerning clues that apparently did not exist made him the consummate deductive mind, outside of the Basil Rathbone movies of the 1940s. Add to that my own Marlowelike (or is that Chandlerlike?) intuitive mind that senses the existence of evil and you have a fine story, my dear. Seriously, dad's parents only had dad to keep up with the Ricardos. He knew he was only an artifact of a postwar consumer society. The entire time dad was growing up, his parents lived the lives of Lucy and Ricky vicariously, making dad eat it whether he bought it or not. If Lucy and Ricky got a frost-free refrigerator, they got one. If Lucy and Ricky wore blue robes, they wore blue robes. Just when he, along with the other 80 million baby boomers, was getting old enough to be independent, and began to look around for non-Ball alternatives, the aging divorced Lucy, whose face more people had viewed than anybody's in history, pulled the consummate trick, authorizing, as head of Desilu, first Mission: Impossible, then the Star Trek series, and look what that did to my daddy. Fix those blinds. Jesus was a redhead who sucked Cuban cigars after they'd been between his legs. Daddy's greatest quirk was pissing. He'd never do it in a toilet or a urinal, insisting on doing it in a sink, and only after putting a plug in it and half filling it with warm water, like when he was shaving. In fact, sometimes he'd shave first, then piss into it. The smells of urine and Colgate shave cream were forever mixed

up in his mind.

Click.

However, they still state emphatically that they believe that God exists in a "spiritual body" and is therefore confined to a particular location and cannot be in more than one place at a time. This means that they still believe he exists in some kind of spacetime that He didn't create. Other statements by the Watch Tower writers seem to imply that angels and God exist invisibly in the space and time of this universe. Also, they have not addressed the philosophical problems of Jehovah existing in a time and space that He didn't create.

Click.

Lucille Ball was the only Hollywood personality to survive being called red. Even when the commie baiters had her signed registration to the commie party, the public accepted her as their Christ, above politics. Or rather, their Madonna. Or perhaps their Mary Magdalene. Did first century Jews redden their hair? Sure they did. With what? The same thing Lucy used. Henna. The rare Egyptian kind. Nestle's Egyptian Henna. It's green and smells like grass clippings. You make a green mud out of it and put it in your hair, then there is a transformation. You become an outlaw, a carrot top. The can has neat Egyptian hieroglyphics on it. Don't ask me what they say. Agitated, with a lack of excitement in your life? Get a can of me. What goes up must come down.

Click.

Henna (Egyptian privet)

An evergreen shrub of the family Lythraceae, *Lawsonia inermis*, that has been cultivated as a dye plant for centuries in Egypt, Arabia, and India. The orange dye extracted from its leaves was used by the women of ancient Egypt, and is still used by modern Muslims to color their hands red-brown. It is best known as a

coloring in hair rinses, and is also used for dyeing leather.

Click.

Privet. That's the Russian word for hello.

Click.

HENNA TATTOOING (MEHNDI)

Staining the nails, skin and hair with henna is the favorite way of enhancing beauty among women in the Middle East. It is used as both a hair treatment and a dye to make decorative designs on the skin. Henna cosmetics are made from the Egyptian evergreen plant *Lawsonia inermis*, whose shoots and leaves yield an extract which is mixed with catechu, an astringent substance obtained from various trees and shrubs. Arabians crush dried berries from this plant to obtain a red powder. Black henna (saumer) is reserved for the soles of the feet and hands, while red henna is used for the tips of the fingers and toes. It involves the additional use of another paste made from powdered lime (nura) and powdered crystal amoniac (shanadah). The orange markings then turn black and then remain on the skin for about twenty or thirty days. Both red and black henna can commonly be purchased from international grocery stores.

Click.

Applying henna to the hands or feet is becoming quite the fad with the beautiful people in the Los Angeles area, salons charging \$45-\$60 for the process.

Click.

If I'm such a genius, why do I think this is somehow the key to fighting Shroud Man? There's always something new when you're shop-shop-shopping at Ra's.

* * * *

"I got enough for one more game for the road."

"I guess one more game won't kill anybody. Hehe."

They took off despite heavy headwinds. The chopper would give an FAA inspector gas, and if it were commercial, the insurance would be higher than A'ny's blood pressure, but it was welcome to fly for this outfit, and he thanked his lucky stars that it was under their control. Turin, at the narrowest part of the Po river valley, at the entrance to the Alps, and only sixty miles from what used to be France, was unrecognizable, the old landmarks defaced beyond recognition. One thing about Turin, though, that escaped destruction, were the many Egyptian artifact museums. Turin was, curiously, known for housing more ancient Egyptian artifacts than any other city except Cairo. Knowing that coincidences aren't in their enemy's lexicon, A'ny and General Goldberg came up with a bedplan to probe them for a weakness. Rock Springs, Wyoming. Why did that name keep surfacing in his consciousness, along with the theme music from the TV show "Magnum, P.I."? Summer stock led to TV, which led to Hollywood. Before he could snap back to reality, the pilot was talking to him.

"We have enough fuel to last ten hours, and with a little luck and good winds we can be in Egypt before the cylinder head temp goes redline."

"It's your problem," A'ny shouted over the noise. "I'm just a passenger."

"Saddle up." The pilot was not black, not named TC, and they weren't in Hawaii. He was the Catholic priest he had crossed boners with at the orgy. They were now kind of like boyfriends. The priest, named Fausto, tried to impress the American with cowboylike language, mixed with bits and pieces of American TV language. A'ny never even noticed it. His mind was tasked in a great game of world risk, kind of like the old prickheads of the Kremlin in those old James Bond flicks with the pretty miniskirted Russian secretaries that sat on their desks. Fausto's creamsicle was sweet, yes, but saving the world came first, and he had no spare

blood for his reptilian shapeshifter since his frontal lobes were soaking up every spare drop, and all available oxygen as well.

"And don't forget my Gatorade. The lemon kind."

Within minutes of going airborne, however, his mind reverted to reptilian functions, and his breathing became labored. He was violently airsick.

A'ny didn't remember the scenery, the billions and billions of gallons of blue whatever, the "Hi! Rip me!", the last name is Wong Wright. Serves him right for betting on a dumb airsickness pill and a gulp of brackish cappuccino. He couldn't look out, for fear of upchucking. He couldn't look in, for fear of the same. Where could he look? A color TV set with a remote control back in his old days in Long Beach that still didn't have Java in it. Shania, in contrast, was a son of a gun having fun on the bayou. She was strong. She was shaving her pubes like the Moslem women now. Her girl love Um, always insisting on wearing hijab, or the veil, cradled her tenderly, the way you just know they ate at each other's Y. Not that they left him out. No, they weren't AW fanatical homoexclusivists. He liked to be coupled to her when the Moslem woman parted her hijab and ate them both. That's multinational cooperation. You've come a long way from July, 2000 in Vermont, babies. One irreversible change though. After this war, men would never keep women down again. They could shoot M-16s just as well as the next bloke, and could survive on Jane when they couldn't have Dick.

They were over the Mediterranean when they first sighted spaceships, great gray saucers far away, no blinking lights like in the movies, no wobbly string-suspended motions like in the home movies, but all too steady and real. Though they were flying low, they knew they could be seen. Curiously, they seemed not to be concerned with them. They were on Smashing P 1979 funk and tuned their little chopper out.

* * * *

They Meet With Terrible Bloodbath in Egypt

So read the headlines in A'ny's mind the moment they crossed from the sea to the sands. The latter were literally stained red with human blood. The entire nation was seemingly dead, puked up on the beach like after an ant kill. This was one country the birds didn't pick clean. Indeed, where were the birds? No birds, just human corpses mummifying in the dry hemoglobin-enriched sands. By the time they reached Cairo, A'ny knew Egypt was now one great cemetery of the unburied. Curiously, he smelled no cadaverine, that wonderful corpse perfume, the casu marzu of the digging dick, like Russell Crowe in _L.A. Confidential_. And all the corpses bobbing on the surface of water bodies. Too many. When a corpse goes into the water, how long does it take to come back up? It depends on the rate at which anaerobic bacteria work -- mainly coliforms, Clostridium, Pseudomonas and Proteus species. A man's face, abdomen, and genitals inflate with carbon and sulfur dioxides, and sooner or later cause it to begin rising. Does it come up by its spine or by its abdomen? Big bellies swamp the equation. Is your favorite ride the log ride? Ever had too many prunes? Try redefining prune. They had to cut down the prune trees in California because there were just too many prunes.

Just as he figured, the Egyptian antiquities were all left untouched. They had a place in this new world order.

New world order. Egypt. Bodies on the sand. Where did I see that before?

Ancient Egypt. Moses' gang praying to Jehovah to part the Red Sea. He does. They cross. The Egyptians follow, only to be drowned. These bodies look like homemade stuffed manikins. Some even have their shorts and panties on.

The Pharaoh wouldn't let Moses' people go, right? After all those ten plagueie plague plagues, his heart was hardened by Big J. Then the trap was set, complete with luau. The feeling is familiar, the car isn't. Zoom zoom zoom. The all new Moses Protege Five. Same feeling, new form. Must obey Judaism's 613th and final law, to complete the Torah

personally. All 308,504 letters, at \$35 per. This little charade costs some money. Pony up big bucks and the ranch is yours.

When that pastrami on rye catches up on me it's heartburn bigtime. Time to take Zantac, aka ranitidine. Chew, baby. Don't let heartburn spoil your zest for life. Try the new chewing gum that eats up all life has to offer. Slurpass. Why do the younger generation of men all want to show their undies?

Beef. It's what's for dinner tonight. All that vitamin B wasted. If you turn it over it looks alive. No evidence of any mohels in Egypt. It was the biggest fish kill in Egyptian history. The take was eight million but their lives weren't worth two cents. Uh oh, somebody's going down on me. Hi, Fausto. Ask how, ask how. I can't see. Now I see. Shania can fly a chopper like a knife through a tent.

The chopper finally landed on the sands near some pyramid in the lower east side. The blades were still whirring as a giant round shadow overtook them. They all went to sleep.



Chapter 8.

A bloody drag trail in the furrows. God bless my 45 miles of frayed nerves.

According to Taoist legend, the hare of the moon climbed down a giant cassia (relative of cinnamon) tree to earth, nibbled the bark, and prepared an elixir that gave the body the divine color of gold and the power of yang. To a Chinese, Michael's golden skin indicated divinity, cinnamon, the elixir of immortality. Hey, check out this smile.

A'ny and Shania and Fausto are picked up by the Chinese resistance, flown to China. First they see the great resurrection of the Egyptian dead. Then they see the

resurrected zombies begin the worship of Adonai and fall in to the program of turning Egypt into a garden where childless same-sex couples frolic, between the obligatory three-time-daily AW meetings.

The resistance in China was met with pulse weapons and implants. Fausto meets with a fantastic end as he is made an example of by the Chinese, who claim he is an AW secret agent. A giant salad of arugula and thin-sliced Fausto, served to Fausto, after brain surgery. The Chinese always did like to rule by making brutal examples of occasional stray sheep.

Betrayed by the Resistance, which turns out to be a sham, the crime of shattered innocence haunts the boy-girl lovers from Turin. General Whoopi. Yeah. Center square.

A'ny and Shania flee to the American Resistance, which is led by the Mormons from their fastnesses in the mountains of Utah. The Mormons are now the only surviving old Christ-based cult in North America. Their promise of heterosexual polygamy now has a supreme appeal, the dream of repopulating earth with your genome appealing to many a man's head. The women flocking to be in a harem and get preggers soon experience a problem with lesbianism and get executed instead. Their ears never got cold since they were all dressed like Princess Leia. Why were they wearing it? The ear had become a sexual organ. Never mind. Back to reality TV. Replay the Mormon resistance and the great battle of the plains of Kansas-Colorado.

Huge hot creamy shit plop. Shania, my love. Suffering from years of oral sex with a negro. It's such a steal on Mother N's harmonica. Who? Me or her? Are there really such things as races, or is it all a Satanic illusion? Did cavemen really wear mammoth skins and spend all their time at big game hunting? Or is that another Satanic illusion, to feed the beast that makes wars? Do women enjoy being raped? Raymond? Queen of what? And the flag was still there.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the next President of the United States, J.R. (music and applause).

Ladies and gentlemen, I am an American. It is with great humility that I undertake to do the job that must be done. I accept this nomination for the highest office (gun chamber cocking as a man dressed as a priest aims his rifle.)

_My life before my liberty! (gun shots, shrieks from women, confusion)

You couldn't stop them, the army couldn't stop them, so that's why I had to. That's why I didn't call. Oh, Ben.

Poor, friendless Raymond. He was wearing his medal when he died.

Wake up, or you'll be arrested! You're wearing the wrong size speedo!

Shrieks from women, but none from men! The fatal flaw! Women are always the weak vessels, men the heroes. Take it from old blue eyes.

Made to commit acts too unspeakable to be cited here by an enemy who had captured his mind and his soul, he freed himself at last, and in the end, heroically and unhesitatingly, he gave his life to save his country. Raymond Chandler. Hell! Hell! (thunder clap)

Ladies and gentlemen? That old world is gone forever. Why did I say Chandler? It's Shaw, isn't it? You very well know it's Shaw. Why does the mind love to play tricks on itself. Why is the first million always the toughest, Loafie?

Listen to that music. That's music to my ears. A'ny caught himself, at first, humming some silly love song, then tried mightily to get the inner layers of the consciousness to wake up and join the coffee club. First one eye, sore with sand and grit, then the other, then a limb, then another limb, then the trunk, then the sore, jammed-up feet. A preliminary peek found the body, despite suspicions, not too horrible to live in, so the self-scan was opened up, and life found viable

outside the eggshell. A few big, good breaths and now reality was tolerable. The fiction machine could be disconnected for the time being.

Hurry, it goes away, but never leaves. Without it, life would be impossible. A sensitive organism just can't look at reality without a fiction filter. But now the dreams had to be forgotten so the reality TV show could continue where it left off.

Who said that? He stinks.

A smell. The smell of crotch, the wonderful Eden which is heaven and hell all at the same time. Somebody needed a bath. A'ny put his arms around somebody, and by the way it wiggled he knew it was Shania. He felt around some more, finding Fausto, his huge penis filling a trouser leg. He knew there was that Um woman around somewhere, but he always felt uneasy about initiating contact with her. Visions of Moslem beheadings with scimitars, that kind of thing. At what point in Western society were all women expected to kiss trouser snake? Something about Victoria Principal in the days before _Dallas_. Another twenty years and all actresses were expected to make pictures of themselves kissing trouser snake for their portfolios, and all the better if they got a white slime shower. Someone switched one of the speedometer gears for a larger one. Sounds like movie magic to me.

A'ny's brain had been pumping fiction full time for an hour, which was a good sign. The copter had crashed in a sandstorm near the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, and the landing, while fairly soft, was more than enough to knock everybody out. The copter was almost out of gas, which was good, since it didn't explode and burn like on a Magnum, P.I. TV show. They slowly awoke, A'ny, Shania, Um, and Fausto, to realize they were buried alive in sand. A thousand units of thorazine, anyone?

As soon as they got their spirits back, they had a three-way orgy. A'ny started on Shania's willing breasts but found his mouth moving straight to Um's shaven vulva, which smelled of cardamom and cut grass. He creamed his creamsicle into Fausto's mouth, then had Fausto's creamsicle for desert.

It turned out that it was he, A'ny, who needed a bath, but Fausto liked raunchy jockstraps, and told him so, appreciatingly. Just another part of growing up sharing a bedroom with three brothers.

They were like human toilet seats in paradise. But love isn't everything. Move over Jay Leno, here comes Jiminy Glick, and he's asking all the hard-hitting questions. Soon they started digging themselves out. It didn't really take long. They found themselves on foot in a sand dune desert, without a clue. The rivers of corpses were nowhere to be seen. Perhaps the desert sands had swallowed them up. Shania suggested they find the Nile. The trouble was that they didn't know which way to go, west or east. They played rock-paper-scissors for the right to choose. Um didn't play. She didn't know the game, and didn't have an opinion anyway. Shania won, chose west, so west they went. Sound it out: i-t i-s l-a-n-d.



Chapter 9.

"Time to wake up, brother!" A full kiss on the lips and a cuddle.

A'ny hugged his bed partner, feeling warm and toasty inside. He opened his eyes to see a giant penis sprouting out of a pair of open legs, inflating, taking shape, the shape of the reptilian snakey snake snake. It came as no surprise to see Kenbo Stark's face behind the dancing snakey.

He was in a community bedroom, all male. It was a snake pit. Everybody was nude. Oral and anal sex were being engaged in at will. He was soon doing it too. One man says jump, A'ny says how high. It was a family, a rainbow of colors, beautiful, happy, with a violin in it somewhere. He instinctively knew they were all A'Ws. The music flooding in

from everywhere was great, new, fresh. Who was that lead singer?

Time oddfooted down the hall of grunts. At 10 a.m. he found himself at the AW Kingdom Hall, seated in Turkish bath robes with about sixty other males, a strong cedar scent in the air. The steam room and sauna were visible through the glass wall. The speaker wore a gray Sears style business suit. Speaking into a mike stand surrounded with potted flowers, a few chairs and other tasteless furnishings, there was one new rub in the picture. His huge swollen penis, coming out of his open fly, was being fellated by an attendant in a robe while he rocked back on his haunches on tightened butt cheeks. Orgone energy was in the airy air air. The music came back, and everybody sang to the song script that floated into their eyeballs from somewhere. Then the next speaker came, the visitor.

There was a short talk about Adonai, about the need to always stay faithful to Adonai and his kingdom. It was the usual AW bullshit, mellifluous and with a certain bland, emotionless style. AWs, however, unlike the JWs before them, were Holy Rollers, soul music stompers. They were calm and cerebral yes, nerdy to the point of obnoxiousness, usually, but when the music began the men instinctively began to give each other head, groove to the music, which, now that he had time, A'ny placed as probably of the Russell Crowe 30 Odd Foot of Blowjob variety. The things I know, the things I know, blow blow. Anything from a Russell. But when the music stopped, they snapped back, becoming morally straight laced. No alcohol or tobacco or drugs, for instance. No extra bootled music. The punishment was always the same: death. Respect the dead. Into bed at 10 p.m, rise and shine at 5 a.m., after everybody's balls had been properly gotten off. Every man was a milk cow. Understand that there's more to this. Death is no more. Represent destruction to them. Know that history doesn't exist without war.

But the new dress code rocked. The new AW style was to wear the fly open and expose the penis as much as possible. An AW penis was a clean penis, one that never touched a vagina, albeit a penis that was well-fucked, virile, exercised.

A'ny tried to imagine how the females lived, and later, found it pretty much as he had imagined. They all wore loose flowing skirts with nothing on underneath, and sisters would go down on sisters under the skirts. A'ny wondered if going lez was an acquired taste, like asparagus. The genders were rigidly segregated, except at weekly conventions, which were like Kansas church picnics, and always held in a garden setting on sunny days. No sex was permitted at these conventions, and the flies had to be zipped up tight. They were all family.

What did they do when not having oral or anal sex to rock music, eating, engaging in personal hygiene, or attending meetings? They built a new world order. The going story was that everybody was now getting younger, healthier, and would live forever, thus there was no time pressure like in the old, wicked, doomed world. If a person could expect to live even, say, a thousand years, he would take a very different tack in life than if he thought he only had sixty or seventy, and the totally A'Ws believed they'd live forever. Thus, the first order of the new world was to clean up the mess left by the old one.

Entire cities were to be turned into gardens, old industry covered over with fruits and vegetables, all signs of the old world order deliberately defaced. The new world didn't need automobiles, cities, jails, saloons, movie theaters. There would be clothing factories, producing 1950s style Sears fashions. The farms would produce mounds of healthy if bland food, and the dining halls would serve three squares a day.

The publishing mills were the first industry restored, the Net being verboten to A'Ws, other than the princes, who used it to communicate with each other and with the headquarters in Brooklyn. Old style paper publications made a comeback, replete with colorful drawings of life in paradise, which now showed men loving men and women loving women. Children disappeared. They were all children now. The world population was so small now that earth could be made into a paradise where there was no hunger or want, and all would be in peace, since all were required to think alike, or be exterminated instantly.

It was indeed amazing how easily people adapted to the rules. Adonai ruled now, and justice was swift. All the old world fictions were gone, such as fantasies about moving out into space, and dabbling in anything to do with the occult or the supernatural was verboten and brought immediate execution. All heterosexual relations was considered biblical rape and subject to extermination of all parties involved. All people were now chaste virgins who sucked cock and swallowed the bag sauce, or ate pussy and drank the juice, and there was plenty of mutual masturbation, although self masturbation was verboten and brought guess what? Immediate execution. Your cock or pussy was not your own, so the saying went. It was your brother's or sister's. And you had no right to refuse it to them, under pain of immediate execution. If you spit it out, guess what you got? Immediate execution. Even if it'd been up your anus first, you had to suck your own poop off it and then swallow the sour cream and yogurt sauce too, or you'd reap immediate execution. Every barracks had extensive hygienic facilities, and after defecating particular care had to be taken to wash the anus and the lower intestines out precisely because one was likely to be tasting a penis that had been there soon. All in all, it was a nice, neat utopia, and all held together by the Bible and by universal, unquestioning belief in a supreme being, Adonai, whose archangel Michael visibly ruled in his name.

A'ny knew they were trying to brainwash him, but he couldn't really knock the new utopia, much as he couldn't knock all the urban sprawl around Denver once because it was such nice urban sprawl, mainly white people with plenty of money and expensive cars. Yes, compared to the old world, things were much simpler, and stress levels were way down. Men could all do it the gay way after a little training, and adapt quite easily and naturally. After all, men were horny ten zillion times a day, and now it was okay to be a milk cow. Women could never keep up with the action in the men's barracks. And having sex with all the men in your church did make you feel like brothers. Maybe this was an advance over the wicked old world. But then, maybe not. A'ny decided to give it time, then make up his mind. Meanwhile he had to admit that he'd never imagined post-Armageddon

life as accompanied by a rock band.

Eventually he figured it out. The lead singer was Michael. When he mentioned it, he was cheered roundly, and soon the spaceship arrived to whisk him off to Brooklyn.



Chapter 10.

"It looks like congratulations may be in order."

A'ny rehearsed his speech in his heady head head, but of course it wasn't written in stone. When he was brought into the presence of Michael, however, he wanted above all to remain cool. Don't play water polo unless you can swim with horses.

The AW building was like a Sears store without the merchandise. No trappings of opulence, no works of art showing taste, just an occasional slogan on a sign, for example, "Read the Bible Daily", "Adonai is Lord", "Swallow Don't Spit". As the entrance to the spaceship was approached, however, things changed. The entire inside of the saucer ship seemed to be paneled in pure gold. Elaborate designs with a Mayan or perhaps a Hindu flavor covered every surface, richly bejeweled and bestoned. The long hallway leading to Michael's throne room was a killer klone of the one in MGM's Wizard of Oz, including the windows, which went nowhere. As the great doors were opened, there was Michael, sitting on a throne of clouds, sort of hovering, floating, perhaps flying. The AWs all fell on their faces, prostrated themselves, and, since A'ny remained behind them and upright, he noticed that they had pulled out their cocks and pussies, so that they stared him in the face like piggy faces. A second glance and A'ny saw the mirrored wall behind them. Michael could get a good look, yes. "Come on, what's the game?" A'ny babbled on to himself.

"Leave us!" shouted Michael.

The AWS slithered away, leaving A'ny standing. Too late he realized his cock was out of his fly, semi-turgid, funky. Michael, it couldn't be denied, turned him on. A glance told him that Michael noticed.

"It seems that congratulations are in order," piped A'ny, his voice too squeaky.

"Can I suck your dick?" replied Michael.

Coming from him, his gold skin and impossibly deep eyes and gold teeth, it seemed like the tin man and the lion were finally getting it on. And where was Dorothy?

"Come beside me, A'ny, and let me suck your dick."

That was a command. A'ny obeyed, glancing around for the winged monkeys with the cattle prods. Soon he found himself reclining on a golden couch that floated in the clouds, and his cock getting bigger than if he'd had an IV drip of Viagra. Michael reached out and held it gingerly, like a pet on display, then bobbed his head down on it, blowing it eagerly. He was good at flipper tricks with his golden tongue.

Time passed. Life is what happens when you're making other plans, bah. No, life is when you're having sex and trying to prolong your death, the big O. Finally he had a big O, and Michael lapped up his cream sauce without spilling a drop. All was clear now. The heavens parted. There was futility in the past, clarity in the present. Salt water taffy. Lots of little shampoos. Ringside seats to Steve and Edie. Tennis lessons and all that running back and forth, back and forth. Ecstasy parties late at night. Rock groups that are all alike. All past world history and its wars boiled down to one group. The trouble that was the Jews, their crazy separateness, their perversion of all that was goy, their weird fairy tales that filled the world with wannabees. But they had Jehovah. They had the Torah. They were getting blowjobs from Michael, that's it. They sacrificed their foreskins to Jehovah, then he sent Michael to stand up for them and blow their horns. So why couldn't they eat shellfish? Luscious gulf prawns, shrimp cocktail, crab louie. They could, now. There were no Jews now. Every man had a prawn between his legs, and between his

lips. And this Michael. Is he a doll or what? This Skipper will never need Gilligan to sleepwalk because he's lonely.

"Can I suck your dick?" A'ny cooed.

The answer came out of Michael's robe. The very short answer.



Chapter 11.

"You be Da Peak, don't ya?"

The disconcerted look in the golden face confirmed his suspicions. Michael was Da Peak, or, as he was affectionately known by his lovers, Shrimp Dick. How old was he now? Sixteen? Seventeen? He wasn't even old enough to vote or enlist in the army. A'ny began to laugh, then laugh harder, then guffaw uncontrollably, holding his sides.

"I'll set you up by my side as the Wisenchrist."

Michael was trying to cut the laughing crap, offer him the moon and the stars. He left and came back a fuckin' mess.

"The Wisenchrist?"

"The Christ after he ages and goes white, like you."

"Oh. I get it. Frankeinstein. You'll use your electric magic to insure I live forever by transplanting my brain in a Christ case. Instead of being burned by the mob, I'll be worshipped. We'll rule side by side, a carpenter and a house painter, from this spaceship on top of the old Jehovah's Witness cult, surrounded by gladiolas and tulips."

"I'm not in a case!"

Michael leaped on top of A'ny, hugging and kissing him, trashily, like Madonna on Sean Penn. A'ny wrenched his lips from Michael's, shouted with joy, smiled like a girl.

"How in the hell did you? What's the? Congratulations are in order, friend. And all this time I'd thought I'd lost you." This wasn't gold makeup, even if it didn't cause you to suffocate. Peaky had done something to his genes using the Q-Psohot tech. He couldn't reconstruct the steps, but he could sense the direction his research took. Hats off to the greater genius.

Michael began to talk. A'ny placed his fingers over his lips, then kissed him.

"I really do want to suck your dick, boy. Give me your shrimp."

He sucked the golden shrimp like a rich Jew on a forbidden junket to New Orleans. His true love, ruling the world in an angel getup. His coconut milk was sweet as ever. He had an impulse to rim him, but Michael stopped him short by grabbing his ass and rimming him first. Rimming, the proof of true love. This was too freaky, but A'ny didn't want it to end. They made love over and over in shifts and waves, sucking and licking and kissing every inch of each other, over and over, until they were both beyond being spent. Their cockies were sputtering like roman candles on life support.

The hardest part, A'ny concluded, is not knowing if he's dead or alive. Now he cruises.



Chapter 12.

A'ny and Michael's deep discussions of life and death and the world. Take 23.

"History only exists because of war. Count the dead. Count 'em, baby."

"All day."

"Do you understand the need to respect the dead far from here?"

To count the dead, count the heads? Feel like freedom before the shadows come."

"Memorial day?"

"Memorial day."

"My list is counted, Peaky. My list is counted."

"You have your granddad's magic."

They were served cold crab rice salad with too much curry. It would have been more right on the Fourth of July, when it was hotter than a firecracker, but they fed each other with chopsticks, the way lovers do. Would they ever degenerate into an old married couple? Memorial Day. I understand the need to respect the dead. My list is counted baby. My listed is counted. The salad had more than rice, more than frozen peas. Tiny shrimp. Tiny, tiny chilled shrimp.

Countless lists later, the discussion resumes on a new plane.

"And your real age, Peaky, is?"

"Sweet sixteen. When I first met you I was six. I made you think I was what? Thirteen?"

"You had me fooled."

"My mental age was a godzillion. I had been working on the plan to rule the world for five years. You, A'ny, were baited to me beautifully. You loved Web surfing so."

"I know. I understand the need to respect the dead from there."

Peaky placed fingers on A'ny's lips to shush him up.

"I'm a robot. A.I."

"No you're not."

"I'm a clone."

"I'm smarter than this. My list is counted, baby."

"All right. Here's the truth. I'm Satan's spawn. And I'm enjoying myself."

A'ny cuddled him and sucked face lusciously.

"You liar. You're just a genetic freak like I am only worse, and you can't help yourself. You shush now."

"Suck my dick."

"Your command is my wish."

"Make it your dish."

Down A'ny went on the shrimp that ruled an empire. Still, the mention of cloning set his mind off on a deep, dark tangent. Is that how Peaky would bring the dead back to life and repop the planet? He had thought the Q-Psohot tech to be a vast leap over mere cloning, but now he began to rethink, reinvigorate brain circuits, like trying to write with the other hand. He understood that there's more to this than had been counted in his list. And the Shroud Man. Where and how did he fit into all this? Wasn't he the boss? Who was the boss? Who was the puppetmaster? Who were the gummi puppen? Gummi puppen, like in the movie about Memorial Day, the Longest Day, D Day, the Listiscounted Day. Gummi gummi puppen. That's who? My granddad's magic? What represents destruction? Come April what comes around? And where's Jehovah now? Who made Peaky? Are there really supermen among us with super abilities? Mutants? X-Men? Or all healthy people pretty much equal? My listed is counted baby. My list is counted.



Chapter 13.

A'ny awoke, as usual, in the arms of his lovey love love golden boy angel who left and came back a fuckin' man. But this time

it was all over, all gone. For all his singing, this was the real one. Swallow inspiration, feel your spine inside your eyes. Feel deep enough to kiss with that fire, strong enough and deep enough to keep my desire. She doesn't break but I bet she bruises in an earth way, crushes in an earth way. The dark land, don't fly over me. I'm one of the lucky ones. I live in a quiet stream.

A bout of violent coughing was his first sign of life. The rescuers were pleased as they jumped to their digeridoos and turned on their headsets.

Now he was ready to face reality TV. The chopper crash had nearly killed them all. They had been unconscious for days, badly wounded. Fausto was dead. So was Um. A'ny and Shania, like lucky pennies, turned up when a big jet plane flew over them.

They were recovered by the AWS, taken to a field hospital, swallowing blood perspiration. Recovery was long and painful, and lonely. They separated them and when he remembered to ask, they wouldn't tell.

Show don't tell? The AWS brainwashed Shania. She changed her name to Shinah, then moved to a commune to help turn the earth into a garden paradise in preparation for the arrival of the Hive. She came back a fuckin' man, all right. Timeshare the pony. Time goes on, swallows inspiration. It's just fine. If it weren't for people with fire he'd break, lose it. He was just cruisin'. He'd often wondered if he was he. Now he was rockin' thinking the same thing.

And dig this man. All the wild animals are now tame, and eat grass and hay.



Chapter 14.

Scene 1022. Michael takes A'ny and Shinah in his spaceship to meet the Shroud Man.

Michael (to A'ny): Let me show you what this here little spaceship can do.

A'ny: Don't you ever worry about losing control when the AWS discover your con?

Michael: Those blockheads?

Director: Cut!

Scene 1391. The mountain lair of the Mormon Resistance. The Shroud Man had left them intact, along with the JWs, but they weren't offered a piece of the NWO. Instead, they retrenched into their mountain fastnesses, trembling for their lives.

Sentry: If you'll excuse me, Jack, I'll cut and run.

Other Sentry: Just whistle. Sorry. Just a reflex.

Director: Cut!



Chapter 15.

The Shroud Man, white-haired, white-bearded, stern and mature, wearing a white robe and gold crown, sat on a golden throne raised on a white cloud in a great white palace in the clouds. A'ny caught himself trying to look up his skirts. If only Shroudy would loosen his tie. It's not me, it's the legal system, I know. But think of your potential for growth, Mister Shroud Man. An urge to lift his skirts and suck his dick shuddered through him. Would the consumption of the

nectar of the gods give him immortality? The music of Louis Armstrong played in his mind, a 2000-candle Fourth of July birthday salute.

A'ny had no fear of asking the big question, even without a proper introduction.

"Are you Jesus Christ, the Son of God?"

"I am. Next question."

"Can I suck your dick?"

"I'm sorry but I'm impotent. A problem with blood flow."

"I have a Viagra pill right here in my pocket."

"Do you think that will work? I've never tried it."

"I think it's worth a try. Here, swallow this."

The Shroud Man swallowed the Viagra pill, bounced his knees together a few times, waiting for something to happen. A'ny took a chance and put a hand on his thigh, then, seeing his legs spread, walked it up and up. Soon he was between the Shroud Man's legs, facing his flaccid penis on the throne.

Time passed. No stiffening. Only a pulsing motion as the Shroud Man tried to get a woody, in vain. A'ny took the shrimp in his mouth soft, sucked loudly, gave up, and decided to rim the Lord's asshole. He spread the ass cheeks and dove the porthole with his tonguey tongue tongue. He soon noticed the henna markings. Just then the ass farted, emitting the smell of Taco Bell green bean burritos, the cheap kind that you can't get unless you field the sales pitches for Burrito Supreme. A'ny coughed, withdrew his head from the white skirts, and put the skirts down as he backed off. This was the apotheosis he'd been seeking since childhood. Now he could finally get it off his chest.

"You stink, you lousy Jew bastard!"

"I'm not a Jew. I'm Mexican."

"You stinking Mexican bean eater! You are a piece of shit!"

"And your point is?"

A'ny broke off, sighed, grew introspective and silent. The point had been made. The Shroud Man turned out to be a rather nice and reasonable guy, with acceptable warts. Make a note to deduce the parallels to Frankeinstein later.

Sucking dick being out of the way, the Shroud Man took up the conversational initiative.

"Remember our discussion about reality? Spacetime and gravity at work and play in a quantum stringworld?"

"I don't remember us discussing strings, or superstrings, but yes, I remember."

"Do you know why Einstein never accepted the quantum principle?"

"No. Tell me. Baby I'm with you."

"He could never accept Jehovah."

"Huh? His God didn't play dice with the universe?"

"He couldn't accept that Jehovah's universe never leaves you any place to go off and be alone. You can turn to or away, but cannot just shrug Him off."

"Right. The quantum nonlocality principle. And I guess he was never reconciled to Jehovah, or you either, and died in his sins."

"Why do you think that two particles, once they have interacted, forever continue interacting, no matter how far they are separated?"

"Something to do with superstrings tying them together?"

"Superdicks. Superviagra."

"I see why you never had a chick."

"I had my mother. Many times."

"Oh yeah. Was she tight?"

"The tightest."

"How about Joseph? Did he get jealous?"

"I made him go away so I could have her all to myself. She was the only woman in my life. Never mind."

"What about Mary Mag Daling?" A'ny tried too hard to be cute.

"There was only room for one woman in my heart. I treated her like shit in a tulip. Drove her nuts, but tough titties. I was taken."

"So it would be accurate to call you a real motherfucker?"

"We never fucked. I am impotent. Didn't I tell you?"

"Then what did you do?"

"Everything else. Gobble gobble gobble." He made sounds like a tom turkey.

"Was that a turkey? I thought they came from the New, not the Old world."

"You thought wrong. Why do you think you call them turkeys?"

"Oops. So sorry. Gobble gobble gobble. Got it. And those brothers of yours, James and I forget who?"

"No more questions. There is the gong. But tomorrow I will answer just one more question. Phrase it carefully, for this will be your last."

During the night, A'ny double-checked on his PDA. Turkeys did come from the New World.



Chapter 16.

Synopsis: The nephilim are explained by the Shroud Man to A'ny.

Remind me to fill this in later. The margin of the notebook is too small to contain it now.



Chapter 17.

Scene 1848: The new OWG institutes worship of Lucifer.

Director: Action!

Whoopi: Who was on the U.S. two dollar bill?

The President of the United States, in a leather bustier, in the Lincoln bedroom: Thomas Jefferson. Now come here, slave girl, and make coffee with me.

Whoopi: Listen Mister Pisser, when you have a house of your own you can do anything you want.

President: Give me that little number as you get on the stick.

Director: Cut! Make that the head of the nation.



Chapter 18.

Scene 3999: The Templars are destroyed by the new Emperor of Earth, Michael.

Fade in, fade out, and wobbly wobbly wobby!



Chapter 19.

They arrived silently, like night stars, filling the skies - what they call the Hive. Nobody panicked. They were shapeshifters, and assumed human form. Life just went on. Michael slash Peaky went into hiding with A'ny, always moving. Shinah tagged along, like a useless pet. In real life men still run the world. Basta. No mas. Meanwhile A'ny began a journal. Here is the appropriate chapter.

Salt Lake was our present point of rest; we determined to remain several months in this wonderful and celebrated city. Shinah desired the intercourse of the men of genius and talent who flourished at this time, but this was with me a secondary object; I was principally occupied with the means of obtaining the information necessary for the completion of my promise and quickly availed myself of the letters of introduction that I had brought with me, addressed to the most distinguished natural philosophers of the Mormons.

If this journey had taken place during my days of study and happiness, it would have afforded me inexpressible pleasure. But a blight had come over my existence, and I only visited these people for the sake of the information they might give me on the subject in which my interest was so terribly profound. Company was irksome to me; when alone, I could fill my mind with the sights of heaven and earth; the voice of Peaky soothed me, and I could thus cheat myself into a transitory peace. But busy, uninteresting, joyous faces brought back despair to my heart. I saw an insurmountable barrier placed between me and my fellow men; this barrier was sealed with the blood of Prep H and Fausto, and to reflect on the events connected with those names filled my soul with anguish.

But in Shinah I saw the image of my former self; she was inquisitive and anxious to gain experience and instruction. The difference of manners which she observed was to her an inexhaustible source of instruction and amusement. She was also pursuing an object she had long had in view. Her design was to visit India, in the belief that she had in her knowledge of its various languages, and in the views she had taken of its society, the means of materially assisting the progress of world colonization and trade. In Salt Lake only could she further the execution of her plan. She was forever busy, and the only check to her enjoyments was my sorrowful and dejected mind. I tried to conceal this as much as possible, that I might not debar her from the pleasures natural to one who was entering on a new scene of life, undisturbed by any care or bitter recollection. I often refused to accompany her, alleging another engagement, that I might remain alone. I now also began to collect the materials necessary for my new creation, and this was to me like the torture of single drops of water continually falling on the head. Every thought that was devoted to it was an extreme anguish, and every word that I spoke in allusion to it caused my lips to quiver, and my heart to palpitate.

After passing some months in Salt Lake, we received a letter from a person in Scotland who had formerly been our visitor at Turin. He mentioned the beauties of his native country and asked us if those were not sufficient allurements to induce us to prolong our journey as far north as Perth, where he resided. Shinah eagerly desired to accept Aldo's invitation, and I, although I abhorred society, wished to view again mountains and streams and all the wondrous works with which Nature adorns her chosen dwelling-places. We had arrived in England at the beginning of October, and it was now February. We accordingly determined to commence our journey towards the north at the expiration of another month. In this expedition we did not intend to follow the great road to Edinburgh, but to visit Winslow, Oddfoot, Matlock, and the Cumberland lakes, resolving to arrive at the completion of this tour about the end of July. I packed up my chemical instruments and the materials I had collected, resolving to finish my labours in some obscure nook in the northern highlands of Scotland.

We quitted Salt Lake on the 27th of March and remained a few days at Winslow, rambling in its beautiful forest. This was a new scene to us mountaineers; the majestic oaks, the quantity of game, and the herds of stately deer were all novelties to us.

From thence we proceeded to Oddfoot. As we entered this city our minds were filled with the remembrance of the events that had been transacted there more than a century and 30 odd foot of grunts before. It was here that Charles I had collected his forces. This city had remained faithful to him, after the whole nation had forsaken his cause to join the standard of Parliament and liberty, the front of the Illuminati, before it was called that. The memory of that unfortunate king and his companions, the amiable Falkland, the insolent Goring, his queen, and son, gave a peculiar interest to every part of the city which they might be supposed to have inhabited. The spirit of elder days found a dwelling here, and we delighted to trace its footsteps. Hasta luego, sire, your goatee has slipped. If these feelings had not found an imaginary gratification, the appearance of the city had yet in itself sufficient beauty to obtain our admiration. The colleges are ancient and picturesque; the streets are almost magnificent; and the lovely Isis, which flows beside it through meadows of exquisite verdure, is spread forth into a placid expanse of waters, which reflects its majestic assemblage of towers, and spires, and domes, embosomed among aged trees.

I enjoyed this scene, and yet my enjoyment was embittered both by the memory of the past and the anticipation of the future. I was formed for peaceful happiness. During my youthful days discontent never visited my mind, and if I was ever overcome by ennui, the sight of what is beautiful in nature or the study of what is excellent and sublime in the productions of man could always interest my heart and communicate elasticity to my spirits. But I am a blasted tree; the bolt has entered my soul; and I felt then that I should survive to exhibit what I shall soon cease to be a miserable spectacle of wrecked humanity, pitiable to others and intolerable to myself.

We passed a considerable period at Oddfoot, rambling among its environs and endeavouring to identify every spot which might relate to the most animating epoch of English history. Our little voyages of discovery were often prolonged by the successive objects that presented themselves. We visited the tomb of the illustrious Hampden and the field on which that patriot fell. For a moment my soul was elevated from its debasing and miserable fears to contemplate the divine ideas of liberty and self sacrifice of which these sights were the monuments and the remembrancers. For an instant I dared to shake off my chains and look around me with a free and lofty spirit, but the iron had eaten into my flesh, and I sank again, trembling and hopeless, into my miserable self.

We left Oddfoot with regret and proceeded to Matlock, which was our next place of rest. The country in the neighbourhood of this village resembled, to a greater degree, the scenery of Switzerland; but everything is on a lower scale, and the green hills want the crown of distant white Alps which always attend on the piny mountains of my native country. We visited the wondrous cave and the little cabinets of natural history, where the curiosities are disposed in the same manner as in the collections at Servox and Chamounix. The latter name made me tremble when pronounced by Peaky, and I hastened to quit Matlock, with which that terrible scene was thus associated.

From Derby, still journeying northwards, we passed two months in Cumberland and Westmorland. I could now almost fancy myself among the Swiss mountains. The little patches of snow which yet lingered on the northern sides of the mountains, the lakes, and the dashing of the rocky streams were all familiar and dear sights to me. Here also we made some acquaintances, who almost contrived to cheat me into happiness. The delight of Shinah was proportionably greater than mine; her mind expanded in the company of men of talent, and she found in her own nature greater capacities and resources than she could have imagined herself to have possessed while she associated with her inferiors. I could pass my life here, said she to me; and among these mountains I should scarcely regret Switzerland and the Rhine.

But she found that a traveller's life is one that includes much pain amidst its enjoyments. Her feelings are forever on the stretch; and when she begins to sink into repose, she finds herself obliged to quit that on which she rests in pleasure for something new, which again engages her attention, and which also she forsakes for other novelties.

We had scarcely visited the various lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland and conceived an affection for some of the inhabitants when the period of our appointment with our Scotch friend approached, and we left them to travel on. For my own part I was not sorry. I had now neglected my promise for some time, and I feared the effects of the demon's disappointment. He might remain in Switzerland and wreak his vengeance on my relatives. This idea pursued me and tormented me at every moment from which I might otherwise have snatched repose and peace. I waited for my letters with feverish impatience; if they were delayed I was miserable and overcome by a thousand fears; and when they arrived and I saw the superscription of Elizabeth or my father, I hardly dared to read and ascertain my fate. Sometimes I thought that the fiend followed me and might expedite my remissness by murdering my companion. When these thoughts possessed me, I would not quit Peaky for a moment, but followed him as his shadow, to protect him from the fancied rage of his destroyer. I felt as if I had committed some great crime, the consciousness of which haunted me. I was guiltless, but I had indeed drawn down a horrible curse upon my head, as mortal as that of crime.

I visited Edinburgh with languid eyes and mind; and yet that city might have interested the most unfortunate being. Shinah did not like it so well as Oddfoot, for the antiquity of the latter city was more pleasing to her. But the beauty and regularity of the new town of Edinburgh, its romantic castle and its environs, the most delightful in the world, Arthur's Seat, St. Bernard's Well, and the Pentland Hills compensated her for the change and filled her with cheerfulness and admiration. But I was impatient to arrive at the termination of my journey.

We left Edinburgh in a week, passing through Coupar, St. Andrew's, and along the banks of the Tay, to Perth, where

our friend expected us. But I was in no mood to laugh and talk with strangers or enter into their feelings or plans with the good humour expected from a guest; and accordingly I told Shinah that I wished to make the tour of Scotland alone. Do you, said I, enjoy yourself, and let this be our rendezvous. I may be absent a month or two; but do not interfere with my motions, I entreat you; leave me to peace and solitude for a short time; and when I return, I hope it will be with a lighter heart, more congenial to your own temper.

Peaky wished to dissuade me, but seeing me bent on this plan, ceased to remonstrate. He entreated me to write often. I had rather be with you, he said, in your solitary rambles, than with these Scotch people, whom I do not know; hasten, then, my dear friend, to return, that I may again feel myself somewhat at home, which I cannot do in your absence.

Having parted from my friend, I determined to visit some remote spot of Scotland and finish my work in solitude. I did not doubt but that the monster followed me and would discover himself to me when I should have finished, that he might receive his companion. With this resolution I traversed the northern highlands and fixed on one of the remotest of the Orkneys as the scene of my labours. It was a place fitted for such a work, being hardly more than a rock whose high sides were continually beaten upon by the waves. The soil was barren, scarcely affording pasture for a few miserable cows, and oatmeal for its inhabitants, which consisted of five persons, whose gaunt and scraggy limbs gave tokens of their miserable fare. Vegetables and bread, when they indulged in such luxuries, and even fresh water, was to be procured from the mainland, which was about five miles distant.

On the whole island there were but three miserable huts, and one of these was vacant when I arrived. This I hired. It contained but two rooms, and these exhibited all the squalidness of the most miserable penury. The thatch had fallen in, the walls were unplastered, and the door was off its hinges. I ordered it to be repaired, bought some furniture, and took possession, an incident which would

doubtless have occasioned some surprise had not all the senses of the cottagers been benumbed by want and squalid poverty. As it was, I lived ungazed at and unmolested, hardly thanked for the pittance of food and clothes which I gave, so much does suffering blunt even the coarsest sensations of men.

In this retreat I devoted the morning to labour; but in the evening, when the weather permitted, I walked on the stony beach of the sea to listen to the waves as they roared and dashed at my feet. It was a monotonous yet ever-changing scene. I thought of Switzerland; it was far different from this desolate and appalling landscape. Its hills are covered with vines, and its cottages are scattered thickly in the plains. Its fair lakes reflect a blue and gentle sky, and when troubled by the winds, their tumult is but as the play of a lively infant when compared to the roarings of the giant ocean.

In this manner I distributed my occupations when I first arrived, but as I proceeded in my labour, it became every day more horrible and irksome to me. Sometimes I could not prevail on myself to enter my laboratory for several days, and at other times I toiled day and night in order to complete my work. It was, indeed, a filthy process in which I was engaged. During my first experiment, a kind of enthusiastic frenzy had blinded me to the horror of my employment; my mind was intently fixed on the consummation of my labour, and my eyes were shut to the horror of my proceedings. But now I went to it in cold blood, and my heart often sickened at the work of my hands.

Thus situated, employed in the most detestable occupation, immersed in a solitude where nothing could for an instant call my attention from the actual scene in which I was engaged, my spirits became unequal; I grew restless and nervous. Every moment I feared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold. I feared to wander from the sight of my fellow creatures lest when alone he should come to claim his companion.

In the meantime I worked on, and my labour was already considerably advanced. I looked towards its completion with a tremulous and eager hope, which I dared not trust myself to question but which was intermixed with obscure forebodings of evil that made my heart sicken in my bosom.



Chapter 20.

Life under the Hive, the superior life from another star system. The stars are filled with life, you see. It's still not un-PC to be superior to humans. Humans indeed are to be bred as cattle for food. Hives, aliens, clones, robots, demons, idols, crappy crap crap. This world is all we have.

How many people have deceived me?

I know two men who cower in my name. I saw one in a newspaper ad and the other one in an airplane. He was a robot romancer and a country line dancer.

How many people have you seen? How many people do you know? What's the chance they'd ever know you? Do you dream sweet?

We create new humans through sexual wheels of fortune. We may or may not discover the thrill of love, but when the goop goes into the egg tubes, the wheel of fortune is spun by the sex cells while we wait. Does he look like both of us? Has your eyes and my ears? I saw another like him in a newspaper or an airplane, saw one photographed at 13 in a magazine, a master, a wiser one thinking the same thing as me. In that lies the chance I'd ever know. The other kind of humans come from dream street, from flour bins, from easy street. What if we decided to go the clone route, the Life magazine of disaster? I would often wonder if that was me, how many younger people have seen me, how many differences do you know. What's the chance they'd ever know? I've often wondered if that was me, how many people have seen me, how many differences do they know, if the clones are

thinking the same thing, if they had the same chance would they have cloned me?

Clones give me religious feelings, the spirit warring with the flesh, that kind of thing. I wouldn't quite fit in that social circle, the gossip. Will there be a final judgement and resurrection of the dead? Isn't that cloning? How many people would deceive me about the one chance they'd never know? And did it really all start with Adam and Eve?

There once was a young boy who believed in the power of science to know good and evil, to make artificial persons, to bring back the dead, bring paradise to the race. Why didn't I just stick with the Bible and go retro? Maybe retro is better. Maybe humanity is going the wrong way. Maybe it has been going wrong all along.

How many people have deceived me? How many demons do I know? Why don't I look forward to the age of clones? Progress makes things better. Why do I cower? What is my name?

Would my clones seek to find me and get revenge for bringing them into the worldly world world? Who wants to be somebody's clone anyway? Einstein clones maybe? No, not even them. Frankensteins all, sized up before they could try their fortunes, test themselves, pick their pathways. They'd all be given sweaters and pipes and stuffed into closed-up rooms with blackboards, fed physics journals and expected to leave off where the Big One Stone left off. What was the biggest mistake of his life? Now they say it's alive again, and can answer everything. How many people have deceived me? How many different do you know? Why's the measurement giving the same thing? What's the chance they'd ever know?

Why can't humans create artificial people? They think they are just around the corner, if not via galvanism, then with AI. But they aren't. There is no corner. Only God can make people in His own image. He flat out warned us not to make graven images, idols, country music line dancers. But then Michelangelo made David and the fictionists went to town. Now we worship graven images that we haven't yet made,

and think we dream sweet, when we're losing our own precious lives that God gave us. God created us to love Him. We began to love ourselves more, want to know good and evil for ourselves. The beginning of science and fiction, the twin sins. I used to imagine they were the same thing, small being the chance I'd ever know. But now I know I don't come from a flour dove, and dream sweet. I know of two men who cower in my name. One of them was a boy-man who was photographed at 13. The other was an anointed savior who keeps coming back to save us and give us a chance to forever know. Funny how the first real person science raised from the dead becomes a horror movie subject. What does that tell us about Christ?

What if the human race enters the workshop of godless filthy creation and creates artificial life, golems, Frankensteins, and they supersede us, push us aside, extinguish us, survive us, supplant us? What a pipe dream. How about the AI boy who dreamed of being a real boy? He outlives the entire human race, and still wants his mommy to dork up his hair. No remorse for the loss of the race. Just what can mommy do for him today?

We are the created not the creators. We started as mud puddles and created ourselves from excess solar energy? It's evolution, the same thing. Small is the chance we'd ever know. Small the chance we'd ever know. No, we were created by a creator, made to love Him, and then we sinned. We still sin. We are born in sin, die in sin. Sin sin sin sin is in. Each generation is born in more sin, more more more sin. The sins spread, humanity degenerates, falls, and thinks its liberating itself, growing, expanding, advancing. And what is the great future awaiting us? To be extinct as the robots we created after we cloned the fuck out of ourselves forget us.

_What was his surprise and his joy when, on looking himself over, he saw that he was no longer a Marionette, but that he had become a real live boy! He looked all about him and instead of the usual walls of straw, he found himself in a beautifully furnished little room, the prettiest he had ever seen. In a twinkling, he jumped down from his bed to look on the chair standing near. There, he found a new suit, a

new hat, and a pair of shoes. As soon as he was dressed, he put his hands in his pockets and pulled out a little leather purse on which were written the following words: The Fairy with Azure Hair returns fifty pennies to her dear Pinocchio with many thanks for his kind heart._ - _The Adventures of Pinocchio_ by Carlo Collodi.

Who made Pinocchio? Geppetto? He carved a puppet, yes, but it was the Blue Fairy who made him live. Even then, he had to earn the right to be a real boy. The Blue Fairy, however, is fiction. An idol. A graven image. The devil. The great deceiver. What starts out as fiction soon becomes facty fact fact in the dying person's mind. Meanwhile, Jehovah was reaching out, and...

And this is the real world, reality TV. How could there be a Jehovah who made garbage? Negros are human garbage, face it. Take Whoopi for instance. Just a ho' who can put on an act for white people. Spent her whole life, like all other negroes, trying to be real people. Who was their Blue Fairy? But no, that's cruel and un-PC. Humanity evolved from mud, and all people are equal. Of course, for that to be true, evolution must have hit the skid brakes a hundred thousand years ago or something, but never mind. Now the Bible has it that all humans started out with one, Adam, and therefore there are no races, just brothers and sisters. The trouble is the timeline. Six thousand years to create all the different lines of people that aren't really races? It sure seems more like a hundred thousand years to moi, but then I reject the Bible as a matter of principle, since I am an atheist. But then why do I have so much trouble accepting the evolutionist line that all life made itself from primeval mud? That it is a boiled down byproduct of the sun, in other words, a what? No, I can't accept that. There's intelligence there, design, programming, super experience in the choices. Or maybe more than that, the earth itself, the solar system, the galaxy, the universe, all were made so as to make human life possible, even the building blocks. Such intelligence boggles the mindy mind mind. And we humans want to create life?

That's it. Man will never make life. Golems, men made of

mud, are fiction. God turned mud into men, but men can't. They can deceive themselves though. If mud won't work, try wood. No, try sand. Come to wonderful Silicon Valley and get venture capital to fund your golem startup. Satan can deceive, make a golem appear to live and think. That's what demons do. That's why a sorcerer was not to be permitted to live by the barbaric Jehovahites. A sorcerer, a fictionist. How many know the difference? Is there a difference? I had fun being master if that was me. Dream sweet.

Why was I born in the latter days? The days when the Bible is saying we're all going to bite it, while the world is saying the Bible is going to bite it? A deadlock struggle, no room for middle ground. In another hundred years the struggle should have a clear winner. If man can create a real true artificial man, or even artificial life, then the argument that life created itself might win. If man can't, then the Bible might have been right all along, and we have been frittering away the life God gave us in our mad journey to know good and evil by ourselves, to be as gods. How many people have deceived me? How many demons do you know? Twice is the measure of the same thing. Why is there any chance I'd ever know?

Maybe if I just forgot my pride and my intellect, got down on my knees, and humbly asked God to come into me? Maybe I've never been that far from God. Maybe I was photographed far before the age of 13 by the master ballroom dancer, shown the picture all along, and just wondered if it was me? How many people have seen me? What is the chance they'd ever let me know?

How many Jehovahs do I know of? And what is the chance I'd ever know?

Jehovah. I come to you humbly asking forgiveness for my many sins. Why don't you respond? I am letting go of the ledge, letting myself fall. Why don't you catch me?

Oh yes, your son. I must come to you through Him. But how many people have deceived me? How many masters do I know? They all say Jesus doesn't save. What is the chance they'd ever know? So, I must become humble, repent of my sins

against You, and come to You through Him. Only through Him, else why did you send Him? Why did he die? How could he die? How many people have deceived me? How many demons do I know? I was just thinking the same thing about scientists like Einstein. What is the chance they'd ever know? Ah, but I could never give up sucking dick. Sorry, Jehovah, but your son gives life and gives it more abundantly only to the straight.

☐☐

Chapter 21.

_Scene 5871: Resurgence of primitive Christianity among human slaves.

Animated Inset: Snake's Head Fritillary - Lillies of the Field - Mt. Ch. 6.

Shinah gets drunk, steals a vehicle, and totals it on a flock of sheep, killing herself._

Peaky: She didn't know sheep from Shinah.

Director: Cut!

☐☐

Chapter 22.

2 April 1953. The day they announced that the fire in dad's baby eyes was helical. Eisenhower, I Love Lucy, and Watson and Crick. What a helluva year. Ironically, the year the boy genius Linus Pauling was put in his place. He had

proposed a model for DNA based on three intertwined chains. Never lived it down. Out-chemisted by non-chemists. Took to scarfing huge doses of vitamin C. Must have been hard to face one's own limitations. But he realized Peaky was waiting for him to speak, so he raced his brain circuits to come up with something good enough to say. It came easily. Their dialogue always did.

"I always wondered why the Net was left intact."

But what is as useless as talking to oneself?

A'ny just wanted to make a long distance call with the real God. Last name is Bob, first name is Pizza Delivery Boy. It was he, not Kenbo, who had been shot through the cab drivers in the labby lab lab. Shania had gotten her vengy venge. Everything he had experienced after that had been his big fat I, his imagey mage mage. He was dying, would never play a role in the world to come, would never figure it all out. Sorry, your life is a waste. Still, life struggles for meaning, tries until it dies. The big I kept humming, buzzing, shooting scenes in the head.

The headlines flashed in A'ny's mind, in a newspaper that was no longer printed, no longer had any readers:

Da Peak reveals everything as just a big game he was playing with the world. It was all a fake, the Shroud Man, the Hive, everything. Billions died for a game.

"Is it true, Peaky?"

Long silence.

"Why didn't you tell me you were a wrestler with the world? Why did you hold out on me?"

Long silence. Sighs. Then Peaky fourth of july'ed.

"Who do you think runs the world? I mean ran. Bill Gates? British royalty? Jews? The answer is me. I am the fire. All other pretenders just aren't in my league. I got richer than Bill Gates without anybody knowing my name. I set up a

worldwide conspiracy and created all the key fronts and props, then neutralized all my opposition, while they never even knew who I was, or even discovered a conspiracy. I am the smartest person who ever whizzed off. And all before I was twelve. The only competition was Alotta Vagina."

The reference to Austin Powers made A'ny laugh. Peaky was, after all, still a kiddy kid kid with a swollen id and a low mileage prick, as far as vagina went. A'ny wondered how come women didn't keep him back, why thinking through his prick didn't slow him down like it slowed down every other man. No actress used his prick in a publicity shot. Then he remembered David in "A.I". He was a boy who never grew up. Women weren't sluts to him, only mummies. He had the power to make himself any age he want probably, and chose the only logical age, the last age most boys reach before leaving mommy and packing off to college. But it wasn't a simple star worship that drew A'ny to him. This was love.

Peaky continued.

"How long has it been since Natalie Wood just drowned like a sheep? Make sense of that."

A'ny remembered that it was Robert Wagner who introduced Alotta Vagina as his Italian confidential secretary. Natalie Wood and Jimmy Dean almost got married, when the latter died in a car crash, leaving Wagner room to move in on her. She swung from the ultimate cool kid to the ultimate square kid. No, he couldn't make sense of that. But perhaps Peaky was hinting at Natalie's sister Lana, who played Plenty O'Toole in the James Bond flick Diamonds Are Forever. Before that there was Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore in Goldfinger. Who was Goldfinger? A man with a golden penis who wanted to rule the world. But his competition was Bond, James Bond, and he got sucked out the window of a jet.

More silence and sighs. Then he spoke again.

"Dr. Harold Shipman couldn't play God like I could, and why? Because he slipped up. Fight them all."

A'ny tried to recall, and finally did. A British GP who injected old women with morphine, then covered it up. If he hadn't tried to steal by falsifying one woman's will, he might not have gotten caught. The doctor was a drug addict himself, probably killed them all with drug money in mind. Not all of them, some of them. He might have found fun in it, did it for kicks.

"Look at Einstein. He wore that silly moustache and all. He created the Nazi regime, Hitler, everything, then went over to the other side and created the a-bomb. He was even offered the first presidency of Israel, which he handed off to his friend and lover Chaim Weizmann, just like I did with you, dear Doktor Cock Zucker. And all without people knowing or suspecting that he ran things with his fire, that he was the Frankeinstein. People thought of him as always a kid, harmless. Just like me. Just like me."

More silence and sighs. Snot yo-yoed from a tender wet nostril. The look of a babe in mum's arms, except that there was no mum. A'ny paused to reflect why Einstein had never left a major physics textbook behind. Why Jesus never left any writings behind. Why Peaky, for that matter, had never published anything. Why he, A'ny, seldom smiled, when that turned all but the cerebral types off. Why he was not breastfed. Why he couldn't act.

"I'm sorry. I just didn't want anybody to catch me. Just listen. You remember how you grew excited surfing the Net around for conspiracy theories? Well, it doesn't matter. I took care of all of them."

"And who was behind them all, Peaky?"

"That's the point. Nobody. I made the conspiracies come to life. It was all just a game to me."

Peak stopped until he saw thought register on A'ny's face. A'ny was thinking, true. He was thinking how Peaky would sound if he were old, feeble, and had no teeth.

"I'm a product of my times, I know. People are just objects in a video game. Look at Columbine High School. That's

what it all was to me. One big spree with the world as the mineola."

Conspiracy theories. The Net. That was the equation. Da Peak was a caller of the bluffs. All conspiracy theories were pulp fiction. Together they worked to put a brake on Armageddon, kept humans involved, interested, diverted from actually trivializing their existence to the point of total disregard of all life. A reason to live. A reason to not kill everybody, yet. A reason to not kill oneself for awhile. Maybe all the theories were bunk when examined closely, but their mere existence served as a safety valve, letting humanity build up ever higher, to ever higher numbers, without self-destructing and starting a new game. Until Da Peak came along, that is. He must have thought that Jehovah was the grand prize. If he really existed, then bringing on the Big Megiddo would cause him to come out of hiding, clear the playing field. When he didn't come out, Peaky tried playing Jehovah, but face it, he was just too young and irresponsible for that. And he wasn't a world builder. Too immature. He soon grew bored and wanted to start yet another game. Now the world would have to start a new game so screwed up that nobody could predict how long it would last. And nobody could know about Peaky. Nobody.

"She wasn't really Whoopi Goldberg, was she, Peaky?"

"Why not? Who's to say who's really real? Ask me a real question."

"The Shroud Man. He wasn't really Jesus Christ."

"He thought he was. We pulled all the right strings for him to be. He always did have an identity problem. Never knew who his real father was. Tried to be a real boy. But then, you didn't phrase it as a question. I always hate it when you don't say Simon Says. Now ask me a real question."

"Shinah. Why was she such a minor ne'er-do-well in this epic struggle? Why was her head always between her legs? Why is it always males who are the alphas? Are females really inferior? And if so, who made them that way? God? Or men?"

"They do have smaller brain cases. A result of sexual selection. Pity. Now ask me a real question."

"How do you fight the Shroud Man with henna?"

"You still believe that the only good red is a dead red?"

Peaky paused, then continued, satisfied he had the floor. A'ny's brain was silence blaring.

"You can't fight the Shroud Man. He's out of your league. You think just because you helped make him you are in his league? You're not. You're a shrimp. He's a force of nature, like Godzilla. He's owned half the world for two plus thousand. Now he owns it all. Don't waste my time. A real question now, or forever hold your peace."

A'ny wanted to ask him what mineola meant, but it was the end of a happy trail. He could have asked him if he were a Jew, but that would have been too tawdry. Instead he asked him the biggest question that had always burned deep in his mindy mind mind.

"Peaky, what was the truth about those crop circles?"

The answer was immediate.

"Aerial rigging. Pearl Harbor was just the beginning."

A light went on. Suddenly A'ny aced the assignment.

"But I thought the whole idea was to destroy all conspiracy theories."

"And your point is?"

"You only forever made them worse."

It's great to be out in the woods with the apples.

THE END

Ad blurb

Salvation Day II:

The Fire of Michael

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

Genre: Contemporary mainstream action thriller with sci-fi crossover and religious-political themes. Sequel to "Salvation Day: The Immortality Device".

Hook:

The Shroud Man of Turin came to life at the 2006 Turin Winter Olympics, electrifying and polarizing the world, then plunging it into a world war with frightening new weapons that have changed the ground rules and made for startling new alliances. Is this new warlord with super intelligence really Christ, or is he the Antichrist? Sincere believers take both sides. After a worldwide bloodbath, the Shroud Man declares victory and then vanishes. Enter the Archangel Michael, who begins to set up a new world government, run by the former Jehovah's Witnesses. One person is left to challenge the new world order, Dr. Anthony Daniels, the inventor of the Q-Psohot technology that resurrected the man in the Shroud of Turin and started it all.

Dr. A'ny... the 30-something scientist who looks 70-something after an immortality experiment went wrong. A generation Xer straddling the millennial question of questions of Christ versus Antichrist. It's great to be out in the woods.

Excerpt from the book:

"The situation is as follows. We all know by now that the Shroud Man was not Jesus Christ. He was a plant by aliens from outer space who wanted to stifle opposition to their world takeover. The Shroud Man got all his technical information from them. The spaceships, the ray guns, the blue light. The aliens are preparing to colonize this planet, and want only a few of us left, trained to be their slaves. Even now their big ships are entering the outer fringes of our solar system. They will be here in three years. Meanwhile this Michael guy is one of them, an alien hidden inside a golden android. They have been studying us for millennia, and have decided to turn our superstitions against us. And people fell for it beautifully."

A general chuckle from the crowd. The general waited for it to die down in response to her stern looks.

"We have with us Doctor A'ny Daniels, the genius who invented the Q-Psohot technology that was used by Russell McMuscle to create the Shroud Man. Doctor, stand up please."

The heads turned. It was heady back there. A'ny stood like a soldier. No applause. Heads drifted back to the general, particularly the feminine ones. Must have been the 70-plus face and the extra forty. He sat back down. Shania took his hand, then soon moved her hand to his crotch, felt his boner through his khakis. He was a stud in his own mind. The penis part of him was still under 40. Something about the spirit is willing but the flesh weak.

"Well, Doctor, I've got news for you. You were spoon-fed the technology by the Hive. You were just made to believe you discovered it."

A pause that refreshes. Nobody said anything. Whoopi's stern looks over the crowd like an eagle scanning a field

for mice.

"Not that you aren't brilliant, doctor. Most other people couldn't even be fed the information and make it work if their life depended on it. You did well, very well."

The author:

T.L. Winslow, a new American author of extraordinary imagination, is the founder of the knowledge fiction art form. Author of the novels "Salvation Day: The Immortality Device", "Five Smooth Stones", "Horror High School", "The Incredible Billion Dollar Geek", "Dork Dick", "Young Howard", "The Ice Cream Man", "Falling Off Point Mugu", "Baby Boom Morticians", and others.

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